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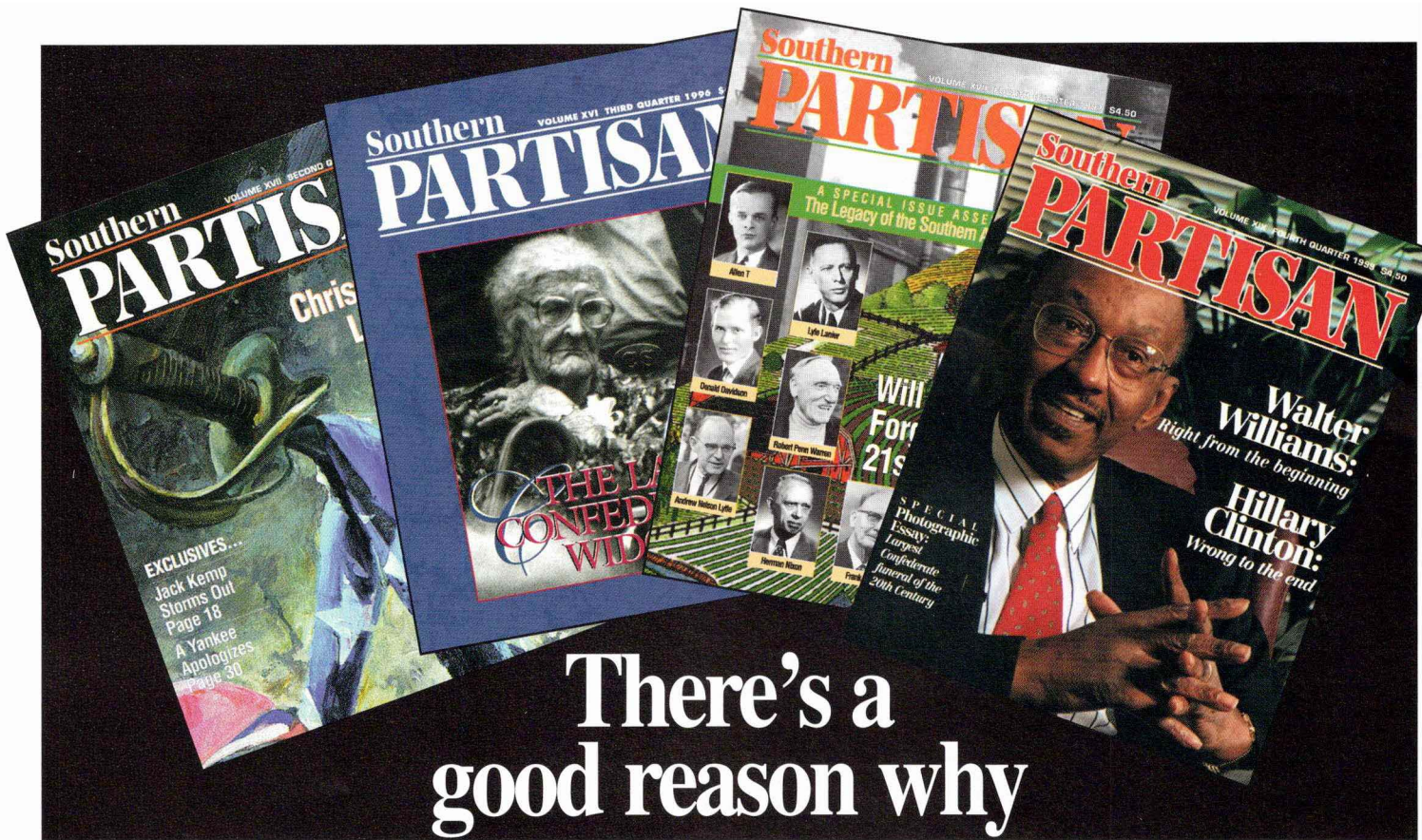
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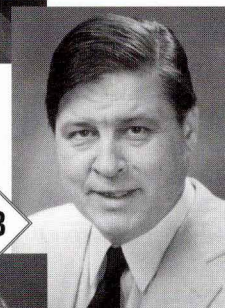
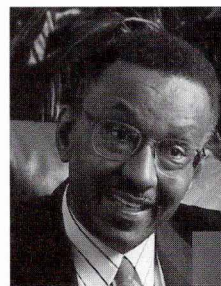
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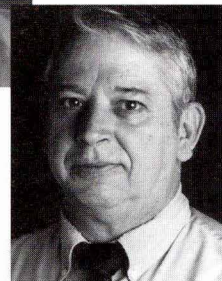
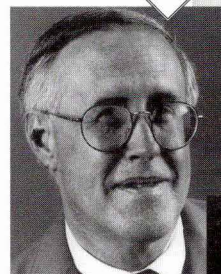
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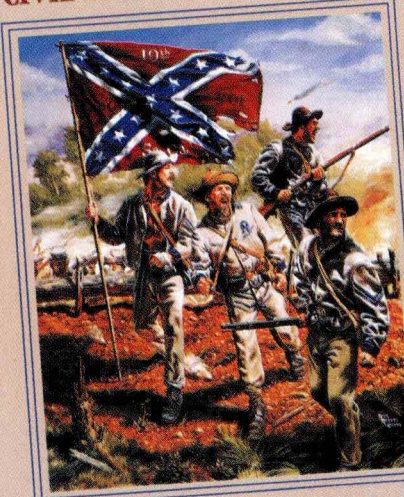
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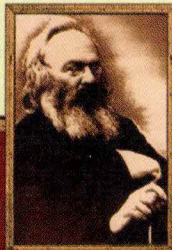


**The FLAGS of
CIVIL WAR SOUTH CAROLINA**



25

**Orestes
Brownson**



Sign of Contradiction

R. A. HERRERA

By Glenn Dedmond

PHOTO CREDITS

The photographs on the cover and on page 17 are of Old Sheldon Church, near Beaufort, South Carolina. Built in 1745, the church was burned by the British in 1779. Rebuilt after 1825, it was burned again by the Union army in 1865. Although it was never rebuilt annual services are held the second Sunday after Easter. Photographs by Michael Givens.

The photograph on page 3 is of the ruins of Wade Hampton's ante-bellum home, Millwood, which was destroyed when Columbia was sacked by Sherman's troops. Photograph by Christopher Sullivan.

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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EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Reader,

One of the great things about working with a magazine like *Southern Partisan* is that whenever you think you know all there is to know about something, someone comes along and teaches you something new.

That's my reaction to Professor Tom Woods' essay on the Enlightenment (page 16). In this essay, Dr. Woods explains how Southern leaders reacted with shock and dismay at the theological and philosophical ideas emanating from New England. Ideas like "free love," communism, national control of education, and the proposition of science as a substitute for religion are all ideas we associate with the 1960s, but as Dr. Woods makes clear, they all had their genesis in the decades preceding the South's decision to leave the Union.

As a natural born Yankee—born in Massachusetts, educated at Harvard and Columbia—Prof. Woods brings a unique perspective to the subject of ante-bellum attitudes which Southerners held about the North.

Unless you have spent a lot of time studying this particular subject, I think you will find "Sitting Amidst the Ruins" a very good read.

Reader research

Speaking of studying... The Editors and staff are continuing our assessment of the magazine. Our goal is to reevaluate everything we do here, in order to be sure that we are providing the best product we can, and that we are giving you, our readers, the best Southern magazine possible.

To that end, we will begin conducting some survey research about reader attitudes. In order to get a scientifically valid sample, we have retained a marketing research fund to conduct telephone surveys.

I know telephone surveys can be annoying but, if you are one of the subscribers selected, please indulge us for a few minutes. Your answers to the survey will be a tremendous asset in our planning.

Of course, you don't have to wait for us to call you. If you have any suggestions, ideas, or comments we'd love to hear them.

Next Up

The next issue of the magazine is shaping up to be a great one too. As promised, this issue will feature a look at the federal judiciary and how the modern courts differ from what the founders intended. With the power-shift in the United States Senate, any nominees for the court put forward by President George Bush are certain to be run through the ringer.

About our writers

Among our more popular sections of the magazine are the syndicated columnists, not only because they are conservative pundits many daily newspapers refuse to print, but also those who carry these writers often decline to print the more saliently conservative essays.

Well, if you enjoy the works of Joe Sobran, I would like to invite you to sample his regular newsletter. The newsletter is available in print or online at www.Sobran.com or by calling (800) 513-5053 for more information. You can also correspond directly with Mr. Sobran. He may be reached via Joe@Sobran.com. ☪

Christopher M. Sullivan

★ PAPAL PLATES

Gentlemen:

Lately the politicians have been giving the Sons of Confederate Veterans a lot of trouble over the idea of allowing the SCV the same privilege as other non-profit groups who have special license plates. It seems the politicians, in their infinite wisdom, are so terrified of the idea that somebody might put a Confederate flag on their car that they are prepared to go to great lengths and legal maneuvers to prevent it.

Well, you can imagine my surprise during a recent visit to The Holy City (the Vatican, not Charleston). During part of our tour the Pope himself motorcaded by in a great big black Mercedes-Benz, and right there on the back was one of those license plates the government is so afraid of: SCV-1. I have enclosed a photograph as proof.

Keep up the good work.

*Don Baker
Pelzer, South Carolina
Via email*

For proof, a photograph of the Bishop of Rome's convertible is reproduced below.

—Ed.

★ WORK SMART

Gentlemen:

Thank you for the Partisan Conversation in the last issue. Dr. Donald Livingston had some truly insightful things to say.



I wonder how long before the intellectual elites at most major universities will finally run out of steam, and admit that everything on which they have based their careers is all wet.

A Post Hole Digger is a lot more useful than most Ph.D.'s any day of the week.

As my grand-daddy used to say, "You can't out-smart all the people all the time, but you can out-work most of them."

*Tripp Steiner
Hopkins, South Carolina*

★ CONCLUSIONS

Gentlemen:

During a (U.S.) Memorial Day service, several years ago, I heard an incredible statistic: about 40% of the U.S. population has an ancestor that fought in the Civil War (sic). "Only 40%? How can that be?" was my question.

If this is, indeed correct, it points to a couple of conclusions: 1) This country is changing. This is affecting culture, religion, morals and ethics, etc. and 2) The descendants of conflicting parties in the 1860s, more and more, find themselves on the same side of many contemporary conflicts.

Examples of this phenomenon are not uncommon. The abortion debate is interesting to view in light of historical and sectional variables.

Southerners, in the truest sense of the word, have always been conservative and

are predominantly pro-life. However, many Northerners fall in line with the right on this issue, also. Albeit, in their minds they are working for personal liberty in the same way that abolitionist believed they were.

The fact that their analysis is flawed does not change the importance of where they stand. The issues are different today, but make no mistake, there are issues. The remnant of the gray must always stand for what is upright. The very future of this current version of the U.S. depends upon it.

*Gene Hogan
Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina*

★ FAULTING THE FOUNDERS

Regarding the Criticus Books review (First Quarter 2000) of Saul Cornell's *The Other Founders: Anti-Federalism and the Dissenting Tradition in America, 1788-1828*, I agree with reviewer Jim McClellan that this book is an important work about

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the original intentions of the framers of the Constitution. Having corresponded electronically with Prof. Cornell of Ohio State University, I was looking forward to the publication of his book. However, *Southern Partisan* readers should be cautioned that Prof. Cornell's historiographical revolution is only a partial one.

Prof. Cornell has written a most important book about the Constitution and the original intentions of the framers. His thesis is revealed in the first part of the title. The Anti-Federalists deserve credit as "the other founders." In his view, "the notion that the opponents of the Constitution were 'men of little faith,' narrow-minded politicians who lacked either the imagination or intellectual power to challenge their Federalist opponents has been supplanted by more positive assessments of their contribution to the American political tradition. Diverse historians, political theorists, and legal scholars have come to view the Anti-Federalists as spokesmen for an important alternative constitutional heritage." Indeed, "Many scholars now concede that the Anti-Federalists might well have been more prescient than the victorious Federalists in describing the natural tendency of American constitutionalism to centralize authority."(p. 2)

The legacy of the Anti-Federalists from 1788 to 1828 (and beyond) is to be found in "federalism, constitutional textualism [strict construction], and support for a vigorous public sphere of political debate." "In contrast to their Federalist opponents, Anti-Federalists continued to place their faith in a federal system in which the states would be the primary units of political organization and contain the bulk of political authority." They further "insisted that constitutional texts be written in precise terms, including explicit limits on the scope of federal authority." (p. 11) Federalism, of course, included states' rights and this political tradition along with localism remained strong in the union of the states (not the states united) up until the War Between the States era.

As indicated by the sub-title, he still insists (along with many other scholars) on placing the Anti-Federalists outside the Constitution itself which he and others interpret conclusively to be the document

written at Philadelphia in 1787 and defended by Federalists and *The Federalist* in the great debate of 1787-1788 for approval or rejection. In his words, "One of the great ironies of American history is that the Constitution was framed by Federalists, the proponents of a stronger central government" while their opponents, "the Anti-Federalists were defeated in one of the greatest political struggles in American history." Yet, "If the structure of American politics was crafted by the Federalists, the spirit of American politics has more often been inspired by the Anti-Federalists." This basic inconsistency and contradiction represents one of the book's major flaws. Far from being opponents of the Constitution, the Anti-Federalists were its perfecters whose insistence on a Bill of Rights (including the Tenth Amendment) created our modern federal republic. Thus the centrality of state's rights and strict construction cover the entire course of American history and not just in the South.

Besides misunderstanding the name of the anti-Federalists (the correct spelling), Prof. Cornell attempts to separate Southern state's rights philosophy from the Constitution and to then make Calhoun's doctrine of Nullification something different and altogether sinister.

Fortunately for those desiring to know the original intentions of the framers, I recommend the *Notes of Debates* meticulously recorded by James Madison. What they reveal is that he and Alexander Hamilton proposed a national plan of government that led to a determined resistance by anti-Federalists that continued until 1791 and beyond.

Having purchased the book and read and re-read it, the results are disappointing intellectually, historically, and financially. The myths of Madison and *The Federalist* live on and I am poorer by the cost of the paperback edition.

Dr. W. Kirk Wood
Montgomery, Alabama

Dr. Wood is professor of History at Alabama State University and a frequent contributor to *Southern Partisan*.

—Ed.
✪

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Jeffords' Defection: Flip or Flop?

BY CHRISTOPHER M. SULLIVAN

It's just a one-vote margin. The most important fellow in the Congress is still the Capitol physician.

—Senator Fritz Hollings, D-South Carolina

By now, every one in the western world with access to a newspaper or TV set knows that the defection of Senator James M. Jeffords of Vermont from the Republican Party shifted the balance in the United States Senate, at least for now, to the Democrats by a single vote. But, how important was that event? What caused it? And how lasting will the effects be? Here are a few relevant observations:

1. As to why it happened, most insiders tell us that the Jeffords flip was caused by a strategic flop in the Bush White House. Karl Rove (numero uno on the President's staff) and his henchmen are clearly suffering from master-of-the-universe syndrome. Their arrogance and sophomoric hardball either truly alienated Jeffords or else gave him the cover he needed to construct a plausible excuse for his departure from the Grand Old Party.
2. But whatever the cause, the importance of the event was clearly overblown by the media, who, once again, dramatically revealed their bias. Remember when Newt Gingrich was angered by Clinton's staff when they made the Speaker exit the back door of an airplane? The White House press corps ridiculed Newt as a whiner with an inflated sense of self-importance. But when Jeffords was similarly snubbed by the Bush staff (who left him out of a White House function honoring a teacher from Vermont) most reporters depicted Jeffords as a distinguished lawmaker egregiously wronged and justifiably angry. Oh well. Double standards are nothing new in modern journalism.
3. Taking the long view, how important is the Jeffords' switch? It is likely to be a matter of supreme insignificance.

Of course, to Senator Jeffords' himself, there are some immediate benefits. One of the reforms the Republicans brought to the Congress was term limits for committee chairmen. Under the new rules, Sen. Jeffords was less than two-years away from losing his chairmanship. By throwing in with the Democrats, Jeffords can now at least hope to warm that chair for the rest of his political life. But the chances of him realizing that dream are rather slim.

The problem Sen. Jeffords and his newfound friends in the party of Clinton face is: The Map. Take a look at any geographic presentation of the distribution of votes in the 2000 election. Vast expanses of the South, west and even areas of the mid-west were Republican, contrasted with an island of Democrats in the urban northeast insinuating a few ragged fingers out into the rest of the country.

The effect is that all across the South, and much of the country, Republicans have seen their numbers grow dramatically. South Carolina, for instance, will certainly replace Strom Thurmond (when the time comes) with another Republican. At the same time, the other Senator from South Carolina, Democrat Ernest Hollings—who, at 70, is no Spring chicken—will one day most likely be replaced by a Republican as well.

Over in Georgia, Democrat Sen. Zell Miller has been crystal clear that he wants nothing to do with the Ted Kennedy wing of his party, and there have been rumors (probably wrong) that if the offer was right he might switch to the Republicans. Regardless of party affiliation, Miller's vote is clearly not in the bag for Kennedy, Daschle and the Democrats. For a variety of reasons, the Senate is most likely to creep back into GOP control over the next few years.

On the House side, Republican trending is even more dramatic, especially now that state legislatures (most of whom are Republican dominated) are currently engaged in redrawing the lines defining federal and local districts from which politicians

will run for the next ten years. All across America—nowhere more so than in the South—the new district maps will be configured in a way that gives maximum benefit to Republican candidates.

This trend is compounded by rising tides of Yankee immigrants. Retirees are fleeing the rust belt metropolises in favor of warmer, safer, friendlier places like Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, Asheville, North Carolina and anywhere in Florida. Such hot spots are literally bubbling over with Yankee golfers. These new citizens are social moderates but firm believers in the Republican message of lower taxes, smaller government and fiscal responsibility.

Over the decade ahead, we are very likely to see more Republican majorities in the U.S. Congress and in the state assemblies as well. In turn, these trends will have a measurable impact on the presidency. One point is now clear: it is no longer possible to win the White House without winning the South. And left-wing Democrats just don't fare well in Dixie, even the home grown variety of Democrats. Ask Jimmy Carter. Or Al Gore, who failed to carry his home state and, because of that, lost the election.

That leaves only one growth opportunity for the Democratic Party: immigration. The DNC is banking on heavy waves of immigrants—mostly from Mexico—flowing into the country through an open door policy, thinking Hispanics are likely to be the next pro-Democrat voting block. But even with that scenario, the Democrats may need to check the math. The Cuban community in Florida and elsewhere (anti-communist to the core) is largely Republican. And Mexican immigrants, many of whom risked their lives to get to America, may not embrace the stand-in-line-for-a-handout message of the Democrats. Upon reflection, they may prefer a free enterprise philosophy. At least, that's the case politically savvy Republicans will be making to immigrants over the years ahead.

Therefore, putting the media hype aside, Senator Jeffords more than likely jumped not from but onto a sinking ship. It will be hard for Republicans to botch the opportunities that are arrayed along the path ahead. Of course, if it is possible to bungle the deal, this Administration might well be capable of it.



Banned But Not Forgotten

A long, long time ago, in a land far, far away, people used to make cartoons that were not only funny, but also witty and sometimes charming. Unlike the modern versions, which are usually sugarcoated, juvenile-based, action movies, the cartoons of yesteryear were written (and drawn) to make adults as well as kids laugh.

Now we discover that those old cartoons are not just silly, slapstick animations but politically charged diatribes against multi-culturalism: or so one would think from the reactions of corporate America.

The Cartoon Network—a cable channel—is hosting a 24-hour retrospective of classic Bugs Bunny cartoons, but twelve episodes will not be included because they have been censured as racist by Cartoon Network’s parent company. The network will not be allowed to broadcast the episodes even after prime-time and with a disclaimer, so deep is the fear of being called a racist in corporate America. Some of the episodes made during World War II present an unflattering caricature of Germans and Japanese.

On another front, Walt Disney Corporation generally distributes its films on video (and now DVD) after its theatrical release. Now Disney refuses to re-release the classic animated version of *Tales of Uncle Remus* known as “Song of the South” for video because they fear being

labeled. All is not lost for fans of the classic movie. It is available on video outside of the United States. And now, you can acquire a copy despite Disney’s efforts to squelch it.

A web site called BannedFilms.com has Uncle Remus memorabilia for sale and provides a means of obtaining the video despite the objections of Disney’s culture guards.

Singing “Dixie,” Soprano

Think back to just last year when the politically savvy and Chamber-of-Commerce-types told us that unless South Carolina removed the Confederate flag and Georgia changed the state flag, the business prospects for the region would be lost. We would even lose our chances to host collegiate and professional sporting events, they whined.

Well, now we know a little more. In the federal courthouse in Atlanta, prosecutors are assembling a case against the allegedly Mafia-connected owners of a strip joint called The Gold Club.

The government has charged that the club’s dancers were ordered by their employers to provide sexual services to a long list of professional athletes and other celebrities whose presence at the club helped raise its profile. In one example of what the grand jury called organized prostitution, the indictment said the club flew several of its dancers to Charleston, South Carolina, in the spring of 1997 to perform

a “lesbian sex show” and have sex with members of a professional basketball team.

“In 20 years of practicing, I can’t think of any case in Atlanta that’s ever involved New York Mafia allegations,” said Donald F. Samuel, a prominent local defense lawyer who is representing Larry Gleit of Dix Hills, N.Y., the club’s financial officer. “It’s not a typical Georgia case. Of course, my client and Kaplan are just nice Jewish boys from Long Island,” he told the *New York Times*.

It’s no accident that these troubles have beset Atlanta. This case is shedding light on Atlanta’s growing reputation as the capital of the nude-dancing industry. With twenty-two “gentlemen’s clubs,” not even Gotham has more strippers (only Miami and Houston surpass it, for now).

These clubs apparently thrive on Atlanta’s convention business and the willingness of Atlanta’s political and civic leaders to look the other way: business is business after all. Also, Atlanta is by far the largest city in America that allows alcohol to be served in bars where full nudity takes place.

“Yes, God bless them for that,” said Don Waitt, publisher of *Exotic Dancer* magazine. “And it’s got good weather. A lot of dancers don’t want to live in places like Milwaukee.”

So, bring your daughters in, my friends, because the flag’s are down and the big business boys are going to bring in the New South whether you like it or not. Enjoy.

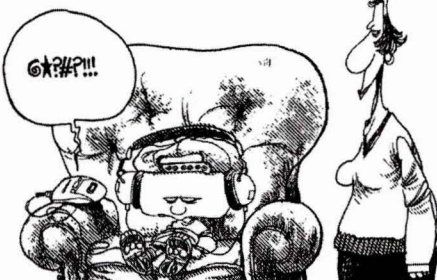
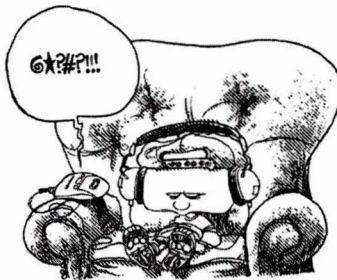
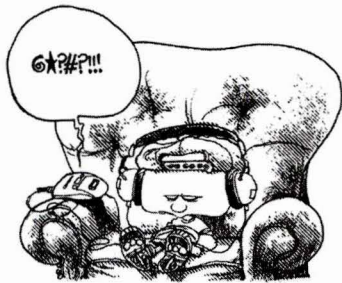
NCAA Tournaments? Fageddaboutit!

In the recent referendum, Mississippians failed to act according to the wishes of the executive board of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. The NCAA, a private organization, has ruled that Delta State University cannot host the 2003 or 2004 Division II national swimming and diving championships as planned.

In an ironic twist of fate, while attempting to punish Mississippi for daring to hold an election and voting contrary to the wishes of the organization’s board, the NCAA is punishing an institution that has by far Mississippi’s most integrated campus.

The NCAA, which is especially sensitive to the large number of non-white, non-Southern athletes, wants to show how tough they can be. In the end, they turn out

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to be just another labor union (albeit one that works to keep its employees—the players—underpaid). And, as such, they hurt most those they claim to help and use the same old outdated tactics of extortion, intimidation, and threats that have worked so unsuccessfully for the UAW.

No Irish

Recently, both Virginia and North Carolina have attempted to prevent the Sons of Confederate Veterans from obtaining special license plates with the group's logo. Carol Martin is having similar troubles when she was refused permission to have a vanity plate of her choice.

"This opinion offended me," she said. "How did I get painted a racist? There's something wrong here."

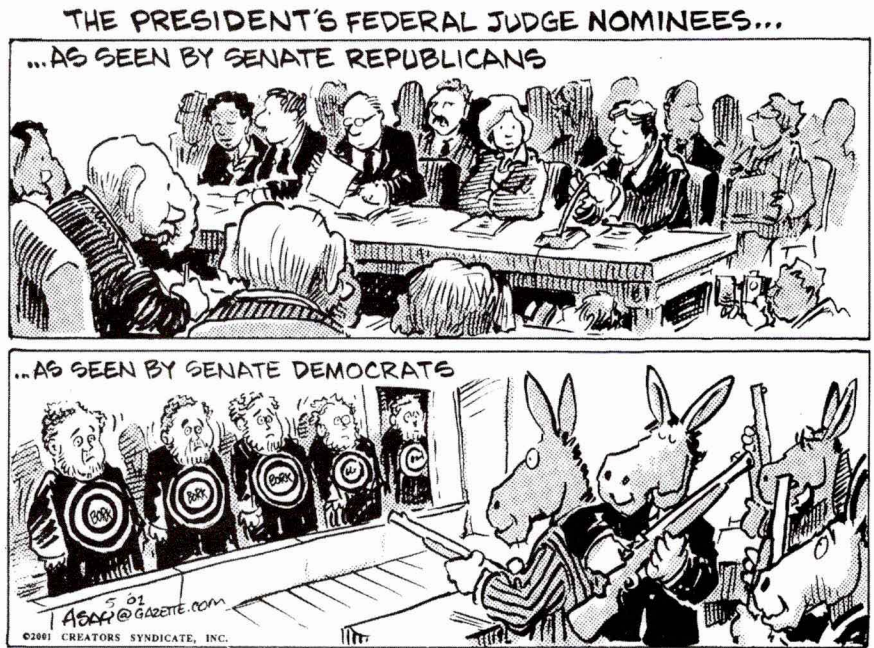
A judge ruled recently that the Vermont Department of Motor Vehicles acted correctly when it denied Martin's request because the word she wanted to use—IRISH—could be considered offensive or confusing to the public.

Spare the Rod, Or Else

Atlanta police "seized" forty-nine children—all black—and took them into the custody of the state of Georgia. The children, whose families were all members of the House of Prayer church, had committed no crime, but in the judgment of the Georgia Department of Social Services, their parents had crossed the line by using corporal punishment as a means of disciplining the children.

So, while the children screamed and struggled, armed police officers dragged them from their homes and placed them in foster care until family court could extract the necessary concessions from their parents, such as having a government appointed monitor to supervise the children's discipline. Since then, most have been released.

It seems odd that in this age when there is so much talk about the lack of discipline among children, and younger and younger children are being drawn into criminal gangs, and the epidemic of fatherlessness, that when some families tried to teach their children using methods successfully employed for thousands of years ("Spare the rod and spoil the child."), the government immediately jumped in to stop it.



Foster Careless

Oh, by the way. There is another angle to the story. Not long after the arrests, Georgia's child welfare department was forced to fire several employees at Fulton County foster care centers. It seems that the adults—operating under the authority of the state—were allowing the children housed there to have sex, and were allowing pimps to come on to the property to recruit girls into prostitution.

"It is deplorable," said Alesia Adams, head of Victims of Prostitution, a county-sponsored child advocacy program. "We treat animals better than children at Oak Hill."

An investigation into these and other problems is in progress. According to the *Atlanta Journal*, the shelters have become a training camp for criminals, as younger children learn from older ones how to steal, sell their bodies, fight and survive on the street. One girl living at the shelter recently was convicted of murder. Some shoplift from neighborhood stores.

The investigation was prompted by the recent firing of three shelter employees after a fight with a 12-year-old boy taken from a family belonging to the House of Prayer church and an internal audit documenting unsafe and unsanitary conditions that reflected "severe neglect" of children housed at the shelter.

Fare Play

"Sometime ago, I let my temper get the best of me, and I posted a sign on my property that was very discriminating." Bobby Humphries, 52, of Boiling Springs, South Carolina wrote in his public letter of apology. "I realize now that this was a stupid and insensitive thing to do. I would like to apologize to Mr. Montgomery and all of the people of Spartanburg County for this act. It will not happen again."

The letter was part of a deal worked out between Mr. Humphries and the local NAACP chapter. Mr. Humphries also paid the NAACP directly \$500 in exchange for not being charged by state housing investigators.

Mr. Humphries' crime was that, during a right-of-way dispute with a neighbor, he posted a for sale sign that included the phrase "Blacks and Mexicans Only." Had he been found guilty of violating the fair housing act he could have been fined \$12,000.

Hunley Update

The scientists working on the conservation of the Confederate submarine Hunley have put their work on hiatus while they go off to meet prior commitments recovering artifacts from the Normandy Invasion. But, before they left Charleston they made some of the most significant discoveries in the history of maritime conservation.

In addition to numerous artifacts, they

discovered the complete remains of all nine crewmen including the commanding officer Lt. George Dixon, as well as the lamp which it is believed Dixon used to signal the successful completion of the mission. The legendary gold coin which Dixon carried as a good luck charm has also been found. But, despite the trove of discoveries, the archaeologists are still unable to say what really happened to the world's first operational submarines that night.

While the excavation is on hold, the research will continue. It is expected that the corporeal remains of the crew will be laid to rest in Charleston's Magnolia Cemetery sometime next year; we'll keep you posted. For more information check Hunley.org.

Presidential Tribute

When UDC members arrived at the Arlington Confederate monument on Memorial Day for the traditional wreath laying ceremony, they were surprised to discover a wreath already there.

Apparently placed by the White House Military Office, the card read simply "The President." Tom Findtner, public affairs specialist for the U.S. Army Military District of Washington told the *Washington Times* "The White House military office coordinates the wreath-layings every Memorial Day. According to our historian, it's been going on forever."

However, Vicki Heilig, president of the D.C. chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, says she's never seen a presidential wreath at the Confederate Monument until now. "When I read the card... my heart skipped a beat."

Apart from the Confederate Monument, which mards about 500 graves, the White House had presidential wreaths placed at the Civil War Tomb of the Unknowns, adjacent to the Robert E. Lee Mansion, where the Confederate general made his home until the start of the Civil War, beneath the mast of USS *Maine*, and also at the Spanish-American War Memorial.

Plaque Removal

Bush may or may not have intended to lay a wreath at the Confederate monument, but the Texas Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans is suing Pres. Bush over his removal of two Confederate plaques last year.

The SCV contends that removing the plaques from the Texas Supreme Court building last year was illegal under a 1954 amendment to the Texas Constitution which transferred money from the Confederate Pension Fund to build the Supreme Court Building. The amendment says the building was to be a memorial to Texans who served the Confederacy, and be "properly designated."

Under pressure from the NAACP (and apparently on the advice of his campaign, and now White House staff), Bush ordered the plaques removed in the dark of night. The NAACP showed their gratitude by running campaign commercials accusing Bush of complicity in the dragging death of a black man. ❖

Scalawag Award MisEducation



fallen in January, Bolen would have argued that students were just coming back from a holiday and didn't need another one.

Of course, Martin Luther King's Birthday falls in January, and

District 2 will honor that holiday. (And we are certain the board will also honor Black History Month, which follows hard on the heels of King Day.)

Bolen and his minions have chosen to ignore the fact that there would be no King birthday observance if there were no Confederate Memorial Day. The adoption of both holidays was a package deal, a compromise that enabled warring sides to get what they wanted. The legislature decreed that both would be holidays. The District 2 board has chosen to ignore one and honor the other—thereby using its authority to make a political statement.

To be fair, board member Bill Bingham argued that the district should observe all legal South Carolina holidays.

"We should not be in a position to have to decide which holidays we have to support

and which we should not have to support."

A reasonable position.

The *only* reasonable position.

But he was voted down. On Confederate Memorial Day two years hence, District 2 students will be hunched over their books while state workers are out playing golf. And you can be certain no one in class will mention the boys in gray or Robert E. Lee.

Lest you think the vote broke down along racial lines, the board is composed of seven white men and women. We don't know where they came from, but we hereby give the Scalawag Award to any or all of them who are native Southerners—and we also include Superintendent Bolen, under the same conditions.

In this case, the issue was simple: Follow state law. Don't assume powers that are essentially political and therefore belong to the legislature. It's hard enough to cool down the simmering pot without a bunch of self-congratulatory Poohbahs Making a Statement.

These people should be ashamed of themselves, but we all know they'll remain just as smug as mice in the pantry.



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*

ROLES OF CIVILIANS

1. What grandson of Thomas Jefferson, born at Monticello, was a cabinet member under Jefferson Davis?
2. The wartime photographs made by what famed photographer are now preserved in the Library of Congress?
3. What North Carolina governor opposed secession until Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers?
4. What southern-sympathizing Kentucky governor never performed any official duties?
5. Though Jefferson Davis had no official cabinet, how many men served him as heads of executive departments?
6. What national hero was ousted from his post as governor because he refused to back secession for his state?
7. What prominent C.S.A. senator predicted defeat because of "overpowering numbers" of Federal troops?
8. Why was the death of Brig. Gen. Benjamin Hardin Helm, C.S.A., mourned in the White House?
9. What frustrated head of the Confederate treasury resigned under pressure because he could not vitalize a faltering economy?
10. What part-time actor and spy gave General Lee the information that caused him to alter his plans before Gettysburg, thus perhaps mitigating his defeat there?
11. What was the maiden name of the First Lady of the Confederacy?
12. Whose "Declaration of Immediate Causes" cited violations of the U.S. Constitution as the basis for secession?

ANSWERS

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|---|--|
| 10. James Harrison of Richmond. | 11. Varina Howell (b. Virginia). | 12. Christopher G. Memminger (b. Germany). |
| 7. Herschel V. Johnson of Georgia. | 8. He was Mary Todd Lincoln's brother-in-law. | 9. Christopher G. Memminger (b. Germany). |
| 2. Mathew Brady (b. Ireland). | 3. John W. Ellis (b. North Carolina). | 4. Richard Hawes. |
| 1. George Wythe Randolph. | 6. Sam Houston of Texas. | 5. Fourteen. |

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SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM FREEHOFF

ON SPECTATOR CONDUCT

Our spectators should be courteous, and judicious in choice of expression. —*The Southern Conference Code*

ON FREEDOM

...freedom depends upon an establishment of law and custom... —*Richard M. Weaver*

ON GLORY AND HONOR

There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle. —*General Robert E. Lee*

ON THE AUDACIOUS LEE

...if there is one man in either army, Confederate or Federal, head and shoulders above every other in audacity, it is General Lee. —*Col. Joseph Ives, C.S. Army*

ON A HOLY ENTERPRISE

...the religious leaders of Antebellum Southern society called for secession and led the way in reconciling the people of the South to all the hardships secession would cost them, taught that separation from the North was a holy "enterprise." —*M.E. Bradford*

ON A TRAGIC SENSE

Without a tragic sense there is no moral sense; violence, uncontrollable and meaningless, rots what is left of institutional society. —*Andrew Lytle*

ON IMMIGRATION

The bosom of America is open to receive not only the opulent and respectable stranger, but the oppressed and persecuted of all nations and religions... —*George Washington*

CSA TODAY



ALABAMA

The Revolt of the Animals—I

According to the *Birmingham News*, back in 1900, there weren't any white-tailed deer to speak of in Alabama. In 1940—when automobiles were already polluting the environment—the deer population was up to 16,000. Today, with the exponential increase in cars and factories and aerosol cans, there are 1.8 million deer loose in the state. Over 10,000 of these have collided with automobiles over the last five years, and two recently caused a plane crash.

Charles D. Kelley—who headed Alabama's Game and Fish Division for 39 years and was especially known for bringing back the deer—was involved in four accidents over an 11-month period during which he killed three deer and damaged three cars.

In fact, it's getting dangerous to drive in Alabama, and insurance companies are paying record claims. As one agent put it, "You don't need a gun to kill a deer around here. Just drive down Highway 119."

The deer aren't starving to death either. They are chowing down on people's yards. According to one report, a landscape company planted \$60,000 worth of shrubs and flowers at several homes, and within a week the deer had gobbled up every leaf and petal.

The legislature passed a law forbidding the shooting of does. Recently they changed it. In fact, the word is out—Shoot the does first. They're the breeders.

If you want to see Alabama, folks, you better go in the next few years. Before long, you won't be able to drive in there.



ARKANSAS

The police in Tuckerman saw 61-year-old Fred Cyote emerge from an alley with a white-and-black spaniel and thought he looked weird, so they stopped him. Fred had long gray hair and a long white beard, and he was carrying a sign that read UFO RIDE WANTED.

When they asked him about the UFO, he said, "I don't want to just ride. I want to drive."

Fred has been King of the Road since 1985. He hitches rides to wherever, dressed in T-shirt and jeans; and he takes his dog, Mother Tucker, along with him.

Asked why he liked the open road, he said, "[When] I stay in the house, I get crazy. I watch too much TV. Out here, I pray a lot, and I get close to God."

Asked by a *Jonesboro Sun* reporter about his

plans, he said, "The police asked me to be out of town by tonight, so I'll go."

Sounds like the kind of guy you'd want to keep around.



FLORIDA

The Revolt of the Animals—II

According to the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission, another human being has been attacked and killed by an alligator—the 10th such death since 1948.

Samuel Wetmore, 70, wandered out to a retention pond near his home in Sarasota County where an 8-foot alligator mauled him. He was found floating in the pond, practically drained of blood. Apparently the alligator fed on Wetmore's body.

There have been 284 documented attacks by Florida alligators on human beings—and the reptiles, still protected by law most of the time, are multiplying.

With each death, sentiment increases for an open season on alligators—particularly if one invades your property. There is little to love in these creatures. They are ugly, ill-tempered, and dangerous. They particularly love to attack small animals and small children. If something isn't done about them, they will take over Florida and then move northward and westward.

We should rekindle the interest of the fashion world in alligator shoes, alligator belts, and alligator wallets.



GEORGIA

While censorship seems to be OK with things like *Tales of Uncle Remus*, the 11th Circuit Court of Appeals will allow publication of *The Wind Done Gone*, Alice Randall's politically correct knock-off of *Gone With the Wind*.

In their appeal to the federal court, Houghton Mifflin was joined by several politically correct parties, including CNN, Cox Enterprises (owners of the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*), and the companies that own the *New York Times*, the *Boston Globe*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *Los Angeles Times*.

The amicus brief filed by these organizations stated that they "are extremely concerned about the implications of a federal court issuing a preliminary injunction blocking publication of a potentially significant work of fiction that comments on the evils of slavery."



Reading this statement, we must ask, “Would these publications have protested had the book been in favor of slavery?”

Despite the apparent violation of copyright laws, the court ruled that the new work was a parody of the original despite its almost complete duplication of some of Margaret Mitchell’s characters.

“I wrote this book for all Americans, both white and black, so they could have a deep, hearty belly laugh” together about the painful Civil War period, said Randall, “I’m so glad that the court will allow that message to get heard.”

While the Mitchell estate may pursue further legal action, Ms. Randall is assured of a best-seller regardless of the outcome.



KENTUCKY

As we go to press, scientists continue to conduct research in an effort to discover why so many horse fetuses and foals are dying in the Blue Grass State.

To that question, they have added: “Why are so many older horses going blind?” And vets have also noticed a marked increase in laminitis, an inflammation of the hoof.

Experts suspect that these medical anomalies are the result of a toxic fungus that grows on grass, but they aren’t ready to eliminate other possible causes. Still, they have advised horse breeders to limit the exposure of horses to grass and to include in their diet a feed supplement that fights and expels toxins.

The total loss from deaths is expected to reach \$225 million.



LOUISIANA

The Louisiana legislature is considering a bill that would allow consenting adults to engage in oral and anal sex in private. Currently such behaviors fall under the category of “crimes against nature.”

Danny Martini (R-Kenner), chairman of the House Criminal Justice Committee, warned that the current law could be used to arrest married people if a law enforcement officer surprised them in the act.

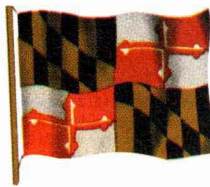
Rep. Cedric Richmond (D-New Orleans) argued that it’s a bill to guarantee privacy. When asked to define privacy, he said, “If no one’s around, it’s private. If someone sees, it’s public.”

So those married couples Rep. Martini

said he was protecting would still be arrested if they were surprised by a law enforcement officer, wouldn’t they? Because then it wouldn’t be private any more.

This bill was ordered up by the gay rights activists, who want to be able to do anything to anyone at any time—as long as it’s consensual. Ultimately, they want to abolish civilization. We hope that Louisiana is too civilized, too Christian to legalize barbarism.

“I want to know what I’m eating regardless of what it is,” said Louisiana State Sen. Chris Ullo of Marrero, in support of a bill requiring catfish to be labeled as to where it was produced. A Senate committee approved the bill when proponents contended consumers were eating some catfish produced in Vietnamese rivers.



MARYLAND

Gov. Parris Glendening has signed legislation that gives homosexuals the same legal protections afforded blacks, women, and religious minorities.

“It’s been 10 years of struggling for our civil rights,” crowed Blake Humphreys, executive director of Free State Justice, a homosexual activist group. “To finally see it come to fruition is just an amazing experience.”

The battle may not be over, however. Doug Stigler of the Family Protection Lobby said his group and others were collecting signatures to block implementation of the law and put the question to a referendum.

“We just want to let the voters of Maryland have a say on this,” he said.

The number required to force a vote: 46,128, one-third of which must be filed with the Secretary of State by May 31.



MISSISSIPPI

The Jackson *Clarion-Ledger*, grim-lipped and perspiring, shook its hoary head as it broke the news: As the result of the flag vote, the Black Chief Officers Committee of the International Association of Black Professional Firefighters would not—repeat, would NOT—hold its conference in Jackson in 2002.

As the *Clarion-Ledger* said, wagging its bony finger at us all: “The move bears out predictions made by opponents of the

1894 flag that its controversial Confederate battle emblem would prompt conventions to avoid Mississippi.”

And Jackson Fire Chief Raymond McNulty echoed this sentiment: “This may be the beginning.”

Yes, little children, it’s the beginning. Soon grass will grow in the streets of Jackson and Tupelo and Corinth. Starving Mississippians will be scouring the land for rodents and roots and berries. Houses will collapse from want of repair, and barn doors will bang in the wind.

And remember that it all started when the Black Chief Officers Committee of the International Association of Black Professional Firefighters decided not to come to Jackson.



MISSOURI

Todd Poller of Bixby was drinking all day with his buddies near Neal’s Creek, when he suddenly shouted, “Hey, watch this!”

Whereupon he grabbed a five-inch perch from the water and dropped it headfirst into his mouth.

According to the local sheriff, Poller immediately began to gasp for breath. His drinking buddies tried to fish the fish from his throat and even performed the Heimlich maneuver—but to no avail. He died from asphyxiation.

The sheriff described Poller as “a well-known character” in those parts.



NORTH CAROLINA

Jesse Helms may be wobbly but he is still fighting for the right. Saying the Boy Scouts of America are facing “malicious assaults by homosexuals” he is asking Congress to cut off funding to any school that denies access to to Scout troops because they won’t allow homosexuals to be troop leaders.

Sen. Helms’s move was precipitated by the Chapel Hill-Carboro school district’s decision to ban the BSA from school buildings unless they pay a prohibitive user fee.

Needless to say, Ted Kennedy’s spokesman said most Democrats would oppose it. Chapel Hill; the Boston of the South.



OKLAHOMA

Attorney General John Ashcroft was right to delay the execution of Timothy McVeigh. There's a history in this country of believing that every high-profile murderer ever executed was innocent—from Saccho and Vanzetti to Bruno Hauptmann to the Rosenbergs.

Better to wait a few weeks than to see the tabloids headlining stories like: "Withheld Papers Prove McVeigh Innocent." And then to watch as the libraries fill up with books proving the same thesis.

Indeed, by the time this issue comes out, the Supreme Court may have granted McVeigh's lawyers additional time to sort through the mountains of paper. If so, so be it. When this one is executed, he should stay dead.



SOUTH CAROLINA

The College of Charleston recently hosted a reception at the Charleston Museum: the oldest museum in the western hemisphere and founded by the crown.

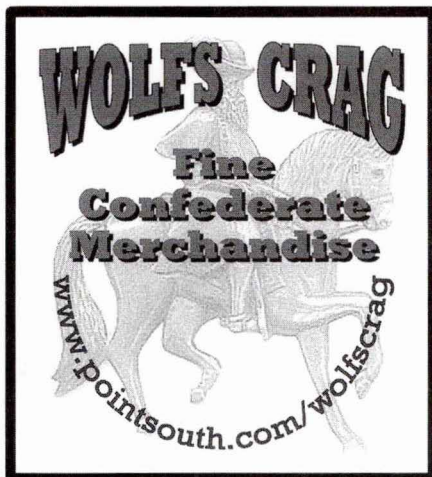
The reception, as these things do, had everything the guests could want, except one thing.

Before the event started, all the Confederate flags were removed from the lobby of the building.

Maybe the Queen wants her stuff back.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

In Greenville, County Councilwoman Lottie Gibson was absent from a meeting when members voted to cut funding for



the Chamber of Commerce.

Later, she attempted to clarify her own position on the issue:

"I would like the record to read that I am opposed to this so that, whenever we are faced with whatever happens, the record is clear."



TENNESSEE

Tennessee legislators are once again debating a state income tax, and citizens are once again objecting in the good old fashioned way: They are driving around the Capitol, honking their horns.

Last time it worked.

However, the threat is even greater this time. The old hogs are grunting, their greedy eyes focused on the trough. One of them, a hog named Head, is telling folks that only the rich will be gouged with the income tax—and that the current sales tax is gouging only the poor.

"We know the top 1 percent in income pay less than 4 percent of their income in total state and local taxes," he said. "The lower 20 percent pay 12-13 percent. That's a very regressive system. This would make it much fairer."

Technically that may be true; but if the lower 20 percent would stay out of Wal-Mart a couple of weeks out of the month, they could probably cut those percentages in half.

And the legislature would never raise that cap, would they? Before you stop honking your horns, folks, take a look at what citizens in other states are paying out in state income tax. And remember also that when the federal income tax was first debated in Congress, a speaker was hooted down when he tried to argue that eventually the government might be taking as much as 10 percent. If you crack the door, folks, the hogs will soon be wallowing in your parlor.



TEXAS

The last female Texan who served in World War I has died.

Carol Kalb passed away in her sleep at a nursing home in Denison. She was 100 years old in March.

She joined the Navy after her father said that he wished he had a star in the window like the other men, whose sons had gone to war.

At 17, she was 5'2" and weighed a mere 103 pounds. Consequently, the Navy turned her down: too light. So she went home, ate bananas and drank water, and came back the next day. She was accepted and saw active duty for 11 months in the Navigation Bureau of Yards and Docks.

She met her husband while she was in service and eventually became the mother of four children.

On Memorial Day, 1993, Congressman Ralph Hall presided over a ceremony honoring her as the sole surviving woman who served in that highly important but almost forgotten war.

We hope they sang the Navy Hymn at her funeral.



VIRGINIA

Emboldened by victory after victory, the re-writers of history are getting careless. In Charlottesville, they erected a marker saying that the University of Virginia had surrendered in 1865 to Gen. Custer. The inscription read in part: "Waving a white flag on a cane, they surrendered the town and university to Maj. Gen. George Armstrong Custer and his Third Cavalry Division."

The historical monument was erected at the instigation of Brian Del Vecchio, a campus cop and an admirer of Custer. Custer was a braggart who finished at the bottom of his class at West Point, was made a general by a clerical error, was insufferably rude to Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, and lost his entire command to a bunch of Indians at the Battle of Little Big Horn. (Maybe Del Vecchio saw "They Died with Their Boots On" one time too many.)

U. Va. Rector, John P. Ackerly, objected to the marker; and it was removed. Not only had it been erected on University property instead of on the right of way, but, as Ackerly pointed out, "the marker was also inaccurate in that it stated that the university surrendered to Custer, when in fact the university did not."

Meanwhile, Del Vecchio is working with the Department of Historic Resources to place the marker somewhere else, possibly on city property. Surely a nearby Indian reservation would love to have it. ☹

Sitting Amidst The Ruins

BY THOMAS E. WOODS, JR.

The eighteenth-century Enlightenment is one of those periods of European history that the standard textbook treats with unrestrained enthusiasm. The very name "Enlightenment" is of course intended to intimidate into silence anyone so uncouth as to call its wisdom into question.

Asked to describe its outlook and goals, a sympathizer with the movement would reply that it emphasized tolerance, reason, science, and the natural goodness of man. Perhaps its central principle was skepticism toward inherited beliefs and institutions—that is, a refusal to believe any proposition simply by virtue of the authority handing it down, and, what is the same thing, an utter disregard, and even disgust, for tradition. The Enlightenment thinker holds the past in a profound suspicion that in some cases borders on contempt. As Immanuel Kant put it, real maturity comes when we investigate every claim for ourselves, refusing to accept any teaching, however ancient and venerable, on the basis of its longevity or authority alone.

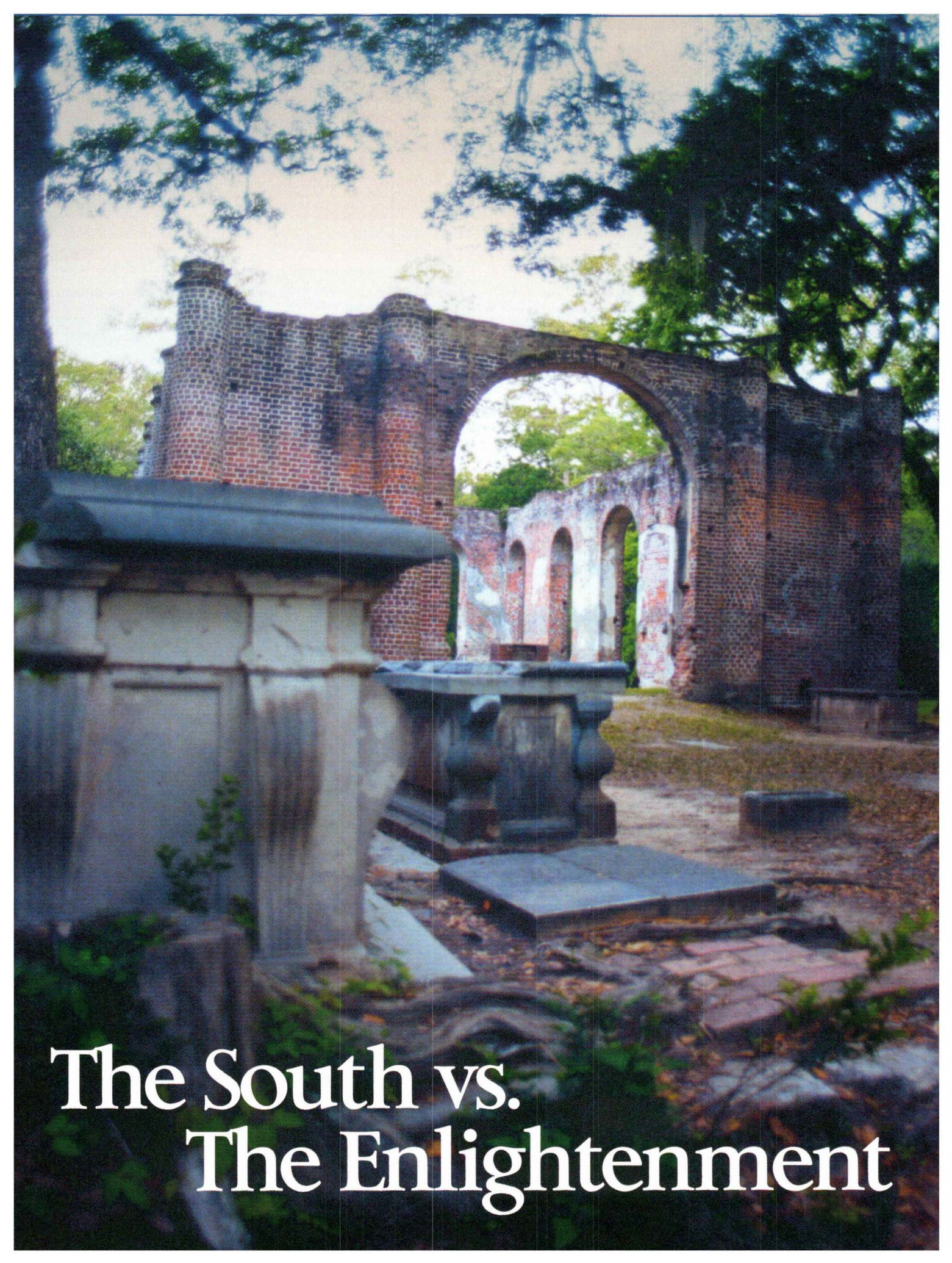
There is a superficial plausibility to this central Enlightenment claim; after all, is it not better to cast the harsh light of reason upon every belief and institution, rather than slavishly obeying their dictates? But society is rather like a house. Certain walls in a house are load-bearing, or supporting walls. Before indiscriminately knocking one down to enlarge the den, it might be a good idea to make sure that the wall in question is not a supporting wall—otherwise the result will be a big den, all

right, but in the great outdoors.

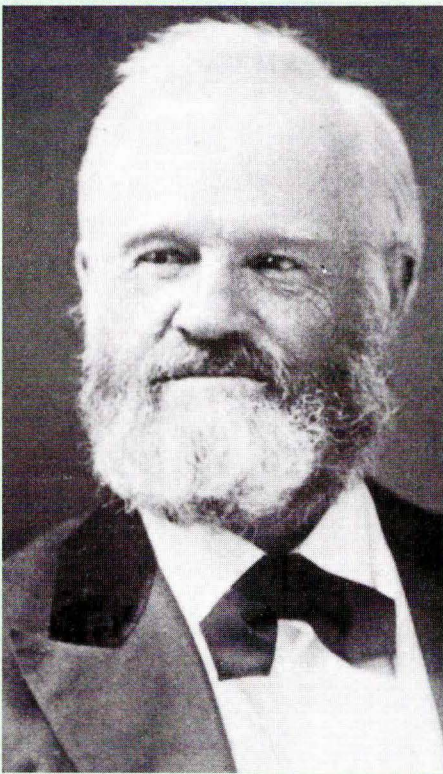
The crucial and obvious difference in this regard between a society and a house is that in a house we know which are the supporting walls. We know which ones can be demolished without damaging the integrity of the building. The same cannot be said for a society. The norms of civilized behavior that we find in a society represent the accumulated wisdom of many, many centuries. We cannot know for sure—although we can make a reasonable guess—which of these teachings are, so to speak, supporting walls without which the entire society comes crumbling down. We can know only once we have pulled them down and find ourselves sitting amidst the ruins. And just as it takes seconds to destroy a house it took months or even years to build, a society violently detached from its moorings is extremely difficult and time-consuming to reassemble. Any tampering with established institutions must therefore be done with the greatest care and only after the most serious and profound reflection. Needless to say, radical change in the absence of such reflection is precisely what the Left has been up to arguably for hundreds of years now but certainly, and in an especially accelerated fashion, over the past thirty-five.

The standard textbook treatment of the Enlightenment describes it as a movement for tolerance, pitting itself against the intolerance of the various Christian denominations. Tolerance, of course, has become the watchword of our own day. But mere tolerance, G.K. Chesterton tells us, is "the virtue of men who no longer believe in anything." Dorothy Sayers, going a bit further, observes: "Toleration is the accomplice of other sins and their worst punishment. It is the sin which believes in nothing, cares for nothing, seeks to know nothing, interferes with nothing, enjoys nothing, loves nothing, hates nothing, finds purpose in nothing, lives for nothing, and only remains alive because there is nothing it would die for."

Yet while some Enlightenment thinkers were doubtless sincere in their call for tolerance, for others this demand represented a concealed—and often not so concealed—attack on Christianity. In our own day we see a fairly obvious double standard at work: those who agitate most vocally for the toleration of every form of behavior and belief fall mysteriously silent whenever Christianity is attacked. Anti-Christian prejudice, as we know all too well, is the one permissible deviation from the doctrine of pure tolerance. But make no mistake: the clamor for diversity and tolerance is not and never was a sincere demand for authentic good will on the part of everyone. It was and is a bludgeon with which Christianity, the South, and traditionalism are to be attacked. Lest we thoughtlessly suppose this to be a recent development, we should recall that this kind of double standard existed in germ within the Enlightenment itself—the age whose intellectuals, it is said, were passionately committed to freedom of thought for all.



The South vs. The Enlightenment



John Humphrey Noyes—Denounced the “selfishness” of monogamous marriage.

John Locke, the very apostle of toleration, made an exception for the Catholic Church. That was not to be tolerated. Jean-Jacques Rousseau likewise condemned and repudiated the Church; since it set forth a system of morality that claimed to stand above the whims of states and individuals—it was “heteronomous,” in Immanuel Kant’s formulation—it could have no place in the Rousseauian schema, where the state was to be supreme. For his part, Diderot once said: “I would sacrifice my life, perhaps, if I could annihilate forever the notion of God.” Even Voltaire, who is routinely portrayed as a harmless and lovable fellow who wanted nothing more than the freedom to think for oneself, could not restrain himself from expressing a morbid satisfaction upon hearing the news, in 1761, that Portugal’s anticlerical government had just burned three priests.

Although some of the *philosophes* were outright atheists, the fashionable religion of the Enlightenment was deism, a harmless faith devoid of dogmas or ritual. It posited the existence of a benign if aloof Supreme Being who set the universe in motion and then let his creation proceed simply according to the natural

physical laws that he had built into its very structure—without divine intervention or any recourse to the miraculous. Deism made no demands on the believer either morally or doctrinally. There was no need to believe any particular teaching about God in order to count oneself a deist. A deist, naturally, would latch-on immediately to Isaac Newton’s view of the universe as a system that operated according to strictly mechanical principles. (Voltaire, in fact, called Newton the greatest man who ever lived.) From this premise they went on to deny the possibility of miracles; one of Diderot’s best-known remarks was that if the entire population of Paris told him that they had just seen a man rise from the dead, he would know they were wrong.

Because the very idea of the miraculous could not be integrated with ease into their mechanical and naturalistic worldview, it had to be rejected as impossible and contrary to reason. (Here again

What the South was rejecting was precisely this: the attempt on the part of the Enlightenment’s intellectual descendants to make of science, an entire philosophy of life.

Enlightenment thinkers are arbitrarily defining reason so that it refers only to the mechanistic and non-supernatural, even though it is of course not unreasonable at all to believe that God’s existence is necessary to account for the orderly universe we see around us and to hold the corollary that it is perfectly likely that at times he may intervene directly in his own creation.)

Thus when the *philosophes*, led by Jean leRond d’Alembert, proposed to assemble an encyclopedia that would be a compendium of all existing knowledge, no one should have been surprised that the finished product, as impressive as it was, should have been so tendentious, so obviously motivated by a philosophical agenda. Materialistic and mechanistic explanations and imagery abounded. Christianity was, in general, not directly attacked (the *philosophes*, concerned

about censorship, were too clever for that), but that the thrust of the project was an anti-Christian one is hardly to be doubted. Even the historian Will Durant, who idolized Voltaire and adored the Enlightenment, felt compelled to note:

There were serious intellectual defects in the *Encyclopédie*. The contributors had too simple a view of human nature, too sanguine an estimate of the honesty of reason, too vague an understanding of its frailty, too optimistic a prospect of how men would use the knowledge that science was giving them. The *philosophes* in general, and Diderot in particular, lacked historical sense; they seldom paused to inquire how the beliefs they combated had arisen, and what human needs, rather than priestly inventions, had given them birth and permanence. They were quite blind to the immense contribution of religion to social order, to moral character, to music and art, to the mitigation of poverty and suffering. Their anti-religious bias was so strong that they could never lay claim to that impartiality which we should now consider essential to a good encyclopedia.

Although Enlightenment thinkers tended to be deists rather than outright atheists, it was perhaps the latter who took the period’s skepticism and anti-supernaturalism to their logical conclusion.

Rejecting traditional metaphysics, the French materialists, notably La Mettrie, Helvetius, and the Baron d’Holbach—the latter of whom was referred to by his friends as “the personal enemy of the Almighty”—refused to acknowledge what could not be demonstrated through the senses, through scientific procedures. La Mettrie, for example, wrote a famous book called *Man, a Machine* (1748), in which he claimed that since human beings were nothing more than clever contraptions, there could be no such thing as moral responsibility—how could blame and guilt be assigned to a machine?—or even eternal standards of good and evil, right and wrong. Helvetius agreed, and went on to provide purely naturalistic explanations for a whole host of institutions. Friendship, for example, he considered nothing more than an exchange of services. “Nothing is more uncommon than a friendship of long

standing,” he said at one point. “Ultimately it is always ourselves that we love in others.” Gone was Aristotle’s beautiful conception of friendship; the Philosopher, who wrote copiously on the subject, had described it as a kind of mutual encouragement in virtue, and spoke of it generally as a most excellent institution. The most radical thinkers of the Enlightenment thus directed their assaults on the beautiful and the mysterious, everywhere replacing them with the cold and mechanical.

This type of project has to be kept in mind when the Enlightenment is portrayed as a movement for reason. Many Enlightenment thinkers were taking the science that so impressed them and trying to make of it an entire philosophy of life, to apply the scientific idiom, appropriate in the study of astronomy, botany and biology, to all areas of human life, no matter how obviously and grotesquely inappropriate. This approach was generally what they meant by *reason*. Anything that did not conform to this model could be discarded as superstitious and irrational.

What the South was rejecting, on many levels, was precisely this: the attempt on the part of the Enlightenment’s intellectual descendants to make of science, a discipline that studied material phenomena only, an entire philosophy of life. The scientific emphasis of the Enlightenment, in particular the tantalizing possibility that the mysteries of nature, which had hitherto frustrated man in his quest to exercise total dominion over his environment, might at last be solved, filled many thinkers with a glee that all too often degenerated into a disordered lust for domination. Indeed it is with Francis Bacon, a pre-Enlightenment thinker, that we begin to perceive the increasingly adversarial relationship between man and nature in the modern era. The South, however, was never altogether sold on this new dispensation. Southerners would have little patience, of course, with the silly superstitions that inform the radical environmentalist’s attachment to Mother Earth in her pristine splendor, undefiled by human activity. But the South, following the ancient Greeks and medieval Christianity, has been more likely than the North to think of nature as a woman to be wooed that she might reveal her secrets.

For the industrial civilization of the North, however, nature was a woman to be beaten into submission—the mysteries of the natural order were to be seized from her by force. No moral criterion apart from man’s will itself could stand in judgment of how the natural world was to be treated and what scientific boundaries were to be crossed. As Richard Weaver put it:

Southern piety is basically an acceptance of the inscrutability of nature. Under its impulse the individual Southerner feels that nature is not something which he is to make over or change; it is rather something for him to come to terms with. The world is God-given; its mysteries are not supposed to be fully revealed; and the only possible course in the long run is to accommodate oneself to its vast pulsations. Thus nature is seen as providential, and even its harsher aspects must be regarded as having ends that we do not fully comprehend. In a word, the Southerner reveres original creation. His willingness to accept some conditions that his more energetic Northern cousin will not put up with is not purely temperamental or climactic; it is religious or philosophical insofar as it stems from this world view. Often the Yankee’s effort to become complete master of his environment appears to the Southerner an effrontery against an order which is divinely provided and which, in the total outcome, is not going to be improved by busy human schemes. It never occurs to the typical Northerner, for example, to ask whether it is right to move a mountain or alter the course of a river; but it may occur to this fundamentalist Southerner, and some degree of this feeling will be encountered in every level of the population.

The South’s refusal to allow science to have the final say about substantial goods was the issue at the heart of the famous Scopes trial in Tennessee in 1925. Much more was at stake there than the question of teaching evolution as theory or fact in the public schools. Donald Davidson, one of the contributors to the great agrarian manifesto *I’ll Take My Stand*, while not himself an orthodox Christian, viewed the trial as an attempt on the part of the South to take a stand against the encroachments of a modern world long on liberty, industry, and utili-

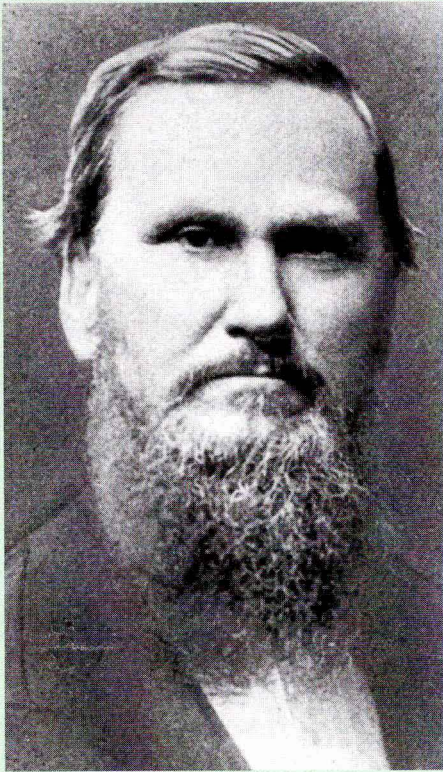


Francois-Marie Charles Fourier—French utopian socialist, wanted to organize society into a series of communes.

tarianism, and short on poetry, imagination, and regional diversity. The conflict as he saw it was between two distinct societies, one *Gemeinschaft*, the other *Gesellschaft*, one that valued tradition, accumulated wisdom, and historical memory, and another focused on “progress,” mobility, and making things anew. More than this, what the trial boiled down to in Davidson’s view was precisely the question of “how far science, which is determining our physical ways of life, shall be permitted also to determine our philosophy of life.”

William Jennings Bryan, one of the trial’s celebrities, had had the same misgivings. Evolution, an “unproven hypothesis,” was giving dangerous impetus to the idea that autonomous science, which dealt exclusively with observable phenomena, could have the final word on ultimate realities, indeed could even substitute for philosophy and traditional morality. Man, Bryan said, needed more than this if he were not to revert to barbarism:

Science is a magnificent force, but it is not a teacher of morals. It can perfect machinery, but it adds no moral restraints to protect society from the misuse of the machine. It can also build gigantic intellectual ships, but it con-



Robert Lewis Dabney—One of the greatest theologians the South ever produced.

structs no moral rudders for the control of storm-tossed human vessel. It not only fails to supply the spiritual element needed but some of its unproven hypotheses rob the ship of its compass and thus endangers its cargo. In war, science has proven itself an evil genius; it has made war more terrible than it ever was before. Man used to be content to slaughter his fellowmen on a single plane—the earth's surface. Science has taught him to go down into the water and shoot up from below and to go up into the clouds and shoot down from above, thus making the battlefield three times as bloody as it was before; but science does not teach brotherly love. Science has made war so hellish that civilization was about to commit suicide; and now we are told that newly discovered instruments of destruction will make the cruelties of the late war seem trivial in comparison with the cruelties of wars that may come in the future. If civilization is to be saved from the wreckage threatened by intelligence not consecrated by love, it must be saved by the moral code of the meek and lowly Nazarene. His teachings, and His teachings alone,

can solve the problems that vex the heart and perplex the world.

It is from the Enlightenment that nineteenth- and twentieth-century positivism and scientism took their inspiration. These ideologies maintain that the only knowledge of any value is that which comes from the empirical observation and testing that comprise the scientific method. That this very statement—namely, that there is no such thing as valid knowledge that cannot ultimately be derived by means of the scientific method—cannot itself be derived from the scientific method does not seem to have troubled its adherents.

Nineteenth-century Southern theologians, faced with scientism and rationalism, refused to accept the premise that things of a supernatural order, simply because they defied examination in test tubes and under microscopes, were therefore beyond the scope of rational investigation. In this sense, the South was actually arguing that the so-called Age of Reason—to which it pleased Enlightenment thinkers to refer to their epoch—in fact *undervalued* reason by arbitrarily restricting its scope to those things that could be measured and observed. One example will suffice: in a direct challenge to the philosophies of his day, one of the great Southern theologians, Robert Lewis Dabney, proposed in “The Immortality of the Soul,” an article published in the October 1892 issue of the *Presbyterian Quarterly*, to demonstrate the rational and indeed quite reasonable foundations that lay beneath the Christian conviction that men possess souls that are both immaterial and immortal. (For those interested, I am told that the essay appears in volume four of

the Sprinkle Publications edition of Dabney's *Discussions*; I myself own the Banner of Trust edition, in which the essay appears in volume three.)

To be sure, no testimony of the human reason carries the weight of God's own revelation on the subject, but as Dabney wrote: “To such as will not look at the clear light of Scripture, we propose to offer the inferior light of natural reason. The sun is immeasurably better than a torch, but a torch may yet save the man who has turned his back on the sun and plunged himself into darkness from stumbling over a precipice into an unseen gulf.” His lengthy essay is filled with a whole host of intriguing arguments, among them a series of examples of intellectual activity that human beings routinely perform that would be utterly impossible to merely inert matter.

Meanwhile, for decades the North had begun to succumb in considerable numbers to the lures of Unitarianism, a creed with all the spiritual appeal of Stoicism, and which took pride in portraying itself as a “rational” religion. Along with deism, which it resembled, Unitarianism partook very much of the spirit of the Enlightenment. Miracles, original sin, redemption—these beautiful mysteries of the Christian faith were either to be dismissed as outmoded mythologies or to have their meanings given a purely naturalistic interpretation. Thus the South defied the spirit of the age when it clung to Trinitarian Christianity and refused this cold, mechanical substitute. As Richard Weaver put it: “The history of Unitarianism in the South provides a further commentary on the Southern conception of the role of religion. While the Puritan was attempting to make his religion conform to the canons of logic, conscience, or ethical propriety, the Southerner clung stubbornly to the belief that a certain portion of life must remain inscrutable, that religion offers our only means of meeting it, and that reason cannot here be a standard of interpretation.”

The denial of original sin that was so central to Unitarianism was also central to the Enlightenment as a whole. Man was naturally good,

The denial of original sin was central to the Enlightenment as a whole. The left-wing reform movements and utopian schemes that swept the North during the nineteenth century were the logical outcome of this emphasis on man's goodness.

the argument went, and as “reason” came more and more to be applied to vexing social questions, the coming of a terrestrial paradise would be increasingly imminent. Those who thus rejected original sin presented themselves as sophisticated thinkers courageous enough to cast away this superstitious and barbarous dogma of Christianity, but of course intelligent men, with St. Paul, have always been aware of the spirit of rebellion that is never fully at rest within the human breast. G.K. Chesterton once said that original sin was the one dogma of Christianity that could be verified simply by reading the daily newspaper. Reinhold Niebuhr, for his part, observed that “no cumulation of contrary evidence seems to disturb modern man’s good opinion of himself. He considers himself the victim of corrupting institutions which he is about to destroy or reconstruct, or of the confusions of ignorance which an adequate education is about to overcome. Yet he continues to regard himself as essentially harmless and virtuous.” And really, after the brutal invasion and subsequent occupation that the region endured, it is not difficult to understand the persistence in the South of the belief in human depravity.

The left-wing reform movements and utopian schemes that swept the North during the nineteenth century, and from which the South shrank in revulsion, were the logical outcome of this emphasis on man’s goodness, for if man were naturally good, the only explanations for social ills had to be environmental and institutional. Thus the perfect society lay just around the corner if only the institutional barriers to utopia could be identified and eliminated.

To some, the problem to be attacked was private property. This was the position of the French utopian socialist Charles Fourier, whose ideas gained more currency in the United States than they did in his own country. Fourier suggested that society be organized into a series of what he called “phalanxes,” composed of 1,620 people each. Within each phalanx, common ownership would be the rule. As Fourier himself put it: “This economic and educational revolution, by housing the population in self-supporting, autonomous and self-conducted luxury hotels, in which all the occupants would work and play in industrious harmony,

would solve the problems of poverty, war, and wickedness.” Horace Greeley, the eccentric editor of the *New York Tribune*, was especially fascinated by Fourier’s idea and helped to establish several such phalanxes in Pennsylvania during the 1840s. None turned out to be profitable, or lasted more than two years.

Others, such as Vermont’s John Humphrey Noyes, had an even more radical diagnosis of the roots of social ills—the marital bond between man and woman. Noyes denounced the selfishness that he associated with the attachment to one person that traditional monogamy demanded. “When the will of God is done...there will be no marriage,” he said. “The marriage supper of the lamb is a feast at which every dish is free to every guest. Exclusiveness, jealousy, quarreling, have no place there, for the same reason as that which forbids the guests at a thanksgiving dinner to claim each his separate dish, and quarrel with the rest for his rights. In a holy community, there is no more reason why sexual intercourse should be restrained by law, than why eating and drinking should be.” After running into problems with the law in his home state when he attempted to put this lifestyle into practice, he and several hundred settlers made their way to New York (where else?), where they established what came to be known as the Oneida community. This scheme, too, proved fleeting (but not before Noyes’ followers found it profitable to begin producing flatware for retail sale—yes, this is the same Oneida).

It was this kind of “experiment in living”, to use John Stuart Mill’s expression, that a stunned Robert Lewis Dabney condemned on behalf of the entire South. In his *Defense of Virginia*, he wrote: “We might safely submit the comparative soundness of Southern society to this test: that it has never generated any of those loathsome *isms*, which Northern soil breeds, as rankly as the slime of Egypt its spawn of frogs. While the North has her Mormons, her various sects of Communists, her Free Lovers, her Spiritualists, and a multitude of corrupt visionaries whose names and crimes are not even known among us, our soil has never proved congenial to the birth or introduction of a single one of these inventions.” It was not only that the South had too much common sense, and



G.K. Chesterton—“Tolerance is the virtue of men who no longer believe in anything.”

too much of the old-time religion, to be seduced by the utopian schemes that flowed from the premise of man’s perfectibility; it also possessed a certain deference to the past and to the accumulated wisdom of the ages that gave the region a temperament unlikely to be moved by the novelties of the day. Edmund Burke, reflecting on the radicalism of the French Revolution, noted in the late eighteenth century: “We, in England, are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and ages.”

Likewise, Donald Davidson observed in the twentieth: “While the North has been changing its apparatus of civilization every ten years or so...the South has stood its ground at a fairly safe distance and happily remained some 40 or 50 years behind the times.... The South has never been able to understand how the North, in its astonishing quest for perfection, can junk an entire system of ideas almost overnight, and start on another one which is newer but no better than the first. This is one of the principal dif-

ferences, out of many real differences, between the sections.”

The same Southern people who refused to accept the suggestion that God, the soul, and all such non-physical phenomena, if they existed at all, lay utterly beyond the province of human reason (by which Enlightenment thinkers meant, of course, scientific materialism) and thus no valid knowledge could ever be attained about them, also proved themselves attached to another phenomenon that defies the equations and testing of the scientific laboratory: an attachment to place and locality. For indeed it is also to the Enlightenment that much of the modern emphasis on internationalism and one-worldism can be traced. Incapable of accounting for phenomena that do not readily lend themselves to mathematical or purely rational explanation, the Enlightenment tended to encourage the idea that the ideal man was a citizen of the world, his affections not limited by the merely immediate. In his book *The Brave New World of the Enlightenment*, Professor Louis Bredvold, speaking about William Godwin, noted that he “absolves man from all ties of attachment to individuals so that he may devote himself to the pursuit of universal benevolence.” That is quite a perceptive summary of the temper of the Enlightenment: a denigration of the natural obligations that a man incurs by virtue of being a father, husband, and friend in favor of the obligation he is now said to owe without discrimination to the entire human race. (Once again, the cold and mechanical, replace the mysterious and beautiful.) Thus, for example, when John Lennon lectured the world on peace and brotherhood even though in his own life he went years without seeing his son from his first marriage, he was only one in a long series of universalist humanitarians dating back at least to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the eighteenth-century political thinker who was all broken up at the news of the suffering caused by the earthquake in Lisbon, but who placed all five of his own children in a foundling asylum, thereby condemning them to lives of hard labor and misery.

In a sense, we can see these two outlooks at work in the War Between the States itself. The North was fighting far from home, on foreign soil, for an abstract

tion—the Union—that no less a figure than Thomas Jefferson himself had said was by no means to be considered sacred or necessarily even permanent, and that if it were to retain its original character was to acquiesce in the decision of a state or states should they wish to depart in peace. The South, on the other hand, was defending itself from invasion. Southerners embarked on no grandiose crusade, no divine mission to remake the world, but sought simply to protect their homes from an invader. The fact that a healthy proportion of Southerners continue to defend the honor of their ancestors and refuse to go quietly in the face of unrelenting attack further illustrates the importance of kinship and historical memory to the mind of the South.

One of the aspects of the French Revolution that so enraged Edmund Burke was the move by French radicals to reorganize their country into a series of “departments” that bore no relation to its historic regions. But their emphasis on universalism as the proper expression of rationality, and their loathing for localism as the classic reflection of backwardness and superstition, led them inexorably to this position. Once again, the contrast with Southern civilization is quite clear. Richard Weaver spoke with characteristic perceptiveness of the particularism of the Southerner as a source of what made him unique:

Another cardinal point...is the Southerner's attachment to locality. The Southerner is a *local* person—to a degree unknown in other sections of the United States. You might say that he has lived by the principle that it is good for a man to have a local habitation and a name; it is still better when the two are coupled together. In olden days a good many Southerners tried to identify their names and their homes: thus we read the history of John Taylor of Caroline; of Charles Carroll of Carrollton; of Robert Carter of Nomini Hall; of the Careys of Careysbroke; of the Lees of Westmoreland County. With the near liquidation of the old land-owning aristocracy this kind of thing became too feudal and fancy to keep up. Nevertheless, something of it remains in a widespread way still; the Southerner always thinks of himself as being from somewhere, as belonging to some spot of earth. If he is of the lucky few, it may be to

an estate or a plantation; if not that, to a county; and if not to a county at least to a state. He is a Virginian, or he is a Georgian in a sense that I have never encountered in the Middle West—though the Indiana Hoosiers may offer a fair approximation. Very often the mention of a name in an introduction will elicit the remark, “That is a Virginia name” or “That’s a South Carolina name,” whereupon there will occur an extensive genealogical discussion. Often this attachment to a locale will be accompanied by a minute geographical and historical knowledge of the region, a loving awareness of details, of the peculiar physiognomy of the place. Andrew Nelson Lytle once complained in an article that in the world since 1914, nobody has known who he was or where he was from. The South has certainly felt the pressure toward rootlessness and anonymity—which are sometimes named as among the chief causes of modern psychic disorders—but I believe it has resisted the pressure better than most parts of the United States and Europe.

This, then, is the legacy of the Enlightenment: a supreme confidence in human nature unaided by divine grace, a contempt for the past, an absurd distrust of propositions and truths whose origins come not from test tubes and microscopes, and an eagerness to remake society all over again from scratch. In each of these premises, the South has refused to bend the knee to the new dispensation.

In its unrelenting assault on the South, the Left has made clear what is in store for those who stand in the way of the construction of this brave new world: they are to be targeted for ridicule and intimidation, their symbols destroyed, their past distorted and the truth made a crime. Yet the South has done the cause of civilization an extraordinary service by standing up against an ideology that cuts us off from the wisdom of the past, attacks the human personality, and whose tendency is ultimately to annihilate the soul. For if this is what passes for “enlightenment,” the South should wear the accusation of backwardness as a badge of honor.

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An Unreasonable Belief

BY TOMMY STRINGER

The defenders of Southern culture are typically Christian in outlook, either by temperament or by actual belief. Those of us who listened in Sunday School were warned that we should expect to fight against the principalities and powers of Satan, though we were never sure of exactly how those demons might be personified. In the past decade, we have faced these legions, named revisionism and political correctness, as they have waged a vigorous and highly successful battle against Southern culture.

Having successfully carried the day in most of the battles thus far these legions are turning their ferocious appetites toward the very foundation of our culture: Christianity. Simply put, the past attacks on Southern heritage are little more than a scrimmage for the day when professing to be a Christian will do more than raise eyebrows.

The Coming Persecution

To see how the persecution will begin, we need only look to recent developments in England. The Royal Pharmaceutical Society is amending its oath so as to remove the clause which allowed pharmacists to decline to distribute medications which they deemed to be immoral: mainly contraceptives and abortifacients.

So, henceforth, British pharmacists must tell prospective employers about any religious objections. To what end will the employer put this information? Presumably, they will opt to hire someone who will dispense whatever drugs he is told to, and the Christian pharmacist will not get the job.

Before you put that in the "It'll never happen here" category, let's look again at Southern heritage. Already, there are a dozen cases of individuals being disciplined or fired from their jobs because they had a Confederate flag displayed on their personal property. And, now prospective jurors are being quizzed about what's on their bumpers; the presence of Confederate flag bumper stickers being taken as *prima facie* evidence of racial prejudice and, therefore, as a means of disqualifying them.

Do you understand the implications of this? If you believe that the War Between the

*But he that shall endure
unto the end, the same
shall be saved.*

Matthew 24:13

States was not fought to end slavery, you may be considered unqualified to be a juror. How long then before the same questions are being asked about one's faith. After all, can a Christian really be impartial in a trial about moral turpitude?

If the mere presence of an automobile in the parking lot with a Confederate flag sticker creates a hostile work environment, then it's not long until having a Bible on one's desk or a cross around one's neck has the same affect.

Our Confederate ancestors faced great trials in the crucible of battle. We, thank God, will never have to follow their footsteps across a Pennsylvania cornfield, but we are now facing challenges that can require the same caliber of courage; that is, the courage to do the right thing even when the newspaper calls you a bad name or your boss threatens to fire you.

Revisionism Routed

All is not lost, however, as evidenced by the recent victory in Accokeek, Maryland against the minions of revisionism.

It seems that Christ Episcopal Church called the Rev. Samuel L. Edwards to be their rector because they wanted a man who believed in God and the Apostle's Creed. When Revisionist Bishop Jane Dixon heard that Edwards was moving from Ft. Worth to Accokeek, she turned green and came flying up to the small Maryland town, accompanied by a swarm of winged monkeys.

She told the stunned congregation that Edwards would "never" become rector at Christ Church because he did not fully accept her Episcopal authority. When the parishioners protested, she pointed out that Edwards had once written that the Episcopal leadership was from "the kingdom of sin and death," a part of the "unchurch."

"I wanted to know if he still held those views," she said.

When Bishop Dixon asked Edwards if he could accept her authority as a bishop in the Anglican Communion, he replied "Yes, since the archbishop of Canterbury has done so. I recognize her institution in the Anglican Communion, but not in the succession of apostles." Presumably, this distinction means that he would accept her administrative authority but deny her sacramental powers—e.g., the power to ordain priests and consecrate bread and wine.

To complicate this already murky picture, Bishop Dixon made a procedural error. According to canon law, a bishop must act within 30 days to block the installation of a priest; and after 60 days, the priest must be licensed in the diocese. Bishop Dixon didn't turn over the hour glass in time, and the red sands were still running 75 days after the Christ Church congregation informed the bishop that they had selected Father Edwards as their priest.

In a final desperate move to assert her authority, Dixon informed the Christ Church vestry that Rev. Edwards was no longer their priest and that she intended to personally preside over the 26 May Sunday communion service. Upon arrival she was met by Senior Warden Barbara Sturman who refused her entry. Not to be dissuaded, Dixon, vested in a scarlet robe, set up a card table in the churchyard and served communion to her entourage amidst the shouts of hecklers.

Meanwhile inside the church, Rev. Edwards announced that Fort Worth Bishop Jack L. Iker had assumed Episcopal oversight of the parish effective immediately. Edwards noted that Iker's action is the first time a sitting bishop has crossed boundaries within a single church jurisdiction since the early centuries of church history.

It was reported that Iker and Presiding Bishop Griswold had discussed the situation and had both called Dixon to persuade her from appearing at Christ Church. After determining that Dixon would not listen to reason, Griswold washed his hands of the whole affair.

Note that Christ Church parish was established in 1698 by the Church of England and predates the Diocese of Washington by 200 years and the Age of Revisionism by 300 years. ☛

SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

Defend and Advance

BY RALPH GREEN

A REVIEW OF

Defending the Southern Confederacy, The Men in Gray, by Robert Catlett Cave. Burd Street Press, 2001. 156 pages. \$15.95.

And,

Last Chance for Victory: Robert E. Lee and the Gettysburg Campaign, by Scott Bowden & Bill Ward. Savas Publishing, 2001. 640 pages. \$34.95.

When Robert Catlett Cave delivered the oration on May 30, 1894, at the unveiling of the monument to Confederate Soldiers and Sailors in Libby Park in Richmond, Virginia, he thought that the war was over and the animosities engendered by it had been buried. Therefore he thought that it might be discussed as any other historical event, and the North would receive with toleration if not approval his plain explanation of why the Southerners rose up and fought. He was wrong. For years he was subjected to malevolent attacks by all types of Northerners. In 1911 he published his remarks to refute the misrepresentations of the South and her cause and to justify that cause. This is a new reprint of his 1911 book.

The war made drastic differences. It nationalized states that had been federated. It changed a union of independent states into dependent states under a national authority. It abolished state sovereignty and made the national government, which had derived its powers from the states, into a government that exercised authority and power over the states. All of these facts were against Southern beliefs. The author shows that the North held its ideas, interests, and will to be higher than the Constitution, much less the basic concept of right and wrong. He shows that the South was never seeking war and would have preferred to leave in peace. An excellent book, it should be required reading for Southerners and Northerners.

If you hear the sound of breaking stone coming from Lexington, Virginia, don't let it disturb you. It may just be the sound of

Marse Robert rising from his tomb to salute the authors of a historically significant new book on the Battle of Gettysburg, one that refutes many of the criticisms leveled against General Lee. *Last Chance for Victory* is not just another book on the battle. It is a study written from the point of view of what Lee and his generals knew before and during the 1863 battle. They not only explore the actions of the Confederates, they analyze the facts known to Lee, Stuart, and the others to determine the basis for decisions made which resulted in those actions. They also examine options not taken.

This approach leads to conclusions drastically different from those reached by result-oriented analysis that determine causes from effects. Bowden and Ward build their cases carefully. They portray and explore the history and relationship of Lee and President Jefferson Davis. They explain the different approaches of the two leaders to strategy. Each man was influenced by his military experience as well as the responsibilities of his current position. Davis was influenced by the need (political as well as military) to look at incursions all over his country.

In determining the best use of his men and materials Lee was able to look only at what was happening in his own theater. He had learned that a numerically inferior force could defeat a larger force provided (1) all information possible about the enemy and the countryside was gathered and analyzed, (2) the commanding general of the inferior force had to be willing to take risks, but not blind risks, (3) the commanding general had to be able to make and act upon decisions even when subordinates disagreed, and (4) seizing the initiative was vital to attaining the resultant freedom of maneuver.

Many of the criticisms leveled against Lee in this battle have actually been based on his failure to control his decentralized command structure. Given the environment in which Lee operated, his adoption of that command structure fit his personality as well as making military sense.

One of the "failures" cited was in regard to the absence of Jeb Stuart and his cavalry before the battle, with a consequential weakness in Lee's knowledge of the enemy and countryside. The authors demonstrate that plainly Stuart had been given explicit orders

by Lee to move northward rather than take his wayward ride around the Federal forces. This demonstration involves not only the presentation of documents addressed to Stuart and others, but also an examination of Stuart's initial movements prior to turning eastward for what was a costly cavalry raid that was not part of his assigned task. Had he followed his instructions Lee would have been much more informed and able to assess the changing situation and his options.

Another myth belied by the authors is that pertinent to the so-called "discretionary orders" issued by Lee to Richard Ewell on July 1. This mistaken belief is based in part on the modern perception of the phrase Lee used in instructing Ewell to attack, "if practicable." The interpretation of this phrase as making Lee's order a suggestion does not take into account the way Southern gentlemen addressed and interacted with one another. Lee's orders incorporated this phrase on many other occasions. This usage did not imply that his subordinates could decide whether or not to obey the order, but were Lee's respectful manner of allowing them to decide how to do so.

Lee has been criticized for attacking at all on July 2, but that was really his only logical conclusion. He had scored an impressive victory on the first day and a retreat would have resulted in serious problems with his men who knew they had beaten the enemy. Then there would have been the logistical problem of turning around his wagon trains stretching for miles along the Chambersburg Pike. Finally, a retreat would have violated a basic maxim of warfare, that once the offensive had been assumed, it must be sustained. Any withdrawal would have been inconsistent with what Lee knew of the principles of war. He rarely abandoned an opportunity to control events on the field of battle and after July 1 the initiative plainly was with his army.

This is an outstanding overall account of what was probably the most critical battle in the war. Lee's generalship is shown to be much better than often credited to him. The arguments of Lee's critics are addressed and refuted in detail. Even readers with great knowledge of this battle will benefit from this book. As stated at the beginning of this review, this is not just another book about the battle. It is a "Must Read" for every student of the War for Southern Independence. ★

The Fall and Rise of Orestes Brownson

BY H. ARTHUR SCOTT TRASK

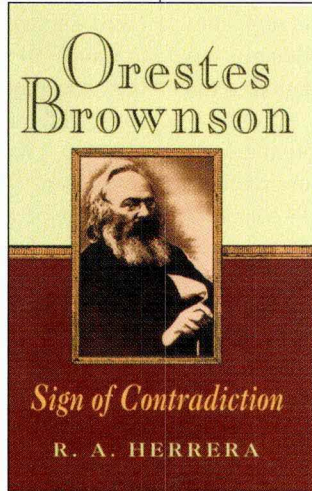
A REVIEW OF

Orestes Brownson: Signs of Contradiction
By R. A. Herrera. ISI Books. 190 pages.
\$24.95.

If one wishes to understand a particular period of history, there is no substitute for studying the writings of contemporaries of that period—the writings of people who actually lived, worked, and witnessed the events of their age. But not just any writer will do. Many people of education and influence, either through ideological prejudice or an insulated life, are blind to the brutal realities and unpleasant aspects of the society in which they live. Does anyone really think that he can learn anything about the reality of postwar American from reading Tom Brokaw's propaganda piece, *The Greatest Generation*?

If one wishes to understand the history of the mid-nineteenth century in America, one can do no better than to read the letters of John C. Calhoun and the essays of Orestes Brownson. While readers of this magazine are familiar with our greatest Southern statesman and political thinker, they may not know much about the Yankee radical turned Roman Catholic conservative.

Brownson knew well, and in many cases was associated with, some of the greatest writers of the antebellum North—including Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Henry David Thoreau. His great intellectual gifts were recognized by his contemporaries, and not only those of his native region. John C. Calhoun was an admirer; for years, he subscribed to and avidly read Brownson's *Boston Quarterly Review* and its successor. In Britain, Lord Acton believed that Brownson possessed the most penetrating intellect of any American of his age.



The revival of interest in Brownson in the last few decades of the twentieth century is due in no small part to the work of the late Russell Kirk. Kirk discussed Brownson in his seminal and influential work *The Conservative Mind* (1953), as well as in his *Roots of American Order* (1975).

Kirk also edited a short collection of Brownson's essays, *Orestes Brownson: Selected Political Essays* (1990). Not surprisingly, the author of our biography dedicates his book to Kirk "who by his sagacious guidance made me realize [Brownson's] importance."

Herrera's short biography (only 190 pages) is best suited for the reader who wishes a quick introduction to Brownson's life and thought. The serious student of Brownson will find the biography far too short and superficial. Father Thomas Ryan's *Orestes A. Brownson* (1976) remains the definitive biography and study of his thought. Of course, there is no substitute for visiting a well-stocked library and carefully perusing Brownson's collected writings.

Born in 1803 in the wilds of Vermont, Brownson grew up in the intellectual and spiritual ferment of antebellum New England. Not only was Orthodox Christianity crumbling under the combined onslaught of Unitarianism, Finneyite revivalism, German idealism, Universalism, and Transcendentalism, but every crackpot scheme from socialism to feminism to abolitionism was gaining a foothold. Lacking a solid Christian upbringing, a young, impressionable, and intellectually minded Brownson was simply swept along by these various enthusiasms and moral crusades. In 1826 he was ordained a Universalist minister. In 1829 he was converted to feminism after hearing a lecture by Fanny Wright. Soon thereafter he embraced the socialist teachings of Robert Dale Owen and was active in supporting Owen's New Harmony commune.

Brownson next fell under the influence of the influential Unitarian preacher, William Ellery Channing. In 1832 he became a Unitarian minister. In 1836 he and other Massachusetts intellectuals, including George Ripley and Emerson, formed the Transcendentalist Club. In the next years, Brownson was a frequent visitor to Brook Farm, the utopian commune outside of Boston set up by the Transcendentalists. Like many radicals of his age, Brownson sincerely believed that democracy, socialism, humanitarianism, moral reform, and occult spirituality could be combined to help usher in a new age of universal peace, justice, and happiness. If Brownson had stopped here, he would be required reading in American universities. Fortunately for us, his evolution continued, and beginning about 1840 he began moving in another direction—this time to Trinitarian Christianity and political conservatism.

Brownson's repudiation of radicalism was a double blow to his former colleagues. Not only did they lose his formidable intellectual talents, but he quickly turned these talents against them. One cannot find a more devastating critique of Transcendentalism, feminism, radical democracy, and the various other *isms* of the day than in Brownson's essays written between 1840 and his death in 1874. What had happened? One cannot discount a miracle, but one should not ignore the natural explanation. Brownson's critical intellect and voracious reading made it unlikely that he could long remain a utopian reformer. In addition, unlike his colleagues he was willing to learn from experience.

Brownson came to see that the various schemes of moral and political reform were inextricably linked together with the various religious movements of the day, all of which promised freedom from the bonds of traditional Christianity. Both movements, he realized, were based on the belief that mankind was born without a sinful nature and that the world had not been cursed by the Fall. It followed logically from these premises that what mankind needed was not Christ but social reform, education, and political agitation. The radicals were promising that the con-

ditions to be found in Heaven could be realized here on earth; people were in bondage not to sin but to tradition, unjust social forms, and Puritanical morality. It was all a lie, but it was a well-crafted and appealing lie. Brownson came to believe that socialism, its counterpart humanitarianism, and all the other radical reform movements were the work of Satan, for all of them were subtly crafted to take a mind away from his fallen and dangerous condition as a natural sinner in rebellion against God. With its promise of a world without injustice—a world of brotherhood and universal peace—socialism could only have arisen within a civilization that was Christian in its origins; as such, Brownson did not hesitate to describe it as a Christian heresy. “Surely Satan has here, in socialism, done his best, almost outdone himself, and would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect, so that no flesh should be saved.”

It was not long after he returned to the faith of his fathers that Brownson (in 1844) joined the Catholic Church. He did so because he believed that only in this ancient institution could be found the tra-

dition and authority necessary to restrain the disorganizing principles let loose by the Protestant Reformation. He believed that the Protestant principles of private interpretation and judgment had led to a destructive individualism in faith and morals in which everyone was doing what was right in his own eyes. He saw the proliferation of sects, the emergence of cults, the spread of heresy and false teaching as the logical outworking of these principles. He also credited Catholicism, not Calvinism, as being the foundation of true political liberty.

Brownson believed in economic liberty, but he did not shrink from criticizing the materialism and greed—“Mammon worship”—of his fellow Americans. He believed that they were subordinating everything—truth, beauty, art, religious devotion and worship, genuine patriotism—to the pursuit of riches and material well-being. “Mammonism has become the religion of Saxondom, and God is not in all our thoughts. We have lost our faith in the noble, the beautiful, the just.” Although Brownson readily conceded the material accomplishments and scientific progress

of modern civilization, he argued that in most non-material areas (culture, intellect, morals) civilization was in decline. Why have Americans, with all their wealth, he asked, not yet matched the architectural treasures of the Middle Ages, particularly the churches? He had particular scorn for what Thomas Carlyle termed “the cash nexus,” or the cash connection, the reduction of all social duties and a myriad of formerly intimate and complex human relationships to mere financial transactions (i.e., the payment of wages). Brownson surely did not flatter the prejudices of his readers. Like Tocqueville and Cooper, Brownson ridiculed America’s boasted freedom of thought and individuality of expression as a mere conceit. In reality, social conformism and a concern for respectability ruled the lives of Americans.

We boast, in this blessed land of Washington and Jefferson, of our freedom; [and] we are free . . . to echo the public voice, to have no opinion of our own, and to say only what everybody believes or nobody takes the trouble to disbelieve.

In politics, Brownson gradually moved toward the constitutional federal-

“...if I were to recommend one work—based on originality, brevity, depth, and sheer rhetorical power—it would be Charles Adams’ time bomb book... In a mere 242 pages, he shows that almost everything we thought we knew about the War Between the States is wrong.”

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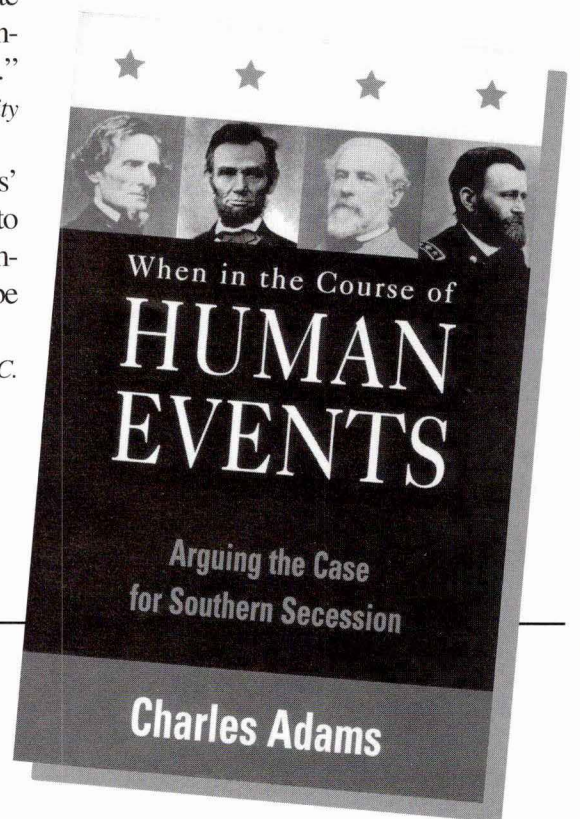
Clyde N. Wilson, University of S.C.

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ism and economic liberalism of Jefferson and Calhoun. The 1840 election played a key role in his political evolution. Namely, it persuaded him that majoritarian democracy was a sham. He witnessed the Whig party bamboozle the majority into voting for their candidate—Wm. Henry Harrison (an ex-general whom Brownson regarded as a mere stalking-horse for the economic interests dominant in the party)—on the flimsy grounds that he had been born in a log cabin and was a military hero. (He had actually been born in a Virginia plantation house.) Brownson concluded that the people could neither think for themselves nor distinguish between the statesman and man of character on the one hand, and the unprincipled charlatan on the other. He described the prevailing belief in the people's wisdom and virtue as a "humbug." "Democracy," he wrote, "when social as well as political, elevates not the best men to office, but the most available men, usually the most cunning, crafty, or empty-headed demagogues." Brownson asserted that the American two-party system was controlled by a political class seeking power and spoils and by economic interests seeking subsidies and legal privileges.

What to do? Preserve the rights of the state communities, and maintain constitutional limitations on federal authority. In 1843, Brownson joined with other Northern Jeffersonians in an effort to win the Democratic presidential nomination the next year for Calhoun. Years later, Brownson described Calhoun "as the most sagacious and accomplished statesman our republic has ever produced."

In 1861, Brownson supported the War for the Union, but he did so on *conservative* grounds. He saw it as "a war in defense of government, of authority, and the supremacy of law," and "a war of the

nation for its own existence and rights against an armed rebellion." He even believed that the "military discipline" and suffering engendered by the War would help "to bring back the people to sounder political and social view." He obviously was wrong. We know now the War had the opposite effect—it fostered demoralization, cynicism, apathy, and corruption (both moral and political). Yet many Northern conservatives sincerely saw the war exactly as did Brownson. The historian Clyde Wilson has noted that these "conservatives" made the fateful error of assuming that the original federal constitutional order and union could be restored after the War. It could not, and it was not.

Years later, Brownson conceded that the War had been a mere "struggle of interests" between the "commercial and manufacturing interests" of the North and the agricultural interests of the South. While the War was still in progression, Brownson understood that there were "madmen" who wished "to revolutionize Southern society." He knew that it was significant that such radicals were predominantly of New England descent. His criticism of their character is not only perspicacious but it reminds us that the New England reformer is still with us, although today his traits are *national*.

The New Englander has excellent points, but is restless in body and mind, always scheming, always in motion, never satisfied with what he has, and always seeking to make all the world like himself, or as uneasy as himself. He is smart, seldom great; educated, but seldom learned; active in mind, but rarely a profound thinker; religious, but thoroughly materialistic: his worship is rendered in a temple founded on Mammon, and he expects to be carried to heaven in a softly-cushioned railway car, with his sins carefully checked and deposited in the baggage crate with his other luggage, to be duly delivered when he has reached his destination. He is philanthropic, but makes his philanthropy his excuse for meddling with everybody's busi-

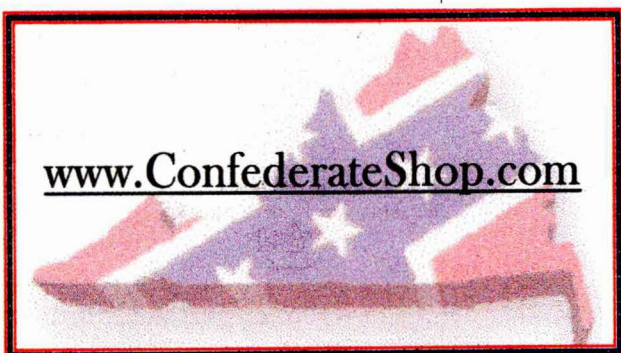
ness as if it were his own, and under pretense of promoting religion and morality, he wars against every generous and natural instinct, and aggravates the very evils he seeks to cure.

Brownson opposed Republican policies aimed at "New Englandizing" the South, both during and after the War. He supported President Johnson's generous restoration policy and opposed with all his might the congressional "reconstruction" policy. He agreed with Lincoln and Johnson that once the Southern states had agreed to rejoin the Union and abolish slavery, they should be let back in—period.

He denounced Reconstruction as a chamber of horrors and admitted to his son that more than mere philanthropy was behind it— "the great industrial corporations have got the control and the government is simply its factor." He opposed the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments because he believed they were engines of consolidation.

They are revolutionary in their character and tendency, and destructive of the providential or unwritten constitution of the American people, according to which, though one people, they are organized as a union, not of individuals, but of states, or political societies, each with an autonomy of its own. Give to Congress or the Union the power to determine who shall or shall not be the political people of a state, and the state no longer exists; you merge the state in the Union, obliterate state lines, and convert the republic from a federal into a centralized or consolidated republic, or a pure democracy in which constitutions count for nothing, and the majority for the time have unlimited power.

Of course that is exactly what has happened. Brownson's insights are priceless, and he manfully stood up against some of the worst ideas of his age; but by supporting Lincoln's war of conquest he helped to further some of the very evils—political centralization, state capitalism, and moral Phariseeism—that he most abhorred and had long railed against, his opposition to Reconstruction notwithstanding. His life thus brings to mind Clyde Wilson's famous observation that in the final analysis Northern conservatives have never *conserved* anything. ☛



The Choir's Sermon

A REVIEW OF

A Commitment to Valor: Unique Portrait of Robert E. Lee in His Own Words, by Rod Gragg. Rutledge Hill Press, 2001.

For those of us who, in our heart, will always ride with Marse Robert, the cover of Rod Gragg's volume draws us in at first sight. The postwar image of Lee is entirely appropriate, as it sets the tone for a work that looks at Lee not as a general who led men, but as one who humbly followed God all his life. The cover image tells us of one who was as well prepared for a meeting with his Maker as for any of his earthly obligations.

That is not to say that the personal traits that made Lee a great leader are not addressed. Indeed they are, through the very words of Lee as well as those spoken and written about him. This compilation of quotations and writings points us to a man that, in any time, by any measure, would wear the mantle of greatness. Furthermore, we can only wish that anyone who would assume any authority over others would seek to emulate the virtues found in Robert E. Lee.

Consider the following quotation, "Private and public life are subject to the same rules..." This is the second quotation in the book and it makes an immediate impact. It is easy to imagine how deeply saddened General Lee would be at the conduct of contemporary public figures.

Another insight offered by Mr. Gragg is this unique definition of sincere expression: "Frankness," the General says, "is the child of honesty and courage." If, in this age of fickle ethics, the parents have been slaughtered, then it goes without saying there is no progeny.

A virtue that makes an impression on the student of Robert E. Lee, particularly

against the backdrop of his stature, is that of kindness. Mr. Gragg quotes him: "Occupy yourself in helping those more helpless than yourself." Following that quotation is an incredible account of assistance graciously given to a former Federal soldier.

The book is a wellspring of insights into the character of Robert E. Lee, divided into the categories of Duty, Leadership, Integrity, Dignity, Kindness, Responsibility, Courage, Self-Control, Humility and Faith. It is, of course, the faith of General Lee that was the foundation of his character. Perhaps it was the virtue of humility that was a conduit through which the others flowed. This is a personal observation, but it seems that the virtue of humility kept him rightly related to God, family, superiors and subordinates. It gave him the proper perspective on his vocation and its attendant responsibilities.

Those who do not concern themselves with the concepts of character and virtue probably will not be drawn to this book. It is, to an extent, an example of "preaching to the choir." That is not to say this work is not a worthwhile enterprise. To the contrary, choirs need preaching too.

Perhaps therein lies the greatest value of Mr. Gragg's production. It is good for us to consider the life of this most beloved and revered figure. We need to be in awe of his considerable moral attributes. Hopefully, it will inspire us, as readers, to lead lives that

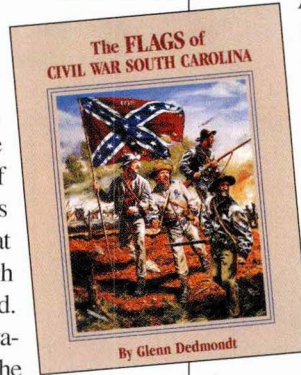
are more virtuous. To that end, we hope Mr. Gragg will consider producing more volumes highlighting the lives of other heroes of the Confederacy.

—Gene Hogan writes from his home in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina.

Ensigns of the Times

A REVIEW OF

The Flags of Civil War South Carolina by Glenn Dedmont. Pelican, 2000. 144 pages. \$19.95.



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Musings

BY TED ROBERTS

Southern Sisterhood in the Boutique of Beauty

Everybody knows that we Southerners have always been friendlier than our countrymen to the North. Our blood runs warmer. Who knows why? Maybe it's genetic. A gene inducing hospitable, neighborly behavior would certainly have some powerful survival benefits in strengthening the cohesiveness of the hunting clan and the post-hunt sharing of nutritional organs of an a la carte Brontosaurus.

Or maybe it's not DNA. Just that blazing sun overhead that sweetens Georgia peaches and has the same effect on our treatment of our fellow creatures.

All I know is that there's a difference in temperament. I base this conclusion on random observations of the human habitat from Boston, Massachusetts to Montgomery, Alabama—and I've resided in both locations. The former because my boss—a man of few words but a desk full of biweekly paychecks—said "GO!"

The latter, Montgomery, because I groveled and rained tears on the desk of another paycheck provider. "Send me to Montgomery." I pleaded. He was a shaky man, who due to several litigious employees and wives, suffered from a fearsome phobia of lawyers, juries, and judges. He knew that if my Montgomery request were refused, I'd leap from his first story window and suffer, at least, brain damage. And where's the jury that would refuse compensation to a drawling intellectually disadvantaged cripple who only wanted to sniff the magnolia blossoms one more

time!? Guess who went to Montgomery?

So as I say, based on scientific observation, Montgomerians differ from Bostonians. To make this point, here's a tale of Southern kindness told to me by my Memphis daughter. She wouldn't lie. She sells real estate and the realtor's oath has a couple of paragraphs about not lying to your pop or your clients. You could lose your license.

About two years ago her kid, my granddaughter Camille—a cute six year old who's the spitting image of her grandfather except she's pretty and has more teeth and hair—develops a sinus defect.

This infection spreads and before you know it we're into major surgery. And since the sinuses neighbor the brain itself—you could call it brain surgery. This is not small potatoes. We go to the best guy we can find to sanitize those sinuses.

Well, to relieve the tension, let me tell you now, that all went well—our neurological repairman did great.

All was fine—except naturally a large portion of the child's head was shaved. Well, you know little girls. Your typical granddaughter and Gwyneth Paltrow are sisters under the skin. Both, like every female of every species, are concerned about their appearance. Just like their mamas, their aunts, their grandmothers. Little girls are no longer made only of sugar and spice and everything nice—nowadays there's a dash of glamour and a pinch of Cosmo Cover. So, this smartest and prettiest of all granddaughters is unhappy because above the eyes and ears she looks like her grandfather instead of Goldilocks or Rapunzel. Consequently, a cute beret is pulled down low on her forehead. She wears it constantly.

Now it's two weeks after the operation. Mother and daughter venture out for the first time. The daughter—the one who took the oath about truthfulness—takes her to the cosmetic counter of a beauty boutique that specializes in flattering the female face.

So, here's Camille and her mama in this chandeliered salon discussing powders and unguents and creams with the 20th Century Aphrodite who dispenses this magic. And she, of course, is a drop-dead beautiful embodiment of what her products can do for you. Her hair, especially, is eye-catching—

long and thick, shining under the chandelier. Boutiques don't hire unattractive or elderly women for this assignment. The bloom of beauty and youth are requisites.

Well, the daughter is idly checking out the merchandise. The child, eyes down, hat pulled down low, is fidgeting. The counter lady registers the scene.

"That's a cute little beret," she says to Camille.

The child glances knowingly at her mother. "Well, I'm having a real bad hair day." And then to her mama's shock, Camille pushes aside the hat to reveal the fresh scar and directly above her forehead, a patch of shaved scalp.

The glamorous lady stares for a moment—then without blinking she puts her hand to her head and whips off the rich, luxuriant wig that crowns her lovely face. She has no hair: a total eclipse of the locks. "Radiation," she explains. "But I'm OK now." She bends over the counter in sisterly concern and puts her hand on the shoulder of the six year old. "It'll grow back, Honey, I promise. In the meantime, you look great in that cute beret." And that's the true story my daughter told me.

Ah, the kindness of strangers that we all depend on—only in the South.



PARTISAN OUTDOORS

BY JIM MCCAFFERTY

The Quintessential Southern Fish

If Mississippi ever has a flag referendum again, they should at least offer us one with a catfish on it, for if anything under the sun is quintessentially Southern, surely it is the catfish. He's ordinary as dirt, yet incal-

culably mysterious, fascinating generation after generation of Southerners. Stories about him abound.

For instance, when I was but a boy in Clarksdale, Mississippi, there was a tale making the rounds about a gargantuan blue cat sighted in Moon Lake, an oxbow of the Mississippi in northern Coahoma County. Two fellows running trotlines one night, or so the story went, spied something the size of an oil drum rolling around some yards away from their boat. One shot at the monster with a .22. A hellacious splashing and thrashing ensued. When things finally calmed down, our heroes saw by the faint moonlight a hog-sized cat swimming in circles, like some gigantic injured shad. For days the behemoth supposedly swam around the surface of Moon Lake, frightening bream fishermen and terrorizing water skiers, until it finally died and sank beneath the surface, where it no doubt fed the lake's entire population of snapping turtles for the remainder of the year. The supposed witnesses to this marvel reportedly swore the fish would have topped 300 pounds.

If you haven't heard that story (or one like it), perhaps you've heard about the scuba diver exploring the tailwaters of Alabama's Wilson Dam (or your Southern dam of choice) who, almost paralyzed from fright, had to be helped up on to the river bank. When he finally calmed down, or so the story goes, he recounted tales of yellow cats the size of cotton bales lying in the holes of Tennessee below the dam.

Such whoppers—the stories, not the fish—didn't begin with this generation. They've been around as long as there have been men and catfish. In the 1600s, Indians warned Marquette and Joliet of a fierce beast that dwelt in the depths of the Mississippi, waiting to devour unfortunate canoeists. With that story under their belts, imagine the surprise of the paddling priests when a hefty cat collided with one of their boats, nearly spilling the occupants into the Father of Waters!

History didn't record the size of that canoe-crunching cat, but no less a river authority than Mark Twain included a mammoth cat in his classic of the old Southwest, *Huckleberry Finn*. As Huck told the story, he and his companion, Jim, baited an oversized hook with a skinned rabbit and tossed

it out into the muddy currents of the Mississippi. "They caught," Twain writes, a catfish that was as big as a man, being six foot two inches long, and weighed over two hundred pounds. We couldn't handle him, of course;... We just set there and watched him rip and tear around till he drowned... Jim said he'd never seen a bigger one. He would a' been worth a good deal over at the village. They peddle out such fish as that by the pound in the markethouse there; everybody buys some of him; his meat's white as snow and makes a good fry.

A good piece of fish, it would seem, is a timeless pleasure.

There probably a good deal of fact behind Huck's fish tale for, as Twain once wrote of himself, "[t]here was things he stretched, but mainly, he told the truth."

Even though the Southerner is inclined to view a good catfish story with more than the usual measure of Dixie charity, no one would expect us to believe every such tale—certainly not in all its particulars. But large or small, for a variety of reasons the catfish is still about the most amazing creature that swims.

For one thing, there are literally hundreds of species of these bewhiskered fish roaming the waters of the world. Biologists can't even agree as to exactly how many. Some references say 1200 species, others, 2000 or more. They come in all sizes and colors: blue, green, yellow, white, black, and who knows what all else.

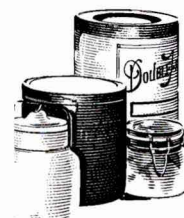
Second, they are capable of spectacular feats. One African species actually produces electricity and can deliver a shock more powerful than that of the more famous electric eel. Another foreign species, introduced into Florida within the last few decades, can even walk when necessary by pulling itself from one body of water to another, using its pectoral fins as legs.

Third, the catfish is a survivor. My family had that aspect of the fish's character demonstrated to us vividly some years back. My father was cleaning out a concrete goldfish pool in the garden behind my grandparents old home in southern Mississippi. The little pool was but a foot deep, and only about five feet wide and eight feet long. No fresh water, other than rainfall, had been added to it in years, and all the goldfish had long since died, victims

of old age or neighborhood cats. When all the water had been drained and the dead leaves and mud scraped away, there, in one corner, flopping around on the concrete floor of the pool, was a fat 1 1/2 pound bull-head cat. My grandfather and I had put that catfish in that little pool along with several others some twenty years earlier. That, friends, is a tough fish.

Add to all of that the catfish's well-known talents for gracing a plate and you got something that has to be Southern.

Bait up and get after them.



SOUTHERN COOKING

BY SALLIE JEAN

Fresh From the Garden

The boys and I have planted our summer garden and eagerly watch the sprouting, growing plants. I would say we avidly await the harvest, but since our seeds were primarily of the *vegetable* variety, I fear my husband and I will be the only ones to truly enjoy the full range of the bounty. My sons tend to agree with Edwin Meese's famous Reagan-era assertion that ketchup is a vegetable—and prefer to leave it at that.

No matter, their time together digging in the mud and playing in the sprinkler is reward enough—and there are other aspects of the garden that are more to their taste. Alongside blooming azaleas and dogwoods, our fruit trees are putting on quite a show. The boys are excited at the prospect of those little pips on the branches becoming "real" apples and peaches—and who knows: the fruit might even get baked in a pie.

There is no substitute for fresh-from-the-garden goodness, and whether they come from your backyard or the farmer's market, here are some recipes that turn fruits and vegetables into dishes the whole family might enjoy.

San Antonio Salsa

Chop all vegetables into large chunks then process to desired consistency in a food processor or blender: 2 or 3 large tomatoes, 2 or 3 hot peppers (we leave the seeds in for extra kick; don't use them if the kids like to indulge), 1 large onion, a generous handful of cilantro leaves, and the juice from 1 lime.

Summer Squash Casserole

Slice 3 large squash (about 6 cups total) and 1/2 onion and boil together for about 5 minutes. Drain and set aside. Combine 1 can cream of chicken soup, 1 cup sour cream and one cup shredded carrots. Stir in squash. Mix one package corn bread stuffing with 1/2 cup melted butter and your choice of 1 tsp. finely chopped fresh seasonings (basil, oregano, thyme). Spread 1/2 stuffing into a buttered 9x13 casserole dish, top with the vegetable mix, then the remaining stuffing. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Kids might like a little ketchup or mild BBQ sauce on the side for dipping.

Tallahassee Tabbouleh

Mix 1/2 cup water with 1 1/4 cup dry couscous. Add 6 Tbs. olive oil and 1/3 cup fresh lemon juice, stir well, cover and let sit for 5 minutes. Fluff with a fork. Add 1 diced tomato, 1/2 cup diced green pepper, 1/2 cup chopped onion, 1Tbs. chopped fresh mint, and 4 Tbs. chopped fresh parsley. Toss lightly. Refrigerate until ready to serve.

Chocolate Zucchini Cake

Blend together 3/4 cup butter and 2 cups sugar. Add 3 eggs and mix well. Stir in 2 tsp. vanilla, 1tsp. orange peel and 2 cups shredded zucchini. Set aside. Combine in a separate bowl, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 cup cocoa powder, 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder, 1 1/2 tsp. baking soda, 1 tsp. salt, and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Add to zucchini mixture alternately with 1/2 cup milk. Stir in 1 cup chopped nuts (pecans or walnuts work best). Pour into a greased and floured tube pan. Bake for one hour at 350°, or until knife comes out clean. Cool 15 minutes in the pan, then turn out on wire rack. You may drizzle

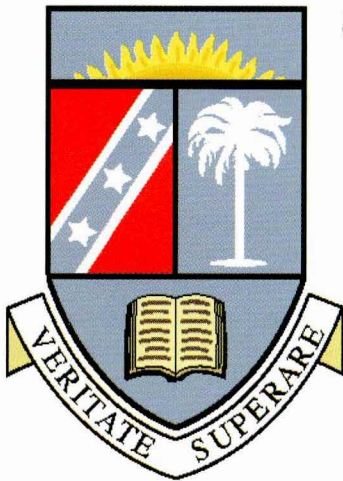
a powdered sugar glaze (1 cup powdered sugar with about 1Tbs. milk—add more or less of each to get a runny yet somewhat firm consistency) if desired.

Georgia Peach Pie

Line a 9-inch pie pan with pastry crust and cut an additional crust into strips about 1/2 inch wide for the top crust. Place 6 cups sliced peaches in a large bowl. Sprinkle with 2 Tbs. fresh lemon juice and toss well. In a small bowl, stir together 1/4 cup flour, 1 cup sugar, and a dash of salt. Add to peaches and toss to combine well. Pile the fruit into the prepared pie pan and dot with 2 Tbs. butter. Use the pastry strips to make a lattice top (simply weave them in and out of each other). Trim edges. Bake in a preheated 425° oven for 25 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350° and bake 20-25 minutes longer, until juices are bubbling and pastry is browned.

Berry Rhubarb Pie

This is the perfect berry-picking treat, as it works equally well with any type of



SIXTH ANNUAL ★ LEAGUE OF THE SOUTH INSTITUTE SUMMER SCHOOL

Total War and Reconstruction

JULY 23-28, 2001 ★ ABBEVILLE, S. C.

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berry you can find and goes oh-so-well with homemade vanilla ice cream. Summer perfection.

Preheat your oven to 425°. Line a 9-inch pan with pastry crust and prepare an additional crust for the top and set aside. In a large bowl, stir together 1 cup sugar (you may need up to 1/2 cup more if the berries are very tart), 3 Tbs. cornstarch, and 1/4 tsp. salt. Add 4 cups of sliced rhubarb, 2 cups berries and toss well. Pile the fruit into the prepared crust. Dot with about 3 Tbs. butter. Cover with the top crust, trim and flute the edges. Make a few cuts in the top to vent the steam. Bake for 20 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350° for about 30 minutes longer. The crust should be nicely browned and the juices should be bubbling.

Don't forget to save some vegetables to throw on the grill—the perfect way to add spice to a grilled chicken sandwich. And keep a few to use fresh, chopped into a salad. See y'all next time.



DEVOUTLY SPEAKING

BY ROBERT HILDRUP

A Time for Shunning

When memory mingles with matters of the moment, a sense of perspective can sometimes settle over both. It is one more blessing of being a Southerner that we have those memories, both secular and sacred, with which to measure the moments of the day.

First Memory:

It is the late 1940s. My uncles and the fathers and brothers of my friends—those who were fated to survive—are safely home from World War II. My classmates who are doomed to die in Korea in just a year or two are still safe themselves. I am a high school student standing in the door of the Fredericksburg (Va.) Methodist Church,

late a part of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

I am ushering this Sunday morning, as I often did, and our service has passed its mid-point and I am committing a sin: I am envying a classmate who is coming up the sidewalk. I am envying him because he has been to Mass at the Roman Catholic Church whose property line adjoins that of my own. My envy is not from any theological reason, but because his Mass is shorter than our service by a few minutes and he gets to go home before I do.

"Hi, Joe," I say quietly, as I always do when he walks by. And, as he always does, Joe turns his head and says nothing and walks on, even though we are classmates and neighbors in this small Southern town and have camped and hunted and fished together.

I am not offended, so much as puzzled, but for some reason, his behavior this day stays with me, and the following morning when our paths cross as we walk to school, I express my puzzlement at his rudeness.

Joe is obviously uncomfortable, whether by inquiry or the memory of his actions. This is what he says: He has just come from Mass, where he has received Communion—in Catholic tradition and belief the actual body and blood of Christ. He is thus in a state of Grace, a state he is obligated to preserve as long as possible. His priest has told him that if he looks toward a heretic church from the Protestant tradition, if he acknowledges it in any way, or anything connected with it, he has destroyed that state of Grace.

There is no further comment from either of us; no debate. It is not the kind of thing that would have made either of us feel comfortable. I don't see Joe pass again on Sunday mornings. I suspect he has taken a different route home, whether out of respect for his own soul, or my feelings I will never know.

Second Memory:

It is several years later. The army has drafted me out of the newsroom at the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*, then sent me back to Georgia with the Third Infantry Division at Ft. Benning near Columbus and the Alabama state line. I have managed to marry my college sweetheart but my new wife (now my old wife) and I can't do much on a private's salary of \$79 a month, at least until she can find a job.

And so, for inexpensive amusement, I take her to a gathering of the Georgia-Alabama Ku Klux Klan, a branch of an organization whose unsavory activities I had covered as a college newsman in North Carolina and later still at daily papers in North Carolina and Georgia.

There is a lot of speech making and cross burning in a Muscogee County cow pasture that night, and we are both struck by how much of it is directed not so much by race as by religion, with the Roman Catholic Church as the object of attack.

Looking at such events, one might have thought that the animosity between Catholic and Protestant in the American South was engraved in the rock of eternity.

But as the philosopher Hegel observed, for every thesis there is an antithesis and out of the two will, sooner or later, come a synthesis.

And so, as a Southerner and a Christian, I cannot but help being impressed how far we have come. I am sure many of the Klansmen I saw in that Georgia cow pasture were Baptists, and may have considered themselves good ones, just as Joe thought so highly of what would now be considered the sin of scrupulosity.

The Southern Baptists, and the Roman Catholics, the former the largest Protestant denomination in the land, the latter one that is still growing, stand, if not foursquare, at least on the same page when it comes to support for independent schools, for opposition to abortion on demand, for the scriptural position that perversion and the practice of homosexuality are morally wrong and sinful, that the sexes have special, separate and holy roles to carry out in the life of both the church and society. I can only wish that my own Methodist denomination stood with them in support of those values.

It is one of the great blessings of being a Southerner that we can look back in memory and, measuring what we have seen, look forward as well.

I will even bet that were I to stand today in the door of my old Methodist Church, and were my long lost friend Joe to pass, he not only would feel that he could speak, but also that he could come inside, certainly to teach, perhaps to learn.

Who says things don't change in the South. ☛

MINORITY VIEW

Virginia State University Tyranny

If we had to single out one American institution that stands at the forefront of modern-day racial discrimination, deception, and contempt for fundamental

principles of liberty, it would be America's universities.

Under the euphemisms of affirmative action, multiculturalism, or diversity, race is used as admission criterion and then administrators swear it isn't. They often restrict free speech and swear they don't. Plus, financial improprieties are not off the agenda.

By no means do all universities fit this description, but enough do so that students, parents and taxpayers can benefit from taking note.

Virginia State University, a historically black university in Petersburg, Va., is a particularly egregious example of university life today. Eddie Moore has been VSU's president since 1993. Typically, to earn a presidential appointment, one must have a doctorate and an academic background. Moore has neither, save for an honorary doctorate bestowed on him by Virginia Union University. Given Moore's background, his management of VSU should come as no surprise, as several of his faculty would attest.

One faculty member is 55-year-old Jean Cobbs, who has been a professor of sociology at VSU since 1971, having earned her doctorate from the College of William and Mary. She founded the university's social work program, had success in soliciting grants, and received high performance ratings from 1971 to 1993.

In 1994, Cobbs was fired from her position as department chairman. In 1995, she was fired as director of the social work program, which she founded and won accreditation for. Moore's new director lost that accreditation.

In 1996, the university gave Cobb a ter-



BY WALTER WILLIAMS

minal contract that, later, the commonwealth's attorney general's office forced the university to rescind. She has been physically assaulted by a male faculty member, with no action taken. Over the last five years, she's received 1.2 percent pay raises, while the university average is 5 percent. The list of various and sundry harassments of Cobb at the hands of Moore and his campus cronies is virtually without end.

The source of Cobbs' problems is that she is a conservative Republican. Moore, his cronies and campus neo-Marxists deem it traitorous for blacks to be either Republican or conservative.

Moore had other targets for harassment. Dr. Emmanuel Amobi, Nigerian-born, is an eminent accounting professor, but he's also a conservative Republican. Amobi was discriminatorily denied tenure.

He sued the university and won an out-of-court settlement. Drs. Fathy Saleh and Charles Whyte, and chemistry professor Dr. Godwin Mbagwu had their research grants taken away from them by Moore. These professors were also Republican and conservative. Saleh and Mbagwu sued VSU, and the court awarded them a \$1.7 million judgment. Cobb has brought suit in Virginia's Circuit Court, alleging scores of charges—her case will be heard sometime this summer.

You say, "Williams, how can this go on?" Wouldn't Virginia's governor's office and Office of the Attorney General, the Virginia Council of Higher Education and the commonwealth's House of Delegates know what's going on at Virginia State University?

I guarantee you that they all do, but

they're timid and fearful of being labeled as racists if they take corrective action. It might be worse than that. It could be that they hold a racist double standard, whereby predominantly black universities, their administrators and their faculty are exempted from the academic standards of conduct and decency to which predominantly white universities are held.

The mystery to me is why professors like Cobb, Amobi, Saleh, Whyte and Mbagwu would want to work at Virginia State University in the first place.

Basic Economics

Dr. Thomas Sowell has just released his latest treasure—it's title is "Basic Economics." Reading through the book reminded me of a 30-plus-year-old conversation I had with Professor Armen Alchian, one of my tenacious mentors during my graduate training at UCLA.

Alchian said that the true test of whether one understands his subject is whether he can explain it to someone who doesn't know a darn thing about it. Sowell wasn't Alchian's student, but "Basic Economics" demonstrates his ability to make economics understandable to a person who hasn't set foot into an economics class. It's a book rich with explanations and examples of everyday economic issues and problems without the jargon, graphs, and equations.

Sowell gives an excellent example of the benefit of market over government allocation of resources. The same labor and construction material needed to build a Protestant church could just as easily be used to build a Catholic church. As the Protestant congregation makes plans and goes about raising money, high construction prices might cause them to scale back some of its more elaborate plans. But they are unlikely to blame Catholics, even though the competition of Catholics for labor and construction material makes their prices higher than otherwise.

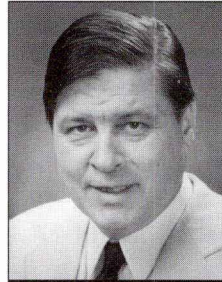
If, instead, the government were in the business of building churches and presenting them to different religious groups, Protestants and Catholics would be explicit rivals for this largess. Neither would have financial incentive to cut back on their plans to accommodate the other. Hostility might

(Williams Continued On Page 37)

THE SOBRAN VIEW

Soak the Brits: Reparations Now!

The idea of reparations for slavery is in the air these days, and I must say that as a white American my first reaction was negative. My ancestors had nothing to do with



BY JOSEPH SOBRAN

the slave trade, as far as I know.

On my father's side they were Ruthenians, on the western verge of Ukraine, pretty far from both Africa and Mississippi. Even on the venerable principle of hereditary guilt, I'm pretty clear of participation in American slavery.

Some of my forebears on my mother's side were Massachusetts yankees. It's barely possible, I suppose, that they participated in the importing of slaves, but I'd like to see proof. In any case, I didn't inherit any of the profits, so how can I make reparations at this late date?

But of course the case for reparations isn't a matter of personal responsibility. That's an outmoded idea. It's larger and subtler. The new idea is that all white Americans, even recent arrivals, are the beneficiaries of black slavery. So all of them should pony up.

Put that way, as I say, the proposition doesn't hold much appeal for me. But there is a larger principle here that does have possibilities, when you think about it.

When the 13 American colonies broke free of Great Britain, they were content to gain their political independence. That was all they asked, and that was what they settled for when they signed the peace treaty in Paris in 1783. It was a simpler age.

But now, with the aid of modern psychology, we can understand the deeper issue which has never been properly addressed. I refer of course to the profound trauma, the lasting wounds, of nearly two centuries of British colonialism.

Do you think these things just go away overnight? The pain of subjugation, the eco-

nomie exploitation, the stigma of inferiority, and of course the Stamp Act—nobody can put a price tag on these things. We can only demand all the money we (and our finest legal talent) can get, recognizing that it's still bound to be inadequate.

To this day, the British are felt to be culturally "superior." Americans have internalized the values of their oppressors so deeply that they still admire the English just for having British accents, which are regarded as toney even if they're only cockney. Academy Awards are given to English actors merely for speaking elegantly, even if they're playing cannibals. Working-class Brits like Richard Burton and Michael Caine come here and suddenly they're aristocrats.

Every time the queen knights one of these birds—"Sir" Michael Caine, "Sir" Anthony Hopkins, and my own favorite, "Sir" Sean Connery—it raises their market value by millions of dollars, because in this land of equality we worship "Sirs." In this country any fool can become a tycoon, but you can't become a "Sir." (Or a "Dame." An American woman will slap you for calling her a dame, but in England it's the female version of a "Sir.")

When he first came to Hollywood, Laurence Olivier used to make fun of "professional Englishmen" in the movies. That was before he became "Sir" Laurence Olivier, the most successful professional Englishman of them all.

And let's not forget Princess Di. This country took her death harder than England did. She probably spent more time (and made more money) here than at home. But ask yourself one question: did she number

any Americans among her many lovers? Of course not. How do you think that made American men feel? But it was only one in a long history of snubs.

So we've made the Brits feel they're bestowing an honor on us every time they come over here and take our money. They never think of making amends for the scars they've left on us, because we gratefully pay them for inflicting and exploiting those scars.

We say all men are created equal and titles of nobility are banned by the Constitution, but you'd never know it from the way we grovel when a titled Englishman deigns to favor us with one of those faint, thin-lipped smiles. It has to stop.

I say let's soak these Brits for all they're worth. Their fortunes were built, and are still being built, on the backs of white Americans. We are victims! Reparations now!

Hate Mail

My columns provoke a lot of reaction, most of it positive, some of it negative. I get many letters and e-mail messages from intelligent, literate readers who are often embarrassingly generous, even when they argue with me on a particular point. But now and then I also get less admiring messages.

I suppose it's only natural that fan mail should go to my head a little. But the really serious threat to my humility is my hate mail.

I'm flattered when thoughtful people enjoy my work. But I'm also flattered when morons rail at it. I can truthfully report that most of my negative mail does no great credit to those who write it: it's typically crude, vituperative, unreasoned, full of name-calling, non sequiturs, and misspellings. Sometimes it's obscene.

Any refined person would be ashamed to write such puerile stuff. I'm glad to antagonize the sort of people who do write it. It amuses me when they try to insult my intelligence: it doesn't occur to them that I'd be truly worried if they agreed with me.

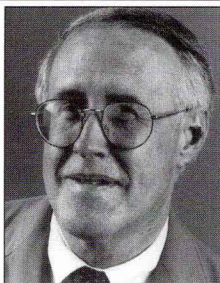
What's really obtuse about these people is that they assume I do agree with them. They don't bother debating; they call me names, most of which (apart from the obscenities) can be summed up in the word "bigot." If I oppose state racial favoritism, I'm a "racist." If I laugh at feminism, I'm

(Sobran Continued On Page 37)

MAINSTREET

The Case For the Flat Tax

Wait a minute. Dick Cheney earned \$36,086,635 last year? But wait an additional minute. Our vice president paid \$14,295,058 in taxes on these earnings—



BY WILLIAM MURCHISON

taxes the federal Treasury would not have collected had our vice president earned some smaller sum; more like, say, the rest of us earned.

And so it goes—the trade-off we'll never get used to because we believe simultaneously in reward and confiscation.

The tax system, I grow convinced, is only in part a mechanism for financing government. It's also a mirror for self-examination. We know the system is a mess. It's a mess because, psychically at least, we're a mess: we, the citizens. We want things no simple, logical, straightforward system can provide. Thus we live with a complex, illogical, and self-contradictory tax system.

The basic problem here is a theological one. Just as they have virtues, so human beings have some pretty appalling traits, among them is envy: one of the Seven Deadly Sins, though I acknowledge sin isn't anything we like to talk about in the age of therapy.

We envy those with more than we ourselves have. Envy starts revolutions, lops off the heads of the wealthy, burns their chateaux and drives schemes for redistribution of wealth via the tax system. Capitol Hill Democrats, following Al Gore's lead, yammer about tax cuts for "the wealthiest one percent." Just to say "the wealthiest one percent" is to charge up the envy genes.

The tax system, I said, isn't simply about the financing of government. It's about taking from "haves" just because they have. The idea is, they shouldn't have. The government can do something about that, you bet. It can make the haves pony up for the benefit of the have-nots. Our income-tax

system is founded in part on that premise—the premise that, in a democracy, envy needs slaking.

So where do Dick Cheney and his \$36 million—earned from the disposal of Halliburton stock when he became vice president—fit into all this? Cheney's tax bill reminds us, provided eyes are open, that, yes, the rich receive—and so also they give.

Had not Dick Cheney, through business acumen and plain old good luck, earned \$36 million last year, the federal government this year would have \$14 million less to spend, yes, and to redistribute.

In other words, the economic incentives afforded by the marketplace economy serve public as well as private ends. At its worst—from a left-wing, redistributionist standpoint—Vice President Cheney's business success underwrites the jobs of 140 federal bureaucrats earning \$100,000 each.

The problem, from the standpoint of tax reformers, is that rarely will redistributionists acknowledge the beneficial effects of accumulation. Cut rich people's tax rates? Abolish the tax on estates? Get rid of capital-gains taxes? Why, such unfair actions, such rich-people-loving actions would just .

Er, um. May I suggest what such actions would do? Namely, strengthen the already strong potential for economic rewards.

Dick Cheney's \$14 million tax bill isn't an argument for tender maintenance of the system that sent him the bill. What if the present tax system more generously rewarded accumulation? Might not there be even more accumulation, meaning more job growth? Might there not then be more accu-

mulation to share with government?

Today's federal tax system, with its 742 different forms and 254 separate publications, is a mess, and everyone knows it, but to abandon the notion that the reason the system exists is to slake envy—well, we couldn't go that far! What would the envious say? They like making "rich" people pay. They like watching the government stake out a claim on dead people's estates. They like taxing capital gains not just once but twice.

A flat-tax system, fair and efficient, everything taxed at the same rate—the really, truly envious wouldn't stand for it. They'd rather rave about "the wealthiest one percent."

But that doesn't make it less a sin.

What America Needs Is A Moxie Transplant

Can't we all just get along?

No. It seems we can't, although the formerly famous Rodney King deserves credit for his amiable suggestion.

The proximate reason we can't get along is the kind of nuttiness that presently infests the American left, as exemplified in the David Horowitz/slavery reparations debate.

For the last couple of weeks, David Horowitz, a celebrated West Coast conservative propagandist—I mean that in the kindest sense—has been declaring, in college newspaper ads and campus speeches, that the whole idea of reparations for slavery is, ipso facto, insane.

Now you say: No American legislative body is going to vote taxpayer money to Americans claiming redress for the centuries-old wrongs of chattel slavery, so what's the problem? The problem is the moral delicacy of certain academic liberals. They may know nothing is going to happen; still, they want no one saying it shouldn't.

When Horowitz submitted to college newspapers his full-page ad, "10 Reasons Why Reparations for Slavery is a Bad Idea—and Racist, Too," most turned him down flatly. The *Daily Californian* at the University of California at Berkeley printed the ad. Subsequently, for the sin of permitting free speech, the editors donned sack

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SOUTHLINE

The Joys of the South and a Three-B Night

One of my favorite Southern things is what we call a Three-B night: bullets, beer and barbecue.

Of course, the beer and the barbecue

follow the shooting of the bullets at the gun range. Alcohol and gunpowder are a dangerous mix. But Three-B is a social activity I highly recommend. Good friends, a little target shooting and then a repast of spicy barbecue and cold beer is a fine, fine way to spend an evening.

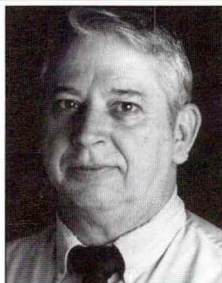
God, I love the South so much I can't stand it.

I've been thinking that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get one of those recreational vehicles and then just travel from one blue-grass festival to the next. Traveling around the South is like a never-ending feast. It's jammed full of beauty and interesting folks. And down South there's always a gun range not too far away—or, for that matter, a gun.

I've no doubt that God created the South for the sole purpose of the good life, and it's too bad that the devil came along and made us all have to waste so much time working. You do remember, I hope, that when that foolish Eve listened to the snake and the even more foolish Adam listened to Eve, the punishment was that they would have to go to work. And us, too.

In the morning, when you're hauling yourself out of bed to go to work, just remember that it is Eve's fault. She had paradise, but being the mother of all women, she was, of course, not quite satisfied. It's one of those traits that is both annoying and charming at the same time.

I knew a fellow once whose wife was like that. He would buy a house and live there for no more than two years before his wife would be on him to move. Fortunately, he ran some waterfront bars and a bail-bond business and made a good bit of money. But



BY CHARLEY REESE

I swear, I think the poor man must have bought six houses and moved seven times in the same city. A divorce would have been cheaper.

At any rate, true Southerners resist the curse of work as much as they can. I had some kin who just quit whatever job they had when the hunting season opened. I guess they figured they could always find another job, but a day missed hunting is a day missed forever.

A friend of mine in Louisiana who works on the offshore oil rigs said that the foreman, a fellow from Ohio, came up one morning and said: "You guys could be earning all the overtime you want. We'll let you work 60 or 70 hours. How come you guys only work 32 hours a week?"

"Cause," my friend replied, "we can't get by on 24."

If you've ever been to Cajun Country in Louisiana, you'll understand. Those are people who know how to enjoy life. They are famous eaters.

One of my favorite lines of history is the remark of a Virginia lady about the 10th Louisiana Regiment, which fought for Marse Robert in the War of Northern Aggression.

"The 10th Louisiana," she said, "eats everything in its path."

A more contemporary story some folks say is true is one in which two Cajuns, Mr. Hebert (pronounced Abear) and Mr. Quibideaux, "but get the rice started."

Well, actually that isn't a true story, but it is a good example of Cajun humor.

I have to remind myself that folks up North have some fantastical ideas about the

South due to those Hollywood writers who snort Coke and love stereotypes. We are really the most normal people on earth, and as Hodding Carter once said, we will be polite right up to the point we get mad enough to kill you.

Examine Those who Would Question Ashcroft's Integrity

How perverted the country has become is illustrated perfectly by the confirmation hearings of John Ashcroft, the president's choice for Attorney General.

The criticism of Ashcroft? Well, he's a Christian; he doesn't approve of abortion; and he believes in the Constitution. Worse, he once said some kind words about the South and such Confederate heroes as Robert E. Lee.

Take the feminists (please—I can't stand them). They have embraced Bill Clinton, who has consistently abused his political positions to abuse women. These feminist harpies, by God, stood by their man even though he's guilty of abusing an intern and has been accused of rape.

But Ashcroft, a faithful, loving husband, is an anathema. Why? He doesn't approve of women killing their babies for the sake of convenience. Conclusion? Feminists are more concerned with the mass killing of babies than they are with the welfare of women.

Then steps up Sen. Ted Kennedy. This man is a drunk, a womanizer, a cheater in college and a man who abandoned a girl in the back seat of his car to drown. Had he not been a Kennedy, he would have faced manslaughter charges.

And this is a guy who questions Ashcroft's integrity on the unsubstantiated fear that Ashcroft would not enforce laws of which he personally disapproves? What a joke. Kennedy is the scofflaw, not Ashcroft. Kennedy is unqualified to be Attorney General or even a county prosecutor.

And then there's Sen. Joe Biden, the Delaware bigmouth. Biden, you probably won't recall, not only plagiarized the speech of a British labor leader, he plagiarized the man's life. When Biden's lies were found out, he had to bow out of the presidential primary election in disgrace.

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Williams

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arise whereby Protestants would blame Catholics, and vice versa, for the necessity of having to scale back on building plans or not being able to have their church at all.

While our Constitution prohibits the government from building churches, the same principle can be applied to groups not based on religion but on ethnicity, sex, geographical regions or age brackets. Who complains about blacks being 80 percent of professional basketball players and 66 percent of professional football players? But suppose instead of competition, government, in the pursuit of “sports justice,” decided who could and could not be on professional basketball and football teams. Hostility between blacks and whites, tall people and short people, and the young and the old would be guaranteed. The same principle applies to race or sex quotas in college admission and employment demanded by various government authorities.

Towards the end of “Basic Economics,” Sowell takes on some of the most egregious economic fallacies. Those who favor government intervention in the economy often depict those who prefer free competition as Adam Smith’s pro-business apologists. But Adam Smith, the 18th century father of free-market economics, was so scathingly critical of businessmen that it would be impossible to find a single favorable reference to them in his 900-page classic, “The Wealth of Nations.”

“Unmet needs” roll off the lips of politicians, journalists, and academicians as if unmet needs were unusual and curable by one government program or another. Anyone who has driven in most big cities might feel there’s an unmet need for more parking spaces. While it’s technically feasible for a city to have parking spaces available anywhere, anytime of the day, in the city is it advisable to meet this unmet need? Doing so would mean fewer hospitals, fire stations and other buildings. The point Sowell constantly makes is that scarcity is mankind’s perennial state of affairs. That being the case, in order to have more of one thing necessarily means having less of another. Tradeoffs become a fact of life.

“Basic Economics” is not only valuable

for a general layperson audience; it would also benefit lawyers, politicians, and, yes, economists, as well.

Sobran

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“sexist.” If I criticize Israel, I’m “anti-Semitic.” If I consider homosexuality a perversion, I’m a “homophobe.” And of course I’m “ignorant” and “reactionary.”

All these charges assume that I accept the standards they imply, when the whole point is that I don’t accept them—or I wouldn’t be arguing against them. I’m supposed to shrivel up (and shut up) when some fool calls me names, and meaningless names at that? In essence, such people are like members of a sect who abuse others in a sectarian vocabulary that means nothing to nonmembers. They heap furious threats of damnation on people who don’t believe in their hell.

The liberal litany of abuse is based on the assumption that we all have a duty to keep abreast of the latest moral fads, a duty to repudiate our own traditions. The old is bad, the new is good. If you still believe the things Western man has always believed—for instance, that sodomy is an ugly vice—you are now a “bigot.”

Such invective has all the weighty authority of a teenage clique calling you a “square.” It means only that you’ve committed the mortal sin of failing to keep up with a self-defined smart crowd. The ever-shifting orthodoxy of the new, as against the permanence of the old, is inculcated and enforced by the mass media, an organized system of peer pressure.

For this reason I instinctively sympathize with people who refuse to be bullied into conformity with the Latest Thing. I admire the reactionary Catholic, the Orthodox Jew, the fundamentalist Protestant, the Mormon, the diehard Confederate—anyone who has the guts to prefer a tradition to a compulsory modern fashion. I may disagree with him, but at least I know he’s not made of jelly. His inner life resists external pressure.

I profoundly disagree with Abraham Lincoln, but I respect Lincoln for arguing like a man. He never tried to win a debate

with vacuous name-calling. He appealed not to trendy slogans, but to permanent truths. That’s why his arguments are still interesting and will remain so, long after today’s trendy causes have blown away like dead leaves. Right or wrong, those arguments issue from the depths of a real mind, not the partisan impulses of a mere sect.

The root of liberalism’s folly is its conviction that the future is on its side. Condemning the past, unable to conceive of the permanent, it thinks it knows in advance what the future will be; and it imagines a Judgment Day on which the progressive sheep will be separated from the reactionary goats.

“Bigotry,” the favorite term of bigoted liberals, now means the refusal to accept liberalism’s vision of the future—a New Society of enlightened government, social justice, and sexual freedom. Somehow that future never arrives, but keeps receding from reach; yet the true believer keeps awaiting it anyway, and damning those who doubt it.

Murchison

(Continued From Page 35)

cloth. Sorry, oh, so sorry! When Horowitz spoke on campus, protesters tried to shout him down.

At Brown University, students stole and destroyed copies of the newspaper carrying the ad. (Brown’s administration courageously stood behind the editors.) At the University of Texas, campus police damped down enthusiasm to riot; but outraged comments were heard in plenty.

Ah, the ’60s! Here we go again? Wreck the dean’s office? Off the pigs? I’d be a little surprised if so. I don’t detect the same level of ideological passion as marred the rotten old ’60s. What I see happening is a slide into general passivity while a relative handful—holding the larger society hostage by means of unmodulated hostility—dictates the terms of public expression, as at Berkeley.

Free speech is supposed to be our national passion. I don’t see it. The Senate debates a bill to stifle free political speech through federal control of campaign finance, and respectable organs of opinion nod in agreement.

(Murchison Continued On Page 38)

Murchison

(Continued From Page 37)

At Harvard, a reputed temple of intellectual inquiry, editors of the *Crimson* wallowed in self-abasement recently for publishing a satirical article by an Asian student, upbraiding fellow Asians for self-segregation. The article excited waves of outrage on the part of students who missed, or didn't like, the writer's point. And, yes, the editors apologized. Can't have outrage, can we?

Well, within bounds we can. What are those bounds? Roughly these, I would venture: You can heckle and castigate representatives of the old, pre-'60s order, such as "fundamentalist" Christians and white Southerners. (*The New Republic* this week does quite a job on Texans who done come up to Washington City with that there "W" feller, bringin' with 'em their "bizarre state pride." Boy, oh, boy.)

You can ridicule Republicans (e.g., "W" himself) as drop-dead dumb (because if they weren't dumb, they'd be liberals, right?). And, of course, you can lambaste or

patronize men. Make that heterosexual men.

What you can't do is bruise, presumptively, the feelings of any member of a pre-1964 "outsider" culture (e.g., women and, ah, non-heterosexual men). Yes, reparations for slavery is a nutty notion. But—shhhhh—we're not supposed to say so when Johnnie Cochran finally gets around to filing his federal lawsuit demanding big bucks for what folks in Charleston did a century and a half ago.

None of this really requires congressional investigation. All it requires is something Horowitz has in spades: moxie. Frankly, most of the country could benefit from a moxie transplant.

I wonder if we could put an ad to that effect in the *Crimson*. It's a great place to start, that's for sure.

Reese

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But, of course, he's worried about Ashcroft's integrity.

Looking at the crowd of critics brings to mind the cynical statement of a guy who

said, "Once you learn to fake sincerity, you've got it made in politics."

Perhaps the treatment of Ashcroft is inevitable. After all, we've become the only country where it is impossible for a politician to disgrace himself so much that it would cost him his career. Lying, adultery, obstruction of justice, abandoning young women to drown and lying about it, stealing speeches, stealing another person's biography, taking money from any and all sorts of shady characters, seducing male pages, living with a male prostitute—none of that has proven to be an impediment to a successful political career.

Therefore, if it is now impossible to criticize people for their vices, then the only thing left is to criticize them for their virtues. Poor Ashcroft. Imagine being an honest, God-fearing, wife-loving, patriotic American who still believes in the rule of law and in living a moral life.

The truth is that no one is Washington is more feared and hated than an honest man. That's how corrupt the nation's capital has become. They are deathly afraid of any man or woman who can't be bought, intim-

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idated or swayed by public-opinion polls.

The ideological left, of course, looks upon anyone who has a different opinion as an enemy of life. The ideological left has this odd notion that once its members decide on a position, the issue is permanently settled.

It's a tossup which of the two presents the best example of moral degradation—Washington or television. No wonder they love each other.

Stock-car Racing is a Southern Thing

OK, I confess. I had a huge belly laugh when so many people discovered that stock-car racing is dangerous.

No kidding. Have we gotten so detached from reality that people thought that 30 or 40 guys driving around a track at 180 mph was actually a risk-free sport? Good grief, Charlie Brown.

Stock-car racing is dangerous. Sports-car racing is dangerous. Speedboat racing is dangerous. Around-the-world yacht racing is dangerous. Driving around the city and on the highways is dangerous. For that matter, living a completely sedentary life is dangerous.

One thing is for sure: Nobody but astronauts gets off this planet alive. At least the NASCAR drivers are professionals and superb athletes. If you doubt that, you try driving a car 180 mph on a crowded track in often-blistering heat for hours at a time. It's the amateur motorists who kill themselves by the thousands year in and year out. These NASCAR drivers can thread a needle with a car, but even the best sometimes run out of luck.

I don't know why the press went crazy over the death of Dale Earnhardt. Most likely he got killed on a slow news day. He was not the first, and he won't be the last, though inevitably some liberals started talking about making racing a risk-free sport.

Can't be done. Driving and flying share one thing in common: It isn't the driving and flying that kills you, it's the sudden stop. Few bodies will ever survive instant deceleration from 180 mph to zero.

A lot of the snide remarks about stock-car racing, of course, are just another example of Northern prejudice against Southerners and all things Southern. Many Yankees still think that we Southerners are

a bunch of lowlife, beer-drinking yahoos. Fortunately, it is so wonderful to be a Southerner that we simply don't care what other folks in more disadvantaged parts of the country think.

Still, stock-car fans would win a ladies-and-gentlemen contest hands down against boxing fans.

Northerners seem to think that boxing is a legitimate sport. In fact, it isn't even honest. The only professional gambler I ever knew flatly refused to bet on any boxing match.

Southerners just admire fine-tuned cars and great drivers. I don't know how it was that Southerners came to love cars so much, but it's a fact.

Years ago, I rented a garage apartment to a young man and his wife from Alabama. One Sunday, I heard an awful banging coming from the back yard and walked out to see what it was. There was my tenant on his back, knocking a dent out of the fender of my wife's Falcon. He came out from under

the car with a sheepish look on his face.

"I sure hope you don't mind, but I just can't stand to see a dent in a car. I just can't stand it," he said. Considering my wife's skill in acquiring dents in any car she drove, I certainly didn't mind. I told him that it would probably be better for me to buy a cover for my wife's car or else all his weekends would be consumed in taking the dents out of it.

My dad loved cars and driving. His idea of recreation was to "go for a ride." He drove fast. I can remember him outrunning the state troopers. He could also do the bootlegger's turn, and he knew how to hit another car and turn it over without damaging his car.

I'm sorry he didn't live to see the interstates completed. Because he habitually drove 80 to 90 mph on two-lane roads, I'm sure he would have zipped along the interstates at 120 mph. To sum up, stock-car racing is a Southern thing. We love it. We don't care if you don't. Watch what you like with our blessings. ✪

SIDELIGHTS & LIGHTERSIDES

Compiled by Ralph Green

TOOK NO CHANCES

On 13 July 1862, Terry's Texas Rangers, the 8th Texas Cavalry, with Nathan Bedford Forrest and two battalions of Confederate troopers, arrived at the headquarters of U.S. Brigadier General Thomas Turpin Crittenden in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The outnumbered Forrest ordered Crittenden to surrender his large garrison telling him, "If you refuse I will charge you with the Texas Rangers under the black flag." 1,040 Federals surrendered, along with mountains of stores and four pieces of artillery.

NO QUITTERS

Confederate steamer *William H. Webb* was at Shreveport, Louisiana, on the Red River, in 1865 when Confederate armies surrendered. Camouflaged as a cargo vessel, *Webb* flew the U.S. flag at half mast as though in mourning for Lincoln, and sailed for the open seas 300 miles away.

Entering the Mississippi River, they went ashore and cut the telegraph lines to New Orleans. When *Webb* was finally

identified as Confederate, the Yankees on the river "flipped their lids," spreading tales that Jefferson Davis was aboard, John Wilkes Booth was the pilot, and Confederate gold filled her hold. With the need for secrecy gone, *Webb* raised a Southern battle flag and began to try to fight its way to the open seas, actually getting past New Orleans before the brave crew was forced to scuttle her and take to the woods.

DYING TO JOIN THE SOUTH

At the outbreak of the War, Confederate Generals G. W. Smith and M. Lovell were street commissioners in New York City. Finding their means of escape practically cut off, they developed a daring plan with the aid of a friendly doctor. Smith supposedly fell ill, and the doctor pronounced his condition so serious that no one but Lovell could see him. Smith's health became worse and he finally "died." While a coffin filled with bricks was buried with honor, Smith made his way in disguise into the Southern lines, joined later by Lovell. ✪

Confederate Memorial Day—2001

May 10, Confederate Memorial Day, is now a state holiday in South Carolina—a trade-off for giving Martin Luther King Day to the blacks and the Chamber of Commerce. The NAACP is still boycotting the state, but no one is paying any attention, now that the flag is off the dome. The boycott may last for 100 years, but the Yankees will continue to come. The South is a magnet. They can disapprove of us, but they can't seem to stay away.

On this first official Confederate Memorial Day in generations, the city fathers of Columbia and Charleston and Greenville tried to ignore the holiday, like the funeral of the town drunk. But people gathered anyway, despite the lack of recognition by mayors and city councils.

In Columbia, a group of some 400 people gathered at the Confederate Memorial on the steps of the State Capitol, some dressed in re-enactors uniforms, some waving flags. There were speakers, including Charlie Condon, South Carolina's Attorney General, who is currently seeking the Republican nomination for governor. Condon needs the hard right if he is to win a soon-to-be crowded primary. Some who heard his speech said it was the best he ever gave.

On the other hand, times have certainly changed.

A hundred years ago, every politician in the city and state would have been on those steps, paying extravagant homage to the small band of veterans standing nearby—thinning hair, humped backs, glinting eyes, some in the remnants of uniforms, others wearing dark suits and high button collars, shading their eyes from the hot glare of the sun.

And the women would have been there too, not just the old ones, the wives and widows in their long dresses, felt hats fastened to piles of gray hair by a lethal pin, but also the young girls, on the arms of fathers and grandfathers, in more colorful dresses and straw hats, with ribbons flowing down their backs.

In those days, the oratory would go on for two or three hours. There were no movies, no radios, no TV's. Speeches were the only entertainment of the day, and a short speech was like a short subject at the movies—engaging, but nothing like the fea-

ture film. (Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was probably a disappointment to the assembled crowd, who came for a double feature.) And you can be sure that Confederate Memorial Day circa 1901 was an extravaganza that lasted half the day.

Of course, it helped to have the old boys there—Colonel M., Major B., Captain F., and even the privates and corporals who were also honored and showed up to receive their due homage. There was nothing phony about that homage. At the turn of the last century, most Southerners still remembered what odds the men in gray fought against, what dangers they faced, what hardships they bore. The stories were told and retold at dinner tables, at family reunions (which were frequent), and on spring nights while rocking on front porches from Virginia to Texas.

My father remembered going to a showing of *The Birth of a Nation* and being frightened out of his wits when riders flashed on the screen and all the veterans in the theater spontaneously leaped to their feet and gave the rebel yell. The Real Presence was an important ingredient of earlier Confederate Memorial Days. Today almost all of the real sons and true daughters are gone. So it becomes harder and harder to hook up with the past.

But that small crowd at the South Carolina State Capitol did a pretty good job—better than anyone expected, now that the fight for the flag had been lost.

Later, many of the participants went to the Piggy Park, owned by Maurice Bessinger, famous for his barbecue and also for the battle flags that still fly over his restaurants. Wal-Mart and a host of supermarket chains recently ganged up on Bessinger because of those flags and refused to carry his bottled barbecue sauce, which

was a big seller across the South. Instead of caving in, Bessinger ordered the biggest Confederate flag in Christendom and continued to carry pro-Southern literature at the Piggy Park. The gesture may end up costing him millions.

On Confederate Memorial Day, he had laid out table after long table with Confederate flags and brochures. And his servers dished out barbecue on the sidelines. A typical South Carolina barbecue consists of rice, hash, barbecued pork, coleslaw, pork skins, bread-and-butter pickles, and light bread. Maurice Bessinger served all of that and gave a speech as well—and all for 20 dollars.

It was a good speech too, though unfortunately the place was only about a third full. Michael Hill, President of the League of the South, also spoke—and spoke well. A man in a kilt played Dixie on the bagpipes and everybody had a good time. I had to leave early, but I hoped more people would come as the afternoon wore on.

So we're trying. We really are. We're doing the best we can, given the passage of so many years, the change in our region, and the fact that we are bombarded daily, hourly by the subtle propaganda of the enemy, who now invades our homes in the form of so many images on a screen.

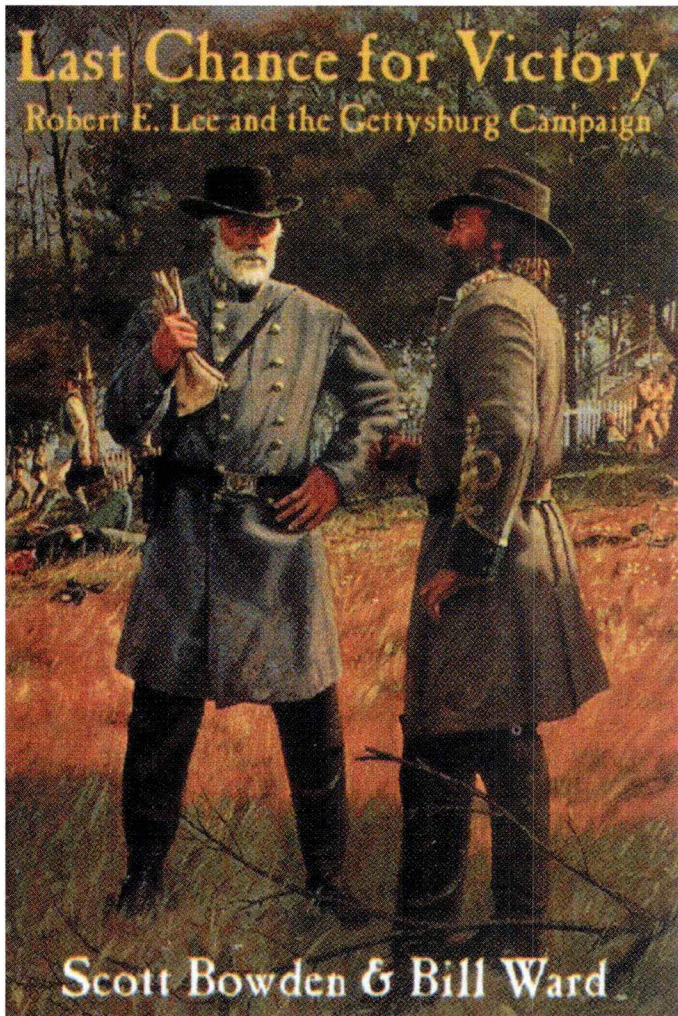
Sure, we are a diminishing breed, still aware of who we are, but unsure of even our friends and neighbors. We come to Confederate Memorial Days from all classes and occupations and religions. Some of us—though very few—are even of different races. And we face an uncertain future.

However, though things look grim these days, I don't think we will give up. Not just yet. Not while the old songs and the old flag still get to us, not when we can still move each other to cheers or tears. After this Confederate Memorial Day, I have come to the conclusion that we can still win something for ourselves, for the past, and for the future. We are going to be around for a long, long time—and if the nation as a whole doesn't like us, then that's too bad. ☛



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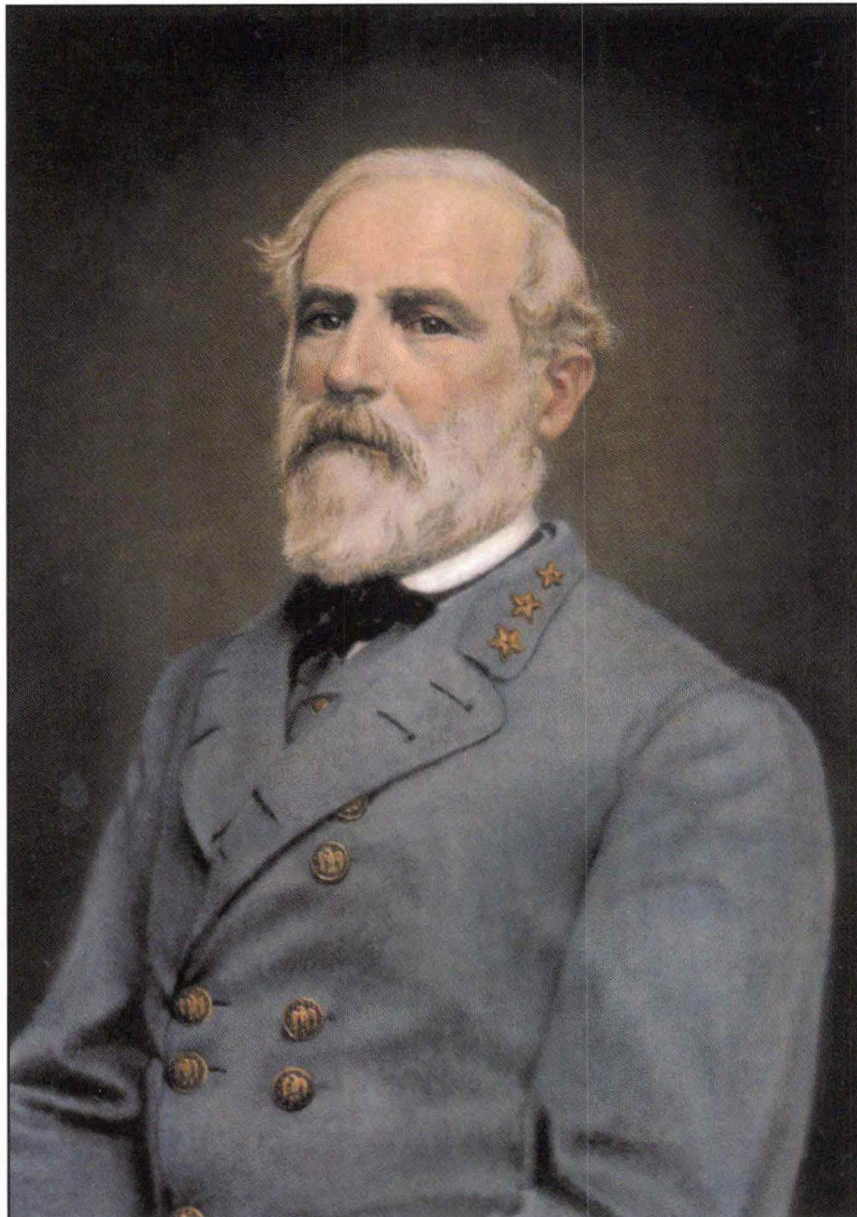
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