

THE FIRE EATER

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In Defense of Hillbillies, Rednecks, Etc.

(Cultural Genocide Against Southerners Continues)

by Al Benson, Jr.

12 March 2009

Recently I got an email from a lady in Kentucky who had read the series of articles I recently finished on the NAACP (posted on <http://www.albensonjr.com>). She wanted to know if I would consider writing something in defense of “hillbillies.” She had seen a television show narrated by Diane Sawyer which she felt really trashed her part of the country. She noted that: “It was typical hogwash propaganda that has always been bestowed on our area and others.” She also noted that supposedly conservative talk show host, Bill O’Reilly, had even weighed in on the issue and, surprise of surprises, he agreed with Diane Sawyer’s views. The lady in Kentucky got incensed enough at this that she even sent an email to O’Reilly, trying to explain to him that all the people in her part of the country were not like those portrayed on Sawyer’s program—which created that impression.

She’s right, though I doubt that O’Reilly will back off and admit there is another side to the story. I’ve often wondered what some of these so-called “conservative” radio personalities are really all about. I’ve noticed that many of them are all over Obama’s case for the stuff he is pushing (socialism), but they seemed to have no problem with it when Bush was doing the same thing. I guess it all depends on whether it’s Republican socialism or Democratic socialism we’re talking about.

That being said, it doesn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out that we live in the most stultifying age of political correctness possible. It absolutely smothers you! You can’t say anything remotely negative about blacks, Jews, homosexuals, feminists, or Communists, or any other ethnic group or any other –ists, lest you be opened up to charges of racism, sexism, chauvinism, or whatever else they can think up to throw at you. Yet if you malign white Christian Southerners you are somehow progressive, courageous, open-minded, and “liberated.” No one seems to see the double standard or the contradiction in all of this—or if they see it they hope you don’t. With my suspicious mind, I rather think the latter is the truth.

Those people who knowingly engage in this sort of double-standard activity are guilty of cultural genocide. Their object is to totally destroy and discredit the Christian culture of the Old South, and they will do it in Kentucky just as quickly as they will in Mississippi or Georgia. To them it is all the South—and its culture has to be removed to make way for the “new South,” in which liberalism and the socialist spirit reigns. Anything that smacks of Christianity or the Old Confederacy just has to go. They desire to make of us all nice little Yankee clones and they seem genuinely offended if we don’t want it. It’s like they are bestowing some great gift upon us and we are ingrates for daring to refuse it. I’ve got news for these Yankee do-gooders. They can keep their Yankee/Marxist culture. I don’t want it. I was born and raised in the North. I didn’t like their Yankee culture when I was there, and I like it even less the more time I spend in the South. And I’m not saying that all Northern folks have that Yankee culture. Thank God many don’t and many up there



don't want it either. I know lots of good Northern folks who detest political correctness just as much as I do.

So the political correctness doesn't always take. Maybe that's why we continue to get these so-called "documentaries" about how bad life is in all parts of the South. We've all heard the stories about the "gap-toothed racists" who inhabit most of the South. Well, folks, I've lived in both North and South, and I'm here to tell you there are just as many of them in the North as in the South, maybe even more. Racism (which is really a Marxist term) is just as prevalent north of the Mason-Dixon line as anywhere else. I now live in Louisiana, and blacks and whites seem to get along better than they did in many places in the North where I once lived. Yes, folks, the Jena 6 charade here in Louisiana was just that—a charade, complete with all the usual race-baiters.

My family and I also spent two years in West Virginia back in the 1970s. Life wasn't always easy in West Virginia. In fact those two years were among the hardest of our lives in many ways, but that didn't mean that many people there were not God-fearing and decent people. We knew people there who would literally give you the shirt off their backs if they thought you needed it worse than they did. And here in Louisiana we've found a degree of hospitality and contentment that we never found in the North, no matter where we lived.

I've read articles in papers over the past few years about various colleges and universities that have courses to "help" Southerners get rid of their Southern accents. Why, I wonder, don't they have college courses that will help people from New Jersey to get rid of their accent? Well, you see, a New Jersey accent is politically correct, while any sort of Southern accent is not. So the Southern accent and all the colourful speech patterns in the South must be removed so the South can "progress" all the way up to the pristine condition of the North. To which I say—well it's probably better if I don't say it!

In my opinion Southern folks have the most colourful and rich speech patterns of any place in the country. Maybe it isn't all perfect English, but the colloquial expressions in the South do indeed add richness and variety to the language. And at least most Southern folks don't sound like the cookie-cutter versions of those talking heads you see at 6 p. m. on the "news" programs. They all sound to me like they came from—nowhere!

One thing I devoutly wish is that Southern folks would wake up to the egregious attempts at cultural genocide daily perpetrated upon them, their children, and their region, and learn to fight back in the same spirit their ancestors did in 1861. I pray that, Lord willing, they might begin to practice cultural secession and seek to preserve what they have left. I've noticed lately that many states around the country are passing "Tenth Amendment Resolutions," in which they are basically seeking to reassert their Tenth Amendment rights under the Constitution.

Good for them. So far, six of these states are part of the Old Confederacy, which by the way, never officially surrendered. Maybe the folks in these states also need to begin to tell the perpetrators of cultural genocide on them and their children to back off too. Start telling them flat out that you've had it with their attempts to eviscerate your culture and heritage and that you intend to hang onto both, and, thank you just the same, but you don't give a rip "how they do it up North!"

About the Author

Al Benson Jr.'s columns are found on many online journals, such as The Sierra Times, The Patriotist, and The Fire Eater. He is also a member of the board of directors of the Confederate Society of America. Additionally, Mr. Benson is editor of the Copperhead Chronicle and author of The Homeschool History Project, a study of the War of Southern Independence. The Copperhead Chronicle is a quarterly newsletter written with a Christian, pro-Southern perspective.

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The Hallelujah Bar Song

MacDonald King Aston

29 April 2009

Now when Jane lay in the night
She dreamt her soul took flight
And she longed to float forever
On God's sea of light.

And when Jane woke in the morning
And the sun came screaming down
She could only hope for tomorrows
That never came around.

I saw her once in the city
Behind the Hallelujah Bar
She was kneeling down and praying aloud
To whatever gods there are.

Those Political Parties

by Daniel Benson

3 May 2009

Two political parties, though the same,
Many voters they can claim.
Yet no difference in my view
Though the parties, they say, are two.
Socialists they claim abound,
Yet they forget to look around.
Many people they call friend
Still are socialist to the end.
Senator Arlen Specter wants a switch
Yet when they are the same, which is which?
So to the masses I proclaim
Is this thought not just insane?
When two parties "differences" they desire,
Yet to do the same things they conspire.
So I ask, just what do they find true,
Since they can't make out red or blue?
These parties that they say are two
Really are one when sunlight brings them into view.
To the politicians, this I say,
"Please why don't you go away?"

Liars, cheaters, that's what most are
This I can see from afar.
Government small should be
Nationally or locally.
So wake up America!
Your government's taking your freedoms to task,
And how long will this country last?
Part of a one world government I will not be.
Politicians take our kids away
And public schools mold them into slaves of clay.
Health reform is just a joke,
Your new doctor will be English country folk.
Your car will make its way, the ocean to cross
While China, Yugoslavia, and Africa await your loss.
So little time and money you see,
But voters we may well soon not be.
So to end my political rant,
When honest politicians are oh, so scant,
America again may never be,
And we are just part of the Communist tree.

Hands Lifted High

by Daniel Benson

12 March 2009

Driving down the road at night
The moon casts its orange light
Cars passing quickly by
Praising God with hands held high
Looking across a field today
Watching the geese fly on their way
Clouds the sun does try to hide
Praising God with hands lifted high
Singing songs in church today
Listening to the pastor pray
Glad to stop and find a way
To praise God with hands lifted high
Each day a new challenge He brings
Somewhere a child stops to sing
Echoes of the days gone by
Praising God with hands held high.

Fat Tuesday

by MacDonald King Aston

1 March 2009



April is also Confederate History Month

By Calvin E. Johnson, Jr.,

20 March 2009

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"A people without the knowledge of their past history, origin and culture is like a tree without roots."—Marcus Garvey

On Thursday, 12 March 2009, the Georgia State Senate passed bill No. 27 by a vote of 48-2, designating April as Confederate Heritage and History Month. The bill has now been sent to the House special rules committee. Supporters of this bill say "The measure would be a boom to the state's tourism industry, encouraging visitors to come to Georgia's Civil War Battlefield sites."

You can read information on the bill at http://www.legis.state.ga.us/legis/2009_10/sum/sb27.htm The diversity of the Old South still holds the imagination of many people who come from around the world to see Southern Belle's with hoop skirts, Confederate flags and soldier memorials like the Confederate Memorial carving of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Jefferson Davis at Stone Mountain Memorial Park near Atlanta.

This story is written in the spirit of the Sesquicentennial, 150th Anniversary of the War Between the States, which will be commemorated throughout the USA from 2011 to 2015. Americans observe Black, Jewish, Hispanic, Native American, and Women's History Month. And in April we also remember Confederate History Month in tribute to those Americans who took their stand for what some historians call the Second American Revolution. April is an important month in America's history. The Great Locomotive Chase, where Union spies attempted to steal the Confederate Locomotive "The General" and destroy rail lines and bridges, took place on 12 April 1862. The month of April is known as Confederate History and Heritage Month when proclamations will be signed by Governors, Commissioners, and Mayors. The Congress of the United States has officially in past years recognized America's war of 1861 to 1865 as the War Between the States. This tragic war claimed the lives of hundreds of thousands of brothers, uncles, and husbands. Though they were enemies on the battlefield, after the war, the men of blue and gray sponsored reunions at such places as Gettysburg. The soldier told war stories while the United States and Confederate flags flew briskly in the warm summer breeze.

Why do some schools ignore the teaching of American history? Boys and girls once learned about American soldiers who for over 200 years marched off to war. The church hymn book once included "Onward Christian Soldiers." The young people read about George Washington, Robert E. Lee, and Booker T. Washington. Northern and Southern children stood up proudly to sing patriotic songs from a standard song book that included "Dixie".

After the end of the War Between the States, Northern and Southern women formed memorial organizations. They made sure all soldiers were given a Christian burial and a marked grave. Memorial Days were begun in many states North and South of the famous Mason-Dixon Line. Confederate graves were also cared for in the North and Union graves in the South. Great monuments were also erected that still cast a giant shadow over many town squares and soldiers' cemeteries across the U. S.A.

April 26 is recognized as Confederate Memorial Day in many states. For over one hundred years the Ladies' Memorial Association, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Confederate Veterans have held memorial services on or near this day. Other Southern States recognize this day, which began as Decoration Day, on May 10th and June 3rd, which is the birthday of Confederate President Jefferson Davis.

Efforts to mark Confederate graves, erect monuments, and hold memorial services were the idea of Mrs. Charles J. Williams. It is written that she was an educated and kind lady. Her husband served as Colonel of the 1st Georgia Regiment during the war. He died of disease in 1862 and was buried in his home town of Columbus, Georgia. Mrs. Williams and her daughter visited his grave often and cleared the weeds, leaves and twigs from it, then placed flowers on it. Her daughter also pulled the weeds from other Confederate graves near her father. It saddened the little girl that

these graves were unmarked. With tears of pride she said to her mother, "These are my soldiers' graves." The daughter soon became ill and passed away in her childhood. Mrs. William's grief was almost unbearable. On a visit to the graves of her husband and daughter, Mrs. Williams looked at the unkept soldiers' graves and remembered her daughter as she cleaned the graves and what the little girl had said. She knew what had to do.

Mrs. Williams wrote a letter that was published in Southern newspapers asking the women of the South for their help. She asked that memorial organizations be established to take care of the thousands of Confederate graves from the Potomac River to the Rio Grande. She also asked the state legislatures to set aside a day in April to remember the men who wore the gray. With her leadership April 26 was officially adopted in many states. She died in 1874, but not before her native state of Georgia adopted it as a legal holiday.

Among the gallant women of the Confederacy was Captain Sally Tomkins, CSA, who was the only woman to be commissioned on either side of the War Between the States. Commissioned by Jefferson Davis, she took care of thousands of soldiers in Richmond, Virginia, until the end of the war.

Those who served the Confederacy came from many races and religions. There was Irish-born General Patrick R. Cleburne, black Southerner Amos Rucker, Jewish-born Judah P. Benjamin, Mexican-born Colonel Santos Benavides, Cherokee American Indian General Stand Watie, the highest ranking officer on either side, and Major Gen. Camille Armand Jules Marie, Prince de Polignac, born in France.

Please go to: <http://confederateheritagemonth.com> or <http://confederatehistorymonth.com> to read more about Confederate History Month.

Sir Winston Churchill said that the Confederate Army's fight against overwhelming odds is one of the most glorious moments in Anglo-Saxon history.

Lest we forget!

Little Satilla: The Voice of T Warren

MacDonald King Aston

10 April 2009

The voice is not plain, nor rugged, nor weatherbeaten. It is the voice of One Who Has Been There. One who knows. T Warren sent some advance copies of his latest music to me recently. I've taken my time to listen, and now it's time to speak.

Little Satilla struck me right away. With its pedal steel floating against the solid drumbeat, its two-fold reading, its honesty, I listened to it for two weeks to fix it in a place, a genre before realizing that I could only fit it into the T Warren genre. Is it country? Yes and no. Is it rock? Yes and no. Is it folk? Yes and no. Is it pop? Well, no. So be it. The closest I'm going to get is a blend of country, folk, and rock, salted with blues. Notice, by the way, that blues and rock were born in the South.

With *Little Satilla*, the first impulse is to lump it into the love-song category:

Little Satilla you been on my mind
Seems I'm thinkin' boutcha most the time
There's a place you hold, deep in my heart
Though miles of madness keep us apart.

But the next verse begins to reveal the real love:

Folks up here well, they don't understand
The spell that ya have on this here man
You're all through my system gets worse every day
Till I get back to Georgia it's gonna stay that way.

And the love is confirmed by the chorus:

My Sweet Satilla, I been all over this land
Spreadin the message in a redneckin band.

Little Satilla is a love song. But the Little Satilla is also a blackwater river welling up from the coastal swamps of Dixie, wandering past cypresses and gumswamps, pines, sweetbay, red maples, and emptying into Saint Simon's Sound in Glynn County, Georgia, home of Sydney Lanier's *The Marshes of Glynn*. The invocation of the Little Satilla marks a coming home—one day. It's a song about coming home to the Southland, to the magnolias and seawind, to the truth of God's Country, to the winding of the Little Satilla through the marshlands of southeast Georgia. For T Warren, it is a declaration of his entire life, perhaps. Waiting to get home to God's green and holy land. Both here and there. For me? *Little Satilla* is indeed both here and there. Both Dixie and God's Country. Both holy. And listening to T's voice, you can tell he knows it.

"Miles of madness" is the this-here sorrow. But this-here sorrow is never lost to one's heart—providing one's heart is big enough to hold on to the this-there-then truth of God. And T's heart has held on, for in the last line he says, "Little Satilla I'm headed your way." One day.

Of course, T grew up on the move, following his daddy's oilfield work. Where was home? Where is home? To those who know T well, home is his music. And perhaps that's why *Little Satilla* found a place in my own heart, for there is no



difference between the “real” Little Satilla and the music of Little Satilla. They are one and the same, both flowing from T’s genius, a word which I seldom use of most musicians. I think, for example, of someone like Don Henley. Enormously successful, rich, the whole shebang-doodle-bang. But where, if anywhere, is the single note of God’s voice sounding in any of his songs? T does not have the wherewithal to produce his music in fancy studios in Los Angeles, and that is both good and bad. It’s bad because we don’t have the surround-sound quality, the gussied-up stereo cuts. But it’s also good, because what we do have is so real, it takes guts to listen to its reality. And that reality is the genius of dirt and clay, the song of the man who is man and no other.

I could go on about the other music T sent to me. They’re all gold. But they’re all T Warren as well, and they’re all about the long road traveled and the road back home. The upbeat *Southland*, for example, yet another great song:

Southland callin’
She’s calling me home...
Lord I wanna go home
Dixie’s callin’ me home

One of the things I realised over a few days listening surprised me. T’s lyrics have actually, hmm, what’s the word? Deepened? I first noticed it in the line from *Too Damn Old* (the title of which is too damn good): “Sittin in a house so quiet the silence reminds me of you.” And from the same song, the familiar honesty of T’s music:

Absence doesn’t make the heart grow fonder
It rips the heart apart

Or even more so, from *Fight On My Hands*:

The demons have found me
And sometimes surround me
Even though I don’t call them up

Guess it’s their way of sayin’
They plan on stayin’
Takes all I got just to keep them at bay
I’ve gotten older, still a troubadour soldier
Fightin causes best I can
Keepin the fight on my hands
I’ve got a fight on my hands

Well, we all have a fight on our hands, now don’t we? But as long as we’re in the scrap, it helps to have the Real Stuff alongside. And T’s music is the Real Stuff. Want Hollyweird? Go grab some Don Henley. Want the truth? Then keep your eye on <http://www.terrywarren.net>.

Meanwhile, I’m gonna light me up a seegar and listen to *Little Satilla* for the umpteenth time.

Lazy Pecan Trees and Politicians

by Al Benson Jr.

21 April 2009

The pecan tree seems to be one of the laziest trees in all of the South. It's the last one to get its leaves in the Spring and the first one to shed them in the Autumn. In the interim it manages to drop a few nuts on the ground and seems to hoard a few more up in its branches. But, overall, it just doesn't seem to work that hard.



Looking at the lazy pecan trees in this area (North Louisiana) often puts me in mind of your average politician and of our present political system in general. Most political branches are pretty barren for much of the year (not that politicians don't do anything—rather they usually do too much) but in the late Summer, usually before election time, the political branches burst forth with all manner of artificial political foliage. Most of it isn't good for anything, but it sounds really pretty to those naive enough to believe all that they hear. In fact, much of the political foliage we get during election years could easily be classified as political poison ivy—once its gets into your system it's like an itch you can't scratch.

Most years, somewhat before elections, the political pecan trees manage to drop a few nuts on us, which, we are informed, we should all vote for so that we will experience socialist utopia in America. The nuts, at least the ones in the two major nutbaskets, inform us that they will do everything in their power to care for us from the cradle to the grave, and all we have to do is to vote for them and be willing to surrender our liberties to them. After we have made some really bad choices, which is all we usually get anymore, no matter which basket the nutcases come out of, we find that the political foliage was just that—leaves to cover some really bare branches that are never capable of delivering what was promised, but are certainly capable of taking your tax dollars while trying to explain all the reasons to you why they can't possibly do what they said they would.

These political pecans, as it turns out, have lots and lots of omnivorous friends that infest the political flora of our political system. Their many vines seem to be adept at reaching out and snagging any of your tax dollars that happen to land in their general direction, operating much like political Venus Flytraps. And the nuts that dropped from the political pecans last Fall, that we were dumb enough to go and vote for, suddenly seem to reappear with large shovels with which to toss our tax dollars into the yawning maws of the political Flytraps. They call these shovels “bail-out” and “stimulus” packages, in the hope that most people who have been miseducated within the ivy-covered walls of academia won't be able to tell the difference. Sad to say, most don't.



After all this has been accomplished and people finally get a look at the bare branches of our political pecans they realize they don't much like what they see. It's not what they were promised. The branches are ethically barren—and so are their wallets—but the political fat cats have all got obscene bonuses and the pork barrel projects are running rampant, and we are all stuck with a big tax bill. The only thing we can do is to “celebrate” with a big tea party—Boston-style!

This has all been going on since the “Old Rail Splitter” and his socialist friends began to infest the Washington woodwork—and it always seems to work, so why should they change it?

Every election year the political pecans decorate their barren branches with the showy leaves of political promise—all blow and no show—and as long as most people remain mental vegetables, why change a system that works?

As far as those political nuts that get dropped every so often upon us, if you really check them out you will find they are really not good for much. The shells are usually rotten and what's inside is even worse, but as long as we continue to put up with it that's all we will ever get. As the man says, “Think about it.”

American Heroes Not Forgotten At Arlington

Calvin E. Johnson, Jr.

22 April 2009

Did you know that Confederate Memorial Day is observed during the months of April, May, and June in the north and south? (For Confederate Memorial Day event information please see: <http://confederatehistorymonth.com>).

Let me tell you a story about Arlington National Cemetery where this nation honored the men who fought for the Confederacy, the Union and those men and women who fought our nations' wars since the War Between the States.

Did you know there are 245,000 service men and women, including their families, are buried at Arlington? The world-famous Arlington National Cemetery is located in the shadow of the Custis-Lee Mansion (Arlington House) which was home to General Robert E. Lee and family until 1861 and the beginning of the War Between the States. This cemetery is on the Virginia side of the Potomac River, across from the nation's capital.

In 1864, Union soldiers were first buried here and by the end of the war the number rose to 16,000. The Union burial site at Arlington National Cemetery is section 13. Also in Arlington are President John F. Kennedy, General Jonathan M. Wainwright, and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Around the start of the 20th century this country also honored the men who fought for the Confederacy. This site of men who fought for Dixie is located in section 16. There is an inscription on the 32.5-foot high Confederate monument at Arlington National Cemetery which reads: "An Obedience To Duty As They Understood it; These Men Suffered All; Sacrificed All and Died." Some claim this Confederate Monument at Arlington may have been the first to honor Black Confederates. Carved on this monument is the depiction of a Black Confederate who is marching in step with the White soldiers. Also shown is a White Confederate who gives his child to a Black woman for safe keeping.

In 1898, President William McKinley, a former Union soldier, spoke in Atlanta, Georgia, and said, "In the spirit of Fraternity it was time for the North to share in the care of the graves of former Confederate soldiers. In consequence to his speech, by Act of the United States Congress, a portion of Arlington National Cemetery was set aside for the burial of Confederate soldiers. At this time 267 Confederate remains from and near Washington were removed and re-interred at this new site.

In 1906, the United Daughters of the Confederacy asked permission from William Howard Taft to erect a monument. Taft was at the time serving as the United States Secretary of War and was in charge of National Cemeteries. With permission, the Arlington Confederate Memorial Association was formed, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy were given authority to oversee work on the monument.

An agreement and contract was made with Sir Moses Jacob Ezekiel who was a Jewish Confederate Veteran by the record of his service at the Battle of New Market while he was a Cadet at Virginia Military Institute. Work started at his workshop in Italy in 1910, and upon his death in 1917, the Great Sculptor was brought back home and buried near the base of the Arlington Confederate Monument. On 4 June 1914, the Arlington monument was unveiled to a crowd of thousands which included former Confederate and Union soldiers. The Memorial Event was presided over by President Woodrow Wilson, and the people applauded the stirring



speeches given by General Bennett H. Young—Commander In Chief of the United Confederate Veterans; General Washington Gardner—Commander In Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Colonel Robert E. Lee—grandson of General Lee.

The Confederate monument unveiling was concluded by a 21–gun salute, and the Arlington monument was officially given to the United Daughters of the Confederacy and was given back to the U. S. War Department for keeping, and accepted by President Woodrow Wilson who said: “I am not so happy as PROUD to participate in this capacity on such an occasion, Proud that I represent such a people.”

Lest We Forget: <http://confederateheritagemonth.com>.