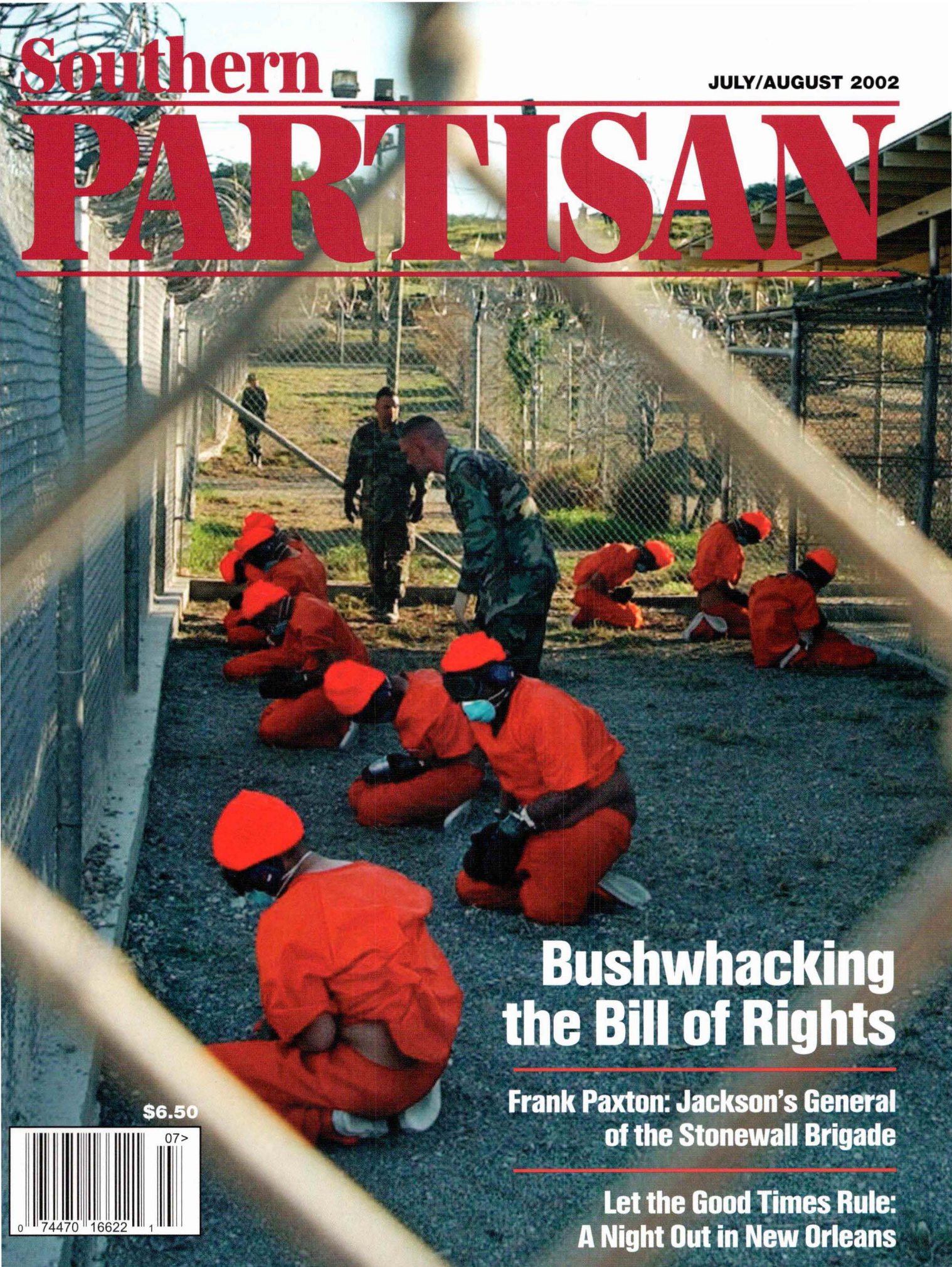


Southern

JULY/AUGUST 2002

PARTISAN



Bushwhacking the Bill of Rights

**Frank Paxton: Jackson's General
of the Stonewall Brigade**

**Let the Good Times Rule:
A Night Out in New Orleans**

\$6.50





What will be your financial strategy for 2002?

- Dow Jones index off 2,000 points from the high.
- Interest rates at 40-year low.
- Japan and U.S. lead in precious metals acquisitions.
- Sales of U.S. gold coins up 403%.*

Every portfolio needs a safe haven. Have you considered putting gold and silver into your IRA?

* Sales of U.S. gold coins in the 3rd quarter year on year increase of 403%.

To receive a FREE copy of the current issue of *Precious Metals Market Update*—an information packet on buying gold, silver and platinum—call or write:

Atlantic
BULLION & COIN, INC.

203 Siloam Road
Easley, SC 29642
1-800-327-8606

Visit our web site:

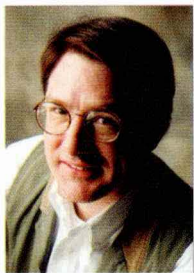
www.AtlanticBullionandCoin.com



www.
OldSouthAntiques
.com

804-779-3076

FIELD DISPATCHES



Dear Reader:

As I was looking over this issue, I noticed that much of our *Obiter Dicta* section concerns the Confederate flag. Appropriately enough, much of every issue of this magazine involves the Confederate flag.

Several years ago now, when the fight over the Confederate Battleflag was a hot issue in South Carolina politics, I was interviewed by a reporter for a national newspaper who had been sent down here to do a story on the controversy.

She seemed to be having trouble divining the differences in several proposals which would have located various versions of historic Confederate flags at various places on the Statehouse grounds.

In an effort to explain the thing, I used a small desk set of the five major Confederate flags and referred to Devereaux Cannon's excellent work on the subject *The Flags of the Confederacy*. At one point, looking at a page showing line drawings of variations of the Battleflag, the young lady asked, "Is that the Battleflag?"

It was not. In fact, it was the British Union Jack. I wasn't sure whether to be shocked that she was down here writing about the Confederate flag and could not identify the most prominent version, or to be amazed that she was a well-educated reporter for a national newspaper and could not identify the ensign of the United States's most prominent ally.

As you can imagine, we frequently get what one might call "research requests" here at *Southern Partisan*. That is, readers—or often as not, non-readers—write to ask us to help them answer some nettlesome question about some aspect of Southern history.

While we like to be as helpful as we can, our puny staff and meager resources will simply not allow us to do the research required to make a learned response to these queries. When we can, we try to refer inquiring minds to some appropriate reference or authority who may be better positioned to respond.

Needless to say, many of these questions are about flags, particularly the Confederate flag. We have thought it wise, therefore, to start a new column in the magazine on that very subject, and Devereaux Cannon has been kind enough to agree to write it for us.

Devereaux is a renowned vexillologist and has written extensively on the subject in addition to having been a contributor to this journal for a multitude of years.

North Against South

Many of you have also inquired about the republication of *North Against South*, the seminal text on the history of the war by Professor Ludwell Johnson.

I am happy to report that, at long last, the Foundation for American Education announced that the paperback edition is at the printer's shop and should be available by fall's end.

As always, we'll keep you posted.

Christopher M. 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."

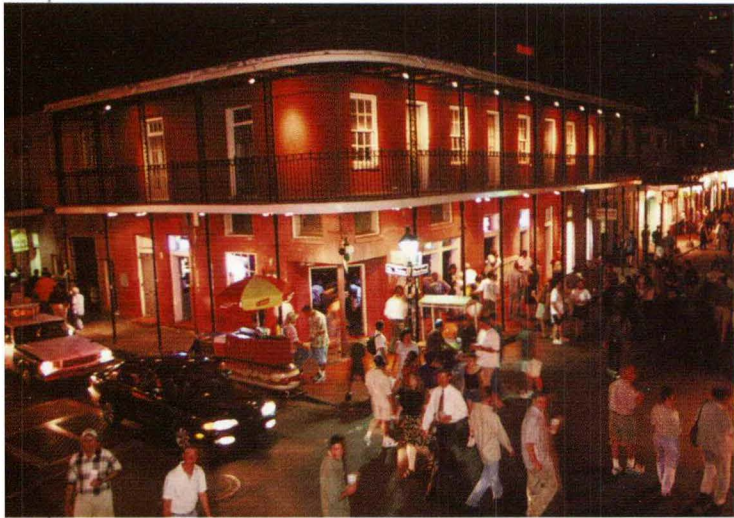
—William Gilmore Simms
Southern Quarterly Review, April 1853

Publisher:	Charles Hamel
Editor:	Christopher M. Sullivan
Associate Editors:	H.W. Crocker III P.J. Byrnes Tommy M. Stringer
Director of Photography:	R. Michael Givens
Art Director:	Nancy Minard-Bowie
Editorial Assistant:	Tim Manning
Copy Editors:	Becky Barbour James K. Turner Neil J. O'Connor
Circulation Manager:	Brantley Roper
Business Manager:	Mrs. Ben Mustian
Assistant to the Editor:	Jana Rogers
Advisors and Contributors:	Patrick J. Buchanan Bryant Burroughs Devereaux D. Cannon, Jr. T. Kenneth Cribb, Jr. William Freehoff Charles Goolsby Paul Gottfried Anthony Harrigan Michael Jordan James E. Kibler Bill Koon Robert McHugh Ted Roberts Stephen Page Smith J.O. Tate William J. Watkins, Jr. Clyde Wilson Mark Winchell

THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN QUARTERLY REVIEW was founded in 1979 by Tom Fleming of McClellanville, South Carolina, who published two issues. The magazine was later purchased by The Foundation for American Education and the publication was resumed under the shorter title in the Summer of 1981. In 1984, the magazine was purchased by **THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN CORPORATION**.

Rates: The annual subscription rate is \$40, with a single issue price of \$6.50. Subscribers in Canada and Mexico should add \$4 to the annual rate (\$1 to the single issue rate). All other foreign subscribers should add \$8 to the annual rate (\$2 to the single issue rate).

Correspondence: Please address all correspondence, including Letters to the Editor, to *Southern Partisan*, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. Manuscripts: *Southern Partisan* welcomes unsolicited manuscripts. All manuscripts should be typed, double spaced. Return guaranteed only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Advertising Inquiries: Contact Brantley Roper at P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. (800) 264-2559. SouthernPartisan@rqasc.com. Copyright 2002 by The Southern Partisan Corporation. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor or publisher. *Southern Partisan* (ISSN 0739-1714) is published bi-monthly for \$40 per year by The Southern Partisan Corporation, 1620 Gervais Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29201. Periodical postage paid at Columbia, South Carolina and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Southern Partisan, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211.



CRITICUS ON TOUR

- 26 **LET THE GOOD TIMES RULE** / Ted Roberts revels in the spicy wonderland of New Orleans.

PARTISAN GAZETTE

- 28 **THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONFEDERATE HERITAGE CONFERENCE** / Donnie Kennedy reports from Louisiana's biggest Southern event.

CRITICUS BOOKS

Reviews of new books in Southern history, politics, literature, and culture.

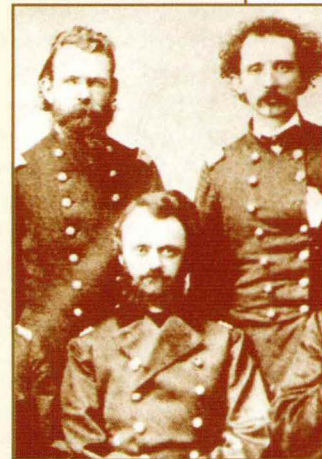
- 29 **SMOKE NEVER CLEARS** / Ralph Green reviews *Lee's Cavalrymen: A History of the Mounted Forces of the Army of Northern Virginia, 1861-1865* by Edward G. Longacre.
- 30 **WHY SHOULD I READ THIS BOOK WHEN I'VE GOT NASCAR TO WATCH?** / Tommy Stringer reviews *Jefferson Davis, American* by William J. Cooper, Jr.
- 31 **SECOND TO ONE** / R.T. Valentine reviews *Wilson's Creek: The Second Battle of the Civil War and the Men Who Fought It* by William Garrett Piston and Richard W. Hatcher, III.

DEPARTMENTS

2	EDITOR'S LETTER	22	SOUTHERN SAMPLER
4	PARTISAN LETTERS	32	SIDELIGHTS & LIGHTERSIDES
7	OBITER DICTA	33	VEXING VEXILLARY
11	SCALAWAG AWARD		
12	CSA TODAY		

FEATURES

- 16 **BUSHWACKING THE BILL OF RIGHTS** / Ludwell Johnson compares the regimes of Bush-Ashcroft-Rumsfeld and Lincoln-Seward-Stanton.
- 21 **TOWARDS A COMMON CULTURE** / Charles Davenport critiques Bush's policy of appeasement toward immigration and 9/11.
- 22 **MILITARY TRIBUNALS: A BAD IDEA** / J.D. Haines tells the story of a few Sioux slaughtered by Ole Abe.
- 23 **FRANK PAXTON: JACKSON'S GENERAL OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE** / Bryant Burroughs reminds us of one of Virginia's finest fiery Cavaliers.



BOOKNOTES

- 34 **WEST LEANING** / Montani Gadsden reviews *American Colonies* by Alan Taylor.
- 34 **BETTER YET...** / Tim Manning reviews *Carolina Cavalier: The Life and Mind of James Johnston Pettigrew* by Clyde N. Wilson.

OPINIONS

- 6 **PARTISAN VIEW** / Chris Sullivan on the importance of "is"?
- 35 **MINORITY VIEW** / Walter Williams on the lesser of two evils: WorldCom or Congress?
- 36 **THE SOBRAN VIEW** / Joe Sobran on the fine example of the English Insult.
- 37 **SOUTHLINE** / Charley Reese reins-in a strange old word—"conservative."
- 38 **MAINSTREET USA** / Bill Murchison praises Her Most Royal Majesty the Queen of England.
- 40 **TRIVIUM** / P.J. Byrnes speaks on behalf of the faithful Catholic's battle against the scandals.

Almost Confederate...

Gentlemen:

I recently read in "Partisan Letters" a subscriber's concern over the new format including the state flags. I'll go one further and suggest that West Virginia belongs in the section at least as much as the unjustly pronounced border states of Missouri, Kentucky and my beloved, adopted Maryland. My ancestor as well as thousands of other loyal Southerners and Virginians enlisted into the Confederate forces and fought for their homelands despite Abe Lincoln's unconstitutional theft of Western Virginia. I assure you that most if not all who sacrificed for their country did not recognize the division when they returned home south of the Mason-Dixon line.

As for today you'll hear many from my home state claim that it's West "by God" Virginia, but there's many more that are in tune with their history that will tell you it's West "by Lincoln" Virginia.

Thank you and keep up the good work!

Frank Hall
Ellicott City, Maryland

Jackson Facts

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed Mr. Sullivan's column "Soskis Rides Again" (Mar/Apr 2002). He states that Jackson was never a slaveholder. In the 1850s Jackson had six slaves as part of his household. In 1861 he paid \$150 to W.C. Lewis for Jim. Jim became Jackson's wartime servant until Jackson's death. Jackson also ran a Sunday School for blacks and insisted that his slaves could read the Bible, both of which were very taboo in the North or South at the time. A good account of this period can be found in James I. Robertson, Jr.'s book *Stonewall Jackson*.

Thanks and keep up the good work!

Marc E. Gendron
Berryville, Virginia

Taken to Task

Gentlemen:

I would like to express my displeasure regarding two matters in the Jan/Feb 2002 issue of *Southern Partisan*. First, I found the tabloid depiction of Abraham Lincoln as a woman to be in very poor taste. Whereas I do not hold Lincoln in very high regard personally, I did find that inset article to be

quite crass and certainly below the standards of a magazine furthering the cause of Southern honor.

Second, and still speaking of Southern honor, I consider your giving press time to the pork barrel king, Robert Byrd, contrary to the message you seek to impart. Were Northern punitive tariffs not one of the causes of the War Between the States? Has not Robert Byrd mastered the Washington D.C. formula of pork legislation—financed by the punitive taxation of honest working people? To call him famous and print his picture solely because he is pretentiously wearing a Southern officer's uniform for a movie is pandering to a lower denominator and cheapens the cause.

Richard S. Hellam
Seaside, California

Progressively Worse

Gentlemen:

Writer Clyde Wilson (Jan./Feb.) is totally accurate when he traces our current political problems to those who "can be easily recognized by their arrogance, hypocrisy, greed, lack of congeniality, and penchant for ordering other people around."

However, I'd argue that he's wrong in defining these people as "that particular ethnic group descended from New Englanders..."

Instead, I'd suggest that he look more closely at the Midwestern Progressives of a century ago (Robert LaFollette et al) to find the roots of such modern behavior.

As an amateur historian, I've become quite a student of these folks, and I can make a strong case that it was the Wisconsin Progressives who introduced into modern political debate the idea that they represent the ten percent of the population which is smarter, more understanding, and more compassionate than the other ninety percent and therefore has the obligation to lead us (by force if necessary) into doing "the right thing."

Progressives display all of Wilson's described traits because they know they're better than us. Some of them may be descendants of true Yankees, but most are not, and I'd argue that the real hothouse of each new generation of superior progressives isn't one of the branches of New England Christianity, but rather the philosophical basis of progressivism, which defines itself as being at an intellectual plane

above mere politics and interested only in making sure that all of us lesser beings are required to behave ourselves properly (in their view). They alone can tell us what is "the right thing to do," and further to punish us if we dare to dissent.

Martin Harris
Vergennes, Vermont

A New King

Gentlemen:

In his book *1984*, George Orwell wrote "He who controls the past controls the future." Rewriting the past has become an art form in Washington State.

First, King County—the home of Seattle—which for over 100 years had been named for former U.S. Vice President William Rufus King was renamed for Martin Luther King. Why? Because W.R. King was guilty of the double crime of being a Southerner and a slave holder.

Now Jefferson Davis has to go, despite his being responsible as Secretary of War for the building of Washington territory's first roads in the 1850s.

Future Confederate General George Pickett was commander of the garrison which became the city of Bellingham, Washington. Alas another "incorrect" Southerner.

Already some are saying that the State should not be named for George Washington, Southerner and slave owner. If the current trend continues, it will be renamed for Booker T. Washington!

Don Mathews
Seattle, Washington

Franklin Fight

Gentlemen:

I have been a regular subscriber to *Southern Partisan* for a long time. I look forward to each new issue of the magazine and especially enjoy the historical articles on topics long ignored in the mainstream media. It seems that some subjects, though they may be historically true, can cause many contemporary academics and historians to feel a bit too uncomfortable.

One recent example was John Chodes's story entitled "The Union League: Uncle Sam's Klan" (Mar/Apr 2002). Chodes presented just one more example of the outrageous behavior that ran rampant in the South during the days of

Reconstruction. No doubt, this was an episode that today's Politically Correct would just as soon forget. However, there was one factual error in Chodes's account that needs to be cleared up: the fatal clash that occurred between a group of black and white conservatives and a group of Union League blacks did not take place in Franklin County, Tennessee as reported. Instead, this altercation took place on July 6, 1867 in Williamson County, Tennessee on the Public Square in the town of Franklin. Aside from this small error, though, Chodes was right on the money.

God Bless the staff, contributors, and supporters of *Southern Partisan*.

*Hudson Alexander
Franklin, Tennessee*

Out of Stock

Gentlemen:

Y'all might be interested in a letter from a fine gentleman from Pennsylvania I recently received in response to an article I wrote warning ordinary old stock Americans that they were next on the list after Southerners had been eliminated.

"This was really brought home to me in November 2000 when a Gore operative in Pennsylvania described my home state as Philadelphia on one end, Pittsburgh on the other, and Mississippi in between. He was not complimenting rural Pennsylvania and saw no reason not to publish his disdain."

*Clyde Wilson
Dutch Fork, South Carolina*

Judicial Restraint

Gentlemen:

I would like to add to Hugh Williamson's fine article, "A Primer on Secession" (May/June 2002), on Salmon P. Chase and his decision in *Texas v. White*. In those days Supreme Court justices were also trial judges, and Chase would have been the judge in the trial of Jefferson Davis. He engineered the dismissal of the case because special trial lawyers brought in to try Davis, like in Watergate, told the government the case was a loser.

The first special counsel was John J. Clifford, and he advised the government, after reviewing the case, that he had "grave doubts" about winning, and the government could end up "having fought a successful war, only to have it declared unlawful by a

Virginia court." He then resigned as counsel.

Next, the government hired Richard Dana, who also saw the case as a loser, and advised the government to accept its military victory as having settled the secession issue "as a rule of law by war." The "might is right" theory, which Hitler espoused.

Chief Justice Chase finally had his chance to settle the legal issue of secession in *Texas v. White*, arguing, as Mr. Williamson notes, that the Union is perpetual, hence secession illegal. But his silly reasoning did not go unnoticed by the great British scholar, James Bryce in his two volume study, *The American Commonwealth*, 1888. He ridiculed Chase's reasoning in the decision of *Texas v. White*, as a kind of medieval scholasticism. A sophisticated way of calling his decision intellectual nonsense.

*Charles Adams
Buffalo, New York*

MD MOH

Gentlemen:

Your review of Gregg S. Clemmer's *Valor in Gray: The Recipients of the Confederate Medal of Honor* brought fine memories of June 19, 1999 when citizens of Anne Arundel County, Maryland dedicated a statue to a local hero from West River (now Lothian) who fought in the War Between the States. Benjamin Welch Owens was one of the recipients of the Confederate Medal of Honor for his heroics at Stephenson's Depot. We were honored with Mr. Clemmer's attendance at the ceremony. The statue stands next to Route 408 in front of Mt. Calvary Southern Episcopal (traditional) Church.

*William F. Chaney
Lothian, Maryland*

81 and Counting

Gentlemen:

I wasn't going to renew my subscription to your magazine because I am 81 years old and now I live from day to day. However, after reading your last magazine, it was so great that I am ordering for another year. Your Sobran alone is so great that he is worth another subscription. I heartily agree with him on every point. Although I am a Yankee and can trace my family back to the Revolution, I am heartily in favor of the South.

I have recently been studying Lincoln. He was so evil. There was no reason for all of those young men to be slaughtered. I have a great uncle who died at a prison camp. People believe what they read in the papers and it is usually not the truth.

Anyway, continue the good fight!

*Lois Osborn
Horseshoe Bend, Arkansas*

Canal Conundrum

Gentlemen:

In "Herman Talmadge and the New South," Mark Royden Winchell regrettably erred, as did The Associated Press, in failing to note a key reason for Talmadge's defeat: he voted to give away the Panama Canal.

For 30 months after the giveaway, as Pat Buchanan put it, "A sure ticket to senate reelection was a vote to hold the Panama Canal."

*Jim Ware
Baton Rouge, Louisiana*

Crossed Stories

Gentlemen:

I just read Tommy M. Stringer's article "Malingering Mascots" (May/June 2002). Much of what he has written is true, with one exception.

I am 80 years old and nearly everyone from my generation knew the meaning of "The Alabama Crimson Tide." It comes from the Alabama state flag—two crimson bars "tied." It is that simple. It was probably conceived by a brilliant Alabama student.

*James O. Wynn
Austell, Georgia*

Our source for the history of the Crimson Tide is no less than the University of Alabama web site.

— Ed. ♣

SEND LETTERS TO:

Email: SouthernPartisan@rqasc.com

U.S. Mail: *Southern Partisan Letters*
P.O. Box 11708 • Columbia, SC 29211

Fax: (803) 799-9126

Please include your address and daytime telephone number for verification. We reserve the right to edit letters for space.

The Importance of Is

BY CHRISTOPHER M. SULLIVAN

During the Clinton impeachment scandal, Americans were treated to the embarrassingly whimsical legal defense presented by the president parsing the meaning of "is." While "is" may be the "third person singular present indicative of be," for Southerners, "is" was important long before Mr. Clinton caught a flash of Monica Lewinsky's undergarments.

The recent issue of *US News* fronts a story titled, "Who Won the Civil War." By Civil War they mean the martial conflict which took place on this continent from 1861-1864, not the English or the Spanish ones. In the editors discuss the problem Yankees have interpreting the war.

In one sense we should be grateful that a national news magazine is even asking that question. One would have thought that Yankee political dominance over the last century and a half would have made any such question moot. But, alas, it is hard to keep a good idea down.

It seems to the editors of *US News* that there is trouble in our national military parks. They have discovered that if you actually go to one of these parks (Gettysburg weighs heavily on their minds), one can come away with the impression that the Confederates were the good guys, or at least that they were not entirely bad.

It also seems that the authors are shocked to discover that some people (namely Southerners, to whom the article compares the World War II-era Germans and Japanese) still resist the notion that

the war was fought over nothing more or less than slavery.

Their solution is a complete overhaul of the battle sites under National Park Service control to reflect the Northern view that slavery was the war's exclusive cause.

As an example, consider this question, "When did the war start?" The firing on Fort Sumter, firing on *Star of the West*, or South Carolina's secession, or Lincoln's election, or the Tariff of Abomination, or the Nullification Crisis? Some scholars have even said the roots of the conflict lay in the very foundation of the Union when it was at last separated from Great Britain.

Obviously, the grand concourse of American history is not a formulaic script with well-marked bad guys and good guys, or a morally unambiguous denouement. History is not so precise.

Despite that lack of precision, the Masters of the Universe who oversee the official versions of American history have determined to rectify the oversights that have allowed some students of history to develop ideas independent of official versions.

Princeton University professor James McPherson plainly states the objective: "This new interpretation is going to put the war in the context of slavery, and that's going to challenge a lot of people.... [Southerners] need to face up to the historical reality, if only to come to terms with the problems of *their own society*." [Emphasis added] Apparently, Princeton, New Jersey is an exclave from the problems that face the rest of us.

Professor McPherson, at least, has a

clear vision of the war: depraved Southerners fought to preserve slavery, while angelic Yankees fought to make the world safe for the lovers of freedom. But McPherson's harshest critic on this score is himself.

In 1994 McPherson published a slim volume called *What They Fought For: 1861-1865*, for which the principal sources were "the personal letters and diaries written by soldiers during their war experience." McPherson acknowledges that "Those citizen-soldiers of the Civil War came from the world's most politicized and democratic society ... a majority of them had voted in the election of 1860..."

It turns out the conclusion of all this original source material was unavoidable. "These themes of liberty and republicanism formed the ideological core of the cause for which Civil War soldiers fought ... Americans in both North and South believed themselves custodians of the legacy of 1776." He specifically categorizes Southrons this way: "Confederates fought for liberty and independence from ... a tyrannical government." The next sixty pages are pretty much examples.

Which brings us back to that nettlesome word, "is." Before 1861, Professor McPherson tells *US News*, people said "the United States 'are.'" But, after 1865, it was "the United States 'is.'" This idea, of course, is as wrong philosophically as it is grammatically. Defeat on the battlefield is no excuse for change in what is supposed to be a constitutional republic.

It seems like an awful lot of trouble just to change a third person singular present indicative. ☘



**BAND
MUSIC**

1861-65

The 37th GEORGIA BAND announces a new series of CD albums! Each CD runs 1 hr. or longer, with Confederate and/or Union music played on period instruments. \$15 plus \$3.00 S&H, with vendor discounts for quantity orders. Georgians please add \$1.05 tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. (Non-US checks must be drawn on American banks, with S&H=\$3.50; no foreign money orders.)

CD 1: The Bandmaster's Favorites
CD 2: Rebel Rousers and Concert Classics
CD 3: Serenade in Blue

Contact Bandmaster, 766 Riverhill Drive, Athens, GA 30606. Ph: (706) 543-4559 or <http://www.netnik.com/37gaband>

www.ConfederateShop.com

The online annex of Crossroads Country Store
4309 S. Valley Pike, Harrisonburg, VA 22801

Are you a Rebel or Rebel wan'na-be? Do you have Southern roots? Are you a Confederate sympathizer or maybe a repentant carpetbagger? Perhaps you're a yankee spy? Then it would be to your advantage to investigate our books, music, flags and accoutrements!

Mon.-Sat., 10AM - 6PM. (I-81 Exit 243) 540-433-2084

The Mess in Montgomery

Councilman Willie Cook, who is black, recently proposed that the Montgomery City Council add to its seal the words “Birthplace of the Civil Rights Movement.” The Council voted to postpone a decision on the proposal and appoint a committee to study a new seal design that, according to Dave Hendrick of *The Montgomery Advertiser*, “would reflect the significance of the Confederacy and the civil rights movement.”

Councilman Ben McNeill, who proposed the tabling motion, said he wasn’t willing to spend money on redesigning the current seal “until we get some paving.”

Councilman Cook was outraged.

that will reflect the importance of both the city’s Southern heritage and that of the Civil Rights Movement.

Cook is a clever opponent—willing to give a little to get a little. And it appears as if he is beginning to move things his way. Two weeks earlier the Council voted unanimously to oppose the seal change. Now three voted to postpone, three voted against postponement, one abstained, and one didn’t show up.

Want to bet that before the matter is settled, a majority will vote to put Martin Luther King’s picture on the seal and be done with it?

Whither the Christian Coalition?

Now that Ralph Reed has departed for browner pastures, religious conservatives are wondering if the Christian Coalition will return to first principles or if it will continue to be a shill for the Rockefeller-Bush wing of the Republican Party.

Roberta Combs, who succeeded Reed as president of the organization, was the number one Judas goat in South Carolina during the Reed years. Now that she is in charge, will the organization continue to back pro-abortion, pro-gay-rights candidates or will it begin to support genuine social conservatives? (Perhaps the person to answer that question is Pat Robertson, who was surely responsible for Reed’s duplicity.)

Obiter Dicta



A Doleful Race in North Carolina

Brad Woodhouse, a spokesman for Democratic senatorial candidate Erskine Bowles, has called GOP opponent Elizabeth Dole “Lauch Faircloth in a skirt.”

She is nothing of the sort, Mr. Woodhouse.

Sen. Faircloth was a principled conservative who didn’t park his conscience at the door when he entered the Senate chambers. Though he served only one term, he has left a lasting legacy in Washington—one that

includes Title V, which provides substantial annual funding for abstinence education. Elizabeth Dole is a weak, inadequate replacement for Jesse Helms. When Faircloth was in the Senate, North Carolina was represented by two stalwart defenders of traditional values. Regardless of who wins in November, the state will be represented by two weak-willed pluff-mongers.

If anything, Liddy Dole is Bob Dole in a skirt.

So far the signs are good. Combs hired former syndicated columnist Don Feder as her consultant. Feder is solid on all the issues, a man of formidable intellect and unshakable courage. If she listens to him—and if Pat Robertson doesn’t interrupt—we can all welcome the Prodigal Son back into the fold.

The prospects look promising. In announcing an

October 11 event in Washington—a “God Bless America—One Nation Under God” rally—Combs said, “After September 11, ‘God bless America’ was on everyone’s lips. But if we want God’s blessings, we must return to the Judeo-Christian values that made America great—that guided us through war and peace, depression and prosperity.”



“The action to table this is an act of cowardice,” he said. “The vote totally reflects the feeling of the council.”

Yet, to his credit, Cook joined the rest of the council in voting to proclaim April “Confederate History and Heritage Month.”

What he wants is a seal

Clashing Symbols

In Gulf Shores, Alabama, young blacks are accosting whites who display Confederate flags on their vehicles and are physically assaulting them. That's what happened to John McDow, a white pre-med student, as he was sitting in the back of his pickup, waiting for friends who had gone into a convenience store.

A group of young blacks pulled into the parking lot, confronted McDow, who was wearing a T-shirt with a small rebel flag on the front and a large one on the back.

"They saw my rebel flag and told me to take it off," McDow said. "One guy told me to take it off if I wanted to live. So I took it off, yelled and threw it out in the crowd. I remember standing up on the front of my truck and yelling, and then I woke up in the hospital."

He had been struck from behind and knocked off his truck onto the pavement. His injuries: bruised ribs, a blow to his head, several cuts, and scrapes and bruises on his legs. An eyewitness said he had landed on his head.

What did the Gulf Shore police do when they arrived? Nothing, of course. Everyone had scattered, they said.

Sgt. Skip Callaway—the quintessential New South cop—went through the official litany that invariably follows black-on-white crime.

"It's not really a racial problem," he philosophized, "it's a people problem. People say things they shouldn't say, and it leads to other things."

Who said what? If you mean McDow's exercise of free speech in displaying the Confederate flag, then pray explain why he shouldn't have done it. Have Kweisi Mfume

and the NAACP so inflamed the black community with their attack on symbols that young thugs are swaggering around beaches, attacking anyone who offends their oh-so-tender sensibilities, threatening to murder them, beating them into unconsciousness—and the police have nothing to offer the public except politically correct platitudes?

Mfume in Florida

As we have said many times, Confederate symbols have become the NAACP's cash cow. No longer able to find substantive issues to fuel his lazy, overstuffed organization, Kweisi Mfume is scouring the South for still-flying Confederate flags, and he found one in Crestview, Florida, flying over the monument to William "Uncle Bill" Lundy, Florida's last surviving Confederate veteran, who died in 1957.

The NAACP demanded that the city council remove the flag; and the council, following the well-trodden paths of other such bodies, postponed any action on the matter. Members ordered City Attorney Ben Holley to conduct a title search because, well, gee whiz, the city might not even own the monument property—and if not, then council members could just finesse the whole issue.

Councilman Sam Hayes argued that, according to his research, the property was in "no man's land" because it was never platted as part of the city. He proposed that they sell the land to some private group and

let them maintain the monument and deal with the NAACP.

According to the Associated Press, the public debate was heated, and one participant was escorted out of chambers by the police because he yelled out of turn. (Would you care to guess which side of the controversy he supported?)

"There's no question that someone's offended by the Confederate flag being flown on public property," said Sabu Williams, President of the Okaloosa County NAACP. He claims that his myrmidons are not bothered by the monument to Lundy, only with the flag. At the moment such may be the case. Flags bring in the big bucks. But when all the

flags are down, you can be certain the NAACP will come back for the monument. (See the item on Caddo Parish, Louisiana, elsewhere in this issue.)

Hayden Lundy, Uncle Bill's grandson, was quoted by Fox News as saying, "My grandpa weren't the kind of fella that would hurt a black person in any way cause my grandpa knew they were his neighbors and he was neighborly with them."

Philip White, speaking for the Sons of Confederate Veterans, said, "The Confederate cause has taken some hits but I think it has underscored our resolve to stand up for our history and our heritage in this country."

At last report, the council was still postponing any decisions; and the NAACP was still raising money on the issue. Indeed, this may be the ideal

arrangement for both sides. The flag stays up. The money keeps pouring into the NAACP's bank account.

Flagging the Pols

Georgia politicians are still paying the price for sneaking the flag change through the Legislature while their fellow citizens slept.

Recently, Gov. Roy Barnes arrived in Fitzgerald to dedicate a new senior citizens' center and found fifteen protesters waving the old state flag, the one with the Confederate battle flag occupying two-thirds of its design. To show their contempt, they turned their backs on the governor.

The demonstrators call this treatment "flagging," and it is the new hobby of a growing number of Georgians.

Janice Kelly of Jesup—one of those who flagged Barnes at Fitzgerald—explained the practice.

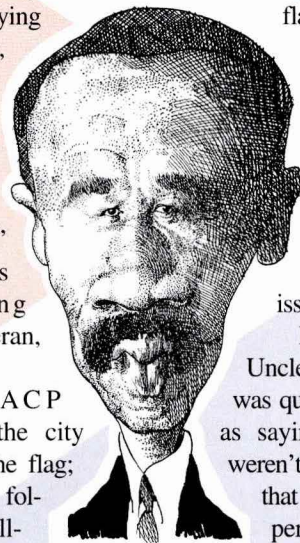
"I don't appreciate the underhanded way this flag was taken from us and replaced by the ugliest flag on the American continent [so voted by the North American Vexillological Association]. This is a beautiful flag. To me, it stands for courage, valor and the noblest that men can be."

Another protester, Carl Sears, said that several of his ancestors were killed in the War Between the States.

"If they died for my liberty, I think this is the least I can do."

After the dedication, Barnes took off to Ocilla to attend a ceremony honoring a local representative, and Sears and friends tagged right along—ready to "flag" him at the next stop.

This isn't the first time Barnes has been flagged by demonstrators. Virtually every-



Kweisi Mfume

where he goes, he has to confront small groups of angry faces, particularly when he moves outside the scalawag stronghold of Atlanta.

And Lt. Gov. Mark Taylor is being flagged as well.

Recently he made a trip to Douglas, to speak to participants in a regional Senior Olympics. There he was greeted by at least 30 former state flags.

One of the flaggers, Gary Usrey of Moultrie, was quoted by the *Times-Union* as saying, "Any day we can flag these sons-of-a-gun is a good day."

Of the old flag, Usrey said, "Today it is a thumb in the eye of all tyrants."

Lt. Gov. Taylor was quoted as saying, "We had just reached a point where the old flag was holding us back from an economic standpoint."

In an effort to blunt the effect of the flagging, he suggested that, because the U.S. is at war, the only important flag is the American flag. "We should unite behind it," he proclaimed. Usrey wasn't impressed.

"Ask him what kind of tag he's got on his car," Usrey said, referring to the fact that most official cars in Georgia display the new flag.

We congratulate Georgia heritage defenders for inventing the practice of flagging, and we commend it to heritage defenders throughout the South. If scalawag politicians are offended by the flag, then let the offending begin.

Second Step

We have bad news for those who are currently defending the flag against the politically correct and self-righteous: If you lose that battle, you will soon be fighting to retain Confederate monuments on the town square. The UDC and

You Win Some, You Lose Some

There's good news and bad news. Primary races in Georgia eliminated two high-profile members of Congress, one of ours, one of theirs.

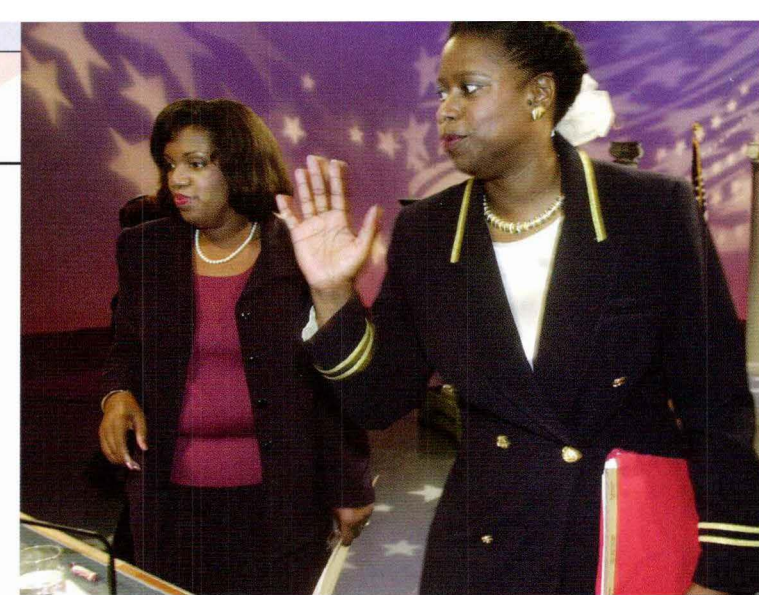
First, the bad news. Bob Barr—who was running in a newly created district against another GOP incumbent, Congressman John Linder—lost by a substantial margin, about two to one. Barr was one of the most reliable hardliners in the House. And despite Linder's conservative voting record, our cause will suffer: Barr has always been outspoken and aggressively traditionalist, while Linder has always been timid and low-key, in earlier times a lap dog for Speaker Newt Gingrich.

Now the good news. Challenger Denise Majette defeated Congressperson Cynthia McKinney—Ms. Loudmouth Georgia of 2002. You will remember McKinney.

SCV already have their backs against the wall in Caddo Parish, Louisiana.

Commissioner Ken Epperson has demanded that the local monument—which depicts Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, and Louisiana General and Governor Henry Watkins Allen—be removed along with the battle flag flying at the site. The 30-foot monument, which was erected by the UDC, stands on land donated by the Caddo Parish Police Jury in 1903. Since no one can find an official record of the gift, Epperson says the monument must go.

"It's as plain as the nose on your face that it is not supposed to be there," he is quoted by the *Times* as saying. "We're the



Rep. Cynthia McKinney, D-Ga., right, and her opponent in the upcoming Democratic primary Denise Majette leave after debating at Georgia Public Television on Friday, Aug. 9, 2002 in Atlanta. (AP Photo/John Bazemore)

She's the one who accused President Bush of orchestrating the September 11 attacks for monetary gain and voiced her support for the Palestinians.

During the final days of the campaign, McKinney ran endorsements by Andrew Young and Robert Redford that were actually given for an earlier race. Young protested, saying that he would not choose sides. When asked about this controversy,

McKinney's father, a Georgia state representative, blamed it on a Jewish plot.

"That ain't nothing," he said. "Jews have bought everybody. J-E-W-S."

According to reports, Republicans—embarrassed by McKinney's diatribes—crossed over in large numbers and voted for her opponent. Both candidates are black. Majette won by more than 15 percent.

stewards of taxpayers' property. It's up there illegally. It's the administration's call to ask whoever wants it to come get it. Give them 180 days to come and get it. If they don't want it, the administration should seek bids for its removal. It's almost like trespassing.... At the Arizona property, I bet you won't see a Japanese monument or a monument of kamikaze pilots or the Japanese who died there. You see what I mean?"

He says he would support the erection of a monument that pays tribute to the veterans of all wars or "to the Indians the parish was named after."

Wait a minute, Ken. The Indians fought against the United States too. In fact, it was that Union hero William

Tecumseh Sherman who said, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

And before you say that the U.S. government betrayed the Indian and invaded his land, remember that the Union invaded Louisiana, that Sherman made war against the civilian population, and that the Indians tended to take the side of the Confederacy.

In replying to Epperson's point concerning the lack of a deed, Georgia Head, an officer in the local UDC, said: "A donation is a donation. If [he] wants to bring that case in point, there is no deed [for the land] the entire courthouse sits on."

Our suggestion: Sell the courthouse to the highest bidder and leave the monument.

Immunity for Immigrants

Mexican President Vicente Fox was scheduled to visit four Texas cities in late August and to meet with President Bush—presumably to discuss making Spanish the official language of the United States.

However, fate intervened. On August 14, the state of Texas executed Javier Suarez for the murder of Lawrence Cadena during a 1988 drug bust in Dallas. Cadena was a policeman, and in Texas they don't like it when you kill policemen. Suarez admitted the murder but claimed he didn't know his victim was a cop. President Fox, in several appeals, pointed out that Suarez was a Mexican citizen and that under the Vienna Convention of Consular Relations, detained foreign nationals must be told of their right to make contact with their consulates.

He seemed to be saying that if a Mexican immigrant commits murder, you can't execute him the way you can an American. At the same time, he's entitled to all the benefits of U.S. citizenship—public schooling for his kids, free medical care, free counsel if he's charged with a crime.

When Texas lethally injected Suarez, El Presidente's spokesman Rodolfo Elizondo immediately announced the cancellation of the visit.

"This decision is an unequivocal signal of rejection of the execution," he said. "It would be inappropriate, in these lamentable circumstances, to go ahead with the visit to Texas."

Mr. Suarez behaved better than the officials of his country. He apologized for his crime and asked for the forgiveness of Officer Cardena's family.

Texas will probably sur-

vive this snub, as will the United States of America. Apparently, we have not reached the point where leaders of Third World countries are dictating domestic policy in his country.

Not yet.

A Movie You'll Never See

In York, Pennsylvania, four white men—Rick Knouse, Clarence Lutzinger, William Ritter, and Tom Smith—pled guilty to conspiracy to commit murder in the death of Lillie Belle Allen, a black woman from Louisiana. Allen was killed during York's 1969 race riots. Six others have been charged in the case, one of them Charlie Robertson, the city's former mayor.

At the time of the incident, Robertson was a police officer. According to witnesses, he handed out ammunition to members of white gangs and told them to shoot as many blacks as they could. He has admitted hollering "white power" at a rally the night before Miss Allen was shot, but he says he didn't have anything to do with the killing.

Smith admitted that he had served as a lookout, and Knouse, Lutzinger, and Ritter said they had shot at Allen's car. Knouse and Lutzinger maintained that the police department had been egging them on and that he used a bullet given to him by then-officer Robertson.

What Lutzinger admitted was even more damaging.

"The cops told us it was OK to protect our neighborhoods," he said. "They were behind us."

The riots started when members of a white gang wounded a black man. The blacks swarmed into the streets and began burning buildings.

The police barricaded the black neighborhoods, and eventually the National Guard, with the help of tanks, restored domestic tranquility. In the midst of this chaos, Lillie Belle Allen and her family drove into the wrong part of town.

You can be certain you won't be seeing a made-for-TV movie about this incident or a two-hour special on PBS, revisiting York in the late 1960s—though we have revisited similar incidents in Mississippi and Alabama on several occasions. This killing occurred in Pennsylvania, so no one has even bothered to call it a lynching.

But wait a minute! With a few changes, it might find its way to the silver screen after all. First, instead of York, Pennsylvania, set the action in, say, Tupelo, Mississippi. Instead of a generic white gang, make it the Ku Klux Klan. Lillie Belle Allen could be renamed Sojourner Truth van Orden and be a visitor from Pennsylvania.

If a TV or movie producer made those slight alterations, everything else would fall into place, including the cop-mayor who shouts "white power" at the rally. But why go to all that trouble? Why not just make yet another movie about the Medgar Evers killing or the Birmingham school bombing?

The Smoke Never Clears

In Cobb County, Georgia—which includes a pie slice of Atlanta—the folks are quarreling about evolution again. The school board is debating the wisdom of allowing science teachers to introduce alternatives to the Darwinian theory of how we got here. One of the alternatives discussed is "scientific creationism."

One board member who supports the inclusion of these alternatives is Lindsey Tippins, quoted by the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* as saying, "The courts allow for multiple teachings. We need to put that in our policy and allow that in our classrooms."

Of course, the *Journal-Constitution* also quoted the other side—Ron Matson, assistant chairman of the biological and physical science at Kennesaw State—who said, "They are clouding the issue as to what science is and what it is not."

Apparently Professor Matson believes that "scientific creationism" consists of nothing more than a series of quotes from *Genesis*—that it does not utilize the same data and methodology that he employs. An examination of books by such creationists as Henry Morris would correct that misapprehension. Those who presume to dismiss the idea that the universe reveals design, never bother to answer the criticisms of the growing number of world scientists who reject Darwin's ancient theory, if only on the grounds that the fossil evidence does not support it.

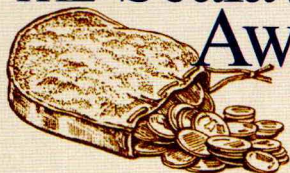
The *Journal-Constitution* ran a poll and reported that a slight plurality of respondents favored teaching scientific creationism in public school—49 percent to 47 percent opposed. This poll may be evidence that strict Darwinism is on its way out, that William Jennings Bryan was right when he argued in Dayton that the people of Tennessee had a right to determine what was taught in their own schools.

Wal-Mart

Wal-Mart, the world's biggest retailer, makes money in ways you wouldn't believe.

Douglas Sims had worked

THE Scalawag Award



Interior Shows Its Posterior

In Knoxville, Tennessee, a group of Southerners were holding their annual Confederate Memorial Day ceremony at the Confederate Cemetery just off of Dandridge Avenue. The guest speaker was Mayor Russell Bailey of Covington. Also attending was a representative of the state's congressional delegation. In addition to the

speech by Mayor Bailey, the program consisted of tributes and prayers.

During the service, who should drive up but one John Austin, an attorney with the United States Department of Interior. He stopped, leaped out of his car, and charged over to the assembled group. To the astonishment of all, he proclaimed that he was an attorney for the U.S. government and ordered those present to cease and desist immediately. He also called the police and demanded that they take action against the group.

The officers who arrived told Austin that the ceremony

was perfectly legal, that they had no intention of stopping it, and that he would have to leave the cemetery immediately.

Later Austin's wife—in a move that looked suspiciously like posterior covering—called Knoxville officials and accused the heritage group of using racial slurs, racing trucks up and down the street, and throwing bottles.

Earl Smith, an SCV member who attended the ceremony, called the accusations “an outright lie.”

“If that was the case,” he said, “I and everyone else there would have called the police ourselves. Confederate Memorial Day is a highly dignified and reverent occasion for us....”

Those present complained to their congressman, John J. Duncan, Jr., but thus far no action has been taken. And the Department of Interior won't comment. Question: What would happen if Mr. Austin had interrupted an NAACP celebration of Martin Luther King Day with the same surly demands? Would he still be a member of President George W. Bush's administration?

Attorney Austin earned his B.A. and his law degree from the University of Tennessee, so we assume he is a Southerner. That being the case, he is also a scalawag—and the most offensive example we've encountered in a long, long time. ✪

for Wal-Mart for 11 years at the company's distribution center in Plainview Texas. In 1998, he died suddenly of a heart attack.

Recently his widow, Jane, found out a disturbing fact: Wal-Mart had taken out a life insurance policy on her husband and had collected \$64,000, not one penny of which was passed along to her.

According to L.M. Sixel, writing in the *Houston Chronicle*, this is a common practice among companies—e.g. Procter and Gamble and AT&T. In fact, there is a nickname for these policies in the insurance trade: “dead peasant” or “dead janitor” policies.

Of course, corporations have routinely taken out life insurance on partners or top executives because the loss of a key figure could damage the company's ability to do business. Not so with the “dead peasant” variety. These employees are expendable. According to Sixel, Wal-Mart has insured about 350,000 low-level workers, including some in Texas. At last report, Jane Sims is suing Wal-Mart, as are other survivors.

Apparently, this is some kind of elaborate tax dodge. But whatever their rationale, AT&T, Wal-Mart, and Procter and Gamble have behaved like low-life con artists. They are literally gambling with the lives of their employees.

In many ways, this scam is worse than the corporate fraud at Enron and Citigroup, since the companies profit only if enough employees die. Wal-Mart has bankrupted a lot of Mom-and-Pop businesses by underselling them. Maybe now we know how the company does it.

Hasta la Vista, Gringo

Today over 40 percent of the kids who go to school in Texas are Mexican. Consequently, the new cry in the Houston Independent School District is: “Forget the Alamo!”

Educators have instituted a kinder, gentler Texas history, telling young folks that Texas won its independence but implying that breaking away from Mexico wasn't necessarily a good thing. As for remembering

the Alamo, schools would just as soon the Anglo students think about something else, like having safe sex with condoms.

In fact, a good deal of Texas history now is Mexican history. “Why can't we all get along?” is the central theme, and any kind of Texas chauvinism is forbidden.

Needless to say, chauvinism is as endemic to Texas as oil wells, ten-gallon hats, and the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders. It is impossible to imagine a generation of Texans who don't brag about their state, remember the Alamo, and fight back tears at the mention of Crockett, Bowie, and Travis.

Indeed, Texas chauvinism is a national treasure, like Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon, and the Declaration of Independence. People all over the world know that Texans are proud of who they are and feel sorry for folks who live anywhere else.

Second-hand books about Texas have an inflated value because Texans collect them the way kids collect baseball cards.

Paintings by dead Texas artists, no matter how poorly

done, sell for tens of thousands of dollars in the Lone Star State.

And anyone who doesn't think Bob Wills is the greatest singer who ever lived had better keep his opinion to himself.

In a time when too many Americans hate themselves, believe their country is guilty of extravagant crimes, and would love to turn the USA into a third-world country as atonement for its sins, we need as many old-fashioned Texans as we can muster.

Whatever the schools are trying to do, we predict it won't work.

When Little Tex goes home in the afternoon, Big Tex is going to ask him, “What did they learn you in school today?”

And Little Tex is going to say, “We learned that those guys at the Alamo were a bunch of bigoted gringos, who had no respect for Hispanic culture and deserved to die.”

At which point, Big Tex is going to strap on his six-shooter, mosey around to the teacher's house, and give him a history lesson he'll never forget. ✪

CSA TODAY



Alabama

The June Democratic runoff in the 7th Congressional District pitted two blacks against each other: incumbent Earl F. Hilliard and Harvard-educated challenger Artur Davis. One of the chief issues that divided them: the Middle East.



It seems that Hilliard voted against pro-Israel House resolutions, including one that simply condemned the Palestinian suicide bombers. He also paid a visit to Libya in 1997. Like Jesse Jackson and other black leaders, he has been cozy with Arab countries, a fact that did not escape the eye of pro-Israel groups in this country. They donated over \$300,000 to Davis's campaign.



This aroused the ire of the black establishment. Walter Fauntroy, once a D.C. congressman, came flying down to Alabama to speak on behalf of Hilliard. Predictably, he boiled the disagreement down to race.



"Some people [i.e., Jewish organizations] want to steal our birthright," he shouted. "They are turning the clock back to a time when people outside the African-American community chose our leaders." A curious way to put it. There are white people in Hilliard's district as well as black and some of the whites are Jews. But for Fauntroy, it was a black thing.

Appealing to the racism that bubbles close to the surface in some black communities, Hilliard attempted to portray his opponent as the candidate of the white establishment. One of his TV ads depicted Davis supporters as rich honkeys smoking cigars.

But the most interesting charge came from the Reverend Al Sharpton, who, speaking to a packed Birmingham church, called Artur Davis a "Yankee-financed outsider." It almost seemed as if Sharpton was about to whip out a Confederate flag and do a

soft-shoe dance to "Dixie."

Everyone expected Hilliard to win since he was an incumbent and since his campaign was unabashedly racist in a heavily black district. However, Davis pulled one of the biggest upsets of the political season by defeating Hilliard decisively.

It appears as if some folks are more interested in the Middle East than in black supremacy.

Arkansas

Howard Lockridge, chairman of the Technical and Industrial Department at the Stuttgart campus of Phillips Community College, is suing the University of Arkansas system, its president, and its chancellor, claiming racial discrimination. It seems that PCC hired a white man to be the next dean of the two-year college. Lockridge is black.

"But wait a minute," the school said. "You can't do that! Lockridge didn't even apply for the job. In fact, he told his supervisor he didn't intend to apply."

A three-judge panel, however, sided with Lockridge, saying that he had the right to sue, even if he didn't apply.

How's that again? Even if you don't apply for a job, you can sue if you don't get it? We can imagine millions of future lawsuits glutting the courts with innumerable plaintiffs filing every time a corporation fills a vacancy.

Of course, the plaintiffs would have to be black. That goes without saying.

Florida

You may recall our report on Dwarf Tossing as a budding sport and how a narrow-minded legislature in Tallahassee outlawed it over the protests of the dwarfs, who were making good money getting thrown from

one end of a Florida bar to the other.

Well, the spoilsports are at it again. The Jacksonville City Council has voted to ban "patron boxing" at establishments where alcohol is served. In this sport, the customers, after a few drinks, climb into the ring and beat the tar out of each other, while their fellow drinkers cheer them on.

"We need to ensure that people who go to a bar and have been drinking are not getting into a ring."

But why, if that's what they want to do? Isn't this a free country?

Unfortunately, a 23-year-old man, while engaged in his first fight at the Club Liquid, was knocked out cold and died three days later. He wasn't legally drunk, but his blood-alcohol level was .06.

A special committee of the Council considered the possibility of legitimizing the sport by mandating ringside doctors, physical exams, and drug and alcohol testing. Members finally concluded that the easiest thing to do was to ban the sport altogether.

Lee Braden, the czar of Jacksonville patron boxing, says he isn't through yet. He'll move the sport to an arena where alcoholic beverages are not sold and cater "to more of a family crowd."

Georgia

Remember the Tri-State Crematory? The story has disappeared from the front pages of the nation's newspapers, but the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* is keeping it alive with frequent updates.

Recently, Ken Poston, defense attorney for Ray Brent Marsh, who ran the crematory, invited 87 attorneys, representing those who are suing his client, to inspect the crematory site and see how well the cleanup was being handled. The trouble was, when they got there, they found human bones scattered all over the grounds, hundreds of

them, enough to make several people.

Poston called the sheriff's office. Walker County workers filled up two sacks with more than 100 bones.

David Ashburn, director of Walker County Emergency Services, wasn't a bit surprised at the discovery.

"I compare it to Civil War battlefields," he said philosophically. "They're turning up bones a hundred years later. There was no way we could remove every bone fragment without digging up four feet of dirt all over the property and hauling it off and bringing in fresh dirt."

Poston, whose case couldn't have been helped by the visit, was outraged at the poor job the cleanup crew had done. "It reminds me of a housekeeper I used to have who I paid too much and there were still cobwebs all over the house when she left. It makes you wonder where the \$8.5 million went for the cleanup." He's got a point. For \$8.5 million, Walker County could have dug halfway to China.

Kentucky

According to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, they are worried about bats at Fort Knox.

Officials there are planning to establish a new training range for tanks on government land that, on the Indiana side, currently has a heavy bat population. In another, simpler time, no one would have batted an eye. In the current political climate, however, the survival of bats is regarded by many as more important than the survival of the nation.

With these sentiments in mind, Fort Knox officials set aside a 1,000-acre "bat management area" just across the border in Indiana. Their intention was to alter the terrain while the bats were away hibernating.

But Donald S. Dott, Jr., executive director of the Kentucky State Nature Preserves Commission, disapproved of the Army's plan. When the bats come back after hibernation, he warned, they will be surprised to find their homes have disappeared.

Al Freeland, Fort Knox

Environmental Chief, assures critics that the bat management area will be bat-friendly. "You can't just say this is a bat area, and leave it," he said. "You have to go in there and do things."

Will officials at Fort Knox see the error of their ways and beat their tanks into plowshares?

Tune in next week to find out. Same bat time. Same bat channel.

Louisiana

The Watergate break-in occurred in 1972. Now, 30 years later, Ida "Maxie" Wells is back in U.S. District Court, re-suing G. Gordon Liddy for defamation of character. Wells, 53, is currently an interim dean at Baton Rouge Community College and she is upset over Liddy's charge that the Watergate burglars were looking for evidence that she was running a call-girl ring that served visiting Democrats.

Liddy cited the fact that one of the burglars had a key to Wells's desk, that the burglars had taped conversation about sexual liaisons, and that Wells had written to a girlfriend after the break-in that Republicans could have "the makings of a good moral scandal in my case." Wells claims that she was referring to a brief affair she had with a married man, which is not exactly what she said in the first trial five years ago.

After listening to testimony, Judge Frederic N. Smalkin indicated he might grant a mistrial to the defense on a technicality. He was probably just tired of hearing a rehash of a rehash.

The downside for Wells: if the judge grants the defense's motion, Dean Wells will have to pay court costs and return to Louisiana with her tail between her legs.

Maryland

The newspapers never refer to her as just Kathleen Townsend. She is always Kathleen *Kennedy* Townsend, and she is running for Governor of Maryland. Daughter of Bobby Kennedy, she is seeking stardom largely on the strength of her middle name. Sure, she has served a term as the state's Lieutenant Governor; but that is large-

ly a ceremonial office, one that could be gracefully occupied by a wooden Indian.

Recently, she made news by announcing that her running mate would be retired Annapolis superintendent Adm. Charles R. Larson, who switched to the Democratic Party, he says, because he was disenchanted with the GOP. (One wonders why. Maybe it was because Republicans in Congress fought the Clinton Administration's efforts to cut the military to the bone.)

Whatever the reason, Lieutenant Gov. Kennedy Townsend is now positioned to defeat Republican Robert Ehrlich, Jr., who is busily trying to find a Democrat to switch parties and become *his* running mate.

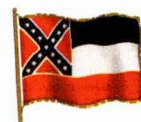
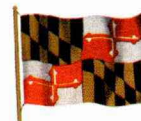
Mississippi

The medical crisis in the Magnolia State has reached critical proportions. Because of the huge number of malpractice suits filed against Mississippi doctors, many insurance companies refuse to cover them. Mississippi is the contemporary equivalent of Sutter's Mill to Yankee trial lawyers, who are pouring into the state by the carload in search of gold.

Recently, three clinics in Wilkinson announced they were losing their insurance and would have to close their doors. In fact, their insurer, St. Paul Co., will no longer write malpractice policies in Mississippi and six other states.

In order to alleviate the growing problem of malpractice suits, the Mississippi State Medical Association set up their own non-profit insurance branch, Medical Assurance Company of Mississippi. But even MACM, which covers some 65 percent of all doctors in the state, refused to insure the Wilkinson clinics, because most of the doctors there had at least one lawsuit filed against them.

So how much does medical malpractice insurance cost in Mississippi? One clinic with four doctors only received one offer from a California company: \$354,000 to cover four gen-



eral practitioners. That means that each doctor would have to take in almost \$90,000 for insurance alone, before the clinic paid the electric and water bills, the mortgage on the building, and the rest of the staff.

Sometimes it is difficult to assess blame for such a financial debacle. This time it's easy: ambulance chasers, unprincipled patients, and emotional jurors. The combination is in the process of destroying medical care in Mississippi, particularly for the poor. But then, many of them are the plaintiffs in malpractice suits that ultimately endanger the lives of their friends and relatives.

Missouri

Question: What happens when a teacher or principal does something creative in the public school system?

Answer: The perpetrator is either fired or driven out of the profession.

A case in point. Frank Fleming, a first-year eighth-grade teacher at Cass County Middle School in Creighton, told student Andy Johnson that if he refused to participate in a reading assignment involving the library, he would be disciplined. Andy refused.

In an earlier, better time, the teacher would have sent Andy to the principal's office, where he would have learned obedience from an inch-thick paddle. That was before the ACLU decided to run America's schools.

Fleming decided to let Andy's peers suggest a punishment, an arrangement to which Andy assented. The kids wrote their suggestions on a slip of paper, the suggestions were put into a hat, and Andy drew one of them. The winning suggestion: His classmates would throw jelly at him. Everybody, including Andy, laughed at the thought. Andy's mother signed a consent form.

On the agreed-upon day, Andy showed up in jeans, a T-shirt, goggles, and a shower cap. One last time, Fleming told Andy that he didn't have to submit to the jelly throwing if he didn't want to, but Andy said it was O.K. A jelly-throwing squad was chosen, and, laughing, they began hurling

blobs of jelly at a laughing Andy, while the principal took pictures for the annual.

Blanche A. Williams, a board member, said at first she thought it was a joke: "I just couldn't believe it," she harrumphed. She also opined that jelly throwing constituted a civil rights violation.

When contacted by the *Star*, Sue Thompson, an assistant professor of Urban Leadership and Policy Studies at the University of Missouri-Kansas City (whatever that means) said, "Throwing jelly at a child is humiliating. You never know what a 12-year-old would find O.K. I think sometimes kids that age are misguided in what they perceive as fun."

The moral to this story: If you can afford it, get your kids out of the public school system. It's being run by a bunch of moral idiots.

North Carolina

If you were sitting in the Catawba County Courthouse on a hot day in June, you probably heard the shot. A lot of folks did. And anyone who worked in the building must have been disturbed. After all, they knew that firearms were banned in the building.

Not to worry. It wasn't a defendant run amuck, blasting away at the judge. It was Assistant District Attorney Jason Parker and his unloaded pistol.

As he explained it, "I emptied the clip, took all the bullets out of it, racked it back twice, expecting one to fall from the chamber. I assumed it was empty. I racked it back again. The stupid gun fired." So it was "the stupid gun's" fault, the same position that anti-gun activists take.

County Sheriff David Huffman failed to grasp that fine point. After hearing from the DA that Parker would not face charges, Huffman said, "Nobody should be above the law."

But it's the gun, Sheriff. The gun did it. And a *stupid* gun at that.

Oklahoma

J.C. Watts, the only black Republican in the House, announced on July 1st

that he would not seek reelection.

"It has been a wonderful ride," he said. "It has been a wonderful journey. Of course, the work of America is never done, but I believe my work in the House of Representatives, at this time of my life is completed.... It is time to return home, to go on with other things in my life, and assuming one of the most honored titles in America, citizen."

Watts, who is 44 years old, was regarded as a rising star in Washington. Chairman of the House Republican Conference, he seemed destined to ascend to even greater heights. With Dick Armey also retiring at the end of this session, Watts might have succeeded Armey as Majority Leader one step from the speakership, perhaps the most powerful political position in government, next to the presidency.

Democratic members of the Black Caucus were just as anxious as their Republican colleagues to have Watts remain. John Lewis and Charles Rangel both urged him to stay in Washington, despite the fact that Watts was a genuine conservative, more so than many of his white GOP colleagues.

There were reports that he needed to improve his financial situation, that he was concerned with his family's future. But we also suspect that he was frustrated with the growing tendency of the Republican Party to compromise historic principles. Conservative Republicans tend to burn out quickly in Washington.

South Carolina

As far as Southern heritage advocates are concerned, the gubernatorial race this fall is between two Tweedles.

Incumbent Democrat Jim Hodges promised to leave the flag issue alone when he was running four years ago. Once elected, he became a leader in the successful effort to remove the flag from the capitol dome. So, in addition to being a scalawag, he is not a man of his word.

Republican nominee Mark Sanford supported the removal of the flag, though he took no active role in



the process.

The first round of the Republican gubernatorial primary was tiresome and generically Republican. The three major candidates attempted to out-dull each other by presenting plans for cutting taxes and spurring the economic growth of the state. They all sounded like Bob Dole with a Southern drawl.

In the runoff, Lt. Gov. Bob Peeler, who finished one percentage point behind Sanford after the first round, launched an ill-advised and transparently dishonest attack on Sanford's congressional voting record. The strategy backfired, Peeler appeared aggressive and unpleasant, and he lost by a 60-40 margin. As one South Carolina woman put it, "He sounded like a trailer-salesman which, I remind you, is a cut below a used-car salesman."

For heritage advocates, the fall campaign will probably be a double dose of Tylenol PM.

Tennessee

All along, Jimmy Naifeh, Speaker of the Tennessee House, had told folks that he would not bring his income tax authorization bill to the floor until he had the votes. For several years the state's politicians, including Governor Don Sundquist, have attempted to promote such a tax. In 2001, protesters circled the capitol in automobiles, honking horns and expressing their indignation and the bill was defeated. This year, Naifeh vowed, things would be different.

Sure enough, he finally twisted enough arms to muster a majority in support of his 4.5 percent flat-tax proposal. However, when he brought the bill to a vote, some of those very arms became untwisted; and several of his pledged supporters voted "no."

Charging around the capitol like a Pamplona bull, Naifeh held the vote open for two hours while he hauled legislators into his office and retwisted arms. But the best he could do was to persuade four colleagues to change their "no" votes to "present."

So why did House members break their promise to their powerful speaker? Maybe it was because they could hear the angry shouts of hun-

dreds of protesters outside, held in check only by state troopers brandishing billy clubs. When enough people get together, even politicians can hear their protests over the whispers of special interest groups.

The fight is by no means over in Tennessee. Naifeh's bill can be brought up again during this session; and the state is running a deficit of \$480 million. Naturally, nobody wants to cut out any boondoggles or give-away programs—nobody, that is, except a majority of the people, who are already taxed to the limit at the federal level.

Power to the people of Tennessee. For the moment, they seem to have reclaimed their government from the hogs, snuffling and gobbling at the trough.

Texas

The gubernatorial race in Texas is by no means a cake-walk for incumbent Rick Perry, a Republican who became governor when Dubya resigned to run for president.

Perry's Democratic opponent, multi-millionaire Tony Sanchez, is making friends wherever he goes. For example, he has won the backing of the Texas Medical Association, after Perry vetoed a TMA-backed bill to speed up the payment of insurance claims.

Sanchez spent \$20 million to win his party's nomination, defeating an opponent who had already run statewide and was familiar to the voters. No one knows how much he will ultimately spend by November. When New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller was once asked how much he intended to spend on his reelection campaign, he said off-handedly, "Whatever it takes." Sanchez is in the same category.

So can money really buy a statewide election in mammoth Texas? It just might. Sanchez's base consists largely of people who don't ordinarily vote: lower-incomes and minorities. So the trick is not to convert them through TV commercials and mail-outs; it's to get them to the polls. A high turnout by these traditionally Democratic constituencies

would put Perry in real jeopardy.

It's important to realize that Sanchez beat a man named Morales in the run-off, whereas the Mexican vote, legal and illegal, is not likely to be so divided in the general election. Mexicans are pouring across the border in ever-increasing numbers, and many of them end up as farm workers in South Texas. United in November, they may constitute enough of a bloc to swing the election.

This new balance of power has been in the making for years, with help and encouragement from Republicans at every level. This election may mark the beginning of Mexico's campaign to avenge the defeat at San Jacinto.

Virginia

What is the fastest growing segment of the meat industry?

Well, according to Dr. John Bargehlo, manager of Southern States Cooperative's Ruminant Nutrition and Research, it's goat meat.

Linda McNatt of the *Virginian-Pilot* reported recently that among the most successful goat raisers on this side of the Atlantic are Kevin and Paula Bracy of Suffolk. In fact, their goats are prominently depicted on the brochure for a new feed designed especially for goats raised for consumption.

The Bracys started out with 14 goats three years ago. Now they have about 325. "We raise about 400 kids a year," Kevin said.

The big question remains: Why the big jump in the consumption of goat meat?

Is your family eating more goat this year? Ours isn't. In fact, we don't know anyone who has eaten the first bite of goat, at least, not knowingly. Rabbit, squirrel, frog legs, snails—but not goat.

We suspect that most goat eaters come from the Middle East, which is one measure of how many people from that part of the world are immigrating to the United States. So goat eating may pose a threat to national security.

We're not saying that the September 11 hijackers were goat eaters, but it wouldn't surprise us a bit. ☼



Bushwhacking the Bill of Rights

BY LUDWELL H. JOHNSON

Last November, when President Bush issued an executive order establishing a system of military commissions to punish non-citizens, I asked myself, as no doubt countless other Americans did, “But what about *Ex Parte Milligan* (1866)?”

Surely George W. and his Dad had studied this landmark Supreme Court decision in the course of those searching discussions of American history they must have had during long winter evenings at the ranch. And what of Attorney General John Ashcroft, *ipso facto* learned in the law, who presumably composed the order and to whom the Milligan decision must have been as mother’s milk? The two highest law enforcers of the land certainly could not have forgotten the case, famous as it is. If they had not, they must either have found it to be unclear or ambiguous, or they must have decided to sweep it aside and take the law into their own hands.

Consider the question of ambiguity. Here are some pertinent passages from Justice David Davis’s opinion for the Court:

The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men, at all times and under all circumstances. No doctrine involving more pernicious consequences was ever invented by the wit of man than

that any of its provisions can be suspended during any of the great exigencies of government. Such a doctrine leads directly to anarchy or despotism, but the theory of necessity on which it is based is false; for the government, within the Constitution, has all the powers granted to it which are necessary to preserve its existence.... But, it is insisted that the safety of the country in time of war demands that this claim for martial law shall be sustained. If this were true, it could be well said that a country, preserved at the sacrifice of all cardinal principles of liberty, is not worth the cost of preservation.... *Martial rule* [meaning the military commissions created by the Lincoln administration] *can never exist where the courts are open, and in the proper and unobstructed exercise of their jurisdiction.* [Italics supplied.]

There seems to be nothing ambiguous about that. So maybe Bush and Company had forgotten about the case after all, or perhaps were even ignorant of it. I find it less chilling to think so than to believe they knowingly trampled on fundamental constitutional rights. In the hope that Bush and Ashcroft and the others merely blundered, and in the unlikely event that they should ever see these lines, it cannot hurt to remind them what the case was about.

The troubles of Mr. Lambdin P. Milligan, a civilian, were rooted in the extraordinary assumption of executive powers by Abraham Lincoln. Through executive orders issued by Lincoln and enforced by an apparatus presided over by Edwin M. Stanton, his rather sinister secretary of war, newspapers were shut down and many thousands of civilians were summarily arrested, occasionally tortured, and imprisoned for varying periods of time. Some were tried by military commissions, which handed down sentences ranging from light fines to the death penalty.

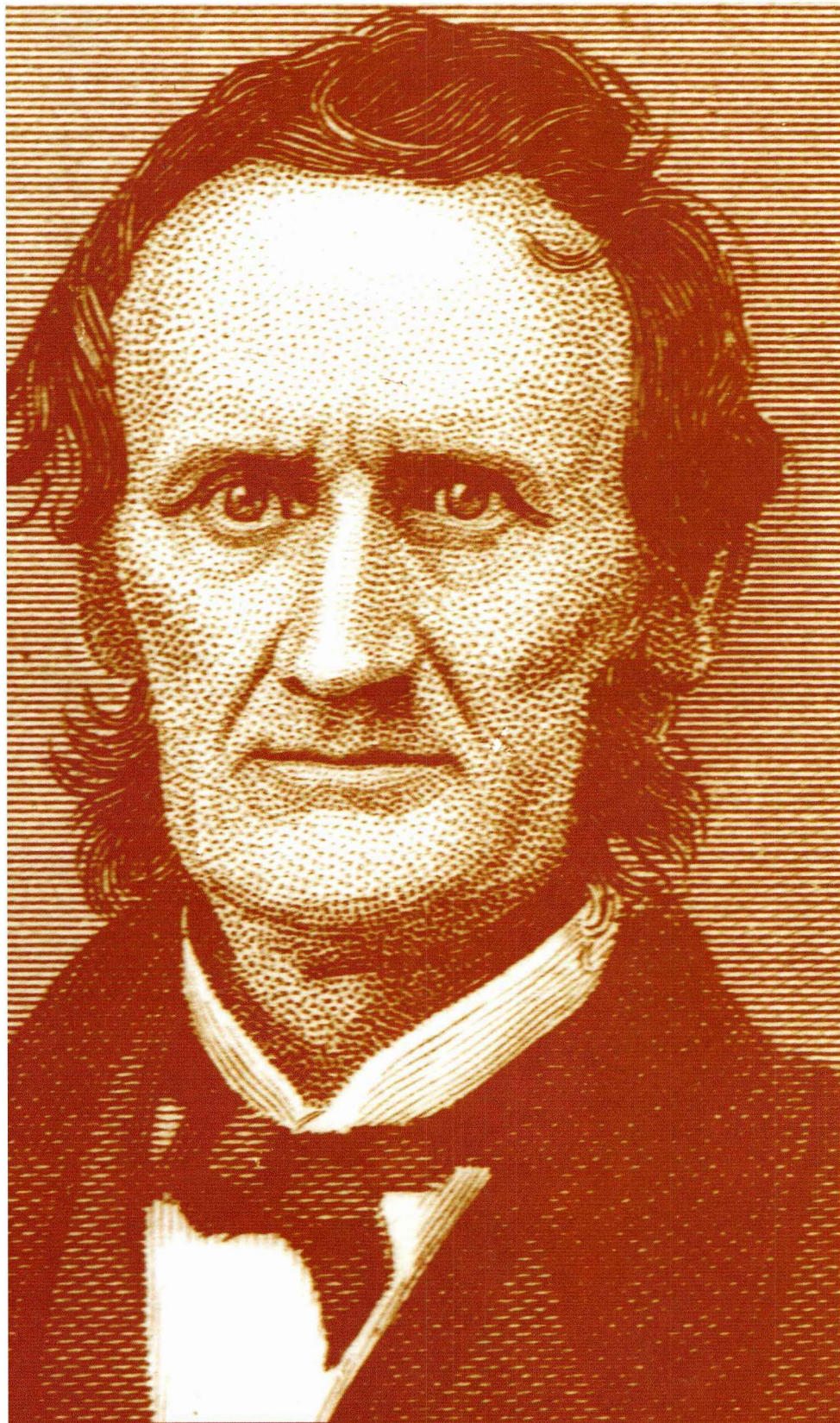
A brief reference to Lincoln’s executive order of September 24, 1862, may illustrate the charac-

ter of the policy which led to Milligan’s trial. Therein Lincoln suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* with respect to “all persons” throughout the United States who might be arrested for aiding and abetting the rebels, discouraging enlistments, or engaging in “any disloyal practice.” A disloyal act, according to Lincoln, could include not only speaking out against the war, but remaining silent when, in the opinion of the local loyalty police, one should speak out *for* the war.

Milligan was arrested and tried by a military commission in Indiana, where the civil courts were open as usual. He was convicted on charges of conspiring to liberate Confederate prisoners of war, belonging to subversive disloyal societies, and so forth. The commission sentenced him to hang. President Andrew Johnson later commuted his sentence, and Milligan lived to see his request for release on a writ of *habeas corpus* reach the Supreme Court. Luckily for him, the Court abandoned the position it had taken in *Ex Parte Vallandigham* (1864), when it disclaimed jurisdiction on the grounds that a military commission was not a court. In 1864, of course, the war was at its height. Now that it was over, the Court felt free, as Justice Davis said, to come “to a correct conclusion.”

Therefore according to the Milligan decision the Federal government has no right to try people by military commission when the civil courts, with their juries and strict rules of evidence, are open. The Constitution, said Justice Davis, protects “all classes of men.”

But George W. Bush has said quite otherwise in his Executive Order of November 13, 2001, which thrust some 20,000,000 non-citizens living in the United States beyond the pale of the Constitution. Anyone “whom I determine,” runs the order, has ever been a member of al Qaeda, or who has “engaged in, aided or abetted, or conspired to commit, acts of international terrorism,



Lambdin P. Milligan, Where Are You When We Need You?

or acts in preparation therefore," or who has "knowingly harbored such individuals" may be "detained" by authority of the Defense Department, anywhere, any time, for any length of time, subject to trial by a military commission on evidence that would have "in the opinion of the presiding officer . . . probative value to a reasonable person," without "any remedy" in any court whatever. This amounts to a declaration of martial law and a suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* for those millions of non-citizens. A few months later, it is true, after a few tepid objections in the Senate, Secretary Donald Rumsfeld announced some changes in the executive order. For example, in a paroxysm of tender regard for civil liberties, he said that those arrested would be presumed innocent until proven guilty; one wonders what the presumption had been before this modification. Neither this nor the other cosmetic tinkering presented by Rumsfeld mitigate in any way the flagrant unconstitutionality of the system. In this respect, at least, Bush has proved himself to be the equal of the Great Emancipator.

The response to critics of the Bush-Ashcroft-Rumsfeld dispensation has ranged from misleading rhetoric to staggeringly obvious misstatements of fact. As to the first, Ashcroft, huffing with indignation, asked if the government was expected to carry a Miranda rights warning to Afghanistan and read it to captives, as if the executive order applied only to that benighted country and not to the United States. But as is well known, more than a thousand individuals have been arrested in this country, imprisoned, some held incommunicado and their identities kept secret. We do not know that any have been tortured, as in Lincoln's day, but the possibility of doing so has been bruited about. As to the second, a person identified as counsel to the President stated (*New York Times*, Nov. 30, 2001) that (1) the executive order applies only to international terrorist organizations; (2) the order functions within the "American military justice system" (i.e., with courts-martial acting under the code of military justice); (3) it "preserves judicial review" in civilian courts; and (4) that the use of military commissions "has been consistently upheld by the Supreme Court."

One is reminded of an incident in Boswell's account of the meeting between Dr. Samuel Johnson and King George III. During the conversation the King asked Johnson for his opinion of a particular writer. The great lexicographer said that the man was ingenious but "had no veracity," and illustrated his point by citing an assertion concerning the use of microscopes that anyone who used them would immediately see was not true. "Why," said the King, "this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily. . . ." Similarly, anyone reading



Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War

Bush's order will see instantly that the first three points listed above are directly contradicted by the order itself, while the fourth is disposed of by *Ex Parte Milligan*. This kind of thing is quite baffling. Could it be that the president's counsel had not even read the order before he wrote his essay, or that he had never heard of the landmark Milligan case?

Bush defenders have tried to prop up the constitutional basis for military commissions by citing the Supreme Court's decision in *Ex Parte Quirin* (1942). Seven Germans, Richard Quirin among them, received training in a school for saboteurs near Berlin and then landed on the East Coast of the United States in June 1942. They were paid by and were acting under orders from the German High Command and landed wearing the dress of the German Marine Infantry, which they exchanged for civilian clothes after coming ashore. The Federal Bureau of Investigation soon apprehended the men, and President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed a military commission to try them. The Supreme Court denied the prisoners' petition for a writ of *habeas corpus* and upheld the constitutionality of the commission.

Standing alone, the language of the Court would be just what the doctor ordered for the Bush people were it not for the drastic contrast in the facts and the circumstances between 2001 and 1942. These seven men, who were spies in the classic sense of the word, were agents of a nation with whom this country was at war by declaration of Congress. Hitler's Germany and its ally, the Empire of Japan, in their full flood of military might, were a threat to the United States that surely was light years beyond anything posed by a loose organization of assassins, however ruthless they may be.

As said earlier, the Court's vision cleared up in the Milligan case after the smoke of the battle had dissipated. The same thing happened in the case of *Ex Parte Quirin*. In 1946 the corrective was administered in *Duncan v. Kabanamoku*, when the principles enunciated in Milligan were revived in all their pristine purity. The issue was the trial of civilians by a military commission in Hawaii when the regular territorial courts were open. Justice Hugo Black, for the Court, surveyed the history of Anglo-American dedication to trial by jury, starting with the Petition of Right, and quoting emphatically an earlier decision that asserted, "The established principle of every free people is, that the law shall alone govern; and to it the military must always yield." Justice Frank Murphy, concurring, made much use of the Milligan case and invoked *Federalist 83* (Hamilton), which called trial by jury in criminal cases "the very palladium of free government." Because Duncan had been convicted by a military commission and had therefore been denied his constitutional right to a fair trial, both he and a co-petitioner were released from custody. This case has not been mentioned by the Bush-Ashcroft legal praetorian guard, at least so far as I have seen.

So the great preponderance of legal and constitutional fact and argument is against the Bush system. So too is the history of the centuries-long struggle to win the right to trial by jury according to fair rules of evidence and with the right to counsel. These are the very warp and woof of the American philosophy of government.

What, then, about presidential "war powers"? After all, the great Lincoln himself

claimed that he had the constitutional right to do anything whatsoever to preserve the Constitution, which at that time meant crushing the Confederacy. Can we object to the current president taking a leaf from the book of the man Admiral Raphael Semmes called "the sainted Abraham Lincoln"?

Assume only for the sake of argument that there can be, under our Constitution, unlimited executive power in time of war. The question then arises, what is meant by "war"? The progressive debasement of the English language has deprived a growing number of words of their clear definitions. Of course, some have survived this epidemic of ambiguity; there may still be a common understanding of the meaning of the word "death," for example. "War" was once equally comprehensible, both in its legal and substantive connotations. Now it can mean almost anything: a "war" on poverty, a "war" on cancer, a "war" on drugs, and so on.

Now we have the "war" on terrorism, and the mere use of the word is taken to legitimize the application of martial law to millions of people. (As Justice David Davis wrote in the Milligan case, to claim that "martial law covers with its mantle the proceedings of this military commission" is to say that "there is an end of liberty regulated by the law.") Legality aside, just to proclaim that a war exists gives the executive and his party tremendous political leverage, leverage which can be used to carry through policies that pre-date the so-called war and have nothing to do with it.

This is a well-known phenomenon. To the American people, in time of war, the president represents the nation. Not supporting the commander-



Military Commissioners that tried Indiana conspirators in 1864.

Courtesy of the Hunting County Historical Society, Indiana

in-chief is to run the risk of being called unpatriotic, even disloyal, a possibility that makes every politician's blood run cold. As mentioned, Lincoln said that even silence could be evidence of disloyalty, just as today people are asked by total strangers, "Where is your flag?" or pin or decal or whatever. One is reminded of the Reconstruction era, when army officers could, and did, order Southerners to display the Union flag on public occasions.

There was a time when the existence of a war between the United States and another nation required a specific declaration by Congress, as stipulated in Article I, Section 8, of the Constitution. This attribute of war suffered a body-blow—not the last—when Lincoln proclaimed a blockade of the South in 1861 and thus, according to long standing canons of international law, declared war.

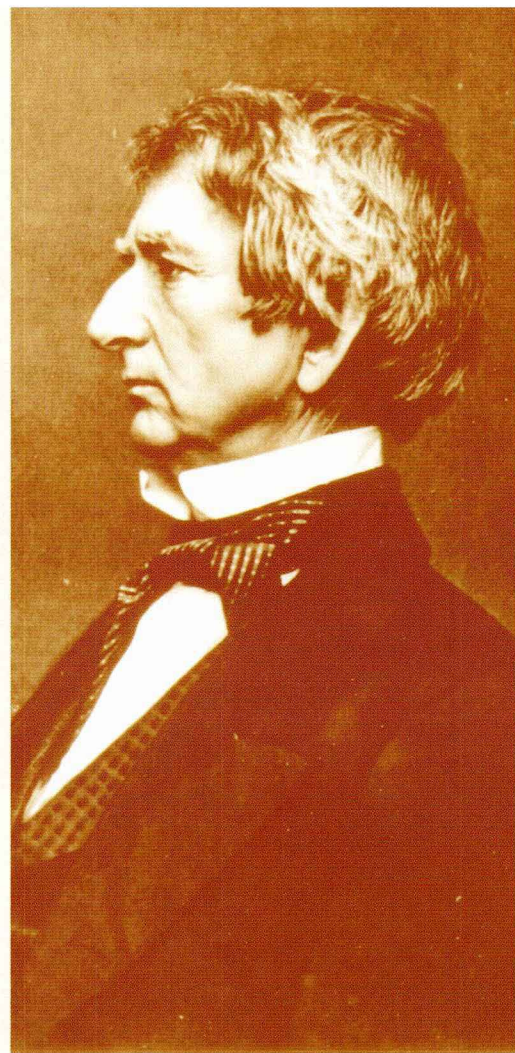
If memory serves, Congress itself has not declared war on anybody since December 1941. Subsequently, war has shed its legal garments and has come to mean large-scale military conflict with a recognizable enemy. Thus Vietnam and Korea were certainly wars by any common-sense definition, fought with large armies and costing vast numbers of casualties. The United States alone lost a total of almost 100,000 dead and 250,000 wounded. In the Gulf War, the scale of operations, the size of forces on both sides, and heavy Iraqi casualties made this a real war, brief as it was. None of these wars, it might be noted, called forth from the executive branch an assault on civil liberties such as the Bush administration has made.

What are the characteristics that can establish the "war" on terrorism as a real war, with all the

legal and political consequences that have followed from the use of the word? Not the size of our army, for we have only a few thousand troops on the ground and have suffered, happily, only a handful of casualties from hostile action. Is it then the size of the opposing forces? One of the mysteries of this "war" is the whereabouts of the enemy. In recent years estimates of the size of the Afghan (Taliban) army have run from 60,000 to 400,000. We have taken captive a few hundred men of indeterminate status. (We refuse to call them prisoners of war, even though we are supposed to be at war.) Where are the other myriad thousands?

Does our virtually unopposed bombing of Afghanistan constitute a war? If so, are we then "at war" with Iraq, which we have bombed periodically for years? Our intervention in the Balkans has not led anyone to claim we are "at war" there, although we have certainly done a lot of bombing and have had many more troops involved than we have had in Afghanistan. Has anyone called the invasion of Panama by the elder Bush a war? Wait a bit—perhaps it was part of the "war on drugs," since our ostensible reason for going there was to seize our one-time pal and ally, Manuel Noreiga, allegedly a big player in the international conspiracy to sell narcotics to Americans, a conspiracy that must dwarf in size and resources Bin Laden's al Qaeda. One wonders why Bush Senior did not anticipate Bush Junior, order the creation of military commissions, and "detain" Latino-looking non-citizens.

To give a war that scarcely anyone comes to can get embarrassing after a while. The stubborn refusal of the other side to appear makes it difficult to keep up the kind of patriotic fervor that so dramatically empowers the president and his party. Hence, one suspects, the administration's attempt to create a war-time atmosphere by its continuing series of terrorist attack alerts, with no particulars as to when, where, or how the attacks will come, only that they are looming up over us and that we should be "alert." Calling up reserves and having National Guard troops standing around air terminals looks like the same kind of stage management. Unless some bloodthirsty fanatic rushes screaming up to the gate, bomb in hand, it is hard to see just what these soldiers are supposed to do except to per-



William H. Seward, Secretary of State
 Courtesy of the Lincoln Museum, Fort Wayne, Indiana

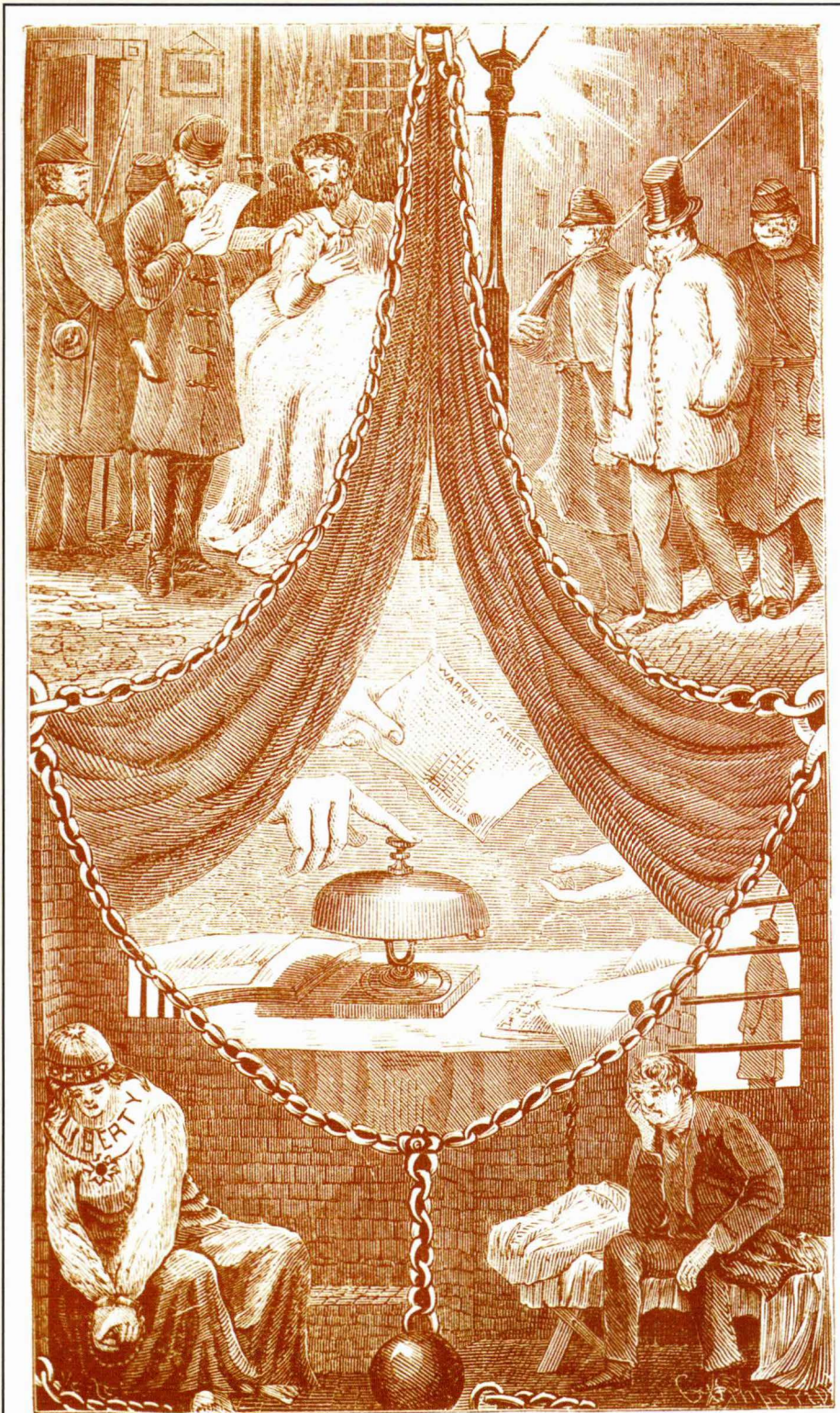
suaude people that there is a war.

Presumably martial law for non-citizens will last as long as Bush says we are at war. This is a bleak outlook for present and prospective detainees, because how will we know when the war is over? Other wars, real wars, end by negotiation or by surrender. Now it appears there are no enemy armies to surrender and no one with whom to negotiate. Meantime, detainees may rot in jail, waiting in vain for charges to be brought against them or a trial commenced. This is not the American way of doing things.

To me the most depressing aspect of the whole subject is the lack of widespread outrage at this savaging of the Bill of Rights. Yet what can be expected when the mass of the people know nothing of our history, when our citizens visit Mount Vernon, not to learn how George Washington lived but to find out who George Washington was. Even among those who are not historically challenged, the reaction to the Bush-Ashcroft-Rumsfeld regime has been at best feeble, at worst enthusiastically supportive.

I had hoped for something better from Southerners, at least. History is something that happened to their ancestors: four years of slaughter and





“THE LITTLE BELL,” 1861-65

“My Lord, I can touch a bell on my right hand, and order the arrest of a citizen of Ohio; I can touch a bell again, and order the imprisonment of a citizen of New York; and no power on earth, except that of the President, can release them. Can the Queen of England do so much?”

Secretary Seward to Lord Lyons

Courtesy the Lincoln Museum, Fort Wayne, Indiana

destruction followed by military rule. They felt the mailed fist of the Federal government, as wielded by Lincoln and the Republican Party. Had that generation heard John Ashcroft announce that “freedom is not the grant of any government, but is our endowment from God,” suggesting that Ashcroft will tell us how God defines our liberties, they would have instantly been reminded of William H. Seward’s promulgation of “a higher law than the constitution,” and of William Lloyd Garrison, who publicly burned a copy of the Constitution, calling it “a covenant with death and agreement with hell.” They would have heard the alarm bell in the night. They had bought with blood the knowledge of what it can mean to be dealt with by those who claim to get their orders straight from God.

The vast majority of Americans do not feel threatened by the Bush-Ashcroft-Rumsfeld subversion of the Bill of Rights, even those who have heard of it. A few have misgivings, such as the manufacturer of politically charged bumper stickers who was investigated by the FBI. Or the man whose locker room remarks critical of our military actions in Afghanistan provoked a visit by two FBI agents. And the college student who was called on by two Secret Service operatives because she was reported to have threatening posters on the wall of her apartment. These three we know about from a network news program; we do not know how many others may have had such experiences. Anyone who believes that to be questioned by emissaries of a government that claims the right to arrest people, try them in secret by military commissions, and hand down the death sentence does not do violence to the right to free speech is out of touch with reality. Under the Bush philosophy there is no reason why these people could not have been “detained.” It would only take another executive order.

But, people will say, “they” would never do that. Laws are made because of what *may* be done, not because of what we believe will or will not be done. That is why we have a Bill of Rights.

In *The Letters of Junius*, which was an attack on the abuse of power by the government of another George—George III—the author, Sir Philip Francis, implored his readers “never to suffer an invasion of your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by, without a determined, persevering resistance. One precedent creates another.... Be assured that the laws, which protect us in our civil rights, grow out of the constitution, and that they must fall or flourish with it.” This is as true now as it was 230 years ago. Circumstances change; principles endure. ☛

Professor Johnson is the author of North Against South and is a professor emeritus at William and Mary.

Towards a Common Culture

BY CHARLES DAVENPORT, JR.

Say what you will about public stoning; there are times when a revival of the practice seems perfectly reasonable. One such occasion was only a few weeks ago, when Immigration and Naturalization Service commissioner James Ziglar held forth on the prospect of a more restrictive immigration policy: "If, in response to the events of September 11, we engage in excess and shut out what has made America great, then we will have given the terrorists a far greater victory than they could have hoped to achieve."

The INS and the Bush administration are inexplicably enchanted by this philosophy, and the results are hardly surprising. Wandering the fruited plain today are eight million illegal aliens, a disproportionate share of them on Tar Heel soil. Between 1990 and 2000, the Triad region withered under what amounts to a cultural blitzkrieg—a nine-fold increase in its Hispanic population, from 6,844 to 62,210. It is the height of folly to pretend that such an enormous demographic upheaval is free of consequence.

While our moral superiors suggest that we "celebrate diversity," some of us remain distracted by the smoldering ruins of institutions felled by the incursion. Many local AM radio stations have abandoned English (a relic of the old order) in favor of Spanish formats. "Educational programming" therein teaches listeners, for example, how to open a bank account without a Social Security number.

At the supermarket nearest my home, English speakers are the exception, not the rule. Spanish newspapers abound; social service bureaucrats and voting ballots are available in multiple tongues; retailers are replaced by others that cater to immigrants' longing for the Third World; and even ATM machines waver on matters of language. Individually, these are little more than inconveniences; collectively, they represent the overthrow of one culture by another.

The immigration debate in the wake of 9/11 has focused on national security concerns, which are indisputably legitimate. However, the cultural fallout from an open border has been overlooked or, more likely, deliberately ignored for fear of offending the sensibilities of minorities. Yet, a bit of "intolerance" would advance both the newcomers' cause and our own.

Rather than coercing the native-born to adopt foreign ways, we should insist that Hispanic



One of two ships carrying more than 400 illegal Ecuadorean migrants to the United States is seen after being captured off the coast of the southernmost Mexican state of Chiapas. (AP Photo/Juan de Dios Garcia)

immigrants assimilate to ours. If expecting newcomers to speak English is deemed intolerant, so be it. One study after another reveals that Hispanics gain immeasurably from speaking English. And better yet, a common language will restore a measure of unity.

In a rare display of competence last month, INS officials discovered 260 illegal immigrants working at Charlotte-Douglas International Airport. North Carolinians applauded the action, with the notable exception of those obsessed with economics. Jim Johnson, a professor of management at Chapel Hill, told the Associated Press: "I don't think the federal government realizes what a pivotal role these Hispanic workers play in our economy. . . . If these legal actions continue, it's going to be like a house of cards—our economy is going to crumble." This view is shared by many otherwise rational commentators, including the editorial board of *The Wall Street Journal*.

But there are obvious flaws in that argument. First, the economic benefits of those who are here illegally are outweighed by both social service and cultural costs. Second, those alleged benefits—no matter how significant—are rendered moot by the fact that the workers are illegal. And worse, a strictly economic view ignores and undermines the assimilation ethic.

The Bush administration has not often stumbled, but its support for 245(i), legislation that

would grant amnesty to at least 200,000 illegal residents was a colossal blunder. Rewarding "citizens" who are contemptuous of American law is not only imprudent, but also nakedly political. Despite the courageous effort of Rep. Tom Tancredo (R-CO), the measure was approved by one vote in the House. On the Senate side, it will be opposed by a courageous few, including Robert Byrd (D-WV).

Rejecting 245(i) alone, however, will only temporarily check the immigration enthusiasts' advance. A diversity fetish animates our leaders, who yield without question to those who claim that all cultures are equal. In our eagerness to accommodate all people of all cultures—to be inclusive—we have destroyed every incentive that, until recently, led newcomers to assimilate.

The notion of one language, one culture, is dismissed with a sneer in favor of an oxymoronic multiculturalism. Because this perversion is so deeply embedded in the collective consciousness, restoring the ethic of Americanization will take some time. It will take longer still for those millions of newcomers to become equal partners in a common culture. Toward that end, the most logical first step is a five-year moratorium on immigration. ❖

Charles Davenport, Jr. is an op-ed columnist at the (Greensboro, NC) News & Record. His e-mail address is daisba99@msn.com.

Military Tribunals: A Bad Idea

BY J.D. HAINES

At first glance, military tribunals sound like a great idea. Catch the terrorists on their home turf, have a swift trial, and execute them. There's no risk of endangering American citizens by bringing them to the U.S. for a trial. Sensitive information can be kept out of open court. And justice is served. Or is it?

Like the majority of red-blooded Americans, I want to see the terrorists pay with their lives. Preferably they will be shot down like rabid dogs as our military flushes them out of their caves. But that's wishful thinking. Some terrorists will escape and many others are presently scattered around the world. So we will have to deal with captured terrorists for a long while. That's where the military tribunals come in.

Unfortunately, the United States has executed innocent people in past military tribunals. Under military law during the Civil War, Abraham Lincoln suspended *habeas corpus* and locked up thousands of innocent citizens suspected of subversive activity. He even tried to arrest the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. The Constitution was subverted as Lincoln used the war to assume dictatorial powers.

In Lincoln's defense, some have argued that extreme times call for extreme measures. Maybe so, but Americans don't take kindly to having their civil rights trampled upon. Conservatives find

themselves in the curious position of agreeing with their liberal friends on military tribunals as a danger to our civil rights.

Much has been made of the fact that military tribunals have a historical precedent and were used as recently as World War II by FDR. However, one historical example shows how a military tribunal went terribly wrong and should caution us concerning the potential for abuse.

The year was 1862. U.S. President Abraham Lincoln ordered the largest mass execution in American history following the findings of a military tribunal. Thirty-nine Santee Sioux from Minnesota, most of whom were probably innocent, were hanged.

How could this horrible tragedy have occurred? It happened because the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were ignored by a ruthless commander-in-chief, Abraham Lincoln.

Briefly, here's what happened. In 1851 the Sioux sold 24 million acres to the U.S. government for \$1.4 million. By 1862, white settlers poured into the country, yet the government had paid none of the promised money to the tribe. The crops failed that year, the Indians were starving, and the Lincoln government refused to pay. So a Sioux uprising resulted and some white settlers were killed.

Lincoln dispatched General John Pope to put down the uprising. In October 1862 the U.S. Army overwhelmed the Indians and Pope took hun-

dreds of men, women, and children as prisoners. Military trials, lasting an average of ten minutes each, were held for all the adult Indian males. There was no hard evidence against any of the accused and none had a proper defense. Three hundred and three men were found guilty and sentenced to death.

Lincoln, ever the shrewd politician, was concerned that such a large mass execution would be frowned upon by the European nations, several of whom were leaning towards supporting the Confederacy. In a gesture inexplicably praised by some Lincoln scholars, the president commuted most of the death sentences and ordered *only* 39 men to be hanged. The execution of 39 men who could not be shown to be guilty beyond a reasonable doubt has somehow not tarnished the image of Honest Abe.

The military has enough responsibility in fighting and winning a war against terrorism. They are doing the dirty work. The least the government can do is its part in letting our courts handle the trials and administration of justice. The reason we have a great and free country is because of our Constitution. We cannot afford to let war suspend this document, which so many soldiers and sailors have fought and died to preserve. ☪

J.D. Haines is a medical doctor from Stillwater, Oklahoma.

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM FREEHOFF

ON CONSERVATISM

I have often pointed out that "Conservatism" comes from the same root as "Conservation" and that is what it has been for me ... conservation of fundamental principles, of natural resources, of human liberty and dignity, and of the taxpayer's hard-earned dollar.

—Senator Harry Byrd (I-VA)

ON YANKEE VENGEANCE

The whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreck vengeance upon South Carolina.... I feel she deserves all that is in store for her.

—Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman, US Army

ON THE PRESS THAT OPPOSED W.J. BRYAN

Out upon you, you cadaverous hatchet-faced anglo-maniacal parvenus—you canting hypocrites, rolling your watery eyes to heaven and mouthing of God and the commandments while striving to steal by means of malicious lies the good name of honest men.

—W.C. Brann

ON STONEWALL JACKSON

To put Jackson above Grant is to place him high on the list of illustrious captains, yet the claim is not extravagant.

—Col. G.F.R. Henderson, British Army

ON PRIDE OF BIRTH

I'm a Virginian. Virginians are the most conceited people on earth. There's nothing higher you can aspire to.

—Lady Astor

ON SECESSION

I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union.

—Col. Robert E. Lee, US Army, 1861

Frank Paxton

Jackson's General of the Stonewall Brigade

BY BRYANT BURROUGHS

In October 1862, Stonewall Jackson faced a stern challenge. General Robert E. Lee officially re-organized the Army of Northern Virginia into two corps, and placed Jackson at the head of the Second Corps. Of primary importance to Jackson was the selection of a new commander for his famous Stonewall Brigade.

The Stonewall Brigade was the finest combat unit in the Confederate army. Stocked with the best sons of Virginia's beautiful and bountiful Shenandoah Valley, the Brigade earned its hallowed name by standing like a stone wall with Jackson against a Union breakthrough at the first major battle of the war. Then in the great battles of the summer and autumn of 1862, the Stonewall Brigade added to its fame as Lee repelled the Union army from the outskirts of Richmond, then nearly destroyed that army on the old Manassas battlefield, and finally fought a desperate stand against overwhelming numbers along Antietam Creek.

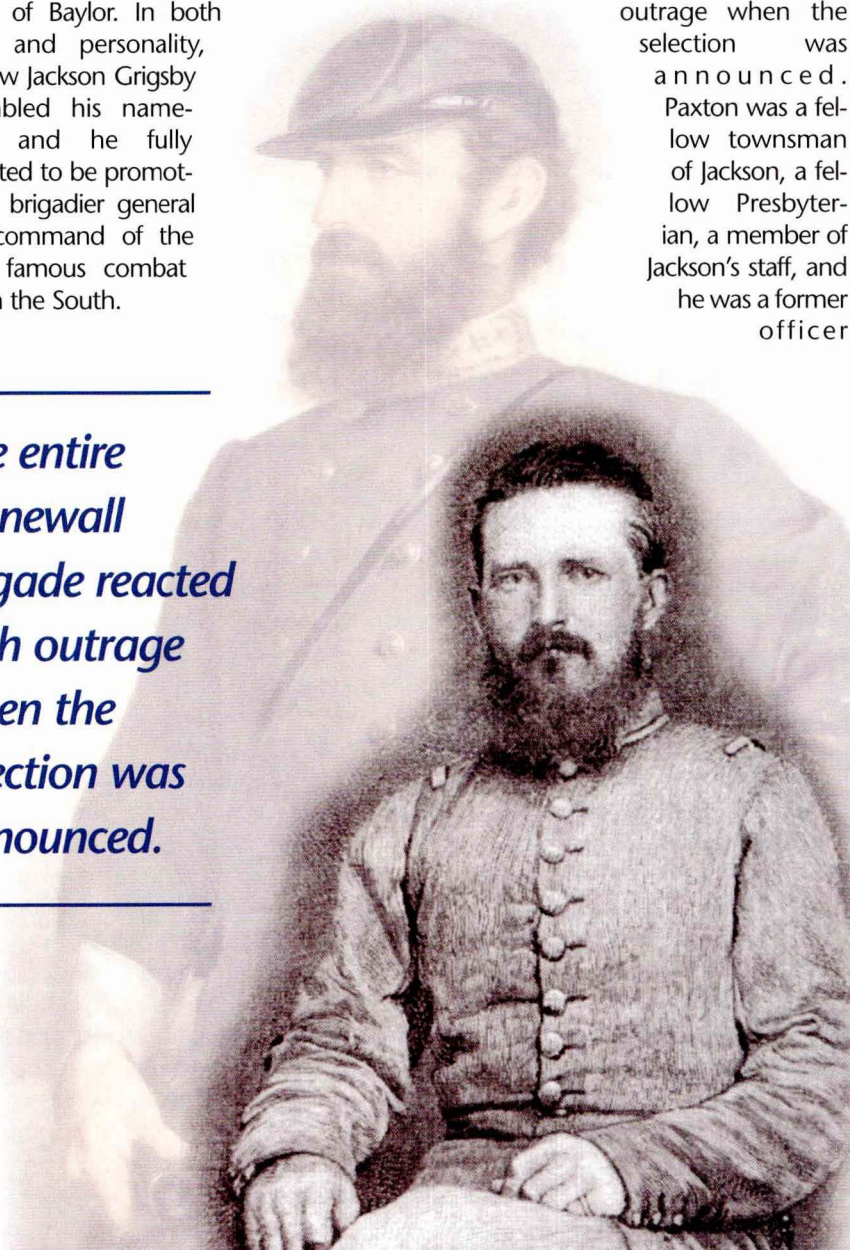
But the price of glory in war is always blood, and many Shenandoah homes were draped in mourning black for fathers, husbands, and sons who would never return. The Stonewall brigade had numbered over 3,600 able men in May 1862, but four months later when it re-crossed the Potomac into Virginia after Antietam, it mustered barely 400 men. The Brigade's commanders were not exempt from the killing. General Charles Winder had been killed at Cedar Mountain and Colonel William Baylor had led the Brigade until he fell at Second Manassas. Colonel Andrew Jackson Grigsby had assumed temporary command of the Brigade. As the shattered brigade rested on a farm four miles outside Winchester, Jackson had to select the man to whom he would entrust his old command.

The taciturn Jackson as always kept his own counsel. The officers and men of the Stonewall Brigade expected Colonel Grigsby to receive the permanent commission. He was a native of Rockbridge County in the middle of the Shenandoah Valley, attended West Point for a year, served with honor in the Mexican War, and had led the 27th Virginia regiment until brigade command had devolved upon him with the death of Baylor. In both looks and personality, Andrew Jackson Grigsby resembled his namesake, and he fully expected to be promoted to brigadier general and command of the most famous combat unit in the South.

But three days after Antietam, Jackson submitted to Richmond the name of the man that he proposed for the job, and he gave him high praise. "There is no officer under the grade proposed whom I can recommend with such confidence for promotion to a Brigadier-Generalcy," Jackson wrote. The name submitted was Frank Paxton.

The entire Stonewall Brigade reacted with outrage when the selection was announced. Paxton was a fellow townsman of Jackson, a fellow Presbyterian, a member of Jackson's staff, and he was a former officer

The entire Stonewall Brigade reacted with outrage when the selection was announced.



in the 27th Virginia who had lost his post in the April 1862 elections. And he was only a major—to be promoted over more senior officers.

No one in the Brigade was more livid than Andrew Grigsby. He angrily resigned his commission and, after swearing that he would challenge Jackson to a duel as soon as the war ended, he galloped to Richmond to plead his case directly to President Jefferson Davis. The difficult meeting between two prickly and proud men deteriorated rapidly. After heated words, Davis jumped from his chair and said, “Do you know who I am? I am the President of the Confederacy!” Grigsby bolted from his chair with equal anger: “Do you know who I am?” he raged. “I am Andrew Jackson Grigsby of Rockbridge County, Virginia, late colonel of the Bloody Twenty-Seventh Virginia of the Stonewall Brigade, and as good a man as you or anyone else, by God!” As might be expected from this exchange, Grigsby’s appeal to Davis was unsuccessful, and he retired from the army and

“I go where there is much thankless work to be done and much responsibility to be incurred. I am free to admit that I don’t like the change. Yet there is no help for it.”

returned to his farm in Lexington.

Jackson never explained his reasons for selecting Paxton over Grigsby. The only hint came in his submission letter, in which he stated that he considered none of the five regimental colonels to be capable of brigade command. Some detractors of the promotion blamed Jackson’s prejudices. W.N. Pendleton, Lee’s artillery chief and rector of the Episcopal church in Lexington, described the appointment as “a blunder.” He wrote: “Paxton is a fearless man, but very obstinate and impracticable. Sure to be disliked & so far not to be fully efficient. It is in such matters that Jackson makes mistakes. His prejudices and partialities misled him as to the merits or demerits of individuals.” Others surmised that Jackson’s piety could not overlook Grigsby’s profanity. Or perhaps he noted the high casualty rate of Grigsby’s 27th Virginia, a regiment whose battlefield losses were so

high that it was called the “Bloody 27th.” But, just perhaps, Jackson saw in Paxton the right man at that crucial moment for the Stonewall Brigade.

Elisha Franklin Paxton was a native of Rockbridge County and was descended on both sides of his family from the earliest settlers in the Shenandoah Valley. He came from the strong Presbyterian martial stock favored by Jackson: his forebears fought under Oliver Cromwell in the English civil war; his grandfather commanded a company of Rockbridge militia under George Washington in the siege of Yorktown; and his father fought in the War of 1812.

Paxton graduated from Washington College in Lexington in 1845 at age 17, took another degree from Yale University two years later, and two years after that graduated first in his class with a law degree from the University of Virginia. He began building a prosperous life in Lexington, marrying Elizabeth White in 1854, establishing a law practice, and founding the first bank in the county.

When failing eyesight due to a boyhood injury ended his law career in 1860, Paxton purchased a large estate just outside Lexington and named it “Thorn Hill.”

But sectional warfare interfered with the peaceful planter life of Frank and Elizabeth Paxton. He was a man of energy and passion, and an outspoken Democrat with strong states’ rights views. When news of Lincoln’s election reached Lexington in November 1860, Paxton forthrightly declared that Virginia should leave the Union. This opinion led to frequent disputes with many of the town’s more cautious leaders, including Dr. George Junkin, the president of Washington College, and Colonel J.T.L. Preston. These two men were the father-in-law and brother-in-law of Professor Thomas J. Jackson of VMI, who on more than one occasion replied angrily to Paxton’s arguments. The debate was so heated that at the outbreak of the war,

Paxton and Jackson were not on speaking terms.

When war flared in April, Paxton joined the hometown Rockbridge Rifles and was elected first lieutenant. The militia company was ordered along with other Shenandoah Valley units to Harpers Ferry where, under the stern gaze and relentless training of General T.J. Jackson, the units were molded into the five infantry regiments and artillery battery that comprised Virginia’s First Brigade.

Despite their pre-war political differences, Jackson was so impressed with Paxton that he named the young officer to his staff shortly after the first battle of Manassas in August 1861. After only two months on the staff, however, Paxton was promoted to major in the 27th Virginia regiment. Unfortunately, he fell victim to the Confederate re-enlistment acts that unwisely promised recruits the opportunity to elect field officers in the spring of 1862. The result of this flawed legislation was a field officer election system that all too often deprived the army of its best combat unit leaders. With his personal intensity and powerful personality, Paxton was a leader of soldiers, not a politician. He was defeated for re-election as major in the spring elections. Jackson promptly re-appointed him to the staff.

Only six months later, Paxton was named by Jackson to command the Stonewall Brigade. The new commander faced a hostile brigade. Nor was he enthusiastic about the assignment. Lacking military training and facing a brigade that was to a man insulted by his appointment, Paxton uncharacteristically doubted his ability to succeed. He confided in a letter to his wife Elizabeth: “I go where there is much thankless work to be done and much responsibility to be incurred. I am free to admit that I don’t like the change. Yet there is no help for it.”

Despite his self-doubts, his energetic leadership proved crucial in rebuilding the decimated brigade. Within two months new recruits and the return of absentees swelled the ranks to 1,200 able men, still a skeleton of its May 1862 roster count, but more men than it would have for the remaining years of the war.

He had only a few weeks to learn his officers and shape his brigade before the army in late November marched southward out of Winchester toward

Fredericksburg. The weather was bitterly cold. Paxton worked tirelessly to ease the discomfort of his men in their makeshift winter quarters, making sure that they received adequate food and medical attention.

With such efforts, Paxton quickly showed that he had mastered the demands of brigade command, and he now felt more confident in his ability to command the most famous brigade in the Southern armies. He wrote his wife: "I begin to feel that my highest ambition is to make my brigade the best in the army, to merit and enjoy the affection of my men." Combat would be the next test of his ability.

A cold icy fog covered the countryside outside Fredericksburg on the morning of December 13. The Stonewall Brigade took its position in a large wooded area at the crest of a hill on the Confederate right, placed directly behind and supporting Maxcy Gregg's brigade. Suddenly the entire Union "Left Grand Division"—half the Army of the Potomac—emerged from the fog and attacked across the plain between the hill and the Rappahannock River. Twice they were repelled, but on the third thrust they broke through a gap in the Confederate lines and overran Gregg's soldiers. Paxton furiously rushed his men forward and blunted the Federal breakthrough. The swarming counterattack drove the Union troops back across the plain in retreat, leaving behind 2,500 casualties.

As the Union army licked its wounds and Lincoln searched for a new general who could lick Robert E. Lee, the Southern army went into winter quarters the week before Christmas. Paxton's brigade accompanied Jackson to Moss Neck, the 1,600-acre estate of Richard Corbin located a few miles below Fredericksburg. While his men built rows of log cabins with dirt floors to protect themselves against the winter's cold sleet and snow, Paxton prepared a summary of the Brigade's casualties in the terrible battles of June through December 1862. He noted that the losses numbered 1,220 killed and wounded, a figure greater than the number of men he counted in the Brigade now camped in winter quarters. Even more crippling than the sheer numbers was the loss of regimental field officers. "In these losses," Paxton wrote, "are

The Wilderness was an awful place for armies to wage war, but it was especially so for the Army of the Potomac.

many whom we were always accustomed to regard as our best men."

With so many of their number gone forever, it is not surprising that the religious revival that had begun in the Army of Northern Virginia in the fall increased its sway throughout the winter. Prayer meetings were held almost nightly. The Stonewall Brigade even built a log chapel that seated more than 400 worshippers. To show his support for this spiritual work, Paxton exempted from camp duty all men who wished to help in constructing the building. When General Jackson rode over to attend the initial service in the chapel, he found the new building so packed that he had to go elsewhere.

The revival affected even the Brigade's commander. During the lull of the long, cold winter of 1862-63, the booming personality of Frank Paxton was transformed into a humble Christian. He was never without his New Testament in camp or field, and his letters to his wife began to be filled with references to God and His providential care. When Elizabeth sent him a small picture of herself, Paxton's heart overflowed in a letter to her on March 15:

I have received your miniature, reminding me of times when you and I were young; of happy hours spent, a long time ago, when I used to frequent your parlor in the hope that you might be what you are now, my darling wife. Then the present was overflowing with happiness, the future bright and beautiful. We have seen much of each other, much of life, its joys and sorrows, since then. By the grave of our first child we have known together the deep sorrow of parting with those we love forever. In this long absence of two years, we have felt the sadness of a separateness with such chance of its being forever as we did not dream of when we began life

together. May God in His mercy soon bring us together, in our dear home, never to separate again, to spend what of life is left to us in peace and happiness.

Six weeks later, just as the peach blossoms scented Virginia's soft springtime mornings, Lincoln's new general, Joseph Hooker, skirted wide to Lee's left and splashed across the Rapidan with 100,000 troops. The huge army moved into an area called the Wilderness, roughly seventy square miles of dense trees and underbrush in which swamps, bogs, and small streams outnumbered settlements. Two main roads—the Orange Turnpike and the Orange Plank Road—passed through the Wilderness, and these roads intersected at Chancellorsville, a seventy-acre clearing dominated by the Chancellor family's large brick house.

The Wilderness was an awful place for armies to wage war, but it was especially so for the Army of the Potomac. Its superior numbers of artillery and infantry could not be fully used in this wild place in which a soldier rarely could see more than fifty yards. Hooker hoped to march through the Wilderness in a day and force Lee to give combat. But Lee moved quickly to trap Hooker in the Wilderness.

Shortly after midnight on May 1, the Stonewall Brigade moved out of Fredericksburg on the plank road toward Chancellorsville. As the two armies probed for each other in the gloomy tangles of the Wilderness, Jackson devised a bold plan for a surprise strike against the much larger enemy force. Throughout the morning hours of May 2, Jackson's entire Second Corps crept silently around the Union right flank. By mid-afternoon the Confederate force emerged behind the unsuspecting Union lines. At 5 p.m. Jackson gave the order to attack, and his men screamed their fearsome, blood-freezing Rebel yell as they burst upon the surprised Federal camps. The Confederate charge drove the Union flank in panicked disarray toward Chancellorsville, where Hooker's troops were frantically toppling trees to re-build their defenses. As the exhausted Southerners stopped at nightfall to rest for the assault that would come at dawn, the awful word spread around 9 p.m. that Jackson had been seriously wounded while reconnoitering the front lines.

(Continued on Page 39)

Let the Good Times Rule

BY TED ROBERTS

I was as nervous as a crawfish in a skillet of hot oil. I'm talking about last January when the media was hyping the Super Bowl and its site: that big platter of Crawfish Etouffée we call New Orleans. What if only one percent of the ill-fed, goose-pimplily outlanders showed up in my playground: Antoinnes, The Palace Cafe, Le Richelieu Hotel, and Absinthe Bar? How would I ever get a prompt beer? How would I hear the music with hordes of New Yorkers jabbering like bluejays in my ear and offering me money to talk Southern? "Here's a fiver—just give us one 'y'all.'"

What if all these nouveau bozos from Boresville, Pennsylvania or Narcolepton, Kansas and the like discovered the Pearl Oyster Bar, the Garden District mansions, the Charles Street streetcar, or Fiorella's grocery?

In those snowy days of early January, wherever my eyes rested—on TV, computer monitor, or newspaper—there was some hypster telling the culturally disadvantaged and freezing world north of I-10 about New Orleans—my town.

Did I not hitchhike there from Memphis as a carefree lad of sixteen? And later did I not honeymoon in this city that never takes the horn from its lips or the bib from its collar? For five decades I patronized its flesh pots.

Who doesn't love food and drink and music? In the middle and late decades of the 20th Century, we went as often as my bank balance allowed. Of course there was also food and drink and music in our hometown of Memphis. And you could find the same in any solitary saloon at any county crossroads in Tennessee. But a jukebox, a Bud, and a burger does not make a Vieux Carre any more than a but-tercup makes a Springtime.

But it's not just the eats and it's not just the drinks. I've finally figured out the voodoo spell of this city that lays its dead above ground so they don't have to dig themselves out to get a beer: It does not



age like we mere mortals. It stands on the banks of the river of time and gives that mighty tide a big juicy raspberry.

The Quarter, an epicurean square mile of sensuality worshipped by the likes of Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote, never changes.

Bodies decay, desire wanes, and gardenias lose their fragrance, but Antoinnes, forever young, presents virtually the same menu it showed us the first weekend of our honeymoon. And the Bourbon Street strippers have evidently found the elixir that Ponce de Leon sought. He should have taken a right turn at the Florida panhandle.

We, who have heard too many tick-tocks of life's clock, love a world that stands as still as the statue of Andrew Jackson in the Square. His rearing stallion hasn't come to earth yet. And it seems to me that around the square the same painters dab at the same pictures they began on February 6 of '51—our first visit to New Orleans—the second day of our honeymoon.

That was a while ago. So it's a comfort to feel a corner of the world standing still instead of whirling beneath your feet. Canal Street, with minor variations, looks the same except now it's louder and merrier with a glittering gambling casino that'll eat up your Antoinnes money at the dice

table if you're not careful.

Me and my wife, we still drive down annually. We're like most smart Alabamians. When we've got gas money (and we're sick of Colonial bread and those ghastly hot dogs without skin), we head south for New Orleans.

No doubt about it, New Orleans is our kind of town—full of wise, plump, and beautiful people who know it's better to eat hearty and check out early, than hang around forever starving and cranky, with your bones on display. What is it about this stew pot called New Orleans? Why do alley cats in the Vieu Carre eat better than bankers in Chicago's loop? A bad meal here is as rare as frostbite.

New Orleans is a city where the St. Charles streetcar runs all night (and New York is the city that never sleeps?). Neighborhood pals go from bar to bar led by a band (And Las Vegas is Fun City?). Where ten bands are blowing in two square blocks of the Quarter (And Nashville's Music City?). Furthermore, I'm telling you there's more good food simmering, baking, frying, sautéing, just between Canal Street and Esplanade than in all of Paris, France.

Our last trip found us at the Commander's Palace. It's off our beat, so we often miss it. But here we are at last.

Mecca, Jerusalem, the Mountain Peak of the meditative Buddhist. The Shrine where the High Priest wears a chef's hat. Commander's Palace has been there since 1880. For the last 30 years, since I've been reading newspapers and food magazines, it's rarely excluded from the Top Ten Restaurants of America. That's high society!

We order in whispers. My wife has a veal chop that would stop traffic at Spagos. I have panned Gulf Fish with some kind of a white sauce that I can't pronounce. It is served with puffy, pink, roasted oysters. They don't lie down flat and dead on the plate, but perch plump and juicy on the rim—happy, I'm sure, to be here in Commander's Palace instead of some oyster joint on Bourbon Street. It's a fancy place, but I can't control my yearning eyes that focus on the gravy. And my left hand, that's groping for a crisp roll, won't obey my brain. The sauce is fast evaporating from my plate. But I wait 'til my dinner companions are watching the lady in the Saran wrap blouse. "Could that be Britney Spears?" I say. They follow my pointing finger. I shine my plate with a chunk of crisp French bread.

Besides Commander's Palace,



here're a few eclectic tips for New Orleans visitors:

1) Always order bread pudding *before* the meal. Count the raisins—it should have at least ten per cubic inch. If it has less, jump up and leave like you got crawfish in your pants. Eschew the meal. A non-raisined bread pudding, a rarity, is a sure sign of kitchen ignorance.

2) Everybody knows about the flea market on the river fringe of the Quarter, but noy everybody knows about Fiorella's Cafe across the street. A breakfast to die for. Same for lunch. Just a joint on the jivey side of town; but cheap and tasty. Full of locals with dogs called Etoufée and cats named Jambalaya by their food-obsessed owners.

3) Likewise, everybody knows that any soup worth its salt is improved by sherry. But in New Orleans—from the Pearl Oyster Bar to the Palace Cafe—they serve sherry *with* the turtle soup. Just pour to taste, and it doesn't cook away. Hmmm. I'll try that on the family next time I concoct one of my enveloped soups.

4) That delicious remoulade sauce is easy as pie to make at home. It's basically Dijon mustard (or any hot, coarse mustard), vinegar and paprika. Maybe a little

mayo. Yeah, I know. The recipe is in a thousand cookbooks. But on this trip to the Desiree Oyster Bar, I noted a tantalizing, exotic ingredient. Holding my knife, that had just chopped up a soft shell crab, to the waiter's throat, I demanded the secret ingredient. Terrified, since he'd seen my work on the crab, he sang like a canary. "Horseradish," he screamed. I'll try that on my helpless family, too.

5) I thought I knew every eatery in the Quarter, but it took me a couple dozen visits before I bumped into the Palace Cafe—on Canal—near Royal. (Who looks for elegant eats on Canal?) "Mon Cherie," I whispered to a bowl of bouillabaisse, "why are you hiding here on Canal while I stuff my face with doughy Po' Boys on Bourbon Street?" Wow!!

My final tip: Always bring an individually wrapped praline back to your stay-at-home friends. They'll never guess the price: \$1.25. Some day *they* will take a trip and bring you a box of Godivas!

What is it about New Orleans and food? A city where they serve Tournedos Béarnaise followed by bread pudding (with plenty of raisins) and rum sauce to felons in the local lock-up. Why is it that even fifty miles out of town in a hamlet improbably named Picayune, Mississippi, they give you French fries and gravy? Gravy on fries? What an awesome concept. Escoffier in his Paris mausoleum is smiling. They should have buried him in this city that never misses a meal, never turns off the stove, never removes the napkin stuffed in her collar—New Orleans. ★

www.bannedfilms.com
Now available on VHS and DVD!
 Now offering the reprint of a rare diary of a Jewish Confederate private!

The Twelfth Annual Confederate Heritage Conference

BY WALTER D. KENNEDY

Observing the sincere patriotic outpouring of the people of Richmond on the dedication of a monument in honor of General Stonewall Jackson, Rev. R.L. Dabney stated, "There is life in the old land yet!" Obviously, even after the tragedy of Appomattox and Reconstruction, Southern Nationalism was still alive in the "old land."

Often the defenders of the South feel as surrounded and encircled as that hapless Damn-Yankee general at the battle of the Little Bighorn. But take heart dear Southrons, there is life in the old land yet! The South, full of vibrant life, was seen by more than seven hundred folks in Monroe, Louisiana this past May.

Thanks to two Southern stalwarts, Pastor J. Steve Wilkins and Mr. Walter Trisler, a discussion on the lack of cultural enrichment for present-day Southerners resulted in the establishment of the Southern Heritage Society. This group's objective was to bring to the Monroe, Louisiana area an event that would promote a positive view of Southern culture. The first annual meeting was held in 1990 with more than 75 people in attendance. From this humble beginning, annual conferences with 600 to 800 people in attendance are now common.

This annual event is actually a confederation of four main activities: (1) Nationally known speakers address issues that seem to drive liberals mad; (2) Southern cuisine, including a free cook-out, is provided; (3) A Confederate Ball with music provided by the very unreconstructed 12th Louisiana Band, is held; (4) A Confederate Bazaar, including all things Southern and unreconstructed, is held. All of these activities are held in a Christian environment where the old religiosity of the South is evident.

The centerpiece of this event is a

series of lectures given by noted defenders of the South. Heading the list of speakers for this year's event was Dr. Thomas DiLorenzo, author of the best-selling book, *The Real Lincoln*. Other speakers included Pastor Michael Schneider, Pastor Steve Wilkins, and myself. Schneider expounded on the life of an ardent defender of the South, Rev. Benjamin Morgan Palmer of South Carolina. Patrick Henry's legacy of defending constitutional liberty was the subject of Wilkins's address. The mythology of American slavery and the ridiculous demands for slavery reparations were the subjects of my lecture.

Listening to Dr. DiLorenzo's speech, I realized that this resident of Maryland was giving the best defense of the Southern cause I had ever heard. In his speech, Dr. DiLorenzo discussed that no Southern State felt "the despot's heel" as early as did Maryland. Because he dared to speak against King Lincoln, Marylander Francis Scott Howard, the grandson of the man who wrote the "Star

Spangled Banner," was stripped of his civil liberties and thrown into prison by Abraham Lincoln. The tyrant's heel, which first crushed the free State of Maryland, would soon after trample the vineyards of freedom throughout the South. While Dr. DiLorenzo spoke, these words from "Maryland! My Maryland!" kept running through my mind:

I hear the distant thunder-hum
Maryland! My Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland! My Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come!
She'll come!

Maryland! My Maryland!

This prayer sung for Maryland is now sung for all of the South. Because of events such as these hosted by the Southern Heritage Society, I have no doubt but that the vindication of the South is at hand. "There is life in the old land yet!" ❖

Hundreds of Southerners gather for a cultural celebration in Monroe, Louisiana. Featured speakers were Tom DiLorenzo, Steve Wilkins, Donnie Kennedy and Michael Schneider.



Southern Horse Sense

BY RALPH GREEN

The very word "cavalry" summons images of knighthood. Riding to war seemed a genteel way to serve one's country, as well as an opportunity for an adventurous life. In addition, mounted duty was a much more appealing prospect than plodding along on foot in the infantry or bouncing along on an artillery caisson. The apparent easy life of a cavalrman generated resentment among foot soldiers who were vocal in expressing their feelings about the men they saw as privileged and carefree. However, cavalrymen actually did not live easy lives.

During inactive times, when not engaged in aggressive action or defending against an attacking enemy, other branches could loll around their camps with little more to do than answer roll call and stand an occasional drill, responsible only for themselves. Not so the cavalry, who remained constantly in motion as pickets, scouts, couriers and escorts, even in the worst of weather. Survival depended on the well-being of their horses, so no matter how weary or ill they might have been, the cavalry had to water, feed, groom, exercise and generally care for their mounts every day. Life was no "bed of roses" for the horsemen.

The cavalry of Lee's army enjoyed a broad base of good leadership. At the top was the extrovert James Ewell Brown "Jeb" Stuart, courtly, image-conscious, open, capable, a leader who earned the devotion of his men. Expanding his personal abilities, Stuart chose excellent subordinate leaders such as Fitzhugh Lee, "Rooney" Lee, Tom Rosser and John Pelham. He also employed an efficient staff system that greatly benefited his command. And he needed all the help he could get. At the start of the war, the Southern cavalry enjoyed an advantage in the caliber and capabilities of its horses and their riders. However, even in the early days

there was a widespread shortage of appropriate weapons. Types and numbers of weapons varied widely throughout the service. More than a few units went to battle with makeshift weapons. The most effective means the Southern cavalry had to secure proper arms, ammunition and equipment was to capture them from Northern troops. That worked for a while and whole regiments were reportedly outfitted with Northern weapons. That method, however, had limitations and grew less dependable as the war went on.

Jeb Stuart became the preeminent horseman in Virginia after First Manassas. By December he was a brigadier general in command of all horsemen on the Alexandria Line, a move not wholly supported by some other cavalry leaders who felt his advancement was due to connections rather than merit. But Stuart "hung in there" and went on to earn the respect and admiration of most of his fellows. After many successful clashes with his Union foes, Stuart took his men on an audacious ride around

McClellan's Union army. He completed his intelligence-gathering mission, destroyed Northern resources, and brought back 164 prisoners and 250 captured animals, all at the relatively small cost of one officer killed and several troopers wounded. His one-hundred-mile circuit was great for Southern morale and generated many plaudits. Even the Northern press chimed in with praise.

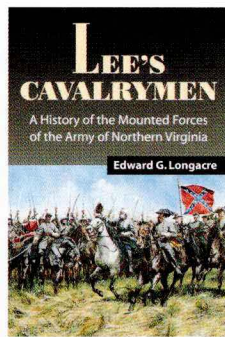
Following Stuart's promotion to major general, Brigadier General Wade Hampton joined Stuart as commander of Stuart's 2nd Brigade. Hampton was older than Stuart, and his more conservative leadership style was in marked contrast with Stuart's flamboyance. While each grew to respect the other, Hampton would always be Stuart's subordinate rather than a friend. A competent and able leader, Hampton was to con-

tribute greatly to Stuart's efforts over the next two years. As the war went on, the Yankee cavalry drew on a seemingly inexhaustible supply of horses, weapons and equipment. At the same time, the Confederates were being dragged down by the growing scarcity of those same items. In October of 1862, Stuart once more led a raid into Union territory, this time through Maryland into Pennsylvania and back, a second circle of the Army of the Potomac in four months. This was in essence a foraging expedition, seeking horses, weapons, and supplies as well as intelligence. Although this feat was good for Southern morale and once again generated acclaim even in the North, there was some question as to its value. The adjutant of one Virginia cavalry regiment called the event another of "Stuart's foolish raids."

The cavalry performed heroically against the Yankees, fighting in battle after battle with outnumbered forces. As with all human endeavors, there were lapses, and one was perhaps fatal to the Confederate cause. That was the absence of Stuart at a critical time when Lee needed him, before and during the battle at Gettysburg. The cavalry responsibilities for guarding the approaches to the Southern troops were demanding and draining. They clashed almost constantly with their Northern counterparts as each jabbed at the other in scouting raids or intelligence missions. Wade Hampton was conscientious in watching for his men's well-being. Assigned to cover both the Rapidan and the Lower Rappahannock, he found his effective force to be fewer than 750 officers and men present for duty and with serviceable horses.

Although said to be in good spirits, the men were in terrible condition, lacking good weapons, sufficient ammunition, proper equipment, even clothing. He proposed to Stuart that both of his brigades be allowed to remount and refit in North Carolina. When Stuart rejected his request, Hampton appealed to Robert E. Lee. Regretfully, Lee also disapproved the request. Hampton then tried to reduce the burden by asking for infantry to assume picket duty on the Rapidan. This too was disapproved, primarily due to a lack of manpower. The frustrated Hampton told his sister he was afraid that with the way things were going, the Yankee cavalry would soon be better than the

(Smoke continued on Page 39)



**Lee's Cavalrymen:
A History of the
Mounted Forces of
the Army of Northern
Virginia, 1861-1865**

by Edward G. Longacre;
Mechanicsburg,
Pennsylvania: Stackpole
Books, 2002, 480 pages, 30
photos, 19 maps, \$36.95

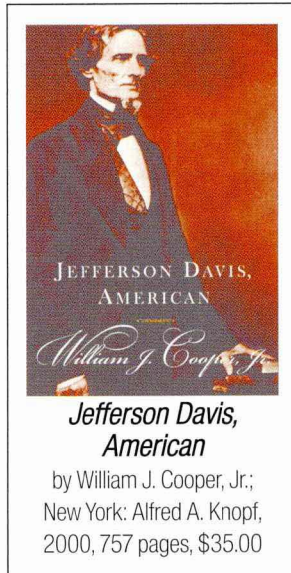
Why should I read this book when I've got NASCAR to watch?

BY TOMMY M. STRINGER

I ask this question because the subject of this biography shares a common trait with those boys who pound the asphalt circle each weekend. No, I am not suggesting that Dale Earnhardt could have been President of the Confederacy or that Jefferson Davis could win the Winston Cup (though I would not have bet against either). I am merely observing that these men possess a rare commodity: the respect of the Southern male. As I mull over the life of Jefferson Davis, I can

hear the muffled roar of Dale Earnhardt, Jr.'s car as it is being tested on the short track near my office. I came by the track early this morning and dozens of spectators were already looking over the fence for a glimpse of the young Intimidator. Judging from their attire, they were mostly blue-collar men who would not normally be described as hero worshipers. Seeing them reminded me that Southerners today love Dale Earnhardt for the same reason that our ancestors loved Jeff Davis. We respect sacrifice.

Jefferson Davis has always occupied in my mind a distant third in the southern trinity behind Lee and Jackson. His rumble-seat position probably comes from the inevitable comparison between the performances of the Confederate Army and the Confederate government during the War. I have always had the uneasy feeling that our ancestors' choice of President led to our downfall. It was not until I read William Cooper's new biography of Jefferson Davis that I realized the magnitude of his task and the dedication with which he carried out his duties. Unlike Lee and Jackson, whose talents were not discovered by the general population until the War started, Jefferson Davis had been a success in every meaning of the word. He was a wealthy planter and Mexican War hero who had dominated Mississippi and national politics for twenty years. In 1860, he occupied a position of national political prominence that would have ensured him presidency of the United



States had the War not started. Like Lee and Jackson, he believed in the Constitution and willingly sacrificed his position when his home state called for his loyalty.

Cooper begins his biography of Jefferson Davis with an apology. Not an *apologia* of the South, as Davis and other Confederate leaders wrote after the War, but rather an apology to the reader's sensitivities for Davis's modern sin of racism. We should

remind ourselves that it was not that long ago that this kind of silly disclaimer would be unheard of, much less required in a biography of a historical figure of Jefferson Davis's stature. To modern Constitutionalists, the reputations of Lee, Jackson, and Davis remain untarnished, but liberal readers cannot stomach history unless it is sterilized, and as a result, the contributions of any slaveholder have become suspect. For the reader, a better place to begin the book is the Epilogue. It is here that we get a true glimpse of how the biographer perceives his subject. In a brief four pages, Cooper paints a picture of a man who never wavered from his principles.

Cooper mercifully limits his only apology to the Preface and reminds us that Davis, like almost every white American and European of that era, believed in the superiority of the white race. In the chapters that follow, he outlines Davis's defense of slavery while a Senator and discusses the then widely held belief that slavery was more humane than the exploitation of free labor that was happening in the North and Europe. Ultimately, a man is judged by his treatment of others and Cooper spends several pages discussing the treatment of slaves at Brierfield, Davis's plantation. According to Cooper, Davis recognized the importance of slave families and seldom sold slaves off of the plantation. He brought in Baptist and Methodist preachers to minister to the slaves' spiritual needs (the

whites had to settle for an Episcopal priest) and, unlike his peers, he used a black overseer to manage the daily operation of the plantation. One of Davis's more inventive ideas was the creation of a slave jury system where the slaves judged the actions of their peers. The evidence suggests that the slaves understood the need for crime deterrence with Davis only stepping in to reduce the sometimes-harsh punishments meted out by the jury.

Davis's defense of slavery rested squarely on his belief in the Constitution. His dedication to it guided him on a narrow course through the political compromises of the 1840s and 1850s, and his relationships with Calhoun, Clay, and Webster are extensively discussed. As war clouds darkened, Cooper portrays Davis as a moderate who tried unsuccessfully to compromise with Presidents Buchanan and Lincoln. To his credit, Cooper presents Lincoln as a backwoods lawyer who was woefully ignorant of the South's position and unwilling to discuss compromise. The final ascendancy of the Republican Party in 1860 and their adherence to the belief in a "higher law" that could usurp the Constitution forced Davis to admit that the union could not stand.

The second half of the book thoroughly discusses Davis's actions during the War and analyzes his tendency to micromanage his generals (with Lee being the exception). Cooper also outlines the tremendous problems encountered by Davis as he attempted to set up an entire government, and reveals the complex personalities of the Confederate Cabinet. A man's character is best discovered when he has lost everything, and the pages that deal with Davis's loss of position, wealth, and dignity are the hardest to read. Though all Southerners tasted defeat when the War ended, it was not until Davis emerged from the hardship of prison that his countrymen realized his sacrifice and determined that he was truly a hero.

This biography retells the Book of Job, relating the events of a man who had achieved everything, lost everything, but never faltered in his faith in God or his fellow Southerners. Whenever a biography such as this is published, we can almost

hear the beautiful people lamenting yet another yawning bio of a DWD (dead white dude): Don't these crazy neo-Confederates have any shame, reading a book about a treasonous racist? Fortunately for us, other than his initial bow to the altar of political correctness, Cooper has given us an exhaustive and sympathetic biography of a man whose character should be studied by anyone desiring higher office. We know that this will not happen. The character traits of honor, loyalty, and self-sacrifice are foreign ideas in our age when politicians are motivated by nothing more than brute passion.

Second to One

BY R.T. VALENTINE

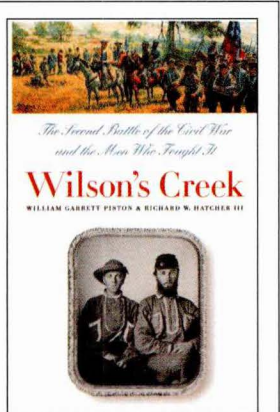
The plethora of large-scale battles east of the Mississippi has long since occupied the attention of War Between the States scholars and enthusiasts alike. To many, the Trans-Mississippi Theater is "terra incognita" and its events have been relatively overlooked. Such a case has at least been remedied with a new work on the battle of Wilson's Creek, "perhaps the least studied major battle of the war," according to the authors, William G. Piston and Richard W. Hatcher. Preceding accounts of the battle have either focused on the battle itself, without a suitable analysis of the campaign that shaped it, or examined the campaign with only a brief summary of this exciting and interesting "Second Battle of the Civil War." The authors have produced an excellent synthesis of both campaign and battle, shattered some of the existing myths surrounding the Civil War in Missouri, and provided a unique view of the men who fought at Wilson's Creek with their communities.

The community-level approach reflects recent trends in what is called "New Military History." Since few manuscript letters have survived, the authors gleaned many of the participants' accounts from letters published in local newspapers throughout Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Iowa, and Kansas.

The motives of those states responding to Lincoln's call for 75,000 men were not entirely pure. The Germans of St. Louis signed up to protect their adopted Fatherland from "treason," as did many of their American-born brethren in Iowa and Kansas. While most of these communities were against slavery itself, Iowans and Kansans especially saw the institution as a threat to free-white labor. Kansans tended to be outright abolitionists (unhealed wounds from "Bleeding Kansas"), but even they desired to "preserve the Union, punish traitors, and restore National honor" in that order and generally expressed little sympathy for the slaves encountered during the campaign. This feeling was echoed in the 1st Iowa, where escaped slaves were returned to their masters and free blacks were used as servants. One member of the Burlington Zouaves recalled how unpopular abolitionists were in Iowa; his companions were only concerned with the effects of slavery upon the institution of free-white labor.

The people of Missouri were generally ambivalent over these questions and hoped for some sort of compromise when their convention rejected secession (March 1861). Lincoln's proclamation, issued without calling Congress into special session, changed this situation, however.

Governor Claiborne Jackson refused to call out the state militia to suppress sister states but instead ordered it to assemble for training. This was done in response to further illegal activities propagated by the Lincoln administration. Captain Nathaniel Lyon was authorized to raise a force to protect the Federal arsenal in St. Louis; since only Congress had the constitutional right to expand the armed forces, Lincoln's order was simply illegal. Many of Lincoln's actions to preserve the Union entailed the suppression of the Constitution he was sworn to protect, so this comes as no surprise. Lyon went on to declare his army the only legal militia of Missouri and was appointed brigadier-general by its



Wilson's Creek: The Second Battle of the Civil War and the Men Who Fought It

by William Garrett Piston and Richard W. Hatcher, III; Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2000, 464 pages, \$37.50

BOOKS OF THE SOUTH

"Truth is Error's Best Antagonist"

THE REAL LINCOLN: A NEW LOOK AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN, HIS AGENDA AND AN UNNECESSARY WAR by T.J. DiLorenzo, 272 pp.\$24.95

STONEWALL JACKSON'S BOOK OF MAXIMS ed. by J.I. Roberts, 144 pp.\$16.95

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA by President Jefferson Davis, 516 pp. (First time available since 1890. Should be in the library of every Southern home.)\$42.00

A COMMITMENT TO VALOR: A UNIQUE PORTRAIT OF R.E. LEE IN HIS OWN WORDS ed. by Rod Gragg, 144 pp. (A handsome little book idea for a gift.)\$12.99

UNION AND LIBERTY: THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN C. CALHOUN ed. by R.M. Lence, 656 pp.\$25.00

QUEEN OF THE CONFEDERACY: THE INNOCENT DECEITS OF LUCY HOLCOMBE PICKENS by E.W. Lewis, 288 pp. (The only woman to have her likeness engraved on Confederate currency.) \$24.95

JUDAH T. BENJAMIN: CONFEDERATE STATESMAN by R.D. Meade, 456 pp. (pb) (The only Jew to serve in the President's cabinet on either side.)\$17.95

THE SOUTHERN ESSAYS OF RICHARD M. WEAVER ed. by J.J. Thompson, 286 pp. (Note: Southern author)\$20.00

"AND ONE WAS A SOLDIER": THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE OF R.E. LEE by Bishop Robert R. Brown, 125 pp.\$19.95

CAN THE SOUTH SURVIVE? by M.A. Grissom, 705 pp. (The author's first book was SOUTHERN BY THE GRACE OF GOD, 592 pp. \$22.95)\$19.95

DOUGLAS SOUTHWALL FREEMAN by David E. Johnson, 476 pp.\$27.50

COMPLETE TALES OF UNCLE REMUS by Joel Chandler Harris, 875 pp. (Br'er Rabbit says, "Please don't buy this book!" Rich in stories and drawings. Unreconstructed!)\$35.00

Dr. C.E. Baker

652 - 16th Avenue, N.W.
Birmingham, Alabama 35215

P. & H. \$2.50 First Volume, \$1.50 thereafter
Personal Checks Welcome, No Credit Cards.

(205) 854-2690

or (205) 853-0967

colonels, an act sanctioned by President Lincoln, who then authorized the unconstitutional creation of a Reserve Corps (Home Guard), which Lyon proceeded to fill with more troops.

Lyon then went on to use this ill-begotten army to capture a portion of the legally-raised Volunteer Militia encamped outside St. Louis (Camp Jackson) in May. Visitors entered the camp freely, where a carnival-like atmosphere prevailed, as was often the case with militia musters. Lyon himself entered the camp disguised as an elderly woman, heavily veiled to hide his face and flaming red beard (with two pistols under his lap robe) in order to search it out. He was later applauded for his daring and ingenuity, in stark contrast to the ridicule Jefferson Davis received upon his capture four years later when he was alleged to have worn women's clothing while attempting to make his escape. When Lyon escorted his captives into the city, a riot ensued (the "Camp Jackson Massacre"), resulting in the killing and wounding of several citizens. It had been Lyon's idea to "punish" the traitors before their muster period was over; after doing so, he still lacked the legal authority to demand their parole, but that hardly stopped him.

The authors offer a different portrait of Lyon, whose actions are often justified (and with his death at Wilson's Creek sanctified) in order to "save" Missouri for the Union. He saw himself as the divine instrument for punishing secessionists. In his "straightforward" way of thinking, the ends justified the

means—slavery was evil since slaveholders were secessionists, secession was treason, and treason must be punished. Lyon was a fervent nationalist whose creed was duty, honor, and country, part of the catechism taught at West Point. As an officer before the war, he inflicted severe punishments for minor infractions—he was a tyrant with "a nearly psychopathic appetite for inflicting pain," as further evidenced by the complete annihilation of an Indian village in California in 1850. In 1861, Lyon "declared war on Missouri" and the ensuing campaign would be his "punitive crusade."

Lyon's ability to wage his punitive crusade was at best questionable. In early August, he embarked on a series of fruitless marches and countermarches to locate the Southern force in temperatures of over 100 degrees fahrenheit. During the skirmish at Curran Post Office (August 3) Lyon needlessly exposed his infantry to the fire of his own artillery, "reflecting considerable inexperience, if not outright ineptitude," according to the authors. They also contend that "the war in Missouri had become a personal vendetta that warped Lyon's judgment." Sheer physical exhaustion led to erratic decisions, to the point where Lyon was compelled to hold councils of war to determine succeeding courses of action; on the eve of Wilson's Creek, "this once fiercely-independent Connecticut Yankee virtually abandoned command of the army." During the opening stages of the battle, Lyon attacked with only a fraction of his force, which gave

the surprised Confederates time to rally and withstand further assaults. His resulting martyrdom has (until now) largely obscured any objective analysis of his military proficiency.

Lyon's own soldiers were often the instruments of his chastisement. Since he would not protect the property of "traitors," he watched as his men pillaged the Governor's mansion in Jefferson City (June 15). Distinctions between "loyal" and "disloyal" citizens hardly mattered when Federal troops entered Forsyth (July 22), as the homes of both were wantonly looted; officers joined in, and even the chaplain of the 1st Iowa helped himself to a large quantity of silk handkerchiefs. Citizens who were deemed "disloyal" were simply arrested, the authors wryly commenting "how many of these political prisoners were true secessionists and how many were merely loyal to the legally elected government of the State of Missouri ... is unknown." No attempt was made to compensate loyal citizens for their losses, either.

Sterling Price was certainly the right man to lead the Missouri State Guard during the crisis of 1861. He could inspire devotion and knew how to motivate the volunteers without imposing "onerous discipline" (the colonel of the 1st Kansas had some of his volunteers whipped), traits which were as important as military ability that summer. Both Price and the untutored, former Texas Ranger McCulloch (who had an extensive knowledge of military history) handled their troops skillfully on the day of battle.

SIDELIGHTS & LIGHTERSIDES

Compiled by Ralph Green

ON SECOND THOUGHT

Union soldiers, camped on Cemetery Hill, near Moorefield, West Virginia, were surrounded by members of Hanse McNeill's Rangers. When a six-foot Georgian called on a Federal officer to surrender, the Ranger was shocked to hear, "I am an officer and will only surrender to an officer." The Southerner had his own ideas on the subject however. Raising his gun he barked, "We'll see! At this moment we are on equality,

sir, officer or no officer." Without further remark the Federal submitted.

UNINVITED GUESTS

Cleanliness was not a normal attribute of, nor readily available option to, many WBTS soldiers. It is said that from privates to generals most of them suffered infestation by "body varmint." One Virginian wrote home that before going to sleep one night he had removed his shirt and dropped it on the ground. The next morning he

awoke and saw the shirt jerking about as though a rat had become trapped under it. However, it turned out merely to be fleas darting around wondering where he had gone!

FORETOLD

On December 12, 1862, Generals John B. Hood and Stonewall Jackson were riding to Lee's headquarters for consultation. The conversation turned to the future. Jackson asked Hood if he expected to live to see the end of the War.

Hood answered that he didn't know, but he was inclined to think he'd be badly shattered before the struggle ended. When asked the same question, Jackson said without hesitation that he did not expect to live to the end of the contest, adding that he could not say he desired to do so. The casually spoken words foresaw the fate of each man: Hood was crippled before the close of the War; Jackson died following his wounding during a battle. ♣

Vexing Vexillary

The Battle of Wilson's Creek is strikingly similar to the first battle of the War, First Manassas. The South usually referred to the second battle of the war as Springfield or Oak Hills, while the North generally called it Wilson's Creek. Both had companies with blue and gray uniforms during both battles, invariably adding to the confusion. The blue-clad Leavenworth Light Infantry of the 1st Kansas actually marched side-by-side with the gray-clad 5th Missouri (Missouri State Guard) until it was discovered that the latter were not Sigel's men. Part of the gray-clad 3rd Louisiana was able to approach and overrun one of Sigel's batteries, the gunners mistaking them for the 1st Iowa of Lyon's column (at First Manassas, the blue-clad 33rd Virginia overran a Federal battery in the same fashion). Flags were also confused; the Stars and Bars of the Arkansas State Troops was mistaken for the Stars and Stripes of Sigel's column toward the end of the battle. As after First Manassas, the victorious Confederates were later criticized for not pursuing the defeated (and in some cases, routed) foe. The victors were also exhausted and low on ammunition, but McCulloch shared the same fate of Beauregard and Johnston in the newspapers. The authors vindicate McCulloch, though, rightly stating that "pursuit proved impossible for almost all victorious Civil War armies ... and there is no reason to question McCulloch's decision."

There is no question that *Wilson's Creek: The Second Battle of the Civil War and the Men Who Fought It* is by far the best treatment of the subject. The authors are to be commended for their painstaking research and courageous, myth-shattering assertions. The time has come to look beyond merely simple and convenient explanations for the American Civil War, for so long protected by a mantle of sacrifice and self-righteousness. The martyred Lyon did not save Missouri for the Union. Rather, his messianic (and unconstitutional) actions drove many loyal Missourians into the arms of the Confederacy. Missourians looked to the Confederacy to protect them from the Union they had been unable (and at first, unwilling) to leave. ❖

Bob Valentine is professor of history at Lehman College, City University of New York.

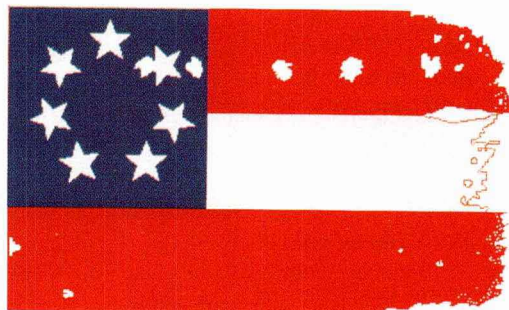
Q My students and I are studying the Civil War. One of my very perceptive 8th graders asked me why there were 13 stars on the Confederate flag. We only count 11 states in the Confederacy? Am I missing something here?

A The short answer is that the 12th and 13th stars represent, respectively, Missouri and Kentucky.

As you may have read, both Kentucky and Missouri proclaimed neutrality early in the war. In the case of Missouri, that neutrality was broken when US forces under General Nathaniel Lyons arrested the Missouri State Guard at their summer encampment, and imprisoned them in St. Louis. His forces then proceeded up the Missouri river to Jefferson City, forcing the State government into exile. This began a civil war between the Missouri State Guard and the United States forces. The Missouri government retreated to the town of Neosho in the southwestern corner of the state. The legislature went into a special session, and on 31 October 1861 adopted an Ordinance of Secession. On 28 November 1861 the Confederate Congress passed an Act admitting Missouri as the 12th state of the Confederacy.

The Union response in Missouri was to organize a state convention, which declared the state government to be deposed, and organized a provisional state government. As a result, Missouri had two state governments: the elected government which seceded and joined the Confederate States, and the provisional government created by Unionists to remain with the United States.

In Kentucky, the actions were essentially a mirror image of Missouri. Kentucky's neutrality was broken when CS Gen. Leonidas Polk moved his troops to Columbus, Kentucky, a day or so before US General Ulysses Grant moved his army into Paducah, Kentucky. The legislature of Kentucky had been elected on a pledge of neutrality backed by a secondary



pledge to go with the South if neutrality proved impossible. However, when the neutrality was broken, the legislature cast its lot with the North, on the grounds that the Confederacy had been the first to break the neutrality. Southern sympathizers in Kentucky were furious. They replied that Polk's move had been necessitated by Grant's preparations, and that the pro-Union members of the legislature had broken their campaign pledge.

As a result, a convention with delegates from most of Kentucky's counties met at the town of Russellville and adopted a Declaration of Independence. In the same fashion as the pro-Union convention in Missouri, the pro-Confederate convention in Kentucky deposed the elected state government and created a provisional government loyal to the Confederate States. By an Act of Congress approved on 10 December 1861, Kentucky became the 13th state admitted to the Confederacy.

So Missouri and Kentucky had representatives in both Congresses and regiments in both armies. They were not alone in this. Virginia and Tennessee also had Unionist congressmen and army regiments, and there was even a provisional government of Virginia which was recognized by the United States. The only reason I can think of that Missouri and Kentucky are treated differently in most history books from the rest of the Confederate States is that their secessions took place well after the outbreak of hostilities, and as a result large portions of their territory were pretty quickly overrun by US forces. Missouri was tenacious, however. Her forces kept returning, and as a result the number of battles fought in Missouri were only surpassed by the number in Virginia and Tennessee, respectively.

Devereaux D. Cannon, Jr.

West Leaning

BY MONTANI GADSDEN

A REVIEW OF

American Colonies by Alan Taylor; New York: Viking, 2001, 526 pages, \$34.95 hardcover.

If a prize were to be awarded for the most politically correct history book, Alan Taylor's *American Colonies* would have to rank as a finalist. But, perhaps that was the purpose in giving him the Pulitzer Prize for a previous book.

It appears that Taylor's book is an attempt to move the cradle of American civilization west from Jamestown and Plymouth. Of his nineteen chapters, only ten deal with the thirteen colonies that would form the United States. The remainder deals with the West Indies, New Mexico, California, Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Louisiana, and Florida. Therefore, Barbados receives as much attention as North Carolina (and more than New Hampshire), and New Spain gets as much, if not more, attention as Virginia or Massachusetts. One strongly suspects that either Taylor or his publisher had an eye on the Texas and California textbook markets when the decision was made to shift the cradle of American civilization from the east coast to a location nearer Santa Fe.

Throughout the book, Taylor goes to absurd lengths attempting to excuse the behavior of non-Europeans. For instance, he is quick to criticize Christianity for supposed-

ly justifying the exploitation of the environment and everyone except wealthy, white males. Yet, he is just as quick to excuse the sometimes-barbaric religious practices of non-Europeans. In Taylor's book, even cannibalism becomes a wholesome family activity. "By practicing ceremonial torture and cannibalism," he tells us, "the Iroquois promoted group cohesion." The tribe that eats human flesh together. . . .

Similarly, King Kamehameha (who, we understand, is to be the subject of a new movie starring The Rock) is praised by Taylor for forcibly uniting the Hawaiian Islands. No matter that to unite the islands he herded his foes over a cliff. After conquering his rivals, Kamehameha ushered in a period of peace and prosperity by ritually sacrificing the defeated chiefs to Ku. Strictly defined gender roles in European society are the result of sexism; among Native Americans they promote social harmony. Natives occasionally kill Europeans, but when Europeans kill Native Americans it is to exterminate and dispossess them. When Europeans inflict damage upon the environment, we are told it is because they believed in a less sophisticated religion than Native Americans.

Christians remain the environmental villains even though Taylor is forced to admit that "Paleo-Indians" hunted to extinction "two-thirds of all New World species that weighed more than one hundred pounds at maturity—including the giant beaver, giant ground sloth, mammoth, mastodon,

and horses and camels." Likewise, we are constantly reminded that it was worse for non-white slaves to be held by Europeans than it was for them to be owned by persons of their own race or ethnicity. According to Taylor, European sins are always worse than those of Africans and Native Americans because their technology and political and social organization made Europeans more efficient.

In a promotional blurb on the back of the book's dust jacket, historian Linda K. Kerber predicts that "All over the country, teachers will be throwing out stale lecture notes," after reading Taylor's *American Colonies*. Let us hope that teachers will be throwing out something else besides.

Better Yet...

BY TIM MANNING

A REVIEW OF

Carolina Cavalier: The Life and Mind of James Johnston Pettigrew by Clyde N.

Wilson, 3rd edition.; Chronicles Press (P.O.B. 800, Mt. Morris, IL 61054), 2002, 303 pages, \$24.95.

Chronicles Press has issued a paperback edition of *Carolina Cavalier*. The book, when originally published in 1990, drew grand praise.

Eugene Genovese wrote in *Chronicles*:

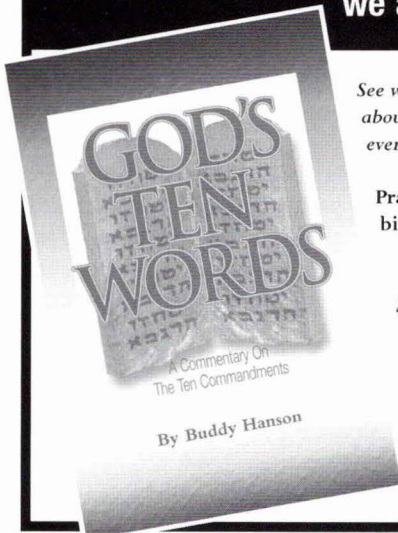
A careful scholar who has thought hard and deep about his beloved South, [Wilson] displays an unusually strong feel for the society of the Old South as it existed rather than as it is presented by historians who read the conditions and perspectives of the late 19th and 20th centuries backwards into it. Wilson is, in short, an exemplary historian who, in this book, displays his formidable talent.

M.E. Bradford reviewed the book for *National Review*:

On General Pettigrew at war Wilson is most impressive. But the special excellence of this biography is in its final chapter, "The Mind and Heart of a Carolinian." Here we find magisterial intellectual history. . . . Wilson, who is clearly one of the best of his generation of Southern historians. . . .

This outstanding work should be included on every Southerner's reading list.

The South not only had the best Generals,
we also had the best Theologians.



See what Dabney, Thornwell, Plumer and others had to say about the Commandments in this most quoted commentary ever on the Ten Commandments.

Practical advice from the most trusted and respected biblical scholars throughout history.

\$19.95 + \$4.95 shipping and handling

(2 or more books, add 15% for s/h; Alabama residents add 9% sales tax)

Distributors, Book Stores and Fund Raisers

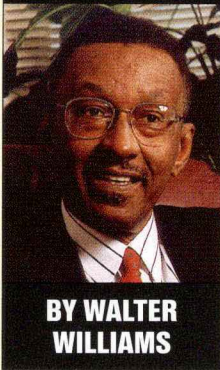
Contact bhanson@graceandlaw.com

Order Online: www.graceandlaw.com



MINORITY VIEW

WorldCom vs. Congress



BY WALTER WILLIAMS

President Bush said he was “deeply concerned” about some of the accounting practices in corporate America and called “outrageous” the disclosure that WorldCom, which is \$32 billion in debt,

had hidden \$3.8 billion in expenses.

The president added, “We will fully investigate and hold people accountable for misleading not only shareholders but also employees.”

The Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) filed fraud charges against the nation’s No. 2 long-distance telephone company, as the company slid into bankruptcy. WorldCom is being called the biggest case of crooked accounting in U.S. history, where it hid nearly \$4 billion worth of expenses from investors in order to make its bottom line look good. But is WorldCom really America’s biggest case of accounting gimmickry and deception? I don’t think so.

Ask the president or any congressman: How much debt does the federal government owe? Nine will get you 10 that they’ll tell you that it’s \$3.5 trillion. If they had just a tad of sophistication or honesty, they might add intragovernmental debt that’d bring the “total debt” to slightly more than \$6 trillion. Even that figure represents a level of creative accounting, deception and lies that make the actions of Enron and WorldCom seem like child’s play.

Washington’s deception about federal debt can be found in a report by Andrew J. Rettenmaier, a senior fellow at the Dallas-based National Center for Policy Analysis, titled, *How Big Is the Government’s Debt?* Rettenmaier says that, as of 2001, the accumulated federal obligations to all people who’ve earned Social Security and Medicare benefits are \$12.9 trillion for

Social Security and \$16.9 trillion for Medicare. Combined with the public and intragovernmental debt, the total federal debt burden is an unimaginable \$35 trillion. That amounts to roughly \$120,000 for every man, woman and child in America.

It will be impossible for the government to pay that kind of debt. Washington will do what all governments do when it cannot make good on its debt. Congress will repudiate agreements with creditors by refusing to pay on agreed-upon terms or choose government’s traditional method of repudiation—inflating the currency.

There’s no question that both Enron and WorldCom engaged in deceptive and dishonest practices—in a word, fraud. Here on

Earth, there’ll never be the end to deceptive and dishonest practices, notwithstanding supposed protection by the SEC. We’re going to have to wait until we get to heaven for total honesty. But let’s compare what happens when deceptive accounting practices are discovered in private industry versus when they’re discovered in government.

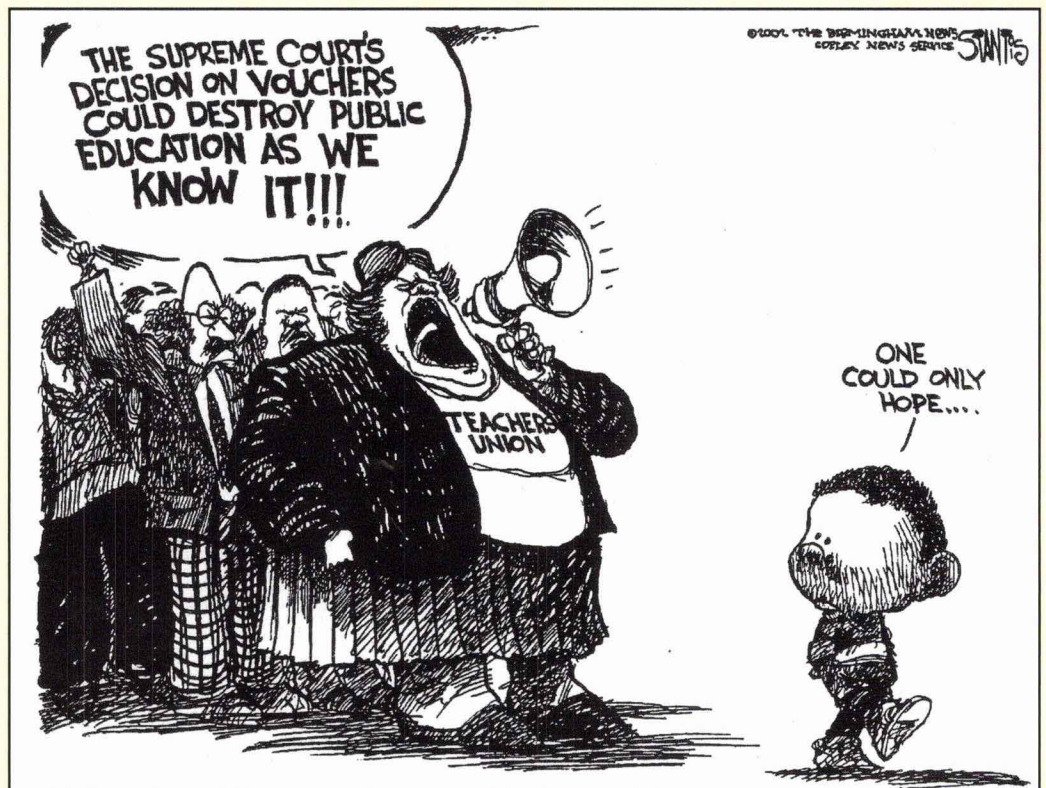
Without the SEC, the supposed guarantor against corporate hanky-panky, lifting one finger, the market has exacted high penalties. Enron and WorldCom shares of stock and their reputations are virtually worthless. Heads have rolled.

By contrast, what happens when Congress cooks the books and deceives Americans into believing that government debt is \$3.5 trillion or \$6 trillion, when it’s really \$35 trillion? Absolutely nothing.

I bet that if you brought this up to one of our Washington politicians, he’d say: “That Williams guy doesn’t know what he’s talking about. What we owe to Social Security and Medicare recipients is not debt.”

Of course, Enron and WorldCom might get out of their troubles by redefining what debt is as well—but the economic arena, unlike the political arena, doesn’t play that way. ★

©2002 Creators Syndicate



THE SOBRAN VIEW



BY JOSEPH SOBRAN

The English Insult

Majoring in English literature, which many consider an impractical preparation for life's struggles, had at least one positive effect on me: it made me an incurable Anglophile. I adore the English language.

Space precludes an exhaustive review of English literature, so I will concentrate on one special aspect of it here: the English insult. The English have a fine tradition of putting each other down, and unlike many other races they manage to do it without dragging their mothers into it. Wives, yes; but mothers are off-limits.

The English insult, though often deadly, is genteel; the victim may not even feel the blade going in. But he generally does. John Henry Cardinal Newman said that a gentleman might be defined as one who never hurts another's feelings; Oscar Wilde amended the definition with a single adverb: "A gentleman is one who never hurts another's feelings unintentionally."

One of the most famous is John Wilkes's retort to the Earl of Sandwich, who predicted that Wilkes would die "either on the gallows or of a loathsome disease." Wilkes instantly replied, "That depends, my lord, whether I embrace your principles or your mistress."

Wilkes was nothing if not quick. A young man once said to him, "Would you believe it? I was born on midnight of January the first!" "Certainly I believe it," Wilkes replied. "You could only have been conceived on April the first."

It used to be a merry sport for boaters on the Thames River to insult each other as they passed. Samuel Johnson replied to one such insult, "Sir, your wife, under pretense of keeping a bawdy-house, is a receiver of stolen goods!"

Johnson's wit could leave bruises; he couldn't resist an opportunity for an insult, even, at times, when the victim didn't deserve it. Upon leaving church one Sunday morning, a companion observed that the sermon had been excellent. "That may be," Johnson

replied, "but it is impossible that you should know it."

On another occasion, at a small gathering, a young companion laughed so raucously at Johnson's every witticism that Johnson finally said in annoyance, "What excites your risibility, sir? Have I said anything you understand? If so, I ask pardon of the rest of the company."

Benjamin Disraeli, the great Tory leader, and William Gladstone, the great Liberal, were parliamentary antagonists, but Disraeli held a distinct edge in wit. Asked to distinguish between a misfortune and a calamity, he said, "If Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune. If someone pulled him out, that would be a calamity."

Another master of the quick riposte was F.E. Smith, a brilliant lawyer. When a judge told him, "I have read your brief, and find myself none the wiser." Smith rejoined, "Possibly not, my lord, but far better informed."

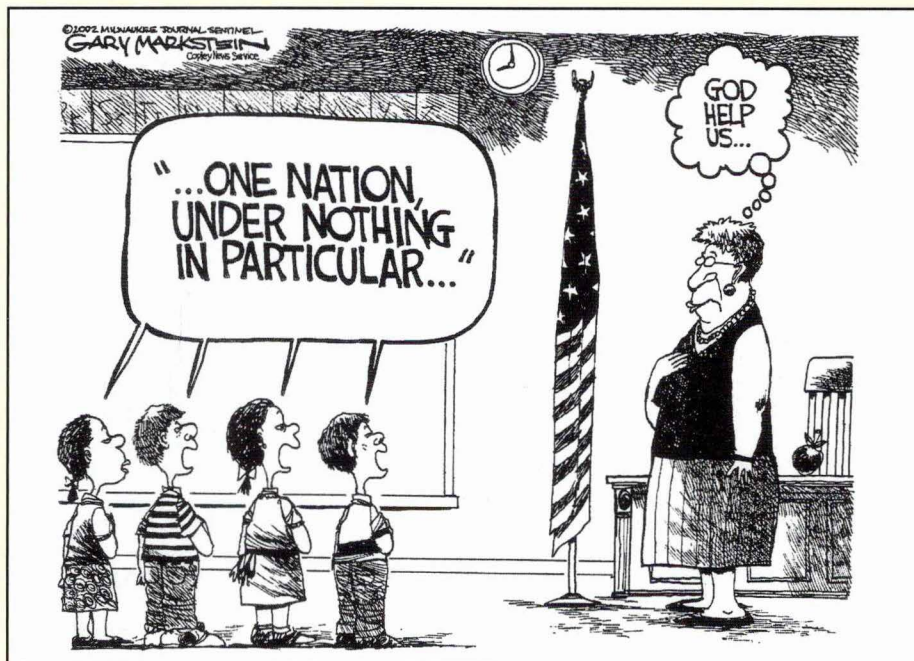
Smith once darted into a posh men's club to relieve his bladder. As he emerged from the loo, as they say, a butler asked him, "Pardon me, sir, are you a member of the club?" Smith, feigning surprise, asked, "Oh, is there a club here too?" (If that one takes you a moment, he was implying that he regarded the august establishment only as a public urinal. Smith was not only quick but also subtle.)

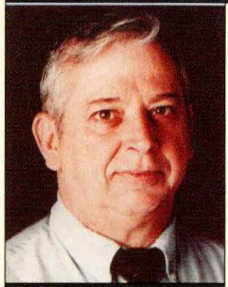
Richard Brindsley Sheridan, the playwright and politician, replied to an opponent in Parliament, "The honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts." The same objection has been raised against me, at times, but never so elegantly.

Winston Churchill was renowned for his deadly wit in Parliament. He began a speech on the military budget with a line from Virgil: "Arma virumque cano—I sing of arms and men." The opposition leader interrupted, "Shouldn't that be translated, 'I sing of arms and the man'?" Churchill paused, staring at the man with imperious scorn: "Little did I expect assistance in a classical matter from such a quarter."

These are old examples, but the great tradition of the English insult is very much alive. A friend in London tells me of a recent instance; I hope I'm quoting it accurately. A speaker insolently told his audience that he was casting "pearls before swine." A heckler shouted, "Fake pearls!" The speaker answered, "But real swine!"

©2002 Creators Syndicate





BY CHARLEY
REESE

Conservative or Blockhead?

Word has come that some folks have begun to question my conservative credentials. That's easy to understand. There are quite a few blockheads in America today who falsely wear the label "conservative."

Some blockheads equate being a conservative with ardent support of any war, no matter how unconstitutional, unnecessary and unjust the war might be. A true conservative supports the Constitution and does not support anybody or anything that violates it. Some people have said there is a resemblance between America today and the Weimar Republic, which eventually produced Adolf Hitler. I think there is some truth to that comparison. There are an awful lot of heel-clickers who swoon with admiration for any politician willing to bomb some foreigners. These same people are more than willing to trade liberty (which they make little use of anyway) for security. That is not conservatism.

A wonderful Southern scholar, Dr. Clyde Wilson, has defined the difference between patriotism and nationalism. A patriot, he says, loves his land and his people; a nationalist loves his government. A conservative wishes to preserve the prosperity and health of both the land and the people, not squander them in unnecessary wars.

Then there are those blockheads who think that if you do not support Republicans you can't be a conservative. These people merely show their ignorance of American politics. The Bush family has always been a pillar of what conservatives refer to as the "Rockefeller Wing" of the Republican Party. That's the liberal wing. They are for big government, globalism and imperialism. Bush

only seems conservative in comparison with the radical left, which now constitutes the majority in the Democratic Party.

There has been a sea change in American politics since the end of World War II. Politics has moved massively to the left. Today's nominal conservative would have been a liberal 60 years ago, and today's liberal is in fact a socialist or a communist in beliefs, if not in name. Americans have been stuck with a choice between advocates of total government and advocates of big government.

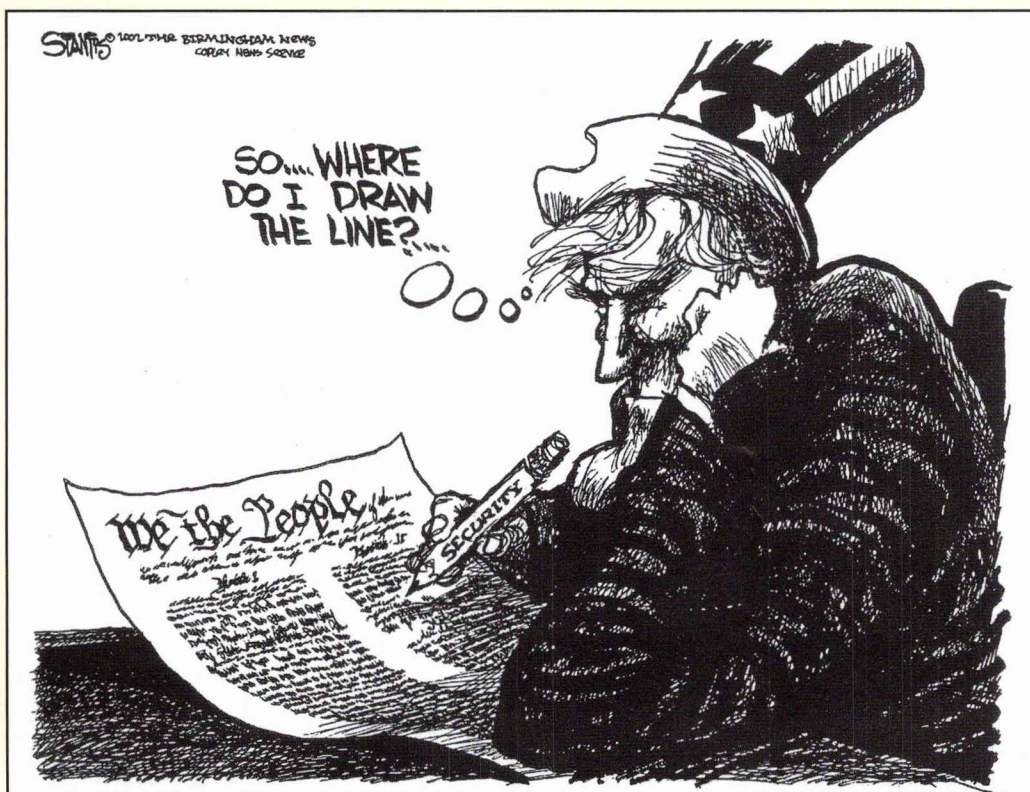
Where is George Bush's conservatism? He's taken another massive step in nationalizing the education system, he's busted the budget, he shows unwavering loyalty to the military-industrial complex, his foreign policy is imperialistic, and he is expanding government at the expense of liberty. If he's an example of conservatism, then Joe Stalin was a humanitarian.

There has been only one conservative Republican in the recent presidential primaries, and that is Pat Buchanan. Of course, the Republican Party feels the same way about Pat as the Pharisees felt about Jesus. Today's Republican Party is firmly in the hands of liberals, and if you think otherwise, you are deluding yourself.

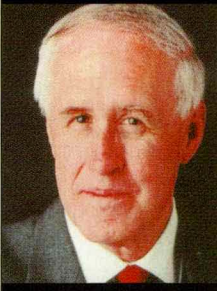
Finally, there are those blockheads who equate conservatism with support of big business. Again, a show of ignorance. The chief executive officers and the boards of directors of today's giant corporations are, with the rarest exception, liberals. In fact, the radical left receives its financial support from these corporations and the foundations they set up.

Nor does American business support a free economy. What it supports and what we have is mercantilism. In its present form it retains its old core—a strong centralized government that manages the economy, and a standing army to protect corporate assets overseas. The Taliban was overthrown not because it supported al Qaida but because it opposed an oil pipeline from the Caspian Sea fields. I'm a true conservative, and there are damned few of us left. ★

©2002 King Features Syndicate



MAINSTREET USA



BY WILLIAM MURCHISON

The Queen, God Bless Her

Well, now, is it the business of Americans, really, whether Great Britain in the coming month celebrates Queen Elizabeth's Golden Jubilee or replaces her with Mick Jagger? Are we not studiously

impartial as to how foreign countries—friendly ones, at least—settle their own governmental forms? Then, too, didn't we ourselves give up all that king and queen business two centuries ago?

Acknowledged, in part. There is another part, though, and we might do worse than reflect on it as the royal pageantry starts to unfold.

All of us, everywhere, entered the 21st century believing in the newness of every day; the unsettledness of all things human; the likelihood that, however things might look in the morning, they could be radically different by the time Tom Brokaw came on. Events of the past year have merely reinforced these beliefs. There seems less to hold onto than formerly.

Many claim to thrive on this state of affairs. "Why don't the rest of us, as well?"

such people are given to asking, with exasperation or pity. Here is one reason: Because to ignore continuing-ness, and the continuing need for it, is to ignore the real and the true. Human dignity, the necessity of honor and duty and generosity, the meaning of sacrifice—around these rocks in our civilizational stream the white water roils and rages. The spume passes by; the rocks endure.

Now and again, it does us good to look more intently on the rocks than the rapids. The British monarchy is one of those rocks in the stream of life. Americans need not hanker to live under the monarchy in order to appreciate its many qualities—durability, of course, but also dignity (if you exclude specific family members), centrality in the national life over many centuries and usefulness as an organizing principle ... the Royal Navy; the Queen's Birthday; Her Majesty's

Government; Queen, Defender of the Faith.

It is possible to uproot all of this, as other monarchies were violently uprooted in the 20th century. At a price—the price of forgetfulness; the price of disconnectedness. How many in a disconnected century yearn to pay that price?

What has kept the British monarchy in business longer than competing dynasties is a sense of stewardship. It is hard to know exactly how and when this sense first arose. Queen Victoria had much to do with it, and her great-great granddaughter, Elizabeth II, has cultivated it with extraordinary diligence and sensitivity, getting up close and personal with her subjects in a way that would never have amused Great-Great Grandmother. (Princess Di went way too far in this respect and suffered for it; her onetime husband, the Prince of Wales, seems to have discerned that the 21st century can live with adultery, just not with flagrant adultery.)

One can't imagine that a whole lot of old-fashioned kicks come from being a modern monarch with no life of your own, and that life lived always in the public eye. But that could be called a part of stewardship and service—a much-neglected ethic, broad exposure to which does no one any conceivable harm.

Time and tide, since 1900, have swept away the Romanovs, the Bolsheviks, the Nazis, the Prohibitionists and the Dixiecrats, not to mention the cult of Ross

the Boss Perot. The British monarchy endures, if greatly altered from the forms familiar to Richard Lionheart and John Longshanks. On those terms alone, it becomes a subject that repays careful study.

Besides, who puts on a better show these days? Centuries is what it takes to concoct and learn the style—centuries of instruction in how to accelerate the pulse through calmness and repose, and more than a soupcon of awe and reverence. The British monarchy is a sovereign corrective to modernity at its worst. Good democratic, liberty-loving Americans during this festive summer have my personal permission to lip-sync, without shame, the acclamation that will resound throughout Her Majesty's realms: God save the Queen! May the Queen live forever! ♣

©2002 Creators Syndicate



Frank Paxton

(Continued from page 25)

During the restless night, Paxton wrestled with his own fears. For several days he had spoken often of death to his staff officers, and the wounding of Jackson seemed to confirm his foreboding. Kyd Douglas, an old friend from days in which both served on Jackson's staff, visited Paxton's tent during the night. He found Paxton intently reading the scriptures. The general then asked Douglas to ensure that after the battle of the next day, his body, papers, and personal belongings would be sent home to Elizabeth in Lexington. Douglas somberly agreed and wrote years later of this midnight visit: "I was never so impressed by a conversation in my life ... I need not say my night was a sleepless, cheerless vigil."

At 6 a.m. the Union artillery began shelling the Confederate position. Paxton read one last time from his New Testament, then placed it in his left pocket along with his wife's picture. He was wearing a new gray uniform that had

arrived from Richmond just a few days earlier – a gift from Elizabeth. As the battle sprang to life with the dawn, Paxton's troops were urgently ordered forward. After advancing 300 yards the Brigade reached log entrenchments thrown up by the Union defenders, with a South Carolina brigade cowering for cover behind it. The Stonewall Brigade passed over the logs and rushed into dense underbrush and swampland, swept by withering fire from Federal troops on solid ground on the other side of the swampland. One officer described the killing scene with frightening words: "Nothing but the hand of God could save a man."

Paxton and his aide, Lieutenant Barton, dropped from their horses in order to rally the faltering troops. They were leading in front of the lines when Barton heard a thud, and turned to see Paxton face down on the ground. A bullet had drilled through his left arm and into his heart. As the general tried to use his arms to raise himself, Barton gently turned him onto his back. Paxton groped for his pocket that contained his New Testament and pictures of his wife and children. In a moment, he was dead.

But his Stonewall Brigade did not fall. The rallied Confederates crumbled the Federal lines and then swarmed in victory around the Chancellor house, which had served as Hooker's headquarters. But the exulting Stonewall Brigade had destroyed itself in the bogs and woods of Chancellorsville. A total of 493 men were either dead or wounded. The survivors did not number a full-sized regiment. Rightly has historian Douglas Southall Freeman observed that the Brigade "never was itself in full might after that battle."

That night Jackson, on the bed in which he himself would die a week later, wept when told of Paxton's death. He had commanded the fabled Stonewall Brigade for only seven months. Paxton was interred in Lexington Cemetery on May 12, with the beautiful cemetery's overarching trees seeming to whisper their mourning. Three days later Lexington's most famous son, Stonewall Jackson, was buried a few feet away. Today they rest close enough for Paxton to hear the orders of the one he served faithfully throughout the war. ♣

Southern Horse Sense

(Continued from page 29)

Southerners. His fears were justified, as the Yankees not only could draw upon unlimited supplies of men and equipment, but experience was improving their fighting capabilities.

No matter how pressed the Southern cavalry was, it almost invariably responded quickly when the need came. Time after time they thwarted or diverted Union strikes at Richmond. On one such occasion, they turned back a daring raid intended to destroy government and private industry and free thousands of prisoners. On the body of the slain leader of one of the raiding Yankee groups they found documents revealing that in addition to destroying and burning Richmond, the Yankees had planned to seize

and kill Jefferson Davis and other Confederate leaders.

On May 11, 1864, the Confederate cavalry and the South in general suffered a grievous loss when Jeb Stuart was killed at Yellow Tavern in a battle with George Custer's Yankees. Although some would remember Stuart as a glory hunter who had cost the South a victory at Gettysburg, or as a plumed-hat raider laying waste to Yankee depots, Stuart had been of extremely great value to the South for his ability to provide accurate and timely intelligence. Robert E. Lee exclaimed, "He never brought me a piece of false information." Even his detractors mourned his passing. Grumble Jones told one of his officers, "You know I have no love for Stuart, and he just as little for me. But that is the greatest loss the army has ever

sustained except the death of Jackson." Stuart's death resulted in Wade Hampton being placed in command of Lee's cavalry. This change in command led to a change in tactical operation. Under Stuart, fighting was done traditionally on horseback in almost every situation. Hampton was more pragmatic and made greater use of dragoon tactics, i.e., ride to battle, but fight on foot.

In April of 1865, when Lee was forced into an inescapable trap, many of his cavalry leaders were still free to exercise other options. Defiantly, some agreed that no matter what Lee did, they would not surrender. Some units disbanded. Others slipped into North Carolina to fight with what remained of Joe Johnston's Army of Tennessee. Some hid out for a while. The war finally ended for Lee's cavalrymen when on 10 May, Tom Rosser, the last high-ranking Confederate leader in Virginia, formally surrendered his command and took the oath of allegiance to

Roamin' Religion

BY P.J. BYRNES

The current crisis in the Catholic Church has been misunderstood and misrepresented by the media, whose members hate Roman Catholicism, its doctrines, and its unforgivably male clergy. They fail to grasp the origins and nature of Church teachings, and they overestimate the authority of its hierarchy. They are like fleas attacking a giraffe: They are relatively safe from retaliation but they can inflict only a limited amount of damage on a creature so tall.

Here are some points worth noting, from a non-Catholic with a lot of Catholic connections.

First, the current crisis does *not* threaten the survival of the Catholic Church, as some commentators have wistfully suggested. The sexual scandal is limited—a few hundred buggers out of some 40,000 American priests. This is a Church that has survived barbarian invasion, schism, the Reformation, and institutionalized persecution by Nazis and Communists—all of which are more destructive than the perverse behavior of a handful of American clergy. At the crack of doom, when the Archangel Gabriel begins to finger his trumpet and wet his lips, the Catholic Church will still be a living force in the world, teaching the same doctrines, celebrating the same age-old rituals. I can't say the same about any other branch of the Christian church, including my own.

Second, it is futile for secular commentators to call on the Catholic Church to change its mind about its moral teachings. The Pope himself has no power to do such a thing. Were he to renounce the Church's ancient beliefs, he would be renouncing his own authority at the same time. The secular press misunderstands Vatican II. It dealt only with forms of worship, not with substance. The Catholic hierarchy will not and cannot transform God into Hillary Clinton, as ordered by the *New York Times*. Many of the American bishops might wish otherwise; but the majority doesn't rule in the Catholic Church, just as it doesn't rule in Heaven.

Third, the media have reported the recent scandal as rampant "pedophilia." It is nothing of the sort. The vast majority of cases uncovered involve the molestation of teenage

males, i.e., those who are sexually mature. Men who have sex with mature young males are not "pedophiles" but merely garden-variety "homosexuals." These incidents are rightly classified as "molestations" because, although the teenagers are adults physically, they are not emotionally mature and therefore are often ill-equipped to resist the advances of an "authority figure" such as a priest. For this reason, many states raise the age of consent by two years when an adult preys on an adolescent in his charge. In deliberately obscuring the ages of the victims, politically correct reporters accomplish two purposes: (1) They make the public believe the sins of these priests are worse than they are, that their victims are tiny tots, and (2) they avoid the obvious implication that homosexuals are often sexual predators, as several studies have indicated.

Fourth, while the media gleefully report such misconduct by Catholic priests, they have ignored the even-more-widespread sexual abuse of young males by Scoutmasters. In the June 17, 1991 issue of *Insight*, Patrick Boyle published a devastating study of homosexual molestation in the Boy Scouts of America (BSA), documenting 416 cases of sexual abuse that resulted in dismissal or conviction. Later, he published the same material in a book, which didn't make a blip on the radar screens of the national media. In fact, over the past 10 years, the same folks who are now attacking the Catholic Church have excoriated the BSA for banning homosexual scoutmasters.

To be sure, the American Catholic Church has handled these cases very badly. The most conservative and orthodox of my Catholic friends agree. They call for the resignation or removal of the cardinals and bishops who concealed unspeakable crimes and reassigned degenerate priests to new parishes, with new pools of potential victims.

The real problem underlying this controversy, the one that both the American Catholic Church and the politically correct media won't face, is the policy of seminaries in accepting openly homosexual candidates for the priesthood. American Church officials have reasoned that homosexuals are just as likely to remain celibate as heterosexuals. The best scientific evidence proves the contrary.

Homosexuals are more often obsessive in their sexual behavior and therefore are

far more likely to molest young people in their charge. They are also more apt to commit crimes, experience mental disorders, and abuse alcohol and drugs. The Catholic hierarchy in America has ignored the evidence supporting these conclusions. The result: the media are currently feasting on the heart of Rome.

I will leave the reformation of American Catholicism to its most loyal insiders. They are recommending that the Church turn all offenders over to the law, that the cardinals and bishops who covered up these crimes be removed, and that henceforth the seminaries screen out all homosexuals.

To an outsider, one who wishes them well, this sounds like the right approach. As an orthodox Christian, I have always relied on the Catholic Church to teach and represent traditional Christianity, particularly during the current period when my own church is straying from the Faith. The fact that Catholicism has fallen on evil times should be distressing to all Christians. When the Catholic Church recovers its balance, as it will surely do, then I can return to my few basic disagreements with its dogma. For now, my only impulse is to defend it as fiercely as I would members of my own family. ☩



CSA

GALLERIES, INC.

CONFEDERATE

<i>Prints Catalogue</i> FREE <i>on Request SAS Envelope</i>	<i>Gifts Catalogue</i> \$5.00 <i>Refundable on First Order</i>
--	---

Authorized Dealer for:

- *Kunstler • Troiani • Strain*
- *Stivers • Gallon • Et Al*

Northwoods Mall

2150 Northwoods Blvd. - K812

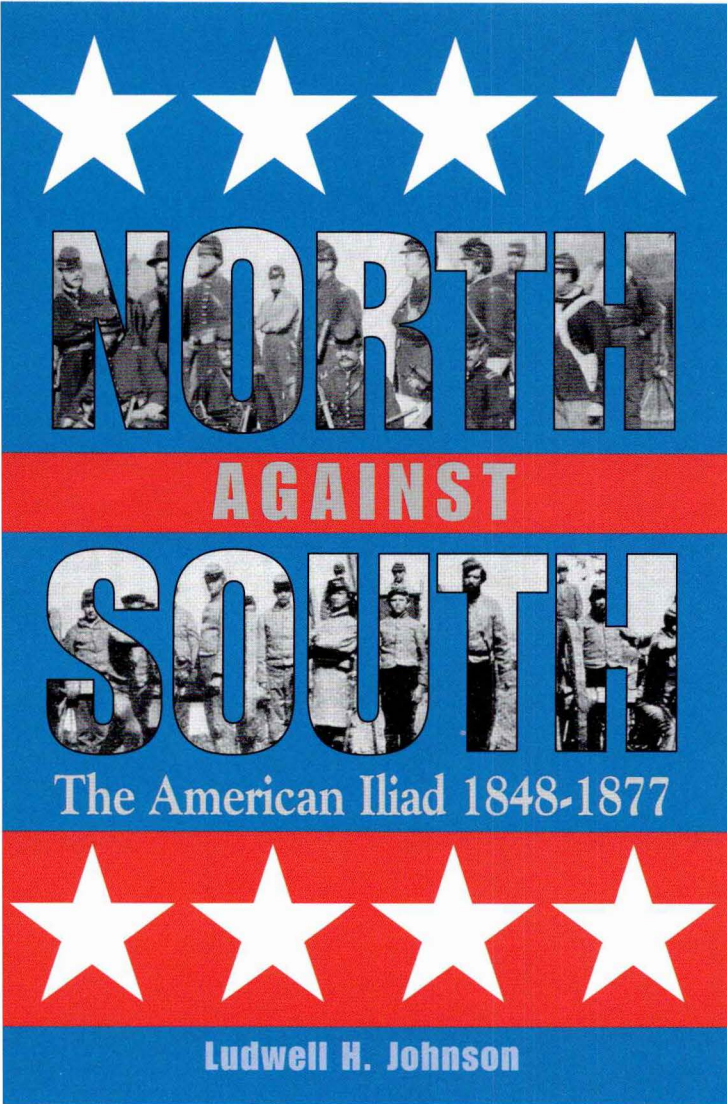
N. Charleston, SC 29406

1-800-256-1861 • (843) 818-2009

www.csagalleries.com

**It's Finally
Here!**

*The Foundation
for American Education
is proud to announce the
republication of North Against
South by Ludwell Johnson,
Professor Emeritus of History at
the College of William and Mary.*



“The Southern version...” writes one reviewer. This is the most comprehensive and accurate narrative of the War, its causes, the results, and how corrupt Northern politicians subverted and destroyed the republic of the Founders. Extensively researched and written by one of the South’s greatest historians, this is the ideal textbook for every Southerner who wants to teach or study our version of what really happened.

301 pages, including an index, maps and illustrations. This softcover edition will include a new introduction by the author.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

Name: _____

Address: _____

Please enclose a check for \$14.95 (plus \$2.50 shipping per book)
payable to Foundation for American Education, or provide credit card information below.
Mail to FAE, P.O. Box 11851, Columbia, SC 29211. Please allow six weeks for delivery.

Credit card #: _____ Exp: _____

Signature: _____

Or order by phone: 803-256-9222
fax: 803-799-9126 • e-mail: nasorders@hotmail.com

**The Foundation
for
American Education**

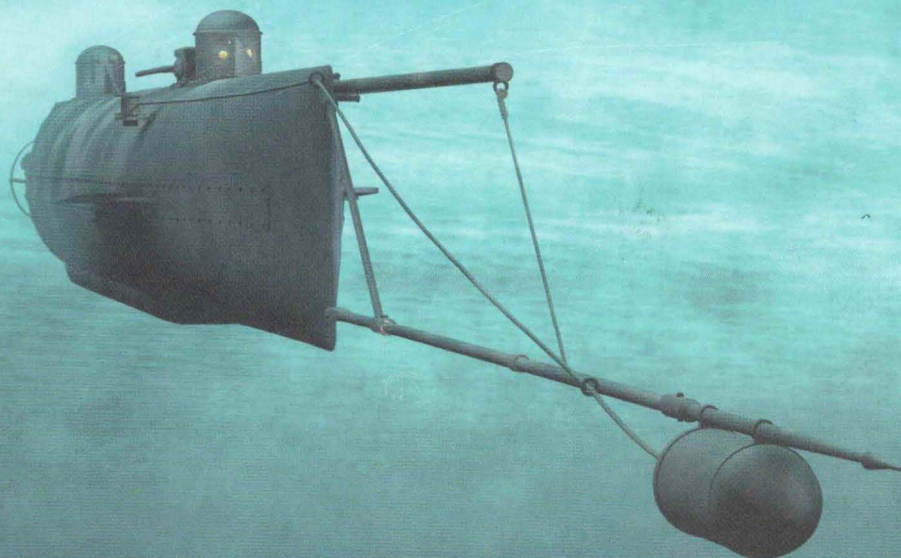
AVAILABLE NOW • ONLY \$14.95

COME VISIT THE HUNLEY

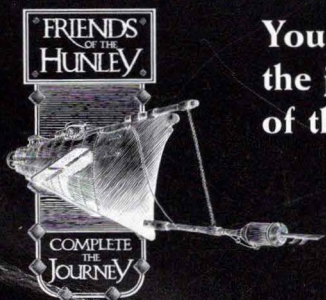
FRIENDS
OF THE
HUNLEY

H.L. Hunley-
The World's First
Submarine to Sink an
Enemy Ship in Combat

SOLVE
THE
MYSTERY.



CELEBRATE
THE
HISTORY.



You can help the Hunley complete
the journey home by joining Friends
of the Hunley or donating at

www.hunley.org

For tour times and tickets please call the Hunley Hotline @ 843-723-9797.

BRAVELY
THEY SACRIFICED.
GRATEFULLY
WE REMEMBER.



PAINTING BY CONRAD WISE CHAPMAN,
COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF THE CONFEDERACY

On February 17, 1864, the Confederate submarine, H.L. Hunley, attacked and sank the U.S.S. *Houstatonic* four miles off Sullivan's Island in the Atlantic Ocean, becoming the first modern submarine to sink a ship.

The Hunley signaled to shore that she had completed the attack and was on the way home, but instead, she disappeared in the dark with her brave crew of nine. History recorded this mission as a valiant exercise of duty and the Hunley as a pioneer in technological innovation.

Surrounded over time in mystery, the Hunley was raised on August 8, 2000, 136 years after her triumph and tragedy. She was brought to the Warren Lasch Conservation Center, a technological workplace designed to seek out and record the facts of the H.L. Hunley's journey into history.

EXHIBITS INCLUDE:

- Life-Size Model from the TNT Movie *The Hunley*
- Animated Simulation of the H.L. Hunley Recovery

HUNLEY GIFT SHOP:

- Over 100 official Hunley collectibles and gift items.

IMAGE SUPPLIED BY DAN DOWDEY