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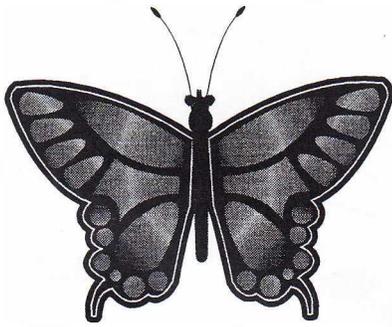
Water On Mars

The Moth

By John T. Madigan

A little boy had a moth collection. He had moths down from the tiniest size up to ones with wingspans of several inches.

The boy would capture the moths outside, bring them into his room, put them to sleep with chloroform, then mount and frame them. His walls were covered with his moth collection.



One day, he found the biggest moth he ever found. It measured 6 inches across the wings. The body was a light dusty brown, and each of the wings had a large round spot like an oversized eye.

He took the moth to his room, transferred it to his moth-sleeping box and added the chloroform. The moth's movements slowed down somewhat, but it refused to go to sleep. Some inner will kept it going.

The little boy was perplexed. This had never happened before. Every time when he would put a moth into his sleeping box and added the chloroform, the moths would go to sleep. Why not this one?

He added more chloroform to the box. The moth's movements did become slower, but never once did he stop.

Finally, the little boy could not still his patience. Gently, ever so gently, he brought the still-moving moth out of the sleeping box and set him on the mounting frame.

He began to pin the wings to the board, being ever so careful not to injure those large mysterious wings. Finally when the wings were all in place, he took a large pin, pushed it through the moth's belly and stuck it into the board. The moth struggled once more and was still.

The little boy smiled. This was the biggest, bestest moth that anyone ever got and it was his. He moved several moths that he had hung on the wall, and took his new moth and hung it there, all by itself. He was still smiling as he went down to dinner.

Later that night before he went to bed, he noticed a brown stain on the mounting board. It seemed to be coming from where the big pin had gone through the belly of the moth. As he looked closer, he could smell the barest scent of something there.

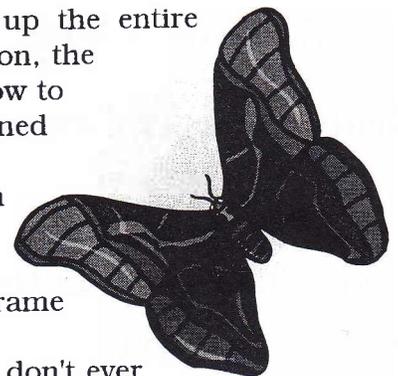
By morning, the stain had grown larger. It was now nearly the size of the moth's body. The boy thought that it was just the body juices (like were in other moths) then thought no more about it and went to school.

In the afternoon when he came home, the stain had taken up the entire mounting board and was beginning to seep into the wall. In addition, the smell was getting stronger and stronger. The boy opened his window to bring in the fresh air, but it didn't help. The smell seemed determined to stay in his room, strongest right next to the moth.

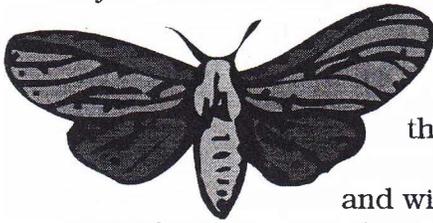
By now the little boy was getting scared. He brought up his mom and dad so that they could help him. His mom would not come into his room, so strong was the smell. His dad covered his face and came in. His dad wanted to take the whole moth, mounting frame and all, outside to throw out.

The little boy said, "No, no, its the biggest moth I ever found! I don't ever want to lose it!"

His dad said, "OK, but if that smell gets into the rest of the house, it's going."



The little boy slept that night in his room, the moth on the wall, the stain growing larger, larger, the window left open and the cold January breezes were stealing in. The smell in the room was getting stronger, stronger. The room was getting colder, colder. The little boy could not breathe and was freezing.



Finally, he could not stand it anymore.

He went to the wall and took down the moth. So great was his fear and his anger that he wanted to do anything to get rid of this thing, break it, smash it, throw it out the window...

That was it! He'd throw it out the window, down to the trash and wish he'd never seen this thing.

As he got ready to throw it, an odd thing happened. He was caught by the eyes of the moth, but not the eyes on the head, rather, those on the wings. The large, dark eyes that found his first. Eyes to fall into, eyes to fall away from, eyes...

He started to remember.

Floating along beneath large nimbus wings, floating with the wind and by it, no cares, no troubles at all, alighting on buds and flowers, drinking sweet nectar, soaring with the breeze...

Caught. A large can. Moving. Prodding. A large room. Sleepy smell. Try to move. More sleep smell. Movement. Numb. Try to move. Wings, beautiful wings bound to this board. Free me... No effect. Try to move... No effect.

Hot fire through my belly! Cold steel steal my lifeblood, steal my life!

FREE ME !!!

The little boy jolted awake.

He looked at the board he was about to throw, and remembered.

Remembered the happiness, remembered the fear as he stole away the life.

He cried to the moth saying, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. You just looked so pretty, I didn't mean to kill you."

Gently, he took out the pins that bound the wings to the board. They began to flutter in the cool winter night.

Then he carefully removed the pin from the middle of the moth. The dark stain on the board seemed to lift itself into the moth, and in his room, the wall stain dwindled smaller and smaller, a cloud of brown drifting over and into the body of the moth.

An errant breeze caught the moth and flipped him out of the window into the night, fluttering out of sight.

The little boy looked back into his room, smelled the now-clean air, and remembered.

Slowly, one by one, he began to release all of his moths.

No One Else Is Allowed to Die!

The 2/6/04 First Friday meeting at the Madigans' took people by surprise. "Are we having a meeting?" they asked. There was no treasurer. Capclave past had no news. Capclave present was in Egypt. Capclave Future had nothing? "Anything left over from WFC?" Mike answered, "Far too much money. We're finding stuff to pay but nickel and dime stuff." Someone offered to go to Vegas. Keith walked in just as the meeting reached publications and webpage. He said that we have 19 and a half years on-line. The web page was off line for 23 hours. "They said someone called to cancel. I don't know if someone lied or if there was a prankster." The Washington Post forgot to renew their email address. Entertainment is having fun in Egypt. Eric said that Jean-Luc betrayed us all by saying something stupid about not going into space.

Mike Walsh said that Pat Kelly, who just died, was a former member of WSFA. He made a motion to make a donation to BSFS in his name. Adrienne asked how much there was in our account. Mike said that WFC would put us at four figures in the neighborhood of \$50,000, more than the deficit from Constellation. He described how Pat helped unload books for WFC. Asked about a figure for donations, Mike said \$500 sounds good. Madeline said this "Sets a bad precedent. What happens if someone else in fandom dies?" Mike had an answer, "No one else is allowed to die." Madeleine made a motion to make the donation \$100. This passed unanimously.



WSFA thanked Candy and John for hosting. The dog does not get chocolate. Knock on the bathroom door. Ernest Lilley asked if we want to share a fan table at Worldcon and if people want to share rides/rooms. Keith said that Hal Haag was talking about a train con to the con. Keith said this was the second anniversary of the WSFA list. March is the anniversary of publication of first two books of Lord of the Rings. Meeting unanimously adjourned at 9:33.

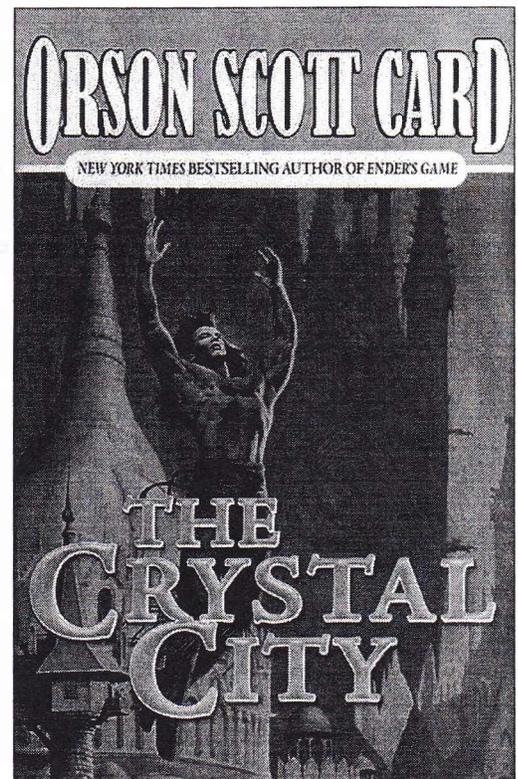
Attendance: VP Cathy Green, Sec Sam Lubell, Trust Keith Lynch, Trust Steven Smith, 2005 Chair Mike Walsh, Erica Ginter, Eric Jablow, Nicki and Richard Lynch, Wade Lynch, Candy and John Madigan, Cat Meier, Walter Miles. Barry and Judy Newton, Larry Pfeffer, Ivy Yap, Bill Herriman, Karey Herriman, Bobby Heinlein, and Emily Richter.

Orson Scott Card's *Crystal City*

Reviewed by Samuel Lubell

For a while it seemed like Orson Scott Card's permanent reputation would be made with the first two Ender books and the Alvin Maker series. Unfortunately, the flaws of that infected the Ender series after *Speaker for the Dead* began to infect Alvin as well. The first book, *Seventh Son*, was a groundbreaking fantasy novel as it was told in a truly American style. The second, *Red Prophet*, had some incredible writing and imagery. *Prentice Alvin* was also superb. But after that the series began to drift with too much of the typical alternate history gimmick of running into alternate versions of famous people (whose knacks, as Card calls his characters' magical abilities, inevitably reflect their talents and abilities in our own history) while avoiding Alvin's destiny. For Alvin does not just have a knack, the seventh son of a seventh son he is a maker, tasked with defeating the unmaker and building the Crystal City. Um, would it help if I told you that people's last name is their profession and Alvin is a Smith? That's right, this is yet another attempt by Card to rewrite the book of Mormon.

In *The Crystal City* Alvin appears to be friends with a young Abraham Lincoln; however, the opening is very awkward as the first few chapters were hacked off and sent in as Card's story for the Legends II anthology. But after some toying around with some robbers, and some joking around by Card (really Mama Squirrel and Papa Moose?!?) Card begins to make some progress on the main direction for the series as the half-black Arthur Stuart learns how to use his own maker abilities that Alvin accidentally transferred to him several books ago. He also deals with race as Moose and Squirrel have taken in several mixed race children (but since teaching blacks and Indians at school is forbidden their school does not teach students how to read aloud or do sums (but yes to subtracting and counting)).



But this is mixed in with plague and Alvin's lesser maker brother Calvin, always jealous of Alvin's abilities, and even the Red Prophet Tenskwa-Tawa himself. Ultimately, Alvin and then Arthur Stuart lead a slave exodus from New Orleans and confront the Caviler army, while Abraham Lincoln takes up the practice of law to get Alvin land on which to build his Crystal City.

This book gets the series back on track after a couple that seemed mostly filler. It further expands a richly imagined view of frontier America and adds to the interesting characters that people this world. Every American fantasy reader should be reading this series. It's not just another book of wizards and kings and European fairy tales retold but a truly American vision. And Card does not follow the Book of Mormon as slavishly here as in his sf version of the tale. However, this is not the book to start with, go to the bookstore or library and get both *Seventh Son* and *Red Prophet*. If, after reading these two, you are not hooked enough to survive a disappointing volume four and five, quit there.

An Egyptian Trip Report

By Alexis Gilliland

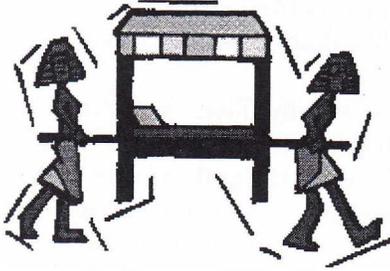


Lee and I had originally planned to go to Egypt with a Smithsonian tour for a couple of weeks in November 2001, but after the 9/11 that tour was cancelled. However, we finally got to Egypt, working through Champion Tours (Lee found them on the internet, along with dozens of others), which did an exemplary job of moving us around the country. Lee has wanted to visit Egypt since she was a child, and often she knew as much about the places we visited as our guides. She had a wonderful time, and pulled me along in her wake. I haven't slept well in strange beds for some time, and being seven time zones displaced from home didn't help, so I did a lot of napping. Egypt was something to be got through, more fun to remember than to experience. Alas, I may be getting too old for all this world traveling, though as Lee says: "Every day an adventure." An example: We were scheduled to fly from Cairo to Aswan, when our flight was cancelled because of high winds at the Aswan Airport, and we took a sleeper train instead. The rebate to which we were entitled got spent on a balloon ride over Karnak, one of the high--you should excuse the expression--points of the trip.

Some notes; they tell you don't drink the tap water. True. Don't even put your partial plate in tap water--which I unthinkingly did, to be rewarded with the leisurely onset of GI distress that lasted for most of the trip. Take a lot more cash than you think you'll need. Your credit card will get you the best rate of exchange, but there is a sort of black market where the merchants will discount their prices for American dollars, giving you a premium of maybe 10 percent. The LE (Egyptian Pound) is worth about 17 cents, and they issue currency in the denomination of 10 piastres, or 0.10 LE, or 1.7 cents. Eventually I kept the 1 LE notes and change (50, 25, and 10 piastre bills) in a separate pocket because it was useful for baksheesh--tipping--which is universal and expected. Also the small stuff clutters up your wad of 50, 20, and 10 notes. The 5 LE notes are also clutter, but I never decided what to do with them. It is an excellent idea to give your credit card companies a heads up, "Hey guys, we're going to be in Egypt on these dates," lest they freeze your account because you are deviating from your usual spending pattern. Which happened with both Visa and MasterCard, a shock and embarrassment at the time, but fortunately repairable with a long distance phone call. If photos are important you might want a backup camera; after a couple



of days the battery died on Lee's electronic camera, and an economy model 35 mm film camera would have come in handy. We saw film shops all over the place.



The Egyptian economy is heavily dependent on tourism--about 30-percent of the GNP--even though tourism provides about 80-percent of its foreign exchange receipts. The tombs and temples are impressive, but somehow suggestive of a highly dispersed Disneyworld. (The camel ride at Gizeh combines Magic Mountain and the Pirates of the Caribbean; the operator gets you on top of this huge beast and extorts you for what he can get.) You go to all these legendary places, and

stand in lines with hordes of tourists while vendors try to sell you stuff. A highlight; this kid was trying to sell me something while I was walking towards the ticket booth, holding a 50 LE note, and when I refused to buy, he said, "Well, will you shake hands with me?" When I said "No," he asked why not, at which point I displayed the money in my hand, a perfectly acceptable excuse for not shaking hands. For security there were lots of soldiers in evidence, looking rather like the sentries in video shooter games, and the "Tourist and Antiquities Police," who looked a little more elite. Most elite were the nattily dressed plainclothes men, with compact machineguns under their suit coats. In Cairo there are a lot of check points with metal shields for soldiers to stand behind, and outside of Cairo, a lot of elevated sentry boxes; passive defenses. The American and British embassies were blocked off and very heavily guarded, with dozens of APCs lining the streets. At one point we drove in a convoy, with army vehicles in the front and rear. Convoys are unnatural for Egyptians, and the civilian drivers kept passing each other, even though they had to stay behind the lead army vehicle. The traffic in Cairo is terrifying, but nobody insists on their right of way because the concept doesn't exist, and Egyptian traffic includes horse drawn carriages, donkey carts and more jaywalkers than I like to think about.



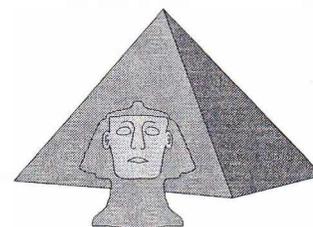
Eventually, I came to have a fix on those huge temples we were visiting. They are graven comic books, drawn or carved in the religious orthodox style of the day, to serve the cult of personality of the pharaoh du jour. The tip off came when the guide said: "See the triple incense burner? It was carved that way to indicate that the pharaoh was bobbing it up and down." Old Rameses II may have been the most megalomaniac of them all, living to be 97 and married four of his hundred-odd daughters. Certainly he built lots of temples, all of which celebrated as a victory his hard-fought draw against the Hittites at age 17. It gets boring when you see them one after another, although now I know where the

phrase "killing seven with one blow" came from; old Rameses is often depicted holding seven enemies by the hair with one hand while preparing to smite them with the other. The temple at Abu Simbel, built in his old age, has old Rameses set up as a god alongside other gods. By then he may have believed it himself. Abu Simbel was built so the morning sun illuminated the statue of Rameses II on February 20 (since they moved the temple to higher ground, it is now illuminated on February 22, Lee's birthday), which was probably his birthday. If they ever get rid of the high dam, will they move the temple back, I wonder?

Hatshepsut's temple was memorable, in part because it deviated from the conventional temple design, in part because it has been recently reassembled from rubble so it was looking almost pristine in the distance. And Hatshepsut, the only female pharaoh, was herself memorable. Discussing the matter with Lee, we concluded that Tutmoses III, the heir apparent at age 17, let his Aunt Hattie have the job (a) because it was more fun being a soldier, and (b) because, as a woman, she was a safe pair of hands who could never displace him as Egypt's rightful ruler. A female pharaoh was intolerable to the priests who defaced her name and figure after she died, and also to some of the guides who regarded her as a good ruler but an evil person. While his Aunt Hattie was running the country for

all those long years, Tutmoses III got a thorough grounding in military affairs, and when he took over as pharaoh, he fought lots of wars with considerable success.

Other factoids; the Egyptian year was divided into twelve months of 30 days, composed of three weeks of ten days each, with the workers getting the tenth day off. The Hebrew bible saying "six days shalt thou labor and on the seventh shalt thou rest" thus represents divinely inspired labor agitation. Anyway, the Egyptian year culminated in a five day drunken holiday, which ended on the first rest day of the new year.



What else? Egypt is making itself over to be a kind of national Disneyland, only with real antiquities, and plans to increase tourism from six million a year to nine million. Eventually, some of the temples may be repainted in their original gaudy colors, and there is a plan to raise money for masonic surgery to be performed on the sphinx, restoring the nose shot off by Napoleon's French, and the beard shot off by WW I British, plus miscellaneous small arms damage inflicted by the Egyptian Mamelukes. Maybe they could talk to Bill Gates, who might look really pharonic as the sphinx.

WSFA Budget

Calendar Year 2003

| Account ID | Account Description | Debit Amt | Credit Amt |
|------------|----------------------------|-------------|-------------|
| 10001 | Cash on Hand | \$ 63.00 | |
| 10010 | Cash in Bank | \$ 3,546.29 | \$ 3,609.29 |
| 10250 | Credit Cards Charges | \$ 600.00 | |
| 40000 | Reserves | | \$ 153.14 |
| 50000 | Membership Dues | | \$ 550.00 |
| 50010 | Proceeds from Capclave '02 | | \$ 1,552.49 |
| 51000 | SMoFCon Membership | | \$ 3,000.00 |
| 52000 | Contributions | | \$ 120.00 |
| 60100 | WSFA Journal | \$ 324.51 | |
| 60200 | First Friday Meetings | \$ 225.00 | |
| 60300 | Third Friday Meetings | \$ 50.00 | |
| 62000 | Insurance | \$ 500.00 | |
| 63000 | Web Page Expenses | \$ 40.00 | |
| 64000 | Taxes | \$ 26.83 | |
| Total: | | \$ 5,375.63 | \$ 5,375.63 |

Calendar Year 2004

| Account ID | Account Description | Debit Amt | Credit Amt |
|------------|----------------------|-------------|-------------|
| 10001 | Cash on Hand | \$ 423.00 | |
| 10010 | Cash in Bank | \$ 3,605.42 | \$ 4,028.42 |
| 10250 | Credit Cards Charges | \$ 600.00 | |
| 40000 | Reserves | | \$ 4,209.29 |
| 50000 | Membership Dues | | \$ 290.00 |
| 51000 | SMoFCon Membership | | \$ 120.00 |

| | | | | |
|-------|-----------------------|-------|----------|-------------|
| 52000 | Contributions | | \$ | 90.00 |
| 60100 | WSFA Journal | \$ | 30.87 | |
| 60200 | First Friday Meetings | \$ | 50.00 | |
| | | <hr/> | | |
| | Total: | \$ | 4,709.29 | \$ 4,709.29 |
| | | <hr/> | | |

Correction: In the last WSFA Journal, where I wrote that Elspeth suggested making a contribution to Sf-Lovers," Elspeth asked that the minutes be amended to read that "Elspeth suggested that we have a number of options of places to make contributions, using SF Lovers as an example."

The Library of Congress Professional Association's
What IF... Science Fiction and Fantasy Forum
Presents

Conan Doyle and Harry Houdini:
A Spirited Friendship

By Daniel Stashower
Author of *Teller of Tales: The Life of Arthur Conan Doyle*

Wednesday, Mar. 17, 2004, 12:10pm Library of Congress Madison Building, LMG-45

A book signing will follow and copies of *Teller of Tales* and *The Floating Lady Murder* will be available for purchase.

Contact Brian Taves, btav@loc.gov for more information. No reservations are needed: open to staff and the public.

Future events:

May 13-15, 2004: North American Jules Verne Society Conference: presentations are free and open to the public. Contact Brian Taves, btav@loc.gov for more information.

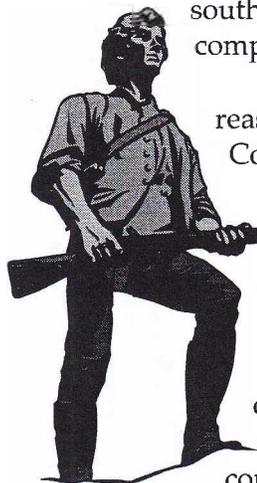
June, 2004: Lois McMaster Bujold, author, date and title tba.

Oct, 2004: Bud Webster, author and editor, date and title tba.

Popular Sovereignty and the Compromise of 1850 (Part II: Origins of Popular Sovereignty) By Samuel Lubell

The first attempt at a formula to resolve the problem of the new territories literally followed the lines of the Missouri Compromise. President Polk proposed to extend the 36° 30' line

to the Pacific, "excluding slavery from all the area north of it, and letting the people to the southward decide for themselves."¹ It should be noted that while the Missouri Compromise forbade slavery in the North, it did not require slavery in the South but merely refrained from creating a Congressional prohibition against it. In practice, Americans assumed that territory south of the line would all become slave states but the wording of this part of the compromise resembles the doctrine later called popular sovereignty.



At first, Douglas and other westerners supported this extension of 36° 30' as a reasonable compromise. He used the Missouri Compromise to argue against a Congressional outlawing of slavery in the territories by the Wilmot Proviso. He had supported the application of the Missouri Compromise to Texas when it was annexed claiming that Texas was part of the original Louisiana Purchase. While Texas was to become a slave state since most of its territory lay below 36° 30', its borders had not yet been determined (and would be settled as part of the Compromise of 1850.) Instead of leaving the status of slavery in states formed from Texas up to the people of the new state as the original statehood bill proposed, Douglas modified the bill to prohibit slavery in any new states formed from Texas that were above 36° 30'. In Congress, he continued to support the extension of the Missouri Compromise line to the Western territories until it was clear that territorial bills could not be passed based on this formula. Writing in the third person in a letter to the Washington Union March 19, 1852, Douglas wrote, "He [i.e. Douglas] brought forward the Missouri Compromise as a part of the Bill for the annexation of Texas. He advocated the same measure as a substitute for the Wilmot Proviso in 1846 & '47."² Only after this failed did he search for another method of defusing the slavery issue and bringing territories into the Union.

Neither the South nor the North could fully support territory bills extending the 36° 30' line. The South saw this extension as a violation of their property rights under the constitution that they claimed protected the right to take property everywhere since the territories were "the common property of all the States"³ and called the Missouri Compromise an illegal act forced on the country by the North. Calhoun said in June 1848 "that he regarded the Missouri Compromise line as a mischievous and unconstitutional assumption of Congressional power over slavery; that the South had never consented to it- the North had forced it upon the Southern people."⁴ The Alabama State Democratic Convention in 1848 "repudiated the Missouri Compromise, declaring that slavery could not be touched in the Territories, and threatening secession if the proviso became law."⁵ Cass, in 1850, said of the Missouri Compromise:

Now sir, what is that provision? It is intervention north of the line of 36° 30' and nonintervention south of that line. Why sir, there is not one southern Senator on this floor, and not one southern member of the other house, nor indeed a southern man who understands the subject, who would accept that line as a proper settlement of the question. [At which point Foote interrupted.]

Mr. Foote {in his seat} I would not.

Mr. Cass: Why, sir, the whole doctrine of equal rights and of non-intervention is taken away by it at once... The true doctrine of non-intervention [here meaning

¹ Nevins, Alan. *Ordeal of the Union Volume I: Fruits of Manifest Destiny 1847-1852* (NY: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947) p. 10

² Johannsen Letters of Stephen A. Douglas p 242

³ Fehrenbacher *The South And Three Sectional Crises* (Baton Rouge, LA: Louisiana State University Press, 1980) p. 37

⁴ Nevins *Ordeal of the Union* Vol 1, p. 24

⁵ Nevins *Ordeal of the Union* Vol 1, p. 12

popular sovereignty] leaves the whole question to the people, and does not divide their right of decision by a parallel of latitude.

Northerners, on the other hand, objecting to the Missouri Compromise division for extending servitude, refused to allow any new land for slavery. They had both moral and political reasons since they feared both a Southern conspiracy and the inability of free labor to coexist with slave labor. On August 8, 1846 David Wilmot introduced what became known as the Wilmot Proviso saying "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of the territory [acquired from Mexico]..."⁶ This proviso began the process of turning the North into proponents of Free Soil and scaring the South into thinking the North would abolish slavery. The growth of extremism on both sides prevented the North and the South from reviving the Missouri Compromise. An 1847 bill to organize Oregon as a territory in return for extending the 36° 30' to the Pacific only attracted six Northern votes. "The Missouri Compromise had failed to still the clash of sections and it had become necessary to abandon it."⁷



Being more concerned with approving new territorial governments than with the status of slavery, Douglas saw the constant debates paralyzing Congress as an obstacle to his plans. He realized that in order to get new territories approved, he would have to find a new solution, one that would remove the whole issue of debate from Congress and allow it to concentrate on the more important issues of forming new territories and states. The solution was popular sovereignty.

I do not believe, sir, that the Senate can agree upon any principle by which a bill can pass giving governments to the territories in which the word 'slavery' is mentioned. If you prohibit; if you establish; if you recognize; if you control; if you touch the question of slavery, your bill cannot, in my opinion, pass this body. But the bill that you can pass is one that is open upon these questions, that says nothing upon the subject but leaves the people to do as they please, and to shape their institutions according to what they might conceive to be their interests.⁸

The doctrine of popular sovereignty seemed to solve this problem by diverting the responsibility for the slavery issue from Congress to the settlers. It held that while Congress had no power to forbid or allow slavery in an area, the settlers in each territory did hold that power. This would be a more democratic solution since the people directly affected by the decision would be the people who were empowered to make the decision.

Lewis Cass first popularized this doctrine in his Nicholson letter and his 1848 Presidential Campaign (although Foner cites Vice President Dallas in 1847 as the true originator, and Nevins credits Representative Caleb Smith of Indiana and Representative Leake of Virginia for the basic idea.) Cass' letter to Alfred O.P. Nicholson of Tennessee asked to 'Leave to the people who will be affected' by the slavery issue 'to adjust it upon their own responsibility and in their own manner.'⁹

This version of popular sovereignty denied the power of Congress to pass laws on slavery

⁶ Craven, Avery. *The Coming of the Civil War* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1942) p 222

⁷ Milton, George Fort *Eve of Conflict: Stephen A. Douglas and the Needless War*. (NY: Octagon Books, 1969) p. 78

⁸ Douglas in *Congressional Globe* 31:1 Vol XXL Part 1. p. 1116

⁹ Hamilton, Holman. *Prologue to Conflict: The Crisis and Compromise of 1850* (Kentucky: University of Kentucky Press, 1964) p. 145

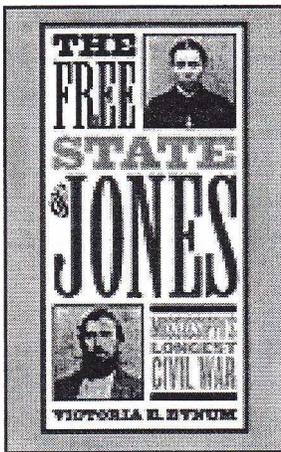
in the Territories (including the Wilmot proviso) since that right was part of self-government. Only the individual territorial legislatures could establish slavery in the territories; and until they did so Mexican law forbidding slavery would stay in place. Cass also pointed out that slaveholders would not want to go into California and New Mexico because of "natural and geographical obstacles" as well as objections from the current settlers. Even in this first version, popular sovereignty promoted the cause of democracy. Cass showed a strong belief "in the rights of man... I believe that the people of the Territories have just the same right to govern themselves as the people of the States have."¹⁰ Some of these ideas would find their way into the Compromise of 1850, which enshrined popular sovereignty as the new policy for forming territorial governments.

The Free State of Jones: Mississippi's Longest Civil War

Written by Victoria E. Bynum

Chapel Hill, NC: The University of North Carolina Press, 2001

Reviewed by former Mississippian Lee Strong



The Free State of Jones is a colorful story from the US Civil War still told in Mississippi and the WSFA Chat List. Ms. Bynum here presents the less colorful but still intriguing facts behind this legendary event.

According to legend, the county of Jones didn't like the secession of Mississippi and the Confederate States from the United States. Taking Confederate rhetoric as actual policy, the Jonesians proceeded to secede from both state and Confederacy. The latter were not amused and sent in the army to crush the miniature rebellion against the Rebellion. Again according to legend, the gray legions never captured the ringleader and the Free State of Jones remains a colorful story to this day.

Alas for romantic legend, the county of Jones never actually declared its independence. During the War of the Rebellion, conventional law and order broke down in many parts of the Confederacy because the respectable manpower was off fighting the War. Many womenfolk, unaccustomed to being without masculine protection and labor, felt threatened by unruly slaves, common criminals, and basic starvation. Many urged their menfolks to leave the armies and return home. Jones County was one such location. Local citizens, led by one Newton Knight, returned home and established a vigilante military company to maintain order and to defy the Confederacy that they perceived as waging "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight." Confederate cavalry units swept the county several times, killing all of the suspected members of the Knight Company that they could find without benefit of trial. It was the gray cavalry that awarded Jones County the title of "free state" to describe its lawless nature in Confederate eyes.

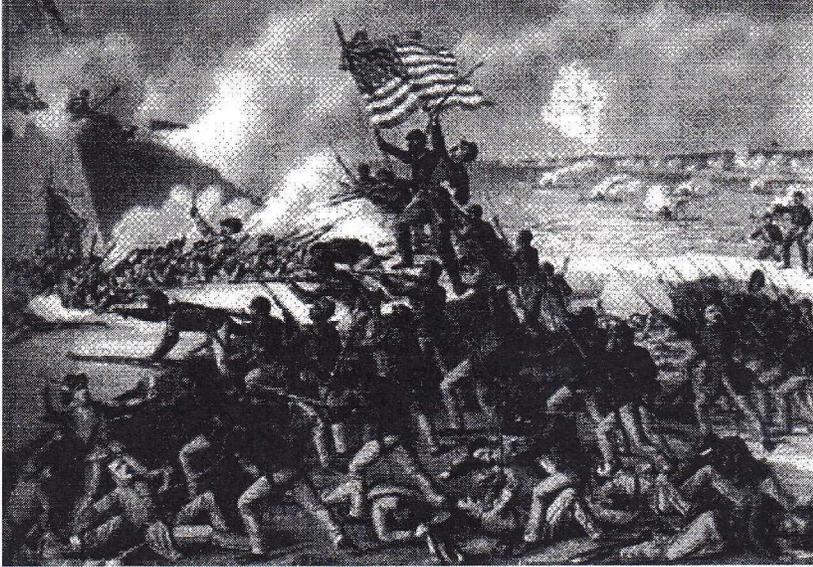
Ms. Bynum's tract lays out the facts in a solid, well-documented manner, and brings out important racial and socioeconomic elements of the continuing battles over Jones County. Opinions about the justice of The Confederate Cause were sharply dependent on the number of slaves the opinion holder owned. The Knight Company's defiance of The Cause was reinforced by its racial composition since many of the Knights were married across color lines. On the negative side, Ms. Bynum's academic style makes reading somewhat thick going, especially when she is beating her economic analysis to death. Still, an interesting and informative recap of an interesting sidelight of the war to make the world safe for slavery.

¹⁰ Congressional Globe 31st Congress, Session 1 Vol XXL Part 1. p. 399. Speech by Cass, Feb 20, 1850

I rate *The Free State of Jones: Mississippi's Longest Civil War* as ★★½ on the 5 star scale. – LS

Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era

Written by James M. McPherson
New York: Ballantine Books, 1988
Reviewed by Lee Strong, USA



This is a superb book on the US Civil War -- properly the War of the Rebellion -- and the years leading up to it. It deserves a prominent place in the library of anyone interested in the fascinating subject. Most Americans have a general knowledge of America's bloodiest war and the tensions that preceded it. This excellent book is for the student who's interested in knowing more, and having a definitive one-volume reference work close at hand.

Mr. McPherson skillfully sketches in the development of the slavery issue from the time of American Independence until the final break and the ensuing fighting. His account is well balanced in several ways. First, he presents the major incidents and developments in a clear, lucid style, allowing the facts to speak for themselves with a minimum of editorializing. He is particularly good at showing the particulars and relating those details to the longer-term trends. Second, he briefly but fairly recaps the major points of view, with the pro-slavery, pro-abolition and pro-Union forces all having their say. (The latter two opinions were originally different groups and only coalesced under wartime pressures.) As a result, the reader will increase his or her knowledge without drowning in details or getting a one sided story.

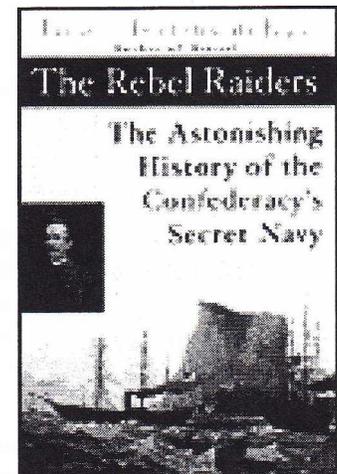
I rate *Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era* as ★★★★★ on the 5 star scale. -- LS

The Rebel Raiders: The Astonishing History of the Confederacy's Secret Navy

Written by James Tertius deKay
New York: Ballantine Books, 2002
Reviewed by Lee Strong, USA

This is a nice little book about a little known aspect of the American Civil War: the pirate fleet operated by the Confederacy in an effort to destroy United States commerce and break the Federal blockade of the Confederate States.

Since the Confederates cleverly started the Civil War without a navy, they attempted various gambits to build and staff one. This book details the work of Confederate agents to illegally build and crew naval vessels in Britain, and then prey on unarmed US commercial shipping. They succeeded in outfitting a number of warships, destroying almost a third of the US civilian fleet (and one Federal warship), diverting US



commerce to British ships, and almost provoking a third Anglo-American war. In 1872, the Alabama Claims international tribunal declared that Britain owed the United States \$15.5 million for the former's support of the Confederate navy.

This book is very well written, with a clear, well reasoned style. Professor deKay presents the little known facts and lets the story tell itself. I was particularly intrigued by the Confederate naval scheme to attack New York harbor and hold the city for ransom, and the Confederate Navy's surprising contribution to world peace. Every student of the Civil War and international diplomacy can benefit from this excellent little book.

I rate *The Rebel Raiders: The Astonishing History of the Confederacy's Secret Navy* as ★★★★★ on the five star scale. -- LS

Both Interesting and Printable

The 2/20 Third Friday at the Ginters started at 9:15. Lee yelled at everyone making noise to shut up. Old business was the \$100 donation in memory of Pat Kelly but we're worried about precedence so no one else in fandom is allowed to die. There was no treasurer again. Scott said this was okay "as long as he's in the country." The Entertainment committee went to Egypt. The trip report is in this Journal. Lee reported on getting a speeding ticket. The commonwealth attorney didn't appreciate the cop not telling Lee that her license really had been renewed so got the charges mostly dropped. Publications is still missing four issues, other than that have 20 years online.

Capclave Present has a signed hotel contract, signed, sealed, and delivered. Cathy said she didn't push the hotel rep under a bus. Capclave Future had nothing. Mike for WFC said people coming up with ideas on how to spend it. Expect \$54,000 in surplus. Lee suggested, "Let's have a Worldcon bid." Keith suggested "Free Capclaves until the money runs out." Judy asked about the committee to spend lots of money. Lee said, "You can send me back to Egypt!" "One Way or Round Trip?" asked Mike. Elspeth suggested a larger apartment for herself with one room as a WFC office. There were no SMOFCON people. Activities committee reported good movies coming out. Ernest said, "To find good sf movies they're going further into the past [referring to a particularly retro movie.]" Someone commented that this is like Enterprise trying to make the technology more primitive than that used on the original Star Trek.

Erica for austerity committee said, "We need to decide if we want to keep current model or go back to the old tradition of WSFA paying for food and drink. Last time only \$12 in hat." Candy said she didn't know there was supposed to be a hat. Madeleine said she didn't put the green out because she was afraid the rabbit would eat it. Ernest said he was new here and didn't know about the hat. Adrienne explained about the hat and the frog that collect money for WSFA meetings. Ernest suggested a hat report at each meeting. Julie suggested that "When new people come, we could have a handout explaining procedures, traditions etc." Erica said, "Read the house rules." Madeleine asked, "If we can't lick the cat, can we lick the rabbit?" Candy said, "If you take your life in your hands."



Elsbeth said that the old journals had financial reports. Since we have multiple accounts, this is important. Judy said she'll talk to Bob.

A motion unanimously passed to reimburse Keith for Fifth Friday. Matt asked if we were sure this really was Keith and suggested that we check his id. Emily suggested doing a handout for new members. She offered to write it. Mike suggested writing out a history of WSFA.

Erica said we should get an Ojai board and contact Joe Mayhew.

There was extensive debate that settled on writing up things that were both interesting and printable. Motion amended to have Emily do it. This passed unanimously.

The quarter rule was explained to Ernest as throwing a quarter into the hat if you call the present convention Disclave.

New people. Jillian, an English major. Erica has title to her car. Hopes to get more new desk. 1001 uses for a bidet. Erica is singing with the Lowell Oratorio so selling bulbs. Bill H asked if they were 60 or 75-watt bulbs. Colleen said, "Just sell him some. Don't worry." Nicki said this was the 50th anniversary of Eisenhower's visit to an alien. Mike said, "They left us Richard Nixon." Nicki said this was researched on the Internet. Erica said, "It has to be true or they can't print it, or so my grandmother believed." There was a debate about M&M research- scientists showed they can pack more than spheres. Keith's place was flooded. Alexis said *Asimov's* bought five of his cartoons. Lee forgot her pictures of Egypt. Potomac Yards B&N has a SF book club meeting at 8:30 on the Third Monday of the month. The Times Literary Supplement reviewed Mike's Whittmore reprints.

Lee made a motion, "Can we go now, Mummy?" Meeting unanimously adjourned at 9:51.

Attendance: Pres. Judy Kindell, VP Cathy Green, Sec Sam Lubell, Trust Adrienne Ertman, Trust Keith Lynch, Trust Steven Smith, 2004 Chair Lee Gilliland, 2005 Chair Mike Walsh, Colleen Cahill, Carolyn Frank, Alexis Gilliland, Erica and Karl Ginter, Scott Hofmann, Elspeth Kovar, Bill Lawhorn, Nicki and Richard Lynch, Wade Lynch, Candy and John Madigan, Walter Miles, Marilyn Mix, Barry and Judy Newton, Larry Pfeffer, Evan Phillips, George Shaner, Michael Taylor, Ivy Yap, Madeleine Yeh, Bill and Karey Herriman, Kelley Singer, Gilliland Hurley, Emily Richtor, Ernest Lilley, Lydia Ginter, and Fred Flintstone.

Water On Mars By Samuel Lubell

It's official. There was water on Mars. Although the red planet looks like a desert today, at one point far in the past there was water on Mars deep enough and lasting long enough to leave evidence in the rocks. This certainly strengthens the case for the possibility of life on Mars at one point in time. Since we know life on Earth needs water to exist, it seems likely that water (or another liquid) would be needed for life on other planets as well. Of course, we still haven't detected any evidence of actual life (with the possible exception of meteorites with chemicals made by organisms) but we've only explored a tiny fraction of the place. Who knows? Perhaps Heinlein's Old Ones are hiding in a cave somewhere, just waiting for a rover to go a roving in.

Of course, it is far more likely that the most we'll ever find on Mars are some fossils of single celled organisms. But even that would be encouraging. The more evidence we find that conditions supporting the development of life existed on planets other than Earth, the more likely it is that life could have also developed on other planets in other solar systems. Since all we can really study at this point in time is our own solar system, the more evidence generated for having the conditions supporting the evolution of life appear on other planets, the less unique Earth seems so the more likely the development of life outside of Earth.

We've barely scratched the surface of Mars and have done even less with other planets. If we're finding signs of life already, from this little bit of exploring, than we must conclude that life is fairly common in the great big universe.

