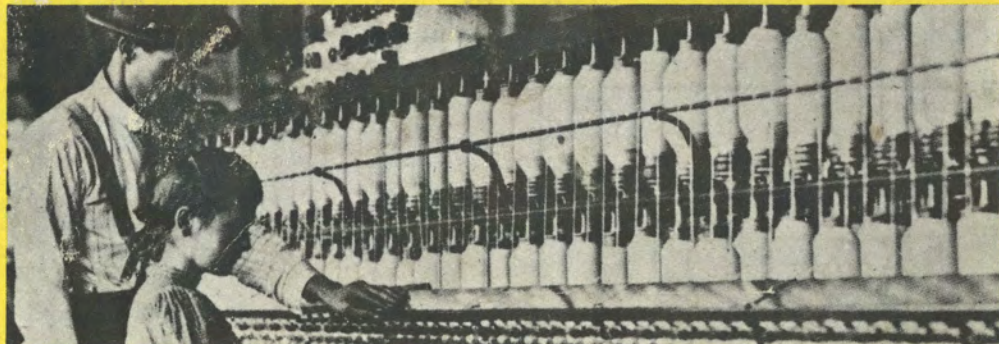
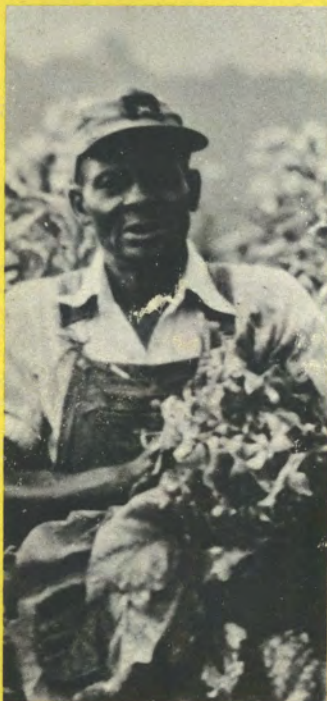


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Southern Exposure



FACING SOUTH

FACING SOUTH:

Throughout the country, and even this region, people view the South through myth and stereotype. It's not surprising. If they turn to newspapers, to television and radio, to popular films and literature, to most history books and folklore, they encounter these distortions. They find insulting portraits of Southerners, white-washed presentations of southern economics and politics, selective visions of history, misunderstandings of relationships between people, and between people and their land and work. Many trivial qualities are romanticized; other important ones are totally ignored. Blacks are presented only as victims of racism, and labor struggles are completely forgotten.

This view is inevitable when people simply treat the South as an aberration of mainstream America, or a remnant of some past culture. We at *Southern Exposure* look at the South from another perspective. This is our home, we are of it and examine it that we may know more of ourselves and our neighbors. These are the politics and culture that surround us and affect us daily, that we must analyze, praise and attack so our lives can grow and prosper. And this is the ground from which we must view the larger world. By listening to local tobacco farmers discuss the pressures on them to expand or die, we can better understand Earl Butz's plan for US agribusiness. By hearing a bluesman's story, we come to appreciate how a particular culture evolves from material hardship and inspires immense creativity.

In our three years of publishing *Southern Exposure*, we have learned much about the limitations and potentials of using our roots and region as a point of reference for grasping larger realities. We have come to take the South almost as a metaphor for everybody's home—for a place that possesses a peculiar, yet imperfect, integrity stemming from a rich history—and we see Southerners as archetypes of people who move into the future while affirming their connections to

the past. That's why we can honestly say that *Southern Exposure* is for everybody in this desperately rootless nation, where people are cut off and forced to live as though they were individually the masters of their own fate: it is a declaration that knowledge is active and collective, that we can best learn by sinking our teeth into our culture in order to change it together.

Such a stance—like that taken in "black pride"—illustrates the potentials of regionalism. The limits, however, are not far away. Regionalism is confining—and has long been for Southerners—when we become preoccupied with useless comparisons between the Old South and the New or between this region and the national norm. The national norm is horrible, and so are huge chunks of our own history.

Facing South becomes liberating because it allows us to move out from a place we know to totally different environments that might instruct us on how better to organize our society. As long as we allow our past and present to be defined by debilitating stereotypes and comparisons, then we likewise restrict our future. We limit our imagination and ask the wrong questions. We must not ask should the South be like the North, but what are the best alternatives for us; not whether we should have northern style industry, but how should our economy be organized to make work meaningful; not whether we can avoid the northern urban crisis, but how should cities be shaped so people feel at home in them? The answers, of course, are incredibly difficult, but we must at least begin where we are, get connected to our roots and our neighbors so we can judge what is good from a common base, a common language.

Southern Exposure moves us in this direction by describing the concrete combination of human lives and institutional forces that is the changing South. In this way, facing South is less a process of isolating introspection than an opening of ourselves to the deeper dimensions of what's around us.

Southern Exposure

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Managing Editor

Bob Hall

Copy Editor

Steve Hoffius

Editorial Staff

Bob Arnold
Bill Finger
Chip Hughes
Debby Mercer
Jennifer Miller
Sue Thrasher

Composition

Regulator Press
Durham, N.C.

Lay-Out and Design

Bob Dorland

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The basic integrity and sound and earnest scholasticism of your articles have come through in every issue that I've seen. Though **Southern Exposure** may not attract the general public's attention, it fills so well the region's need for a balancing view that I believe your audience can only grow. For myself, as a writer, it is a tool—educational and inspirational. I hope that the demise of *Southern Voices* will not bring about any drastic alteration of your format or intention, as your publication is quite different; and quite justifiably so.

Bennie Lee Sinclair
Cleveland, S.C.

I find myself continually intrigued by the concept and content of your journal. I am from Alabama and feel more and more like returning to the South after a three year absence here in California. Your journal seems to me to be a reasonably successful synthesis of the traditional Southern life with certain new awarenesses of alternative political and economic necessities. Your preservation of Southern history in a usable form is more beneficial for the seeking of ones personal history in relation to the regional history. The entire idea of a publica-

tion aimed at the ultimate strengths that usually have been overlooked or repressed in most views of the South is very important and one in which I would like to take part.

Wm. David Tankersley
Berkeley, Cal.

Found the last two issues at Modern Times Bookstore just yesterday, and stayed up way past bedtime reading them. First time in 5 years, I was nostalgic over back home. My parents are from Philadelphia, Miss. and I am from Memphis. The amount of research put into some of the articles made the most worthwhile reading for me of late. *The Promised Land* issue is just great. The interlocking directorship chart of Agribiz was just fantastic. Here in S.F. we have a series of "Community Co-op" stores buying food products directly from producers and farmers or on non-profit level. Also doing research on Agribiz to publish in our newsletter. Bought a flour mill from North Carolina. Buy wheat from NFO farmers. No more room to rattle anymore.

Jerry Walker
San Francisco, Cal.

I've just finished reading *No More Moanin'*, and I wanted to write to say how important and exciting the work is. I hadn't been aware of it before, though I should have been, and saw it only when my Atlanta-transplanted brother sent me a gift subscription. It is really excellent stuff—a rich window into important history, a real sense of social change and process, and a feel for working-class experience that is solid and moving. The oral histories themselves are fantastic—focused, powerful, and real, quite a tribute to your editorial work as well as to the magnificent people you interviewed. The package is diverse and a very good antidote to conventionalized pictures of the South, and working-class reality in general. I'm showing it to everybody in sight, and will be ordering a few more copies for use here.

Michael Frisch
Buffalo, N.Y.

As someone trying to write history, I enjoy the oral material very much. I suppose it *is* history, if that is the way the people who once lived it view it to the interviewers, but knowing southern politeness, they often will make statements they think the interviewer would like, just to make them feel good. Being poor/black/female does not necessarily mean you are also filled with truth. I think you are making efforts however to research the material (insofar as you can depend on written sources). This is good.

I yield to no one in my admiration and love for Mrs. Beulah Netherland, but if Mr. Murrah and his students would talk with NAACP attorney Carl Cowan, say, they would get a different version of the Knoxville "riots."

To use *Crisis* as an authoritative source is to say nothing historically.



Crisis was used as a propaganda magazine principally, to rouse the Negro to his own destiny, and according to Editor Moon, worried not too much about the truth. All movements, right, left, center, middle, metaphysical or scatological have their lines and it is naive to accept any of them without skepticism and checking, unless you yourselves do not wish to say what it was, but how you want it to have been. There is so much evil it is not necessary to invent more. It weakens your purpose.

Which doesn't mean I am not on your side.

Rebecca H. Moulder
Tucson, Ariz.

We are reading your issue, *Our Promised Land*. It is a solid resource of

vital importance to us. Your existence makes us even more sure of success with Abeika, Inc., our alternative land development community in Clay County.

Dan Christenberry
Clay County, Ala.

Our Promised Land is history of the South written in an interesting way. Yes, indeed, this is true "Southern Exposure." The pictures are great. The dried okra pods between us and the house are expressive. I've seen hundreds of such scenes.

The cover page contrast of the pumping oil well and the dilapidated home brings pictures to mind of our own Oklahoma.

Lucille Clark
Stillwater, Okla.

I hope you will consider doing an issue soon on the destructive nature of strip mining, dams, channelization, interstates, and other earth-rape activities that are rapidly consuming good farm land and driving people into the decaying cities. The coal gasification plants planned for the Ohio River Valley will soon make this area uninhabitable.

The *Focus On The Media* issue was well done and almost thorough. The major omissions I noticed were: *The Mountain Call*, of West Virginia; *The Mountain Eagle*, of Kentucky; and Atlantis Distributors, of New Orleans. Were any or all of these influential alternative media outlets passed over purposely or by accident? The Eagle and Atlantis have been around longer than most of the others you mentioned, and have survived arrests, bomb threats, economic reprisals, law suits, and endless personnel rotations. Also, Atlantis is the only democratically run alternative media distributor in the South. There is one other in the United States, Midnight Special in Los Angeles.

Keep up the good work.

Jack Frazier
West Va.

I read your *Focus On The Media* edition with greatest interest. I have yet to receive a copy of *Southern Exposure* that I consider less than a valuable addition to my library.

Dave Doggett's article on his *Kudzu* days was of particular appeal to me.

Although I could not claim the distinction of being a front lines fighter of the '60s like Dave, I did see enough to be convinced of the essential validity of his thoughts and comments. The part about the results of the introduction of the commercial dope culture to the youth of the '60s was good. If the rock and dope music movement had not been started by the CIA/FBI conspiracy, it should have been. In a period of a few short years American youth were utterly blitzed. Their hearts and minds were (and are, for that matter) thoroughly pacified.

Hopefully *Southern Exposure* will continue to nurture the seeds of change until a new movement arises, perhaps one that is immune to dope.

Bob Potter
Jacksonville, Ala.

Really like *The Southern Ethic* issue. I've been trying to sharpen my own photo art skills. This issue plus a recent course I took gave me an added incentive.

Ed Meek
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I recently saw a copy of your issue *The Southern Ethic*. I was quite impressed. Although I don't agree with the choice of some of the photographs, overall it was very impressive. I almost entered the show and because of pressures during my life decided that I didn't have time. A bad mistake.

Linda Mansberger
Morgantown, W. Va.





photo by Jack Ridley

Julian Bond:

The Movement, Then and Now

Julian Bond possesses a blend of poise and easy humor that is often associated with distinguished families who have assumed the responsibilities of community leadership. His father, Dr. Horace Mann Bond, was an astute historian of the black experience, and though he rarely received just recognition from white scholars, his studies are now praised as classics in the field. Julian was headed for a career as an intellectual leader himself, perhaps as a creative writer, when the storm of the civil rights movement swept him into political life.

Bond was 20 in 1960, when four students sat-in at the Woolworths lunch counter in Greensboro, N.C., and triggered the mass entrance of black students into the movement. A few months later, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) was formed, and Bond began directing the organization's publicity work. In 1965, he gained national notoriety when the Georgia state house of representatives refused to let him take his newly-won seat in the assembly. The white majority claimed his endorsement of SNCC's anti-Vietnam statement amounted to a rejection of the US Constitution, but in the resulting legal battle, the US Supreme Court finally upheld Bond's right to political office.

Bond now serves in the state senate and nationally is one of the strongest advocates of black political power. He has even announced that he would run for the Presidency himself, if he could finance a campaign. Today, he regularly speaks to twenty different groups in a month, as a means both to support his wife and five children and to get his message out to a wider audience. Although the news media rarely gives his serious views full treatment, he consistently projects a radical alternative for America's economic and political organization. At the same time, and with typical nonchalance, he maintains a wry sense of humor, finding it hard, as he says, "to resist the opportunity for a little witticism when folks are feeling overly self-important."

This edited interview of Julian Bond's thoughts on the movement's development since the early 1960s was conducted in Atlanta in December, 1975, by Bob Hall and Sue Thrasher.

Question: Let's start at the beginning. I'm interested in what you learned as a child from your father and others that had a bearing on your own development as a leader, what was passed from one generation of black leadership to another?

Julian Bond: Well, it was less my father or other people saying, "Here's what you've got to do," than learning from the examples they set. For instance, I saw the way my father responded to pressures which came down on him—and in one case nearly crushed him. That was when he was president of Lincoln University in Lincoln, Pennsylvania, which was then a private black college, the oldest in the country, as a matter of fact. Anyway, the board of trustees decided they wanted to integrate the school. It had always had a few white students, just like any other black college, but they wanted to integrate even further. My father resisted that, and lost his job and had to come down to Atlanta and be dean of the School of Education at Atlanta University.

At the same time, a stream of people were in and out of our house, and we had a chance to watch them. I have a picture of myself and Dr. W.E.B. Dubois and E. Franklin Frazier—I was just four years old—and it has the three of us in academic regalia. It was a half-serious, half-joking plot of my father's to consign me to a life of academic study.

And then there was Paul Robeson, who was somebody to emulate, you know, he is somebody who had a certain kind of life that is worth copying. And I saw Walter White, who was then the executive secretary of the NAACP, and learned that here is somebody who is in fact a professional civil rights worker, one of maybe 20 in the country. You see, at that time there was no "class" of people who were

professional civil rights workers. Today there is, both from public and private life, if you call the affirmative action director of IBM a certain kind of civil rights worker—probably not very much of one. But in the early 1940s, this wasn't the case. There was, however, a very strong sense that the educated black person had a responsibility of sharing his training and skills with others, with those less fortunate. If you were a scholar, you had a responsibility to study the black condition—as my father and Dr. Dubois did. If you were a doctor, it was more than just treating sick people, but having concern for the race as a class, as a group.

Then, again, I was raised in a home that was full of books about Africa and the South and Black America, and those were topics of conversation all the time. And it was a home full of black newspapers, the *Pittsburgh Courier* and the *Afro-American*, as well as the *New York Times* and so forth. I remember my impression of the South when we moved to Atlanta from Lincoln in 1957 was formed largely by those black newspapers which at the time were often sensationalist. Whenever anything particularly vicious took place in the South it was front page news in the black press for weeks. I can remember one incident of a guy who was a Korean veteran being beaten blind in a bus station in some Virginia or North Carolina city. And I thought those kinds of things happened daily, and that you were literally taking your life in your hands to walk into downtown Atlanta.

But, on the other hand, it was only when I went to Atlanta that I discovered for the first time that this group of black doctors and lawyers and writers and, really, largely academic types, had a *national* character to it—a whole community of people separated by professions. So when I entered Morehouse [part of the Atlanta University complex] I found that I would know people because if your father teaches at Tuskegee and somebody else's father taught at Fisk and some-

body else's at Albany State, then you all knew each other.

Southern Exposure: But part of recognizing that you belonged to this middle-class, professional network was the realization that others didn't belong to it?

Bond: Oh, yes, very much so. I'll tell you one thing that shocked me. When I came to Morehouse, I had a great facility for testing. I had taken the college boards twice, and I bet that I scored higher on the college boards and entrance tests than any other freshman at Morehouse. But by the end of the year, I had come down to about the middle third of the class. What had happened was that these young men—some of them early admission students, 15 and 16 years old, who had interrupted their high school education to pick cotton or peaches, and for whom education was the most precious thing in the world—these guys

would study all night, after coming back from work somewhere as waiters, sleep for an hour, go to class, go back to work. They were not your classic grind, but were well rounded people, very attractive and very much interested in upward mobility.

Southern Exposure: When the civil rights movement started, which class background did the student leaders come from?

Bond: Well, I'm not sure. The person who involved me in the movement was Lonnie King, who had entered Morehouse from high school, was not from middle-class origins at all, had left Morehouse and gone into the Navy, and had come back to be older than the average student—but was very much the big man on campus, a football hero. We were just running out of Korean veterans—this was 1959. Then there was Ben Brown, whose father had been an embalmer and had a job

then working as a laborer. Charlie Jones' mother was a professor at Johnson C. Smith and had a Ph.D., and Charles Sherrod was a student at Virginia Union and I think was raised by a mother who was a maid. Even if they came from exact opposite backgrounds, they were all in college. They all had entered the middle class. College at that time was almost a guarantor of a job, and it was a tremendous step toward upward mobility.

Southern Exposure: So the college students were enough inside the middle-class values, the aspirations of what America should give them, to see the contradictions, the limitations, as unjust?

Bond: Well, many people saw them earlier. Take John Lewis, for example. He saw them when he was in high school. John was riding a bus into Montgomery from Troy—quite a distance—to go to the mass meetings



Julian Bond, at age four, and his sister Jane receive their induction into academia from W. E. B. Dubois, E. Franklin Frazier, and their father, Horace Mann Bond.

when the boycott started in 1955. He went to see Rev. Shuttlesworth and Dr. King in Montgomery to get their help so he could file suit to integrate the schools in Pike County, and I think they discouraged him because they thought he'd be killed. So some of these people were active in their high school NAACPs, and when they got to college, they were almost in place holding, and they probably didn't know they were waiting, but they were poised and ready to jump in.

When the Greensboro sit-ins happened in early 1960, that was it. It wasn't that much of a conscious decision of what to do. Greensboro became the model, almost a blueprint. You didn't say, "Why did they go to Woolworths?" You thought, "Gee, we got one right here." And you didn't say, "Why were they nonviolent?" There was no choice; they would have been killed, or beaten severely, so that was the best thing to do. It also put pressure on the white community, you know. You held up a standard of

decency and goodness and honesty, and your opponents were so obviously evil. The moral aspect, of course, was very strong because so many of these people were pre-ministerial students—Sherrod, Charlie Jones, John Lewis and on and on.

Southern Exposure: How did the news from Greensboro come to Atlanta? What did the Atlanta University students do?

Bond: I was sitting in the Yates and Milton Drugstore on February 3, 1960, and Lonnie King, who I only knew as a football hero, a "big man on campus," came up to me with this *Atlanta Daily World* that said something like "Greensboro Students Sit In for Third Day." And he said, "What do you think of this?" And I said, "Well, I've read about it." And he said, "Don't you think somebody ought to do it here?" And I said, "Well, somebody probably will." And he said, "Let's us do it." And I wanted to say, "What do you mean, us?" You know, "Why me?" He said, "You take this

side of the drugstore, and I'll take the other, and get everybody here to come to a meeting at noon." And we did it, and that's how it began.

We formed a committee and went to see the presidents of the Atlanta University colleges, and particularly Dr. Clements, the AU president, who told us that the AU Center had always been different from all other black schools in the country and that it wasn't sufficient just for us to sit-in. I think they were trying to buy some time. They said no one will understand what you are doing. Of course people would understand, but we said, "Yes, you're right, no one will understand why we are sitting-in." So they encouraged us to issue a statement of principles, and we did. The students wrote it, and called it an Appeal for Human Rights, and it listed a dozen or more things that we thought were wrong. We got the money—with the help of some adults—to put the Appeal in the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* with the signatures of the student body presi-

photo by UPI



The Greensboro sit-in at Woolworths, 1960.



At Birmingham's Sixteenth Street Baptist Church after it was bombed in 1963.

dents of the AU schools, and it concluded by saying, "We pledge our hearts and minds to do *whatever is necessary*"—which were strong words then—"to see that these rights are granted us." Of course, that caused quite a little storm. I remember that Gov. Carl Sanders said the thing sounded like it was written in Moscow, if not Peking. But, you know, Atlanta had this concept of itself as a "City Too Busy to Hate," and Mayor Hartsfield, who coined that phrase, said, "Of course this is not written in Moscow or Peking; this was written by our own students whose demands are entirely legitimate." This was before any action at all.

The following week, Lonnie King and myself and another person went downtown to survey our lunch counters. We really made the store people nervous with our yellow pads and pencils, saying things like, "Let's see, there are 15 people at this counter." The store detectives would just about faint; they knew something was happening.

On March 15, 1960, we went to every dime store in town, to the bus station and to the cafeterias at the federal building, the state capital and the city hall. We purposely picked three different kinds of targets. I was the leader of the group that went to the city hall cafeteria. And it had a big sign outside saying "City Hall Cafeteria: Public Is Welcome," apparently because there wasn't enough business just in city hall. But that only meant whites, not even black city employees.

Well, we went in, and the woman in charge called the police—it was all pretty straight-forward, not as vicious as in other cities at the time—and they packed us in the paddy wagon and took us to the old jail. I had told the group we would be in jail only an hour, but the hours ticked by, and they began saying, "What's happening, Bond? You told us we would only be in here an hour. I've got a class this afternoon." It wasn't until six that evening that we got everybody out. I remember we all went to Paschal's for dinner. It was a real celebration. Of course, it was a surprise to most the community, including Dr. Clements, who we thought was trying to slow us down. We had some adults helping us; they bonded us out, and later, when the grand jury indicted us on charges of conspiracy and restraint of trade, with possible maximum sentences of something like 99 years, the adults worked out a deal and kept getting the trial delayed indefinitely. But it was mostly just us students in this Committee on Appeal for Human Rights.

We decided next to engage in hit-and-run sit-ins, to sit-in a place until just before the police came and leave and not be arrested. The stores then began to adopt a policy of closing down the lunch counters periodically. Well, we finally stopped messing around with these Woolworths and Grants and so on. They were taking their orders from New York, and while there were people picketing Woolworths in probably a hundred southern cities, we felt we weren't going to

change much by focusing on them in Atlanta. It was out of our hands. So we decided to go after the giant in Atlanta, which was Rich's; it was the largest department store in the city *and* it was locally owned. Everybody went the way Rich's went, and we found out very early that Rich's was vulnerable. We had had a meeting with Richard Rich down at the police station—Police Chief Jenkins, Lonnie King, Richard Rich, myself, and probably Mary Ann Smith or Hershel Sullivan. And Rich tried to tell us, "Why y'all picking on me? I give \$500 every year to the United Negro College Fund." He was very worried, and we knew we had him, so we kept pushing him and pushing him.

We put up a picket line around his store—which was right downtown where all the buses came—and started collecting credit cards from the community and started boycotting him. His trade just went down, down, down. You could read it in the *Constitution* every Sunday morning from the Federal Reserve reports: retail sales in Atlanta down for the fifth week. We kept a picket line up around the store, mostly with students, but I remember one time we had a picket around the whole downtown area, 1,400 or so people, from the housing projects and campus. We had two-way radios; we had a succession of volunteer cars coming every day; we had women from the community who brought food in at lunch time for the picketers. We had heavy football jackets from the athletic department at Morehouse for the girls to protect them from blow guns and spit. And we had all-weather, laminated picket signs. It was quite an operation. . . . Those were really fantastic times for all of us.

We—the students—were doing most of the work, but the whole community was pulled in. And it revealed to us many of the splits within the black establishment and the movement. We finally got Dr. King to go down to Rich's and get arrested. We went to him and said, "You're not doing anything; come and get with us. You're from Atlanta and these are Atlanta students from your alma mater." King really didn't have much of an organization at all then. SCLC was just a few people. But when he moved back to Atlanta from Montgomery, after the bus boycott, he was viewed as a threat by many of the adult leaders. This is a

very, very tight town, and they were interested in political power, electoral power, which King was not concerned about at that time. He had a national agenda and they were afraid he would hurt their local interest in political power. You see, this was about the time Q. V. Williamson had been picked to be the single black candidate for the board of aldermen of Atlanta in a deal with the white power structure. At that time, we were a minority vote, but a very disciplined vote. It was disciplined by the Atlanta Negro Voters League, which on election eve would pass out a ticket printed on bank-note paper that couldn't possibly be imitated or duplicated. This was *the* ticket; there was no other. Now you can stand up at the poll and get 20 of them. And actually, it was *fairly* democratically done then; these were endorsements by people you knew, with their names on the bottom, the ward leaders and party chairmen. Candidates went before the League and got their endorsement, but they couldn't buy the ticket like they can now.

Anyway, we got Dr. King involved in the boycott and other groups came in, and finally we began negotiations with Ivan Allen, who was then president of the Chamber of Commerce, and other whites on one side and some students and more adults on the other. We finally got an agreement which was a terrible agreement. It said, first, that the boycott would stop, and secondly, that the stores would integrate on a timetable of their own choosing, and thirdly, that if there was any violence over the integration of the public schools, which was going on then, they wouldn't integrate the stores at all. We held a mass meeting across the street from Mt. Moriah Baptist Church to announce the agreement, and on the platform were Lonnie and Hershel Sullivan and Daddy King, Sr., and a couple other adult leaders and Martin Luther King, Jr. The crowd was incensed, bitterly angry with the agreement. They repudiated Lonnie, repudiated Hershel, and almost had them in tears. I remember one woman in a nurse's uniform storming down through the crowd saying, "I didn't give up shopping at Rich's for a year for this!" They called Daddy King an Uncle Tom, and I don't think he had ever been called that before. But then Martin made a speech, and I have never heard such a masterful speech. It was



photo by UPI

Sit-down over voter registration in Birmingham, also in 1963.

on leadership, and it said, in effect, you have to trust your leaders even when they don't do what you think they ought to. He really played the audience like a violin; he lifted them up and let them down, lifted them up and let them down, lifted them up and let them down, and the last time he was through—and the stores did integrate on a fairly regular schedule. I remember the day Rich's integrated. They wanted us to send testing teams, and so the word went out, and some matrons in the community who had never lifted a finger to help us wanted to be among the first. So they went down to integrate Rich's wearing furs and hats and so on—I mean, just to go eat lunch.

Southern Exposure: What were you doing during this period, from the spring of 1960 into the summer and fall?

Bond: I was the publicity guy, sending out press releases all over the country to the black press and keeping in touch with local offices of the national press: *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*. I became the publicist almost immediately because I was interested in writing and could write a press release that other people could understand. I had been active in a literary magazine at Morehouse, and Lonnie probably volunteered me from the beginning to be the press person. And I enjoyed that very much.

Then in the summer, when the students left, we moved from sitting-in at lunch counters to picketing job tar-

gets. One of the main ones was the A&P on the corner at Hunter and Ashby. You know, here is this almost all-black A&P, but it had only one black employee, a bag boy. We started our picket, but we didn't have the community support that we needed because there was no information about what we were doing reaching people. We knew they would support us, if they just knew what we were doing. It turned out the A&P was one of the biggest advertisers in the *Atlanta World*, so they put pressure on the *World* and the *World* began to attack us. They had always been very conservative, but this was the final straw; we knew we needed our own media. So we started publishing a newsletter every Saturday night and every Sunday we would go out and distribute thousands of copies at churches, and it really caught on. We had news of what was happening with us—"the boycott is in its third week." And I was hot on those Federal Reserve numbers, you know, to show we were winning. Then there was other news; I wrote most of it myself. Then a group of liberal businessmen who were also discontented with the *World*, but who wanted a black medium too, approached us and asked us to help start a new regular newspaper. So we left our newsletter and I went to work for the *Inquirer*.

Southern Exposure: What about the founding of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), your role in that and its relation to Dr. King and the Southern Christian Leadership

Conference (SCLC)?

Bond: Well, I left the *Inquirer* to go work in the SNCC office full-time. SNCC had been formed in April, 1960, at a conference in Raleigh called by SCLC, or really by Ella Baker as her last act before leaving SCLC. It was that same spring following the Greensboro sit-ins, when there were boycotts and picketing and sit-ins in towns all over the South. So the conference brought together all these students—maybe 500 of them—with observers from the North and organizations like the National Student Association (NSA) and civil rights organizations like NAACP, CORE, SCLC. Everybody wanted us to be their youth affiliate; they were all lobbying us. But at that time, we were suspicious of them all, including Dr. King since he hadn't sat-in anywhere then. Sitting-in was the test—and also what everybody was talking about, trading brutality stories. We decided we didn't need these older people telling us what to do or capitalizing on what we did, so we formed an independent, temporary Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee to be just that—"coordinating of students"—and to plan another conference for October of that year in Atlanta to make a permanent SNCC.

So by the middle of 1960, SNCC had an office here in Atlanta which Jane Stenbridge first ran, then Ed King, then James Forman. Forman came by the end of '60 because SNCC began putting paid people in the field and we needed somebody with very good organizational abilities to head up the Atlanta office and keep a supply line going into the field. When he got here, he looked through the files and saw that I had done publicity work for the local Committee, so he called me up and asked me to do the same work for SNCC. I dropped out of Morehouse altogether in January, 1961—and didn't go back to graduate until 1971—and gave up the newspaper work. There were four of us in the office then: Forman, Norma Collins, myself and John Hardy, who got brutally beaten in Walthall County, Mississippi, and who loved to dance in the office. And we had a tiny office down on Auburn Avenue—not too far from SCLC.

I can remember Forman and I going into the bank to deposit two or five dollars, and seeing Wyatt Tee Walker, who replaced Ella Baker as head of

SCLC, in his pressed blue jeans depositing sacks of checks. It was irritating as the devil because we knew we were the people doing things. King was going around making speeches, but that was it; they didn't have anybody in the field hardly. But they were getting all this dough, much of it, I'm sure, marked "To Southern Students, c/o Dr. Martin Luther King." The southern civil rights movement was just known as SCLC. Of course, that quickly changed with my marvelous press work! Also, we finally got King to agree to give us a subsidy of about \$500 a month, I think. Forman arranged that personally with King.

Southern Exposure: The period from 1960 through 1964 while SNCC was at its heyday was a time of tremendous movement and activity for a great number of young people—kids, really. Can you sum up some of the changes that people went through and some of the lessons that were learned about how power works?

Bond: Well, the first lesson we learned was that the early naivete of

*But then Martin made
a speech, and I have
never heard such a speech.*

the movement was just that: naivete. We were operating on the theory that here was a problem, you expose it to the world, the world says "How horrible!" and moves to correct it. Now that worked in certain situations, like a lunch counter or the horror of police brutality in Birmingham in '63. People were shocked and did say "My God, let's do something about it." We thought there was even a hidden reservoir of support among white Southerners which was largely fed by our positive inter-racial contacts with white southern students. And we thought that the Kennedy administration was on our side and that, again, all you had to do was put your case before them and they would straighten out what was wrong. Or all you had to do was register voters, turn them out on election day and *snap*, everything would be taken care of: streets would be paved, jobs provided, houses built, facilities integrated. But gradually we learned different. We saw from working in the rural South who our friends

really were, and it wasn't the parents of these white students or the Americans for Democratic Action, but it was people like the National Lawyers Guild whom others had told us not to work with because they were communists or radicals. I remember especially when Kennedy was killed, we had these tremendous discussions over what this meant for us: "Who is this guy Johnson?"

So we began looking over the longer haul and realizing we were talking about upsetting much more deeply ingrained institutional economic arrangements which were, first, difficult to dramatize, if their daily reality wasn't drama enough, and second, difficult to get people of privilege to care about changing. Therefore, we were forced to think about amassing a power of a different kind than that derived from moral suasion. And to the movement in the South, there were only limited alternatives. One was political power, which the movement really got into heavily in 1964 with the Freedom Democratic Party in Mississippi, and from then on with the developing of independent political power, which meant moving away from mass marches to a different kind of organizing. Second was independent economic power, by which I don't mean the ability of blacks to become millionaires, but their ability to control their own economic resources, to build some independent economic structure.

Now these lessons were learned very gradually in the early 1960s and after some disappointments. And they were learned mostly from discussions with each other. Of course, within SNCC there were various differences of opinion which came out particularly in the '64 Mississippi Summer and when economic issues were raised and the Vietnam War began to be raised. I can remember that the war was first raised by the students from Howard University who were generally the most sophisticated politically of all of us, were heavily influenced by Bayard Rustin, and were coming from Washington where you are much more likely to be involved in discussions of foreign policy. Well, to many of us from the South, the Howard people were sort of New York sharpies, you know, Stokely Carmichael, Courtland Cox and later Charlie Cobb; and we weren't thinking about the war much at all. I had gone down and taken my physical

and been declared unfit for military service because of my arrest record for demonstrating. But gradually, we began dealing with it more seriously, both because northern college campuses where we were going to raise money were asking about our position on the war, and more importantly, because we saw our staff members being disproportionately drafted, selectively drafted. It became a personal thing. It was finally precipitated in December of 1965 with the shooting of Sammy Younge, who was a veteran. So, you know, we learned that lesson, that even if you were a veteran, they would shoot you down if you worked for civil rights in America. We drew up an anti-war statement for the press which made all these parallels between what we were doing and what the Vietnamese were doing, and our opposition, you know, both calling us "outside infiltrators and agitators." We were the American NLF, guerrilla warriors—which, of course, is a long way from thinking the government is on your side.

There were other things we learned as the years wore on. For one, we began to realize that our broad brush approach wasn't going to solve the complex problems we were coming up against. What was needed was more of a specialist approach to work on specific parts of the problem. Two things helped this development. One was the evolving of people's individual interests. You know, you might have five or six people living and working together in a small town, literally thrown together, and while their day was incredibly busy, 18 hours a day, and quite often under tremendous danger, one of them would think of something new that needed to be done. Somebody would say, "Here's a real need we're not meeting," and begin to fill it. The other thing that happened was that the poverty program created these little special interest projects, a consumer co-op in a town in Mississippi, a day-care center in Alabama, and created this group of people (really almost a bureaucracy) tied to the notion that you had to focus on something. You couldn't continue to, as we used to say in the very early days, have a card which said "Have Nonviolence, Will Travel." Today, there are a whole group of people who have come out of the movement, who are no longer the SNCC generalists, but who have taken

the movement into their life's work through concentrating in one area.

One other thing that goes with this that I guess we learned was that you had to construct your own alternatives. On the one hand, you held out a vision of what society ought to be, and at the same time, you tried to construct a working model of one aspect of what it could be. The day-care example is instructive. We didn't just make the demand for federally subsidized day-care, which is what should happen; we went out and set up a day-care center in the town. And while we were constructing this model, we were learning to do it ourselves; we were providing a service to people who needed it; we are instructing children in a different way than they would get at home; and so on. Now that did not happen in my view as often as it should have, but it did happen in many towns around the South and the country, and many of the people who did it had been leading marches or registering voters two or three years before.

Southern Exposure: Did your own

Forman saw I had done publicity for the local movement, so he called me in to the SNCC office.

interest push you in the direction of the electoral arena? Were you energetically moving to become a candidate in 1965?

Bond: I didn't move at all energetically. What happened was that the opportunity came for the first time since Reconstruction for Georgia to elect black candidates to the state House of Representatives. (There were already two state senators.) A new district was created, which meant no incumbents were running, and that meant SNCC people who had been promoting political participation in the rural South had to come to grips with the question of politics in the urban South and with thinking in terms of Democrats and Republicans seriously. This chance just presented itself for us to win a seat in the state house. And it turned out I was the only person from SNCC who lived in the district. Now this was an important difference between me and other people who were out-of-towners, who had left their homes to go to another

city, some of them at age 17 or even younger, and for whom their civil rights work was everything. I was at home in Atlanta, and had maintained, you know, contact with people in the larger community, so this work was not a real interruption or discontinuity in my life; I wasn't out of place. People knew me not only from my publicity work for SNCC, but from the picket line at the A&P back in the summer of 1960 and from the voter registration campaign at Egan Homes and University Homes the next summer, so I could campaign with that history, you know: "Remember that picket line that we did and now there are black people working there."

I had really not given any thought to running for office, but when this chance arose a friend of mine who was active in Republican Party politics asked me to run as a Republican, and then another friend asked me to run as a Democrat. Well, I began to think there must be something to this, and asked myself did I want to be a candidate of the party headed by Barry Goldwater or of what we referred to as "the party of Kennedy." So I became a Democratic candidate, and the three people who helped me the most were, of course, all from SNCC: Judy Richardson, Charlie Cobb and Ivanhoe Donaldson. A tremendous amount of scorn was heaped upon us from our colleagues in SNCC because we wore neckties while campaigning and because we didn't construct an independent candidacy. Our immediate answer was that we didn't want to get into arguments with people about our clothes and that the law in Georgia was so rigid that an independent candidacy was next to impossible, given our time limitations. On the whole, most SNCC people were very supportive; people would pass through town and spend a day canvassing and knocking on doors. We put in a great deal of work and won without much serious opposition.

Southern Exposure: What did you think political office meant?

Bond: At the time, I thought the people in the General Assembly were unrelenting racists, to a man, and, in fact, some are and some aren't. I thought also that there would be this tremendous ideological debate in the Assembly, but in fact, even when the issues are class issues, they are rarely discussed in those terms; more often, it's a question of dollars and cents.

And then, I think I had a rather idealized view of "total democracy," that I would find some way to ask my constituents how I should vote on every single measure. But I have since concluded that it is not possible or practical because I am called upon to vote 40 times a day. The decision is ultimately mine. I now take the Edmund Burke view that your representative owes you not just his loyalty but his conscience and if he sacrifices either, then he sacrifices his right to represent you. My conscience is what ultimately tells me to vote yea or nay on a question, but every two years a referendum is held in my district over how well I do, over my manner of behavior in the legislature.

You know the debate between the community-based political activists and the electoral activists over who's responsible to whom? My thesis is that unlike almost every other leadership segment in the black community, elected officials alone have a responsibility that is re-enforced on a regular

basis. I have a two-year option with the people I serve, and they either renew it or not every two years. But the large bulk of community activists tend to be self-appointed and cannot identify their constituents readily, who they are and exactly what their interest is. It may sound like a bicentennial speech, but I really believe that this political office is a sacred trust. People have gotten together and made a choice and entrusted me with their lives in a certain sense. I'm their representative. That's serious business. You can't fool around with people's trust.

Now, in addition to my strict role as a legislator—which is something I had to learn over a period of time, how the legislature works—I also have to be someone people can call upon for help, not just a symbol of someone black in the legislature, but actually serving as sort of an ombudsman between people and their government, helping them get their social security check or whatever it might be they call me about—and usually it is not

even a matter of the state, but of the city or federal government. That's why this office here in the district is necessary. Normally, I wouldn't need it. Of course, sometimes I can't help at all. A woman called me yesterday and said her boyfriend wanted to be a black leader and she wanted me to interview him to see if he could make it. I had to tell her I wasn't on the screening committee. (Laughs)

Southern Exposure: What do you say to people who say the whole arena of electoral politics is irrelevant or a cop-out?

Bond (still laughing): I say, "Pooh-pooh to you." I say, "That's not true." I agree that if you think that registering to vote and electing decent people is sufficient by itself, then you are naive—but I do think that it's very, very important. What I think has happened is that the people who say it doesn't make any difference at all have simply righteously rejected the rhetoric of the people who say it



Annie Divine and Fannie Lou Hamer, candidates for Congress on the Freedom Democratic Party ticket, with Julian and John Lewis, director of the Voter Education Project.

makes all the difference in the world. There is a middle point. It clearly does make a difference who the President or Congress is. Just think in terms of social services or the number of people who could have jobs in this country. If Hubert Humphrey, as a bad example, were President today instead of Gerald Ford, I think things would be much better for poor people in the United States. That's not to say we'd have full employment or a completely equal distribution of resources, but simply that elections *do* make a difference, a very important difference.

Southern Exposure: Speaking of Hubert Humphrey, how did you get involved in the challenge at the Democratic convention in 1968 that got you nominated for Vice-President?

Bond: Well, I got involved in the '68 convention really by happenstance. You know, one of the great critiques of my life is that fate at every step has opened the door and I have just

stumbled through. What happened was two young white men, Parker Hudson and Taylor Branch, were interested in getting a single Eugene McCarthy delegate from Georgia elected to the Chicago convention. That's all. But they quickly found out all the delegates from Georgia were appointed by the state party chairman who was appointed by the governor, which meant Lester Maddox. There was no provision for citizen input at all. The AFL-CIO, which wanted delegates for Humphrey, was also unhappy with this, so together with the McCarthy people, they held a convention in Macon to choose a challenge delegation. I just drove down there with some friends, and the McCarthy people, who swept the convention from the Humphrey folks, asked *me* to be the chairman of the delegation. I had had no idea of going to the convention at all before that! So I agreed not to be the chairman, but the co-chairman with Rev. James Hooten of Savannah.

Well, a few of us went to Chicago to present our case to the credentials committee, you know, saying that we were more representative than the Maddox delegation from Georgia. I had gone to Chicago with no suitcase, thinking we would just tell the committee the facts and go back home and wait for the answer. But the credentials committee is not like a regular jury. They're not locked up at night; they go to cocktail parties, to caucuses, to meetings; you can get to them. So, it became clear we needed our whole delegation up there to lobby the committee. But we had no money, and the bulk of our delegates were really working-class, poor people from rural Georgia who couldn't afford to pay their way. So it fell upon me to raise the money. I finally got \$3,000 from a source that I'm not at liberty to mention—but which would surprise the devil out of people if they knew—and went to Delta and bought their tickets and in 24 hours they were in



photo by UPI



photo by Bradley A. Lewis

Chicago. They in turn became lobbyists, hitting all the delegations because we knew even if we didn't have the votes to win in the credentials committee, we had a chance of being seated by a vote from the whole convention.

We never saw the white movement protesting outside because we, even more than most conventioners, led a very sheltered existence. But it did quickly become evident to me that what was involved here was a vast civic lesson for America, that all the country was watching and that all of us were acting out the very basics in political science. Here we were turning out members of the regular Maddox delegation, many of whom were state legislators who had voted two years before to put me out of the state house because of the anti-war statement we made in SNCC. There's an old saying: "What goes around, comes around." It sure does, in politics especially, every time. We were literally putting these guys out, sending them home.

Southern Exposure: Was your involvement and the involvement of other blacks inside the convention as consistent with the development of the black movement as the protests outside were consistent with the course of the white left?

Bond: Yes, it was an extension of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party challenge in the 1964 Atlantic City convention. In fact, this was the convention in which the FDP was seated and recognized as being the official Mississippi delegation. And then, too, we were on the inside believing we had a very good chance to have a President made by people who are on the fringes of regular politics. To us, it was a tremendous demonstration of power. We were, one, challenging racism and this totalitarian scheme in Georgia; two, we, as a delegation of people who had been excluded all our lives, were coming into political power and prominence in Georgia; and three, we were electing the President of the US. What more could you ask?

I'll tell you something else. A great deal of the black movement's perspective about the street demonstrations were reflected in what Bobby Seale or somebody said, namely that black people knew the police in Chicago and in the big cities and wouldn't put

themselves in a position of being beaten or worse. What happened was predictable.

Southern Exposure: Do you think the anti-war movement made a mistake by continuing to attack Humphrey after the convention without considering what the consequences would be if they succeeded in knocking him off?

Bond: Well, I campaigned very hard for McCarthy, and I can understand the emotional investment people had in him. But when it became a contest between Humphrey and Nixon, I was urging people to vote Democratic. So overall I think it was a mistake not to see what would happen. Humphrey could have been President very easily in 1968, and I'm not making a campaign speech for him, but, you know, instead we had six years of Nixon—the country pushed to the right, the Supreme Court and on and on.

On the other hand, those of us in the challenge delegation made a mis-

*We lost our ability
to sustain that funnel,
to keep people involved
in the movement.*

take by not coming back to Georgia—and I have been rightly criticized about this—to begin an independent political organization which would be in operation by the next year for the governor's race. Instead, we pretty much went our own ways.

Southern Exposure: What about your own interest in a presidential campaign? Why do you want to be President?

Bond: Because as Theodore Roosevelt once said, "It's a bully pulpit." In other words, you have a chance to put your ideas and programs before the whole public, the Congress particularly, but the whole country. This goes for the campaign as well. If I ran, I wouldn't want to be just a black Eugene McCarthy or a black Bobby Kennedy. I think you've got to run a very different campaign, you've got to move much further to the left. It's got to be as black as you can make it without turning off the white electorate. You've got to talk about very serious economic changes. It's got to draw a

vast number of people into a movement around basic issues of power, people who might be out there holding or waiting—like in the early movement—without even knowing it, waiting to be involved.

Southern Exposure: Do you really think America is ready for Julian Bond as President? I mean, it's been only ten years since you were blocked from taking your seat in the Georgia legislature, and ten years before that, you as President would have been hardly imaginable. Do you think social change happens that quick, that America has changed that much?

Bond: No, but I think it could have changed that much. I think we in the movement in the early '60s have missed several bets along the way. Among the greatest was the inability to sustain over a long period of time. Take the Freedom Democratic Party in Mississippi as a small example. The FDP is in disarray now; they have Democratic Party recognition as the loyalists, but little else because they weren't able to sustain. Mississippi is 40 percent black, but why haven't they been able to do better, to elect more blacks? It's not just because of the evil of white officialdom. The organizers on the scene and the support people back here didn't keep at it enough, didn't organize enough, didn't do as much as we could have. Now this is not just a problem of organization, but, more importantly, it is a problem of keeping people involved.

One thing SNCC did in those early days was provide a funnel through which the activist young person could pour himself or herself and come out at the bottom directed toward something they could become involved in, could become a part of. There's nothing like that now; we've lost our ability to sustain that funnel. For SNCC, it broke down for external and internal reasons. The external reasons were beyond our control: our anti-war pronouncement in '65 and particularly the position taken on the Arab-Israeli war by a sector of SNCC in '66 or '67 eliminated our financial support, and the anti-war movement sucked away more money and support. At the same time, we never created the national ongoing support structure that would sustain us over a period of years, which is a problem that other groups have.

SCLC has always had it and the NAACP is having it now. So we weren't able to keep the funnel open. We narrowed its top and we narrowed its center and what came out the bottom ceased. People in their local communities were left to their own devices, unable to make the kind of national or regional connections they had once made. And some of them were—and are still—attracted to other mechanisms, from those with a certain romanticism like the Black Panther Party, which was, I hesitate to say, an illegitimate child of the civil rights movement, to groups that are really very disturbed and deranged. And they will continue to be attracted to them because they don't see any alternatives.

Southern Exposure: What do you advise people to do in order to recreate these funnels? Would the creation of a leftist third party provide the kind of mechanism needed to allow large numbers of people to participate in social change activities again?

Bond: Well, we need that, but that may not solve this problem of having funnels. I mean, there are some alternatives now for people to go into, but they are not known, that is, people don't know they can contribute anything to them or can become a part of them in some way that accommodates their other commitments, you know, like school or a job or a family. The organizations we do have have failed to propagandize themselves or somehow project themselves as a funnel that people can give something to, you know, not just financially, but can contribute their creative talents, whatever they may be, within a framework that gives them value. Take the Institute of the Black World, or the Institute for Southern Studies for that matter. Even if we had a third party right now—and there are plans to run a third party presidential campaign next year—what would the Institute for Southern Studies be doing to provide that funnel on a sustained basis? Well, I can see where it could be commissioning papers right now on certain subjects, not for party purposes because of the tax-exempt status, but analyses and model programs on conversion of military bases or allocation of natural resources or public ownership of public services and utilities or whatever, and these papers could then be used by a third party or by any

candidate for that matter. There are scores of people in academia in the South who would be eager to do that, but I don't think they feel there's any structure they can do it in which would assign such work any real worth. You know, who would see it, who would publish it, who would use it? Well, that's just one thing the Institute and *Southern Exposure* could be doing to serve as a funnel, whether there is a third party or not.*

Southern Exposure: If that's an example of where you think organizations should be headed, where do you think the movement in general, and the black movement in particular, is now?

Bond: In my view, it is a localized movement: the smaller the town, the more inclusive the organization running it may happen to be; the larger the town, the more fragmented it is, which isn't to say that organizations are working at cross purposes as much as that they don't work under any umbrella. It doesn't have any national

*We must look ahead
and project an
alternative way to run
the government and economy*

cohesion and very little regional cohesion. But in small southern towns especially, I think it is a movement that focuses on those areas of power that I mentioned earlier, that we learned we had to move into, namely it is a political and economic movement. It's political in the sense that it's trying to create a black mercantile class of small businessmen, shopping center owners and so forth, and in that it's largely a movement oriented at winning existing jobs. Sadly enough, it's not a job-creating movement, which is an important mistake, I think. By that I mean if you go to Pascagoula, Mississippi, or Greenville, South Carolina, people are making demands on the ship builders or textile mills to

**The Institute for Southern Studies, which is a non-profit research and education organization and which publishes Southern Exposure, would be interested in hearing from people in academia interested in developing such papers.*

share the existing jobs equitably. They want to integrate within the existing job structure, so it's not a movement that thinks about a reorganized economy or about alternative structures. Instead of competing with another guy who is out there looking for a job, the movement needs to point out that the way the economy is run now is too limited and we need to project an alternative way to run it. This gets back to what I think has been a continuing failure of the southern movement to do the kind of planning we were talking about with those commissioned studies. We have to look ahead five, ten years for a different way to finance the government and structure the economy.

Southern Exposure: Would you propose some kind of quasi-socialist or socialist control of American corporations?

Bond: Yes, I do that in my speeches, particularly for the expanding sector of the economy which is services. That's where the new jobs are going to be, so the question is whether it is privately controlled or part of the public sector. I say we should have local and national control of public services operated for need and not for profit and a free health system financed from the national treasury and not for the insurance companies, a redistribution of wealth through a tax structure that eliminates the disparity between the needy and the greedy, a national work force plan and so on.

Southern Exposure: Why do you think the media doesn't reflect the kind of radical beliefs and programs you advocate?

Bond: I'm not really sure. You know I go places and say things that I don't think many people are saying to audiences, but when I read the newspaper account of my speech something is lost. I was down in Austin, Texas, and talked about structural and economic changes and was using as a basis for my talk a platform of the California Democratic Socialist Party. But, you know, here's the news report and it's just not there. They give me this image and I don't know how to correct it.

Southern Exposure: You don't work to develop your image?

Bond: No. I just do, you know, go out and do.

SOUTHERN CITIES

In 1976, the urban South finds itself strangely hidden by towering banks, hotels and convention centers. At a time when most Americans are recognizing that Bigger is not always Better, southern promoters continue to crisscross the region, hawking their promises of uniqueness through development and design. "Put your city on the map," they proclaim, "with the largest indoor mall in the world, the longest escalator, the biggest stadium. . . ." The real-life headaches of ghettos, traffic-jams, pollution and crime are simply dismissed as "Yankee" problems.

In fact, too much of the urban development is merely an imitation of the Northeast. The traditional assets of the South—our sense of place, smaller population centers, more open space—are sacrificed for the glittering symbols of "progress." More importantly, the strength of our cities—our people—are ignored. Where is the community input in the developer's schemes? What happens to the

dispossessed after their homes have become "urban renewed"? Who benefits from the new mega-structures to "save" the downtowns?

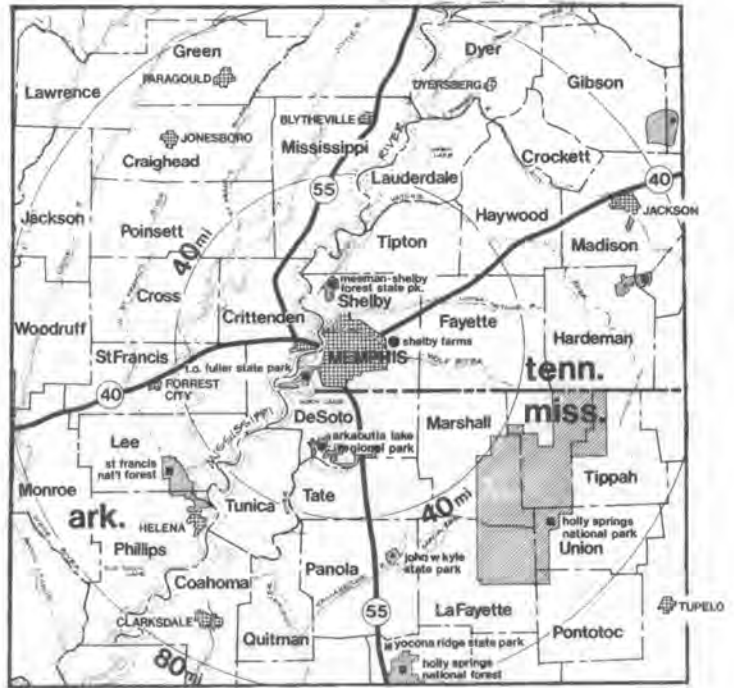
These questions and more are now being asked by Southerners as they were a few years ago by anxious Northerners. In the following series of articles, three authors examine developments in three typical southern cities with an eye toward their impact on local people. In each case, they find a significant gap between the needs of the citizens and the ambitions of the developers, from Memphis' planned community at Shelby Farms, to Pikeville, Kentucky's attempt to move mountains, to Norfolk Gardens in downtown Norfolk, Virginia. How that gap is resolved ranges from the victory of organized citizens against the planners to the manipulation of public resources for private gain. In the last analysis, it seems, who wins and who loses from urban development is determined by who controls the planning process.



photo by Billy Barnes

Memphis, Tennessee: How to Stop the Developers

by David Bowman



Memphis, Tennessee, owes its existence to a land grab in 1818 by Andrew Jackson and two friends, General James Winchester and Judge John Overton. To clear the western lands for development, Jackson and his commissioners bought the Chickasaw Indians' claim to 6,489,000 acres for about five cents an acre. A year later, Memphis was laid out on the Mississippi bluffs according to Overton's plan for a model city, and Jackson made enough money selling real estate to finance his presidential aspirations.

About 150 years later another land deal was underway in Memphis. The city and county decided to sell a 5,000 acre parcel of public land for development of a city-within-a-city. The developers this time were James Rouse, builder of the well-known "planned community" of Columbia, Md.; Boyle Investments, the largest real estate company in Memphis; and the First Tennessee National Corporation, holding company for Memphis' biggest bank.

But this time the developers were stopped. After five years of debates, studies and political games, the citizens of Memphis were finally heard. The sale was called off. It was one of their rare victories since Overton first plotted his vision for Memphis, and it demanded a very strange alliance. Environmentalists who wanted the land for parks teamed with local realtors who were left out of the Rouse-Boyle plan.

It was hardly an ideological battle. And it essentially ignored the black and low-income residents who felt the city had more pressing needs than more parks. But the battle of Shelby Farms is a story of importance to all urban regions. A coalition of local people challenged the developers . . . and won.

Mid-America's Big New City

Memphis has grown steadily since the Chickasaw Indians were first pushed aside. At first it was a rough flat-boat stop filled with saloons, gambling houses and red-light districts, with a fraction the acclaim of river-neighbors St. Louis, Natchez and New Orleans. Then cotton found Memphis, and the city became a major Mississippi River port. Even the Civil War did not particularly damage Memphis. Growth barely slowed. New industries were established, and the population increased almost 200 percent between 1860 and 1870.

Then three successive yellow fever epidemics in 1873, 1875 and 1878 decimated the city. Thousands fled or died in the streets. The city's reputation sank. During the first two decades of the twentieth century, Memphis became known as the murder capital of the nation. In 1909, Edward Hull Crump organized the Shelby County Political Organization which gradually substituted patronage for crime and provincial bossism for the free-wheeling chaos of river town life. By the time

he died in 1954, Crump had firmly established the serene environment which businessmen relished.

Today, Memphis is thriving under a younger, more cosmopolitan leadership. Population had doubled since World War II. In addition to being the nation's largest cotton market, Memphis is now the second biggest center for soybeans and third in meat processing. It hosts the international headquarters of companies ranging from Cook industries (the grain marketers) to Holiday Inn to the makers of St. Joseph Aspirin and Coppertone.

Real estate developers and construction firms are again all smiles. Recently aggressive private and public planning has called for hundreds of millions of dollars to be invested in a radical reshaping of the city. Among the projects and their costs are:

Downtown Redevelopment (\$40 million in public funds and \$105 million in private investment), will take until almost 1990;

Volunteer Bicentennial Park (\$13 million in public funds beyond the \$10 million allotted under the downtown redevelopment plan), to be developed on Mud Island at the city's riverfront;

Garbage-Burning Plant (\$72 million), developed by Memphis Light Gas & Water Company, to provide electricity, steam and chilled water for downtown and medical center customers;

Beale Street Blue Light District



Looking across the Mississippi River from Arkansas to Memphis

(\$40 million or more, depending on whether housing and hotels are constructed), shopping and night-life center commemorating the birthplace of the blues;

Community Development (\$76 million in HUD money), rehabilitation of nine communities;

Stadium Expansion (\$18 million), adding 20,000 additional seats in anticipation of an NFL franchise settling in Memphis. (The original stadium, with 55,000 seats, was built for \$3.7 million in 1965);

Airport Expansion (\$73 million), just completed, doubles the terminal and freight capacity of the original airport, built in 1960 for \$15 million;

Convention Center (\$26 million), completed, but without hotels nearby, it is doing poorly;

I-40 Expressway Completion (\$120-200 million), tunneling through Overton Park for three miles.

Planning A City Within A City

No one should have been surprised when the developers began drooling at the abandoned acreage of the Shelby County Penal Farm. The Farm had first been built in 1928 when the Shelby County Commission used a million dollar bond issue to purchase 1,600 acres of farmland 12 miles east of downtown Memphis. In subsequent years, the Penal Farm grew to 5,000 acres and became a model agricultural/

rehabilitation institution for the South, as well as a source of endless satisfaction to E. H. Crump and his Organization. Occasionally the Farm even made a profit from its corn, cotton, chickens and nationally-famous dairy cows.

But by 1955, in the face of post-war agricultural realities, the University of Tennessee School of Agriculture recommended reducing the Penal Farm to 1,000 acres under cultivation and releasing the rest for public development. Eleven years later, the Planning Commission reaffirmed that the prison's increasingly large deficit could be eliminated by turning some of the land into revenue-producing publicly-owned attractions. Neither plan was followed.

Instead, on August 5, 1970, the County Commission declared 3,200 acres of the Penal Farm as "surplus" and authorized a \$60,000 study of its potential development. The study, prepared by Harland Bartholomew & Associates, recommended that the "highest and best uses" of the land would be a planned residential and commercial community for 25,000 to 100,000 people, depending on the growth needs of the Greater Memphis area. The land was valued at \$25.4 million, but rather than simply sell it, the study suggested other options for the county, ranging from leasing the land, to joint ownership in the new project with private firms, to developing sub-

sidized public housing for 25,000 people at a total cost of \$370 million. (Regardless of what happened to other acreage, the prison would be reduced to a normal three acre compound.)

Immediate controversy arose when the county proposed a Shelby Farms Development Board to consider the options in detail. The president of American Cities Corporation, a Rouse subsidiary, insisted that the Farms should be developed by private interests, not public agencies; the newspapers and local "good government" organizations like Future Memphis, Inc. wanted more citizen representation on the Development Board. Compromises were finally made, and in September 1971, as its first official action, the Board hired American Cities Corp. to prepare a \$50,000 study on the planned community and deliver it within 190 days.

The American Cities report, released in May 1972, valued the land at \$10 million (a \$15.4 million drop from Harland Bartholomew's 1970 estimate), and placed the initial cost to the county at \$10 million for providing streets, utility systems, underground telephone and electric wires, schools, recreational facilities and so on—plus a planning and administration cost of a million dollars for the first five years.

David Bowman teaches at Memphis State University and writes frequently on city politics and economics.

Though the cost would be high, the return would be magnificent: American Cities said a gas station's acre of land in Columbia, Md. sold for \$550,000.

The model community would include 1,310 acres for residential development, 435 for industry, 157 for retail stores and office buildings, 275 for public utilities, 200 for a community college and 500 for roads and utilities; 960 acres would be reserved for the Wolf River floodplain and 1,163 acres for open space. It all looked very nice.

Then came the kicker. On October 12, 1972, the Shelby Farms Development Board requested American Cities to implement its own recommendations.

Oddly enough, there were no cries of conflict of interests. The Chamber of Commerce approved American Cities' proposal. Future Memphis, Inc. supported it with the qualification that more land be kept for parks.

Quietly, several local realtors began assessing their chances as developers for the project. Chief among them was Boyle Investment, perhaps the only firm large enough to contend with Rouse Corporation. But as old friends, Bayard Boyle and James Rouse quickly saw the advantages of joining forces. Together with the financial backing of the First National Bank, they went to the County Court with the dream combination: national reputation, local clout and lots of money. On March 13, 1973, the Court—which has jurisdiction over the sale of county property—voted almost unanimously to approve the American Cities plan as presented by the Rouse-Boyle-First National team.

Other developers huddled at the Memphis Home Builders Association and agreed they were getting screwed.

Zoo Story

Then an astonishing thing happened. On May 8, the Park Commission proposed that the Memphis Zoo move from its 30 acre site in Overton Park to the wide-open spaces of the Penal Farm. The proposal received huge headlines. Everyone was excited. At last a genuine alternative to Shelby Farms had appeared. People scratched their heads and wondered why the idea never occurred to the experts before.

Privately, the politicians and project developers were furious. Memphis had

already suffered 12 years of fighting over the I-40 expressway through Overton Park. It seemed as if nature-lovers were at it again, derailing Progress, once more frustrating Memphis' ambition to live up to its slogan as "Mid-America's Big New City."

The first organization to support the Park Commission was the Zoo Action Patrol (ZAP), headed by Donna Fisher, a Vanderbilt law student. In mid-May, she wrote all the county officials that "a better zoo would benefit the entire Memphis community, rich and poor alike, whereas the model city would benefit only the lucky few who lived there."

As the Park Commission presented its case to the County Court, State Representative Ed Williams announced he would pre-file a bill with the Tennessee General Assembly for keeping the Penal Farm as a park and zoo—provided Overton Park's zoo land be released for the long-awaited expressway. County politicians began backtracking on their commitment to the original development plan and the once-solid majority of County Court squires crumbled.

Then, on June 2, 1973, County Commissioner Lee Hyden, the leading official proponent of the planned community, made the mistake of admitting that the county didn't know how many acres they were selling, how much it was worth or how much they should get for it. Hyden explained that parcels of the original 5,000 acres had long since been nibbled away for the State Technical Institute, the sheriff's substation, Interstate 40, a proposed community college and various private concerns. There might be 4,000 or 4,500 acres left; no one knew for sure. So there was no easy way to get an exact value on the property. Instead of soliciting bids from competing developers for property described in a detailed prospectus, Hyden explained that the county would simply sign a binding agreement to sell the land to Rouse-Boyle. A price would be set by an independent appraiser after the agreement had been approved!

News of the proposed agreement triggered a new wave of opposition. The Home Builders Association asked why no bids were requested for the property, and formed a study committee to investigate the whole issue. Citizens groups attacked the composition and sloppy work of the Develop-

ment Board until one of its members agreed to hold a public hearing. The chief assessor said the county should receive at least \$29 million (roughly \$6,000-7,000 per acre) rather than Hyden's estimate of \$10-to-20 million. His boss, the chief appraiser, immediately overruled him, claiming that \$4,000 or \$5,000 an acre would be enough. *The Memphis Press-Scimitar* chimed in, noting that nearby Farmington Community had sold for \$26,500 an acre and Kirby Woods Mall went for up to \$92,460 an acre. Meanwhile Abe Plough, Memphis' foremost philanthropist, announced he would finance a study to move the zoo to natural surroundings on the Penal Farm. His plan received mixed reactions, but at least revived the original Park Commission proposal on the eve of the public hearing.

The Little People Meet Big Money

The hearing at the County Commission on June 14, 1973, was the first official opportunity for citizens to speak up. Proponents of the development included Future Memphis, Inc. and the Memphis Society of Professional Engineers. Those speaking against the plan tended to be individuals speaking only for themselves or for low-clout organizations like ZAP. After the meeting, the opponents gathered and agreed to organize the Penal Farm for Public Use Committee, an odd-coupling of environment-minded idealists and tough-minded real estate and business interests threatened by the effects of Rouse-Boyle's 10,000 new housing units to the Memphis market. It seemed a happy match of Little People (to provide the citizen support) and Big Money (of the sort rarely available to public interest groups). From the former came an energetic letter-writing campaign and a collection of 7,000 petition signatures in the first month. The latter raised \$16,500 in the first two months for bumper stickers, leaflets, radio spots and full-page newspaper ads. But one week after the public hearing, the County Commission voted 2-to-1 to accept the contract with Rouse-Boyle. It was now up to the County Court.

During the summer of 1973, clubs, community organizations and government bodies were barraged by

speeches, debates and open forums. No one was spared: the Rotary Club, Sierra Club, Chamber of Commerce, Community Relations Commission, League of Women Voters..... Both pro and con claimed their side represented intelligent planning, Mother Nature and Memphis' best interests.

One County Court squire proposed a dozen town meetings to reach the public, but on July 26 the first one proved so unruly that the County Court declared it would also be the last. The meeting had been planned to kick-off Rouse-Boyle's "education campaign" with slides, charts and graphs, but a series of strong speeches by opponents dominated the event. Several student members of the Penal

Farm for Public Use (PFFPU) Committee dumped cardboard boxes full of petitions against the sale at the squires' feet and leafleted the audience with pleas to "Stop The Penal Farm Land Grab," emphasizing how the contract "deviates from standard business practice and common sense in 12 ways":

- 1) No price named,
- 2) No down payment,
- 3) No development plan,
- 4) No competitive bids,
- 5) No advance zoning,
- 6) No exact boundaries required on parcels to be developed,
- 7) No charge for the developer's three-year option, that can be drawn out to seven years,

- 8) No provision for taxes or interest during the option period,
- 9) No inclusion of city as party to the contract, even though it presumably 'requires' the city to rezone and provide utilities,
- 10) No ceiling on possible cost to taxpayers of the 2,100 acre park that must be built at taxpayer's expense to developer's plan, which is not yet known,
- 11) No assurance that developer's proposed smaller park will benefit anyone besides the immediate residents, and
- 12) No preliminary public hearing in the early stages when these curious provisions were first proposed.



The PFFPU Committee held its own meetings to organize opposition, but it failed to gain a large membership. As often happens with ad hoc groups, the gassy speech-makers dropped out quickly, and the working-class whites who attended dropped out when they saw the activist eggheads running the show. As a matter of fact, by the end of the summer, nearly everyone dropped out, except for a cabal of eight people.

John Vergos, the chairman, spoke at service clubs and on talk shows, held down the Committee office during the day and in general ran most of the citizen show-window side of the things while finishing his law degree at Memphis State. The real muscle of the Committee were the businessmen who raised money, buttonholed the Court squires, lobbied other county officials and coordinated the newspaper ad campaign that flooded the County Court with clipped-out forms against the sale.

The group made especially good use of the media's requirement to air a quota of public-affairs programs. A first-rate documentary, "Shelby County Had A Farm," was written

and produced by Ken Rees for WMC-TV on a \$15,000 budget, and aired on August 31 with an excellent viewer response. As the credits rolled, the concluding verse of the title song predicted the controversy's outcome:

Shelby County had a farm,
E-I-E-I-O,
And on this farm they have some plans

Which way will they go?
With a townhouse here
And a fish pond there
Here a lark, there a park,
Over there an aardvark,
Weeds grow here, weeds grow there
Indecision everywhere.

Shelby County had a farm.
On September 9, the County Court voted to delay its vote so there could be yet another study.

Everyone groaned. Morale on both sides sagged.

Spirits at the PFFPU Committee dropped even further when their Citizens Day at the Penal Farm fizzled. Since the land had distinctly sinister associations with criminals working in the fields under minimum security, few people had ever driven through the Farms or seen its well-kept grounds

and whitewashed buildings. The Committee gained permission from the County Commission, and set up a driving tour, a cross-country course, two hiking trails, refreshment stand and a horse show, and got plenty of free publicity. But on Saturday, October 27, with all events going as promised, no more than 200 people showed up.

What bothered the Little People on the Committee even more was the suspicion (fostered by their opponents) that the Big Money members were using them to spoil the sale so they could move in and develop the property themselves. Repeated efforts to get a hands-off declaration failed, eroding both internal solidarity and public credibility.

Death of the Model City

Suddenly, the PFFPU Committee got the break it needed. By unanimous agreement a new chairman, Lucius Burch, took over the leadership of the fight. Burch had become something of a hero for his opposition to the Crump Machine in the late 1940s and was well known as Memphis' leading mugwump.



As a shrewd lawyer of social standing and veteran of a dozen major crusades, Burch knew how to enlist the support of the people with power. In October he began writing several letters a day to the "opinion formers" and doing radio spots, toning down the rhetoric (deleting phrases like "land grab" and "ruthless developers") and winning back alienated friends. Under his influence the Committee's thesis switched from negative to positive. Attendance at meetings climbed back

to several dozen, and Burch extracted assurances from all involved that no member would later try to develop the land.

In late November, the reorganized, positive-directed PFFPU Committee released a position paper calling for the creation of a public authority to oversee the Penal Farm's future development as a public resource. The report included specific suggestions for the land's use, from Opryland-style

attractions to high-brow riding and sailing. Months of publicity and pressure began to pay off as the endorsements for the authority and/or park concept began piling up from the Park Commission, the Planning Commission, various civic groups, the township of Collierville, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the City Beautification Commission and so on.

The Rouse-Boyles forces counter-attacked with their own media blitz and high level endorsements. But the momentum was clearly shifting to the PFFPU Committee. By January, 1974, a poll of registered voters found that 68 percent wanted to keep the Penal Farm land for public use; 10 percent favored sale; and 21 percent were undecided. Racially, 72 percent of the whites compared with 62 percent of the non-whites wanted public use. A big selling campaign to black Memphians had apparently failed to bring results, and the four black squires kept a rather skeptical frame of mind. As one woman said, "You would have middle-class whites and middle-class blacks there, both forgetting all about the needs of the common man."

The common man aside, Burch and his group were scoring significant points among the traditional political bodies that determine policy. The undecided Court squires began leaning away from the Rouse-Boyle plan, but they repeatedly used the inability to finance alternative public development to avoid making a choice. Then philanthropist Abe Plough stepped forward, announcing he would pay a million dollars to the county to "remove some of the financial objections that exist toward the public development of the property." The time for decision had come.

On January 29, a week after Plough's announcement and a week before the scheduled vote of the County Court, the uncommitted squires leaked the fact that they would oppose the sale. The grandiose planned community would finally be rejected. On hearing the news, the Rouse-Boyle team immediately withdrew their proposal so no negative vote would be on the record. The next day, Commissioner Ramsey wrote to thank James Rouse: "We respect your decision to withdraw because . . . it was not in your best interests or in the interests of a 'divided Memphis community' to continue."



The headlines were huge. The cost for the winners totaled a mere \$21,015. The cost to the losers was considerably more. Indeed, with the disastrous downturn in the economy, Rouse and Boyle were no doubt immensely relieved to at least postpone the development. In a slight rewriting of history, *Forbes* magazine on October 1, 1974, said that the financial precariousness of the Rouse Co. (stock down from \$30 per share to \$2.75) dictated Jim Rouse's decision to withdraw:

He has had to wipe out plans for two other "new towns"—one at Shelby Farms, Tenn., near Memphis, the other at Wye Island, Md.—and had to write off \$4.2 million already spent on them. Says Rouse sadly: "These projects take more than a decade to get started, and there is just too much uncertainty as to their ultimate viability. Privately developed new towns are dead in this country for the foreseeable future.

It is fitting that the epitaph for Shelby Farms model community be spoken by James Rouse himself. At least in this case, economic self-interest and environmental concerns were unmistakably identical—against the speculators.

What Kind of Public Use?

In February 1974, Commissioner Hyden advocated a one-year moratorium on development. He lamented the death of the Rouse-Boyle plan, but said he was willing to "bury the hatchet and follow the bearded knight" (Lucius Burch). The time seemed right to revive Abe Plough's offer of \$50,000 for a feasibility study for a zoological park, provided the city and county would each put up \$50,000. After some prodding, the government bodies appropriated the money and created a new Shelby Farms Planning Board (SFPB).

By February 1975, the SFPB had solicited and received 20 proposals for public development of the land, narrowed them to six finalists, and then voted between the detailed plans of the best two: Garrett Eckbo, an environmental designer from San Francisco; and Hart, Krivatsky & Stube, the New York firm which planned the 27,000 acre Disney World.

In his opening statement to the

press, the winner, Garrett Eckbo, compared the Shelby Farms project to the creation of Central Park a century ago, and announced he would hold several workshops to generate ideas from the public. His openness to citizen input was a welcome relief to many, while the comparison to a New York-style venture flattered the "Next Big City" advocates. Memphis was charmed.

The first workshop resembled a fundamentalist revival. One person from each discussion table stood up and gave glory about what lay in that paradise out yonder. Wildlife area! Botanical garden! Camping facilities! Model farm! Hiking trails! Baseball stadium! Boating! The greatest zoo in the country! Only a few asked how they would pay for it.

Two days later, Eckbo expressed disappointment that there were only five blacks in the 150 who turned up for the workshop. He proposed three more first-phase neighborhood meetings to involve other segments of the community. The first, held in South Memphis at LeMoyné College, the intellectual center of the black community, generated criticism that the proposed park would mainly serve the white residents of East Memphis, and raised doubts about the spending priorities involved. The second, at Baron-Hirsch Synagogue in the heart of Memphis' most successfully integrated neighborhoods, reached the consensus that the park would neglect the hard-core housing needs of the city, and urged that public housing be an integral part of the plan. The third, at the Whitehaven Community Center, not far from the Mississippi line in several senses, endorsed the ideas of the first meeting.

In apparent response to the questions raised about the priorities of government spending—and to the difficulty in specifying exactly where funding for the ambitious development would come from—Eckbo's final report to the SFPB recommended:

It will be important to avoid any sense of competition for city/county funds with other pressing programs by (a) stretching out the development in time, and (b) emphasizing total community service and accessibility.

Eckbo ran into another snag—this time with competing planners—when he proposed rerouting existing thoroughfares and abandoning plans for new ones which would further dissect

the park. The city/county traffic engineers loudly objected that Eckbo had overstepped his authority, but he continued to resist their gridiron road plan designed for suburban commuters passing through Shelby Farms. "The opportunity presented by 4500 acres of such special landscape for the future of the Memphis metropolitan area is so magnificent," says Eckbo, "that only petty and grasping minds would try to block it or fragment it."

Professional planners on the SFPB have also criticized Eckbo's preliminary drafts as "too vague" and "incapable of being implemented." But Burch and the majority have offered continuing support and warmly received his final plans in October 1975. The 148 page report contains maps, charts and an unusually straight-forward description of three tiers of options to create a "pastoral park and include income-producing facilities adequate to meet operating costs while retaining pastoral qualities." Specifics given more detail in a technical appendix range from an expanded equestrian center to a World Agriculture Center.

The plan was exceedingly beautiful to those already convinced, but a few began wondering if it was another case of "too large, too late," the particular pitfall of towns that aspire to be Mid-America's Big New City. The \$10 million minimum seemed just as impossible as the \$103 million twenty year plan. A hundred new neighborhood parks within walking distance of everyone, instead of this Bois de Boulogne, seemed more appropriate.

The believers could already see the beautiful vision taking shape, an urban park unparalleled in this century; the skeptics could see a park fringed by parking lots, as cars arrived by the thousands. The realists recognized that the fight was—and is—not yet over. At this writing, the County Court has postponed final decision on the plan. Even after the go-ahead is given, the long-term, phased construction might allow the public to lose interest in the park, giving later planners an opportunity to add new roads, more flashy attractions—or perhaps even a version of Rouse's "model community." The victory of Shelby Farms, like others involving a public movement against private interests, will require constant attention to be preserved, and perhaps additional, more polarized confrontations.



Pikeville, Kentucky: Millionaires and Mobile Homes

by Anita Parlow



Pikeville, Kentucky, was once just another poverty-plagued Appalachian community. Only 6000 people live in the town, the county seat of Pike County. But in recent years Pikeville has become the focus of urban development plans which rival those of much larger cities. It's the nation's smallest Model City, a *Look* magazine All-America City and winner of enough All Kentucky City prizes to be in the state's permanent Hall of Fame. It has received more attention from organizers (see box) and the federal government's planners than most cities of any size. And now, with the inflated price of coal, Pikeville is a boom town. But for many residents, neither the planners' strategies nor the coal barons' success has done much to alter a life of poverty in the midst of plenty.

Coal Camp to Service Center

Pikeville lies crimped in a deep valley at a horseshoe bend of the Big Sandy River, in the heart of Appalachia's coalfields. The C&O Railroad divides the town and stretches into surrounding Pike County, the largest coal-producing county in the nation. Coal trucks squeeze through double-parked cars on Pikeville's two main streets, and busy railroad crossings often block the flow of traffic to the new interstate highways.

Since the fuel prices skyrocketed two years ago, coal operators and merchants agree they have never had it so good. Ninety new coal millionaires have helped spendable income in the county jump 50 percent to nearly \$200 million. Claude Canada, a man with a fourth grade education who once mined coal for 19 cents a ton, says, "I'll make \$19 million this year if Uncle Sam doesn't get it first." The assets of Pikeville's three banks have doubled to \$319 million, making the city Kentucky's second largest banking center. Pikeville's Cadillac dealership is the fourth busiest in the nation. Mobile homes sell like hotcakes.

Despite such evidence of success, a mood of quiet desperation permeates the carnival atmosphere in Pikeville. People are out to get rich quick. They remember the unemployment lines and waves of out-migration during the late 1950's and 60's when the depressed coal industry sucked Pikeville's life-blood dry. They know the dangers of being tied to the seesaw economics of

King Coal.

And that's where the planners and their theories of stabilized growth come in.

Well before the current surge in the demand for coal, the federally-funded Appalachian Regional Commission (ARC) and Pikeville's Mayor William Hambley decided they could save the city from boom-bust cycles of its one-resource economy by transforming the city into a regional service center for 300,000 people. The recent prosperity has not altered their vision. They are determined to make Pikeville a test case for a strategy which calls for spending public money to develop the infrastructure that will attract private industry.

According to the Hambley-ARC plan, a 1000 foot swathe would be cut through Peach Orchard Mountain, and 13 million cubic yards of its rubble dumped into nearby Poor Farm Hollow. The Levisa River and the C&O Railroad would be rerouted through the newly-opened gorge. The drained river bed and new level land, says Mayor William Hambley, will double Pikeville's usable land space for a mixture of public and commercial projects. These include an eight or ten story government building, a 5,000 seat amphitheatre, an eight-story old-age home, multilevel parking tiers, public housing and several commercial shopping centers. The top of a nearby mountain would be sliced off to build an air strip. The plan would cost \$22 million, equal to the entire state's allocation for access roads. "What we're planning is an industrial center which will attract users, consumers and jobs," exudes the smooth-talking Hambley.

Mayor Hambley's achievements are impressive. Pikeville's city treasury has more spendable dollars than any other community in Eastern Kentucky. Thirteen years ago, the city was in debt. "We depended upon the water department for operating funds and gas revenues to run the garbage services," he says. Since then, Hambley has increased the city budget from \$112,000 to \$718,000 and given city workers a pay hike every year. He single-handedly wedded together nine governmental agencies to finance his "planning universe" and uses a combination of down-home wit and arm-twisting to push what he considers "the best interests of our citizens" through various

City Commission meetings. Even his friends say he often acts like a dictator. Explains Hambley, "At some point you must make up your mind and do the job."

Aside from his grandiose style, Hambley's actual development plans follow the standard pattern of the ARC'S "growth center" strategy: labor and capital from the surrounding areas are imported, which in the past has caused rural extinction and urban strangulation; the city's poor—"their land is cheaper"—are uprooted to make way for a recreational and service center for the benefit of the middle classes. Many of Pikeville's residents have begun to wonder how all Hambley's wheeling and dealing will help them. "We've lost our sense of priority" says a local miner. "The Cut Through is important to Pikeville, but lots of children are going to schools in Quonset huts out in the county." A resident from Island Creek, who like many others asked to remain anonymous for fear of losing his job, said, "Hambley moves things all right—and one of them is my family."

What's happening to Island Creek, a hollow which winds around Pikeville, typifies how planning will affect many poorer families. It was recently incorporated into the city limits. Now 20 families suffer noxious fumes from a new Model Cities dump located directly above them and are battered by large chunks of coal tumbling from overloaded trucks. Hourly they are shaken by dynamite blasts for the Pikeville Cut on the other side of the mountain.

Repeated requests to be relocated have been denied by Pikeville's Housing and Urban Development Commissioner, who says, "Island Creek relocation isn't scheduled until the blasting reaches their side of the mountain—two years from now." Island Creek residents don't know if they can last that long. The blasts are causing their frame houses, clamped to the moun-

Anita Parlow, a Washington, D.C. based freelance writer, frequently contributes to The Mountain Eagle. She is the author of a booklet entitled Appalachian Regional Council: Boon or Boondoggle, available from 1803 Biltmore NW, Washington, D.C. 20009. This article was partially supported by grants from The Youth Project and The Fund for Investigative Journalism.

tain edge, to slip down the 200 foot gorge. "You just can't bomb-blast these houses and expect them to stay put," says one woman. She has had to move her refrigerator from her sinking kitchen. Her children now sleep with her, for fear their own bedroom will collapse. "It used to be we wanted to stay but now we just want to get out."

The woman winced as the road-level window rattled with spattering gravel from a passing truck. "Oh, the officials sympathize with our immediate problem but the solution is always in somebody else's office," she said. Highway Department officials claim their monitors indicate normal blast strength. Mayor Hambley says,

"Construction damages are out of my hands." Other city officials blame the coal truck vibrations, not the blasts, for the damages. The Holowell Construction Company foreman promised to ask the insurance company to investigate the problem. The insurance company claims Holowell never released the proper complaint documents. "We're trapped," said the woman. "We can't move into town because there's no housing and we can't stay here with that blasting coming closer every day."

While Island Creek citizens suffer from not enough attention, Pikeville's black community across the river, suffers from too much. The area, once known as Stringtown, has been re-

named the Pikeville By-pass for urban renewal purposes. Two low income housing units are scheduled to replace By-pass homes.

"Changing the name to By-pass is telling us what they've been doing to us coloreds all these years," says one resident who works as a five dollar a day maid for coal operators in Pikeville's most expensive neighborhood. "There are no jobs for us so the young moved north and the old died." The county's black population decreased from approximately 1500 to 500 between 1960 and '70. "Anyway, we never had enough colored here to get what we wanted."

The development plans divide By-

Pikeville's Methodist Hospital: One More Rejection



by Jacqueline Bernard

Today Pikeville attracts considerable attention because of its disproportionate number of Rolls Royces and millionaires. But three and a half years ago, the news in town was that 200 underpaid, overworked and—finally—fed-up non-professional hospital employees had struck the Methodist Hospital.

The strikers' original grievances were similar to those made familiar by the more publicized urban hospital strikes of the 60's. The workers—five of six were women, two-thirds of them the only working members of their families—included most who did the gritty, day-to-day work that makes a hospital run smoothly. By working evening shifts, the highest paid could earn \$1.88 an hour. Nurse's aide Mary Ann James supported a disabled husband and seven children on that amount. She had worked at the hospital for 20 years. The workers complained of no seniority, no job security, no severance or retirement pay, constant speed-up, frequent seven to ten day work periods with neither time-and-a-half pay nor any accumulated time off, a management deaf to grievances, no

clear lines of supervisory authority and no way of changing anything. As one striker put it, "All you could do was quit."

In desperation, several hospital workers explained their situation to a telephone worker seen wearing a "CWA Shop Steward" button while he installed lines in the hospital. The Communications Workers of American International had lost many of its members to automation and was actively seeking new constituencies. Within a few months, 226 of 237 workers had signed the white CWA union card, the hospital's executive committee had refused to recognize the union and administrative director Lee D. Keene had fired two employees. The workers walked out. The hospital, whose board is dominated by the virulently anti-union, coal-rich power-elite of Pike County, promptly announced that the strikers had quit—and proceeded to hire new workers.

Despite the intransigence of the hospital, early violence on the picket line, elderly relatives pursued at night by strange cars and the sudden coldness of intimidated neighbors, the strikers were stubbornly optimistic. The CWA provided generous strike benefits. Food stamps were available, if people had the bull tenacity to fight for them. The strikers were together, and they found reasons for hope.

For one thing, two months before the start of the strike, the United Methodist Church had passed a resolution supporting the right of workers to organize and bargain

pass into thirds with low-income housing projects to be located at either end. There are no immediate plans for the center. To clear the homes from the end sections, the city temporarily relocated By-pass citizens into trailers placed across the river on the city side. The center, which had more homes than both of the end sections, was left untouched. According to Hambley's assistant, "We couldn't find all the owners of the homes in the central area." But one By-pass resident believes, "They just don't want to relocate all the colored across the river into town."

The city's decision to temporarily transplant some By-pass residents has

created considerable chaos. None of the relocated families wants to return to their old community across the river. With only 44 new units planned, there may not be enough units to go around anyway.

The situation has been extremely confusing for the displaced residents. One old woman is pleased with her new trailer because "the shack I used to live in wasn't fit for the rats." But she's frightened she'll soon be separated from her friends and family. "The mayor and everybody's been so nice to us but I still don't know what to expect," she says. "So I live afraid."

Playing Poitics

If urban development programs



collectively, and urging Congress to amend the National Labor Relations Act to include hospitals. Though the Church had sold the hospital to the current corporation, the strikers believed it could be pressed to withdraw both its annual contribution and the prestige of its name if the hospital did not bring its policies into line with Methodist principles. In addition, Arnold Miller, then candidate for the presidency of the United Mine Workers, had called the CWA office, promising if he won to pull out the miners welfare fund which is a major source of income for all Appalachian hospitals.

For 32 months the strike went on, until, in August, 1974, the National Labor Relations Act was extended to include non-profit hospitals such as Methodist Hospital. Two months later, trusting in the justice of the National Labor Relations Board, the picket line was called off and the strikers instructed by the CWA to fill out applications for their old jobs at the hospital. *Not one was rehired.*

CWA attorney Morgan Stanford explains that the union filed a petition for an election with the regional NLRB in Cincinnati soon after the amendment became law. But the NLRB Board, after many months, dismissed the case, claiming that the strike, called off in October, had "not been called off in time." The board ruled, says Stanford, that the strike did not "qualify" under the new amendment anyway. According to this theory, the CWA should first have called off its old strike and

then initiated a new one after giving the hospital the required ten day warning to allow for mediation. The question of how workers could call a strike against a fully-staffed hospital for which they no longer worked was not clarified.

When an appeal to the NLRB in Washington finally did result in an election, the scab workers voted against unionization. With increased salaries, improved conditions and a new retirement fund, they had, by the standards of the Pikeville poor, "good" jobs, and in Pikeville, "good jobs is hard to git." They weren't risking them. The union kept different aspects of the case before the courts, but the strike was lost.

The blame for all this gets tossed back and forth. Although the strike had strong support from individual churchmen, the Methodist Church never formally dissociated itself from the hospital administration. Arnold Miller, once in office, discovered he had no power to withhold payments to the hospital from the Welfare and Retirement Fund. Local UMW leaders never pressed their members to boycott the hospital services. Harry Huges, the Miller-appointed representative on the Welfare and Retirement Fund, even voted against holding back Fund money from the hospital. "If I had had one guy die crossing that mountain to get to the Prestonsburg Hospital," he said, "I could never have forgiven myself."

The strikers agree the CWA gave them generous strike benefits for three long years. (Some claim to

have lived better on those than on their former meager salaries.) But the conservative union leaders insisted they follow the letter of the NLRA law, even though it did not then cover hospitals. Obedient to the courts and their union, the strikers limited pickets to four at a site; allowed scabs to take their jobs; held back from storming the UMW Welfare and Retirement Fund offices in Washington as they had planned, instead allowing a few to meet politely with Fund officials. Because the NLRA forbids secondary boycotts they even called off their highly successful boycotts of Piggly Wiggly and Bruce Walters Ford, who delivered food to the hospital.

One who watched the strike closely insisted later, "To win a strike, you've got to win it by force. If the strikers had stopped everything and everybody from going in except patients, doctors and nurses, they could have paralyzed that hospital. But any time you let the company replace you with a new employee, you're in trouble."

The NLRB could have challenged that bitter verdict; it chose instead to strangle the strike in red tape. But no matter where the blame may be seen to lie, it is clear that once again the poor of Pike County have been shafted.

Jacqueline Bernard is a free-lance writer now living in New York City who covered the Methodist Hospital strike for the Southern Patriot.

haven't helped the poor, neither has the new coal-based prosperity.

Bob Holcomb, president of the Pike County Independent Coal Operators Association, says, "Federal development programs like the Appalachian Regional Commission haven't attracted one new industry to Pike County in all their ten years of operation. If they'd leave coal operators alone, we'd do what's best for the county." Holcomb and others agree that the outside energy conglomerates have "exploited" the region, but they claim that the new price of coal has allowed local operators to enter the field, which stimulates local jobs and local buying. Chamber of Commerce Director Hugh Collett thinks the county's social problems will soon disappear because the outside drain of capital is reversing. Local operators, he points out, "turn the money over seven times in the area compared to less than once by outside firms."

The Holcomb-Collett theory of development goes something like this: independent coal operators, responding to increased demand, open more mines and hire more workers. The operators and workers spend their money with community merchants and invest in local banks. Through a multiplier effect, the capital creates more jobs and by trickle-down economics, everybody benefits.

In fact, the trickle-down doesn't happen. True, the primed coal pump is gushing windfall profits for the operators and a currently steady income for 6000 coal miners and the urban-centered money system. But most of the county's 66,000 people receive little. Despite 9½ billion tons of coal reserves, per capita income hovers at \$2,250—52% below the U.S. average. Nearly half of the people depend upon some form of federal aid: welfare is the county's second largest source of income. Whether boom or bust, welfare statistics have remained nearly the same. The dual facets of the economy—coal and dole—are not unrelated; disability pensions and social security indicate most beneficiaries require assistance for coal-related reasons; and mechanization has given a boost to the unemployment rolls. Even with the recent up-turn in mining, Pike County's unemployed are not getting jobs because 3000-5000 laid-off workers from the northern industrial cities have

returned home to glut the job market. Prosperity doesn't help the poor; it merely forces workers to move. And, with only 6000 manufacturing jobs in the surrounding five county area, if you can't get a job as a miner, you have no choice but welfare or migration.

The picture for education, housing, health care, and social services in the county is no better. "We've been weak on services in the past because we haven't had the revenues," admits County Judge Wayne T. Rutherford, the man responsible for raising taxes. Unlike Mayor Hambley, who at least increased industrial taxes in Pikeville, the county government has until this year refused to levy a franchise on coal production. According to State

campaign for Lieutenant Governor. He bolstered his staff from 3 to 27 — putting some of his personal campaign workers on the payroll, Sen. Friend charges; increased the sheriff's forces; spent \$297,500 for courthouse remodeling (including a glass outdoor elevator for the three-story building); agreed to build a new courthouse complex in distant Phelps; and cranked out a million dollars in road rehabilitation.

While Rutherford further entrenches his political machine, rural citizens suffer. Two years ago, when Paw Paw's schoolhouse burned down, no alternative school was offered to the children. One student who finally began attending a nearby Virginia school, said, "They made me lay around here for two years. Now all I



The Pikeville Cut Through

Senator Kelsey Friend, "County officials have been listening too hard to coal interests who have actively lobbied a policy of no coal taxes." The coal operators now embrace the \$2 million annual franchise tax (10 cents per ton) which begins this year—and a \$4.6 million severance tax which Judge Rutherford has in an escrow account—as a way to finance repairs on coal haul roads.

Despite these revenues, Judge Rutherford provides only \$23,612 for county social programs, most of which pays the salary of the director who says she only works half time for social services.

Even the federal revenue-sharing funds bypassed needs in the county. Rutherford used his authority to disperse the money to tighten his control of local politics and launch a statewide

want to do is get my education and get out of here." Nearly 20 percent of the county have less than five years of formal schooling.

One project, which would have been the first community-wide water system, exemplifies how county government moves rapidly for individual interests while ignoring promised community services. In 1968 the Economic Development Administration (EDA) loaned the county over a million dollars to build the Marrowbone water system. "Our water supply collects in abandoned truck mines and floods through a pipe we hooked on to it," says Rouie Branham who borrowed \$10,000 to rehabilitate his house and install plumbing fixtures in anticipation of the promised water system. Most residents paid the tap on fee and waited for the pipe.

But for nearly 70 families, no pipe was laid. A grocery store owner says, "Congressman Carl Perkins came down just before the election to dedicate the system—it wasn't even one third built—and it just stopped after the election was over." Recently the water-waiters, some with open ditches waiting for the promised pipeline, asked the contractor, Napier Electric and Construction Company, when they'd get their water. Napier, who had received the full payment of \$640,000 to complete the five miles of pipe, told them, "Never."

Those homeowners connected to the pipe are subject to the problems of shoddy construction: long periods of low pressure or no water at all. The pipes, built close to the surface of



roads, crumble and break from the weight of the coal trucks. County officials admit the water tanks have leaked as much as 150,000 gallons overnight. Marrowbone citizens spent seven years arguing with county officials to rectify the situation. The luckiest got their \$25 refund. Now, Judge Rutherford wants to build a coal gassification plant. Gassification plants consume a lot of water. Rutherford is negotiating with public and private agencies to finance improvements of the Marrowbone plant to run a pipeline away from the community to the projected gassification plant site. Rutherford's advance man, Steve Friend, is worried about the finances. "If EDA participates in the funding, we'll have civil rights people down our necks saying we discriminate against poor people for not providing them water. I want the line in for development," he said. "I don't care who hooks on after that."

Frustration

While active repression by coal operators is not a Pike County unknown, the mere threat of violence or recrimination often silences people. Community people, many of whose jobs depend upon coal, rarely criticize the industry publicly. Many remember the industry-wide shut-down that stopped union organizing efforts. Others remember the '60s harrasment of the political left: bombing the home of Southern Conference Educational Fund workers Alan and Margaret McSurely, their subsequent sedition case and erection of the Kentucky Un-American Activities Committee, requested by, among others, Bob Holcomb—then Chamber of Commerce Director. Some welfare dependents have been threatened with loss or

whether they can take any successful corrective action. A Miller's Creek school bus missed 18 school days due to an impassable coal truck-battered road. When the bus could pass through the muck, it twice skidded to the mountain's edge. Angry parents, who spent months trying to get the roads cleared, said their children's lives were in danger. None of them had ever protested before, but to dramatize the situation, they decided to picket. They were promptly arrested, hauled to jail, and bailed out by the local magistrate. A policeman driving the picketers to jail got stuck in the muddy road and radioed to headquarters that he had never seen a poorer excuse for a road.

While the picketers were struggling to get their road fixed, the officials were making other plans. An Army Corps of Engineers representative said relocation would be cheaper than building a new road. Judge Rutherford said, "We have strong indication that the families are fed up with living way back there in the hollow with those bad roads. I think the families would agree, now, to relocate."

The community discussed the matter and decided they wanted to remain in their homes with access to a safe blacktopped road. "We want to live here," one woman said. "We don't want to be railroaded out of our homes just so the coal operators can make a profit."

Pike County's dilemma is a microcosm of our national dilemma. While positions appear more polarized here than in regions with economic diversity, the issue is clear: power continues to consolidate, leaving little room for economic or political option. Some economists say the economic and service inequities as well as coal's seesaw swings would reverse if the mineral belonged to a locally-controlled, publicly-owned corporation. Profits would be reinvested locally for broad based citizen benefit to build an economy within the structure of a rational energy policy. But that's not happening. Employment is declining, welfare increasing. Fewer are needed to run the technocratic economy. Coal operators envision the day when Appalachian coal will be gassified underground. That would mean even fewer jobs still. The future is not being planned for the people such as those who live in Pike County.

delay of payments if they organized to form a welfare rights group, according to a community clinic worker in a neighboring county.

Usually, overt threats are not necessary. Along with economic consolidation is information consolidation. Coal operators sit as trustees of Pikeville College; the school system is an important patronage vehicle for county government; the only newspaper, *The Pike County News*, is owned by the son of a former coal operator whose cousin owns the radio station. Information is fragmented in the huge county where there are few telephones and bad roads. Two separate community groups formed to combat abysmal road conditions. Both chose the motto "No Roads—No Votes" but didn't know of each others' existence until they attended a special court meeting to discuss the road conditions.

When citizens do organize, their squelched efforts make them wonder



Norfolk, Virginia: From Honky Tonk to Honky Glitter

by Carl Abbott

The New South should celebrate the heritage of George F. Babbitt with a festival in every city and a symposium at every university. The past year marked the centennial of the birth of that great exemplar of the American booster. Writing in 1922, Sinclair Lewis made his hero a Middle Westerner and modeled his home town of Zenith on industrial cities like Dayton and Milwaukee and Grand Rapids. If he were at work today he would have picked a different setting, for the American booster has fled the problems of Cleveland and St. Louis for a new home in the South. Here among the pines and along the warm coasts, he hustles for new superhighways and defense contracts exactly as his great-grandfathers hustled railroads and factories for Michigan and Minnesota.

Norfolk, Va., is a loud and self-proclaimed example. For decades, the city has suffered from a severe inferiority complex. Generations of Navy men have known it as their favorite port to leave; journalists have attacked its "confusion, chicanery and ineptitude." John Dos Passos based much of his novel *Nineteen Nineteen* in Norfolk, describing Joe Williams as he wandered the "airless empty streets" looking for liquor and women. And in the recent movie, *The Last Detail*, Jack Nicholson cursed it as "shit city." Norfolk is still a Navy town, supporting 80,000 military troops and 35,000 civilian Defense Department employees, and more tattoo parlors, sleazy bars and prosti-

tutes than anyone would care to count.

But the local business and political boosters have been working hard to change that image. They're scurrying around, constructing new buildings downtown, buying museums, planning massive developments. They toss around millions of dollars to seduce tourists and new industries. They call to the world to come marvel at the changes of Norfolk.

Yet they've forgotten their own people. Salaries in the city remain low. Thousands have been pushed from their homes so these developments could be built. Unemployment has begun to increase. There is much substandard housing.

Real progress affecting the daily lives of Norfolk residents has been made, but due to the efforts of citizens, not the established leaders. Court-ordered busing has continued smoothly since 1970, producing an evenly integrated school system. Peaceful integration of several Norfolk neighborhoods has taken place. These are developments deserving attention, yet like most of Norfolk these days, they are obscured by the hustle and hype of the city's promoters.

New Norfolk

Urban renewal in Norfolk has meant massive construction of modernistic buildings in hopes of generating increased business revenues. A saucer-shaped coliseum called Scope, short for "kaleidoscope," was built first, and

now houses conventions, sports events and entertainment. Adjoining the two block-long complex is a large cultural center featuring two theatres. It's a spectacular structure and, like so much of the city's new appearance, was due to the efforts of one man, Roy B. Martin, Jr., who just finished a 12 year stint as mayor.

People had talked about a replacement for the aging sports arena, especially after a study group on urban renewal recommended it. But no decision had been made. Martin made it, with the advice of his director of the Norfolk Housing and Redevelopment Authority. Federal money could be found, the two men discovered, if they moved quickly. They had no time to consult the public or even the City Council (which later rubber-stamped approval). Martin announced plans for Scope to a shocked city in 1964. Soon after that, as hoped, the federal government coughed up two thirds of the \$35 million cost.

Scope triggered a building and buying spree that still continues, most of it, like Scope, without citizen approval. The city bought an abandoned Army port terminal, to expand

Carl Abbott is an Assistant Professor of History at Norfolk's Old Dominion University. He is a co-author of The Evolution of an Urban Neighborhood: Colonial Place, Norfolk, Virginia, published by the University of Virginia's Institute of Government.

non-military use of the world's finest natural harbor. A group of rich benefactors decided to enhance the city's educational image and paid \$27 million to start the Eastern Virginia Medical School in 1973. The city paid \$538,000 for a museum to Gen. Douglas MacArthur, though the general's only connection with the city was that his mother once lived there.

A million dollars was sunk into expansion of the Chrysler Museum art collection, a cultural feature for which city leaders campaigned vigorously. A new airport has been built for \$30 million. In all, said former City Manager G. Robert House, Jr., up to \$150 million may be plunged into construction on Norfolk's waterfront alone, including hotels, apartments, townhouses and shops.

But clearly the climax of this construction is the proposed \$100 million Norfolk Gardens (see box).

The city's slick magazines have joined the choruses praising the urban plans. When it debuted in 1971, *Metro: Hampton Roads* was a mild muck-racker on under-the-table land deals and the problems of integration. Now it tells its readers, uncertain of their own tastes, how to spend their money, often in the new downtown shops. Articles on tennis are interspersed with ads for the right equipment, articles on condominiums with invitations to buy into the newest tower under construction, articles on interior decorating with notices of professional designers. Reviews of dining tend to be lessons in the elementary etiquette of eating out—what to wear, how much

to tip and why not to write on the tablecloth.

The other city magazine is *New Norfolk*, a sheet of puffery produced by the Chamber of Commerce to promote "this dynamic, bustling, growing metropolitan area of ours."

The Forgotten People

The primary instrument for finding the space and financing for Norfolk's renovation has been the local Redevelopment and Housing Authority. Formerly known as the Norfolk Housing Authority, the organization cut its teeth helping the government erect cheap housing for the flood of Navy personnel that arrived during the 1940s. By 1950, 40 percent of the housing in the city was substandard.

Norfolk's downtown, like so many across the country, has been dying, and city leaders want to do something about it. First they removed the people, mostly black, living in the area. Then they built a huge coliseum, a mall stretching down the city's main street, museums and art galleries; these were not enough. Finally, in 1972, City Manager Robert House, Jr. and Atlanta urban developer Maurice Alpert began to meet secretly and plan how they would save it. In July, 1974, the public was finally informed of their meetings in a stunning announcement. The two had dreamed up a Tidewater Tivoli that boggled the imagination.

They called their baby "Norfolk Gardens" and planned it to be a combination shopping center and amusement park in the middle of the city, all enclosed in a 17-acre structural steel and glass "mega-structure." It would feature the largest indoor lake in the world, surrounded by a half dozen carnival rides, a bandshell, theatres and retail stores. A conveyer-belted "people mover" would transport visitors around the premises, and might later stretch from Virginia Beach to Ocean View, drawing in hundreds of thousands of tourists and shoppers and recreationists. The Gardens would be fun and beautiful, an exciting structure attracting

national attention—and money—to a renovated Norfolk. People would flood downtown, bringing the dollars and interest that would save it. Norfolk Gardens would be a model for urban centers around the country. Norfolk would lead the nation!

That was two and a half years ago. Today, the site of Norfolk Gardens remains undeveloped urban renewal land. The plan seems to have had an unsurprising snag: money.

The city's portion of the bill was \$50 million; International City Corporation, Alpert's firm, would invest \$20-30 million. In exchange, ICC would get income from leasing space to retailers and a six percent fee for building the structure; if construction costs \$40 million, for instance, ICC would get \$2.4 million. In addition, Alpert began building a huge hotel on the waterfront to house the thousands of tourists his development would attract.

House maintained that the city could gain its share of the money without putting itself on the line. He was soon proved wrong. The money could only be raised by floating general operating bonds, essentially tying the city's economic future to Norfolk Gardens. The City Council became very wary and fired House, partially for dealing behind their backs. Without House, the

Gardens lost its strongest backer.

Through a combination of "bungling city officials, a timid City Council and the bad economy," says Don Hunt, City Hall reporter for the *Virginian-Pilot Ledger*, the Gardens plans have remained in limbo for months. Periodically the cost is slashed—structural steel has been replaced in the plans by reinforced concrete, much of the glass would be eliminated, the city would take no responsibility for the stores—but the total bill remains at least \$50 million. The depressed national economy keeps bond interest rates high, and New York City's brush with default convinces many that the bonds couldn't be sold anyway.

The council hesitates to scrap the only existing plan for saving the downtown area, and yet it doesn't want to put the full faith of the city behind the extravagant development. Council members are especially reluctant to make any kind of move with May elections approaching.

So plans for Norfolk Gardens, the salvation of the downtown area, have been shelved. Alpert's multi-million dollar Omni International Hotel has been completed, but without the Gardens it is unneeded. House is now city manager of Suffolk, Va. And downtown Norfolk's savior has yet to appear.

— Steve Hoffius

captured federal dollars to launch the country's first urban renewal program.

Twenty-five years and \$240 million later, 1432 acres had been razed and redesigned for the New Norfolk of bank towers and in-town malls. Some homes were refurbished by their owners under city loans, but many more were simply destroyed. Today, 15 percent of the housing is still sub-standard and blocks of rubble make

some parts of the city look like a victim of saturation bombing.

Most of those displaced have been black. Five years ago, for instance, the Authority convinced the 6,000 black citizens of the East Ghent neighborhood to move. They were promised phased land clearance and the construction of low-income housing. Instead wrecking crews leveled over 100 acres in a single swoop. The Authority now trumpets its plans for \$50,000 and \$70,000 houses. Its

multi-media presentations compare downtown Norfolk to Beacon Hill, Georgetown and Brooklyn Heights and rarely show a black face in its many pictures of happy city-dwellers.

For years urban renewal has been tied to racial politics. During a two-year stretch in the middle 50s, the city demolished an immense ring of buildings around the core of Norfolk, an area housing 15,000 blacks. Much of the vacant land which still scars the city dates from this assault of two



Norfolk: The Old and the New



decades past. To members of the city's power structure—men like former mayor Martin and *Virginian-Pilot* editor Robert Mason—the grunting motors of the bulldozers sang the refrain of “increased tax base.” To the large banks, the action meant an opportunity for new office buildings and real estate schemes. To the homeless families, it meant the doubling up of black households and the deterioration of previously respectable neighborhoods.

A decade later another round of clearances took place and Norfolk's moveable slum was displaced to neighborhoods even further from the downtown.

The increasingly vocal opposition of Joseph Jordan, the lone black on the seven-member City Council, has been one of the few impediments to a third round of renewal in the 1970s. The city's business establishment noted his criticisms and responded with strenuous and successful efforts to prevent election of a second black in the 1974 Councilmanic campaign. Efforts ranged from support for black splinter candidates to the allocation of inordinate newspaper coverage to disagreements within the black community. (The City of Norfolk had a population of 308,000 in 1970. Almost a third of the people were black.)

Norfolk blacks are particularly hurt by urban renewal, but they are not the only ones excluded from the vision of the city's developmental schemes. *Metro* may recommend boutiques for its readers, but the city remains what one local retailer has called a “Sears/Penny's market.” Average household income in the Norfolk SMSA is \$700 below the state average for cities. At the same time it has half again as many poor and near-poor families as in urban Virginia as a whole. Recent layoffs in local manufacturing have brought unemployment above its long-time average of three percent. The labor market is heavy on low paid sales and service workers. Norfolk's suburban shopping arteries are filled with miles of fast food drive-ins, discount department stores and warehouse furniture outlets. They are demonstration enough that the entire city is a “Giant PX.”

As the city is now made up, that may be inevitable. Economic power rests in distant hands. Norfolk banks

are branches of Richmond concerns. Its large factories are assembly plants for firms like General Electric and Ford. Outsiders own the shipping lines and the railroad. Most important, Washington—not Norfolk—makes the decisions which affect the 115,000 federal employees.

Fighting for Norfolk's Future

The residents of Norfolk, however, have not given up. They are hard at work making the city a decent place to live despite the bulldozers. In 1959 Norfolk witnessed massive resistance to desegregation efforts. With the enthusiastic support of the City Council, the public schools' doors were locked for a semester. But in 1970 a program of court-ordered busing began. By 1974 integration of a school system equally balanced between the races was working well enough that school officials noticed a flow of white students returning to public school classrooms from dozens of hastily-opened private schools. Tensions are greatly relieved, but, says City Council member Jordan, much of the busing might not have been needed in the first place had the city only used a little foresight. “If it hadn't created these rigid black communities,” he explains, “they wouldn't have to bus black students from them.”

Peaceful integration of several neighborhoods in Norfolk, an accomplishment which caught the city's leadership by surprise, is another example of solid progress. Perhaps the greatest success is Colonial Place, a 70 year old community of two-story homes and crepe myrtles three miles from the downtown. As a direct result of Norfolk's massive renewal programs, Colonial Place received its first black resident in 1967. But instead of the quick-change process of black invasion, white flight and transformation into an all-black community, Colonial Place broke the expected pattern. Local residents successfully undertook the task of convincing both blacks and whites that an integrated community was a realistic and desirable goal. The neighborhood has now successfully stabilized. With a white-black ratio of two-to-one, Colonial Place attracts scores of young professionals to its shaded streets and has obtained the belated cooperation of city officials.

Recently, thousands of citizens

decided they wanted a statue in memory of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The City Council refused. The citizens insisted. They signed petitions by the thousands and packed the Council meetings. Finally the Council, which had so easily decided to spend millions on the MacArthur memorial and Chrysler art collection, agreed only to send the idea to a committee.

Instead of dealing with the city residents' expressed desires, the Council is busy planning a very different future. With a continuation of current growth trends, Virginia by the year 2000 can expect a solid band of urban development reaching from Richmond along the northern shore of the James River through Newport News to Norfolk and the ocean front at Virginia Beach. A sparser strip of subdivisions and factories will connect Richmond and Norfolk via Petersburg and Smithfield on the south side of the river. At present rates the James River metropolis will contain about 3.5 million people, or close to half of all Virginians. The business and elected leadership of Norfolk seems intent on building their city as the southern anchor of Megalopolis. Many even talk of dissolving the traditional cities of Norfolk and the half dozen smaller ones which surround it and replacing them with a consolidated municipality of Tidewater.

In the midst of plans of this magnitude, neighborhood and school integration successes easily get lost. In fact, the residents of Norfolk, their lives, fears and dreams, their energy, is shuffled under sheets of publicity releases and lost.

The loss is too much. The city is left without a structure of leadership supporting the actions of its citizens, without strong communities to sustain the efforts of those citizens without a continuing heritage around which to build. It's becoming a Big City, identical to a dozen other “new” cities across the country which attract businesses and tourists with glittering new buildings while neglecting the quality of life of the permanent residents. The city has shown its ability to grow physically, but so far its promoters have done little to build the needed strength—an internal, community strength—to support it. And without that strength, Norfolk's growth is as hollow as the empty slogans of the modern day Babbitts.

Fiction



drawing by Leslie Miller

ADAM'S ROOSTER

by Wayne Greenhaw

The young rooster strutted, doing his stuff, two-stepping like a hoochee-coochee dancer in a carnival sideshow, making himself known as the ruler of the yard.

Old Adam, the rooster's new owner, hobbled across sandy, grassless dirt toward the high-fenced pen. For more than 20 years, since Emma died in the winter of '49, he had made his way morningly from the little house to the coops where Rhode Island Reds and Domineckers laid eggs.

Before he opened the gate, he regarded the rooster, who stood first on one leg, then on the other, as if to mock Adam's affliction.

"Damn little sonofabitch," Adam muttered toward the rooster.

The week before, his old rooster had died without a warning of sickness. Billy Ethridge, who raised pullets to sell at the farmers' curb market in Pensacola, let Adam have this new

rooster for next to nothing. Adam appreciated Billy's generosity, but ever since he turned the little bastard loose in the yard he had had nothing but trouble.

Last Saturday the biggest fattest hen in the house fell cold dead from her nest while Adam was attempting to rouse her and collect eggs. He found two cut marks across her wide neck. She had apparently bled to death.

On Monday half the chickens escaped through a hole under the south side of the pen. It took him until after dark to round them up, and then he

Wayne Greenhaw is a reporter for the Alabama Journal in Montgomery. His new book, Watch Out for George Wallace, will be released in March, 1976, by Prentiss-Hall.

never found one of the best egg-producers of the bunch. Examining the hole later, he decided it must have been a varmint trying to sneak himself an early supper.

He fixed the hole and, just for good measure, trimmed the rooster's toenails. He was satisfied that if another catastrophe occurred, the rooster would be stew by Sunday. Old Adam, looking through the mesh wire of the fence, imagined in his mind's eye the feast of the year: boiled rooster with dozens of fist-sized dumplings floating in a greasy broth.

As Adam entered, limping against the short leg, the rooster backed away to the far corner, obviously sensing an aura of hostility in the old man's presence.

When the rooster fluttered his wings and ruffled his tail, cockily putting up a challenge, Adam paid him no mind. He went on about his chores with cus-

tomary offhandedness.

Adam had come to the Florida panhandle when he was a small boy. Somehow even now he remembered his mother and father speaking of The Piney Woods like it was the promised land, a heaven into which mere mortals did not enter every day. And when they arrived on the flat coastal plain, after zigzagging down and out of the Appalachian foothills of South Carolina, they settled in the dense pine forest which gave up wood for a house, fuel for a fire and sap for a liveable wage. In the springtime, sap was bled from the trees, distilled in a makeshift apparatus and sold to merchants in Florida and Pensacola. In the fall and wintertime, trees were cut and dragged to Hanson's Sawmill where they were sold for future lumber. Adam's father made improvements on the land, and in three years it was his through the Homestead Law. His father loved The Piney Woods, and he passed on his adoration to his son.

Only seldom nowadays did Adam Yarbrough think about bygone times. He had never been one to dwell on the past, and he was damned if he'd let it capture his remaining days. He had to busy himself with chores, and when there weren't enough to fill the time, he would add more.

Within the past week, however, the rooster had become the central antagonist in his world. It was the rooster who became supreme in his mind, gnawed worrisomely at his thoughts.

"Easy now," Old Adam said to the hen, and reached beneath her smooth white broad breast and took away three perfect large eggs. "That's a girl," he said, stroking her gently after placing the eggs in his basket.

He spoke to all the chickens, even the rooster. To the females, his pets, he had kind words. But there was only profanity for the young rooster.

The old rooster had been a different sort. Oh, he was cocky. He liked to prance about and even ruffle his feathers at Adam now and then. But to Adam the old rascal had class, dignity and perhaps even great character. To him, the young rooster lacked such classification.

The rooster did his job, Adam noted, counting the 27 eggs. He had two dozen to sell and three more for tomorrow's breakfast. For a moment he appreciated the rooster keeping the ladies happy and busy. Adam was a

Baptist, and he believed that if a man worked hard and steady and paid his bills he couldn't possibly be all bad. In that category, his religious side told him the rooster, while basically evil, was due at least a thimbleful of respect. Old Adam wasn't going to tip his hat to the sonofabitch, but he'd allow him what was due. He put the grain in the feeder, then dropped some whole kernels of corn on the side for the rooster. He knew the rooster would find the corn; he always did.

Old Adam walked back across the yard, carrying the basket in his right hand, dragging his bum left leg, wiping his white hair back as the wind persisted in blowing it over his ears. He put the basket onto the shotgun seat of the pickup he had purchased second-hand back in the late '50s. He stacked wood that he had cut late the day before neatly into the bed. From a small log cabin which had been a smokehouse when he kept hogs he

The rooster fluttered his wings and ruffled his tail, cockily putting up a challenge.

took the last ten gallons of turpentine he had been saving until the prices went up. Adam thought people paid ridiculously high prices for turpentine these days, but as long as they'd pay it he'd take it.

At the store six miles down the road he pulled up next to the gasoline pump. He swung his crippled leg out and hobbled to the front door and propped himself against the Bruton Snuff sign and hollered, "Anybody to home?"

"Be right with you," called out the familiar voice of Wallace Maddox, the old man who had run the store for the past 25 years.

Old Adam rested his bad leg against the round iron fuel-oil container and draped his left arm over the pump handle on its top. "You getting old and slow, ain't you?" said Adam without looking through the screen door.

He was as surly with Wallace Maddox as he had been with the rooster.

"What's your hurry?" Wallace Maddox said, pushing the door open, stopping directly in front of Adam Yarbrough. Like Adam, Wallace also had a headful of white hair. But he was taller than Adam by at least four inches, was lean and straight as a long-leaf pine and had thick, wide, powerful shoulders. Adam too was heavy in the shoulders, but he was bent like an old gnarled oak.

The two men looked into each others' eyes for several seconds before Adam said, "You aim to stand there all day?"

"You're in a hurry all of a sudden, ain't you?" Wallace Maddox came back.

"I don't have all the morning to fool with you," said Adam.

Wallace looked around at the truck and shook his head, making a face. "What's your business?"

Adam hesitated, knowing what he would say next and knowing the reply from past experience of morning after morning of routine, but the knowledge in his mind did not move his lips to the accustomed words.

"I want to sell you a rooster," Adam said.

Wallace Maddox frowned. "What's wrong, old man?"

"I want to sell a rooster."

"You just got the rooster a week ago."

"I'll let you have him for half what I paid."

"You're losing your touch, ain't you?" He laughed quickly. "I thought you were the greatest trader in these parts. You want to sell him for half price?"

"I've gotten my use out of him. Now I'm obliged to sell him."

"He don't know how to love?" He laughed again.

"He can do anything he has to do. I've got the eggs to prove it." Adam hobbled around the truck, opened the door, and brought out the eggs.

Following, Wallace said, "How do I know you didn't buy those eggs from Miz Simmons?"

"These eggs came right out of my chickens," Adam said indignantly.

Wallace looked at the eggs carefully.

"You've been buying eggs from me for a long time, you ought to know what my eggs look like."

"Looks like any other eggs out of

any other chickens," the storekeeper said.

"You ought to take my word. They came out of my hens. Now, if you take the rooster for four dollars, I'll throw in these eggs and that firewood in the back end." As soon as he said it, his sun-reddened forehead wrinkled. He didn't know why he was making such a deal.

He had never offered too much in trade. If there was something that was laying around, that had become useless to him, he'd throw it in just to make a deal better. Never in his life had he started a trade on the subject of something useless or unneeded or hated. He kicked at the dusty, unpainted porch floor and wondered if he was entering senility.

He had not known that he hated the rooster so desperately, but he had always been a man of his word. If he made a deal, he stuck with it. Anybody within a 50-mile radius would swear that Adam Yarbrough always stood solidly behind his word.

Wallace Maddox pondered the sudden change in his neighbor, friend, fellow trader and loyal opponent. They had been involved in intimate bantering for too long for such a change not to be noticed.

"If that rooster is doing his business, what's so bad about him?" asked Wallace Maddox, looking straight into Adam's eyes.

Staring back, Adam said, "I don't like him," then put the eggs back into the cab, closed the door, and walked around the front of the truck.

"Where you heading?" Wallace Maddox asked, trailing.

"Home," the old man said.

"Home?"

"That's right." He opened the door and started to climb inside.

"You haven't made your trade yet."

"Don't need to trade this morning,"

Adam said stubbornly. He was close to ashamed of the words he had spoken previously.

"It's not a very good morning without a trade," said Wallace Maddox.

Adam looked back at him. He knew exactly what Wallace Maddox meant. Men had to keep themselves alive with some kind of interest in this world. Time was when he'd be out in the woods on a gray, overcast chilly day like this one. He'd handle the bandsaw for Jake Edmonds, and he'd cut more trees down than anyone else in the

panhandle, and he'd make every one fall in the exact same direction. Not every sawman in The Piney Woods could do that. He'd leave a path of trees behind him, where Jake and Louis Sims and Tom Christian could hitch the mules to the trimmed logs and pull them out of the lowlands. That had been work, strong, steady, all day-in and day-out. And he'd never taken his mind off of it. One second's loss of concentration and . . . To this day he didn't know how the bandsaw slipped and got hung up in the stump of that God damn gum tree and whipped around and caught his hip and buried itself in the marrow of the bone. My Lord, it was painful. He had gone black with the pain and had awakened in the hospital, and the doctor said later he didn't know how Adam kept from losing his life, much less his left leg.

Standing next to the truck, leaning the bad leg against the front fender,

"It's not a very good morning without a trade," Wallace Maddox told the old man.

Adam said, "I'll let you have the eggs for 35 cents a dozen."

"Thirty-five cents?!" Wallace Maddox said in a shocked tone.

"That's my price."

"I'll give 20, not a cent over."

The old man shook his head sadly. "I can't let 'em go for a penny less than 30 cents a dozen."

Wallace Maddox said nothing. He turned and paced the hard dirt ground. Turning, he said, "I'll give 25 cents. Take it or leave it."

"That's a total of 50 cents. I'll take it, if you'll throw in two dollars for the firewood."

Wallace Maddox leaned over the top of the truck bed. "What kind of wood do you call that?" he asked.

"That's great wood," Adam said.

"Looks like it's been soaking in a mill stream somewhere."

"That wood's as dry as August.

Even got some kindling sticks thrown in to make it better. You ought to be paying double for the kindling."

"I'll give two dollars for the eggs and wood."

"I'll take the kindling out."

"Without the kindling, I'll give one fifty."

"You're a chiseling old thief," Adam said, looking up at Wallace, keeping his face stern.

"Two dollars for the lot."

"And ten gallons of gasoline for five gallons of turpentine, plus three dollars for the remaining five gallons."

"Turpentine?"

Adam nodded.

"What am I going to do with ten gallons of turpentine?"

"Sell it! You'll sell it for twice what you give me. That's what they call 100 percent profit."

Wallace Maddox shook his head again. "You're trying to get rich, old man."

"Just keeping my head above water," Adam said.

"I'll swap even. Five gallons of gas for five gallons of turpentine, and three dollars for the other five gallons."

"That's highway robbery."

"It's an even deal."

The old man hobbled away.

"Tell you what . . ." Wallace said.

Adam turned. "What?"

"You go with me to the cockfight tomorrow, bring that silly damn rooster of yours, and I'll give you ten for five, three for the other half, and two for the eggs and wood. That's five dollars and ten gallons of gas."

Adam thought. He'd resisted going to the monthly cockfights since Emma died. He'd promised her he'd never gamble. That had been on the eve of their wedding back in the '30s. She was a church-going woman and was strictly opposed to putting a wager on anything. When they had gotten married he had had two fine fighting roosters, but he gave them up for her. He looked up into the sky that seemed ominously gray, and the two sides of him argued within. But there was truly no need for an argument. He had made up his mind, or at least the picture of that damned rooster in his brain made up his mind for him. He'd look forward to seeing the sonofabitch getting his insides torn out by a trained fighter. Adam agreed. He started unloading the wood while Wallace Maddox put gas into the truck.

The next morning, with the sun peeking from behind winter clouds, he crated the rooster into a small wooden cage and placed him in the back of the truck. It surprised Adam that he didn't put up a fight. He came as calmly as Adam had ever seen an animal enter a cage.

At the store Wallace Maddox crawled in beside him, and they cut down the River Run Road toward The Pasture, a huge hunting reserve and wood plantation. Weaving criss-cross fashion down the old logging road, nothing but two parallel paths, they soon topped a tree-covered hill and came on more than 20 cars and trucks parked in a clearing.

Two men, both tall and heavy, and one which Adam recognized as a deputy sheriff, stood next to a path-way leading through a heavy thicket of saplings. Wallace, nodding to the men, who nodded back, led the way down the slope. Adam let his bad leg drag and carried the rooster.

At least two dozen men of various sizes and shapes were already gathered around a rectangular pit that was more than five feet deep. Mad shouts pierced the air. Uncontrollable screams of agony and delight blasted from the crowd.

Two one-foot tall multi-colored mule-hitters were swinging at each other with inch-long spurs that flashed in the sunlight when they whipped to and fro. Both had already been slashed. The one with the brightest comb was bleeding profusely from his neck, but he didn't slacken his pace. Both were going to the death, which came suddenly for the proud fighter, who collapsed while attempting to catch the other across the face.

As soon as he hit the red clay, a round ball of a man with a heavy mustache squealed like a shot hog and jumped up and down with both fists clinching wads of dollar bills. "Five hundred, dammit! Five hundred!" he screamed. He was throwing his porky hands into the air and hunching his roly-poly body forward. His middle shook humorously over the rope belt that slipped lower and barely held up his khaki trousers.

Wallace Maddox sidled up to a man Adam knew to be a pulpwood dealer from the Mississippi flatlands. He was a man who had made piles of money off cutters like Adam, and Adam regarded him as someone to be in awe

and steer clear of.

After several moments, listening to the crawling calls of roosters in cages across the way, Wallace came back and leaned close. "They're going to let that devil bird of yours go next. It'll be up against Thomas Lee Hall's Falcon Red. He's beaten 12 in a row. This'll be his thirteenth fight."

Adam looked down at the rooster, who looked back at Adam. For some reason, the rooster seemed as cocky as he had always been. For some reason, he looked as refreshed and alive as ever. "Damn you, you sonofabitch," said Adam, who handed the cage over to Wallace, who took it to the edge of the pit. Adam had agreed to allow Wallace to tend to the bird.

A chitter-chatter started through the kibitzers. "I'll give you ten-to-five on Falcon Red," said one man, and another said, "You're on," and the fat man across the pit said, "It's three-to-one, I'll wager on the Falcon." The men exchanged money right and left, throwing it down onto the dirt, holding it between their fingers, talking all the while.

Wallace worked with the rooster, attaching long, crooked spurs to the boney ankles, twisting a tiny attachment until it was tight.

Across the way another man was doing the same to a bird who was larger than Adam's rooster by almost a pound.

Adam looked into the eyes of the other bird, and suddenly, in the middle of all the chit-chat, Adam got the fever. He stepped into the center of the men on his side of the pit and brought the \$76 out of the bib of his overalls. He had stared into the eyes. He had seen something in his own rooster that he did not see in the other one, he told himself.

"Three-to-one?" he asked.

"Your bird, mister?"

"Mine," Adam said.

"Three-to-one he's dead in three minutes. Five-to-one he's dead, period."

"Ten on the three-to-one, 20 on the five-to-one," Adam said. He counted out the money.

"Gimme," the man said, taking the bills from Adam, who tried to grab them back. The man, a cattle farmer from up toward Tallahassee, counted the money in quick fashion. He placed it in a stack on the ground.

"I'd like some of that action," said the fat man who had won all the

money during the last fight, talking to Adam, who had \$30 waiting.

When a third man asked him, Adam shook his head and pushed the remaining \$16 back into his bib. He had worked hard for that money, nearly all autumn, and now he was betting it on a sonofabitch rooster. It was time he came to his senses, he told himself.

Wallace Maddox crouched on one side of the pit, the other man about four feet away on the opposite side. Both roosters fluttered their colorful neck feathers and spat through their bills.

"Go!" shouted the dealer from Mississippi, who appeared to be the boss of the entire operation.

Both Wallace and the other man pitched the roosters toward each other.

The two flapping birds clutched together like wrestlers in a strangle-hold and fell to the bottom of the pit. They hissed and cried out, a high-pitched, animal, death-dealing cry.

They disconnected and flipped back, away from each other. They stood awkwardly. They stared at each other with hateful black eyes.

"Die, you sonofabitch!" Adam muttered under his breath.

His rooster made a move forward.

Falcon Red did a quick-step dance, shifting his body, pivoting, waiting, picking up his feet, testing his spurs.

Adam was sure his rooster had been injured. Just let the sonofabitch last three minutes, then he can die, Adam thought. Just three minutes, that'll give me my devil's money back, he told himself.

His rooster hesitated no longer. He lunged forward, diving, flipping his feet around like a woodcutter expertly handling a chainsaw, and in a jet-propelled fraction of a second, with the spurs glimmering brightly in a ray of sunlight that cut through the pines, the rooster had Falcon Red on the floor of the pit. And in another move, the rooster clipped heel against heel as though he had been born doing such a feat. Falcon Red kicked his feet in one last dying effort, then rolled away.

Adam's rooster crowed loudly, high-stepped away from his opponent, held his head high, fanned his tail and fluttered his wings. He was obviously very proud of himself.

Shaking their heads, the fat man and the other one picked the money up from the ground and handed it to Adam, who took his rooster's cage

when it was handed him by Wallace Maddox. Adam shoved the money into his bib, nodded and reached into the cage.

The rooster crowed again. He stepped away from Adam's hand. But the hand caught the feet and pulled

the bird outside.

With his left hand, Adam gripped the rooster's throat and twisted him through the air angrily. Feathers fell all around. A gasping caw choked against the talk of the men, then became silent.

As Adam pushed the body back into the cage and walked away, the fat man said, "God damn, mister, I'd'a give you \$50 for that rooster."

Adam made his way slowly up the hillside through the thicket with Wallace Maddox following.



drawing by Leslie Miller

Born For Hard Luck



photo by Tom Davenport

Arthur "Peg Leg Sam" Jackson was born near Jonesville, S.C. (about 25 miles southeast of Spartanburg) on December 18, 1911. When only a child he was put to plowing by his father and often hired-out for extra work to neighbors. Young Arthur, however, took a fancy to playing the harmonica and riding freight trains. One long-time Jonesville resident remembers that Arthur, upon hearing an approaching train, once left his mule harnessed in the field and ran for the railroad tracks. He was gone for months. It was on such a trip in 1930 that he lost his leg.

Peg's stories of hoboing and wandering, odd-jobbing, playing harmonica and passing the hat on street corners, reconstruct the plights of countless creative, restless southern black men who could find few satisfactory outlets for their energies in the long years of Jim Crow culture. Scarred and battered, yet exuberant, Peg has somehow survived. He recounts in fascinating episodic fashion a life lived by wits and endurance, offering insights and visions as well as prejudices and illusions.

Peg first joined the medicine show circuit in 1938, learning the business from such veteran performers as Pink Anderson. For years, Peg acted as straightman for various funny-men whose routines of eclectic patter were a hodge-podge of folk humor, minstrel remnants and slapstick buffoonery. The shows were designed to draw crowds of farm and mill families, who might buy snake oil or curative soaps. With his favorite medicine man, Chief Thundercloud (Leo Kahdot, a full-blooded Oklahoma Potawatamie, who died in 1973), Peg traveled the South for years, arriving in a textile mill town on payday or at a tobacco warehouse during harvest time.

In the last few years, Peg has returned home to live with his brother Bill. Folk festival organizers have "discovered" him and introduced him to audiences throughout the US. When not performing, he can be found fishing, gardening or playing cards within a few hundred yards of his birthplace, where his grandparents worked as slaves.

The following article was edited by Allen Tullos from field recordings taped for a documentary film about Peg. The film is being produced by

Tom Davenport of Delaplane, Va., for release in the spring, and is supported by a grant to the University of North Carolina Folklore Curriculum from the National Endowment for the Arts and the North Carolina Arts Council.

Peg's fine harmonica style and his unique humorous routines are available on record. Bruce Bastin and Pete Lowry are responsible for two excellent albums: *The Last Medicine Show*, (Flyright LP507-508), a double album with a well-researched booklet, and *Peg Leg Sam: Medicine Show Man* (Trix 3302). His latest release is *Going Train Blues* from *Blue Labor Records*.

Allen Tullos, a native Alabamian, is a graduate student in folklore at the University of North Carolina.

Uh oh, Got to Go Again

The first time I caught a freight train I was ten year old. Rode it from Spartanburg to Columbia, South Carolina. Just warming up, gettin used to it. Then I run away again, down to Lockhart. They hid me in a mill. I worked for them three days, til I was about dead—too young for that job.

And my mother came down there to get me. "You seen a little boy that

can dance so?" They said, "Yeah, he works back there rollin cotton to be packed." She hid and they called for me. I come out there and they said, "Let's see you dance one time." I cut a few steps and Ma run out and grabbed me. Back home we came on a train. The conductor like to have preached me to death. "Why don't you stay at home, son?" I thought to myself, "God, I wish I could get off this train." I reckon I stayed at home three days—gone again. Yeah, I was gone again.

Next time I took a trip from Spartanburg to Charleston, laid around down there awhile, then I decided I'd go further, I caught the Southern to Asheville, then into Virginia. Mother couldn't find me then, I was too long gone. I went on up into Ohio, caught the C & O. Then I came back home again and stayed about a week. Plow time, I didn't like to plow. Pickin cotton time, I said, "Uh oh, got to go again."

I left out that time and landed in Indianapolis, Indiana. Gettin further then, gettin trained-up good. I was about twelve years old then. I laid around there awhile, eating out of garbage cans and eating out of farmers' fields. I never hurt the farmer bad. I'd get a dozen roastin ears and build a big

You look at me, you look at a man that was born for
hard luck.

I was born on the thirteenth day, on Friday, bad luck day.
I was born the last month in the year.
I was born the last week in the month.
I was born the last day in the week.
I was born the last hour in the day.
I was born the last minute in the hour.
I was born the last second of the minute.
I come near not gettin here at all.

To show you that I am in hard luck,
If I go up the street walking fast, I run over something.
If I go up there walking slow, something runs over me.
I'm in such hard luck, if I'm sitting down, I'm in
everybody's way.
I'm in such hard luck that if it's raining down soup at
this very minute,
Everybody would be standing there with a spoon, why,
I'd have a fork.
I'm in such hard luck that if my daddy was to die,
They'd make a mistake and bury me,
I'm in such hard luck,
If I was to die, they'd make me walk to the cemetery.
I was born for hard luck.

— Peg Leg Sam

fire at night. I'd throw the ears in there shuck and all. The steam from the shuck would cook it. Boy, you talk about some mouth-smacking food. I'd sit back and eat a dozen at a time. Sometime I'd go up and get me another dozen to carry with me.

Kept a little sack on my back with a blanket in it, maybe a pair of overalls in it. If anybody washed, I'd get me a pair. Country people used to wash down by the spring and hang them out, I'd look for that all the time. I'd go by, pull off my dirty pair and carry away the clean pair.

Lost My Leg in Raleigh

I rode more freight trains than days I got to live. All around through Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas. What got away with me one time was that Southern Pacific. I caught it out of Louisiana one night—they called it the Sunset Limited. And it never did stop for nothing out through the sandy desert. I was hungry, my God! Stomach thought my throat was cut. When it got to Los Angeles, the first garbage can I seen, I rushed to it, heels went over my head.

I know every hobo jungle. From Alexandria, Virginia—with the ice cars. We'd drink rubbin alcohol there. Sometime we'd kill a pig or a cow. Four or five of us would carry him back and boy we had a ball that night. Hoboes telling lies and I was in there with em. Up there in Toledo, Ohio—the biggest hobo convention in the world. We had a sign hanging up, "When you eat, wash the pan and hang it up again. Another hobo, our friend, may come in."

Oh, I had a good living. Didn't have no home, always followed the season. I'd go down in Florida when it got cold, sleep outdoors. I slept outdoors half my life.

When I had two good feet I could catch the trains making forty miles an hour. When I lost my foot, I'd catch them making twenty-five miles an hour. I hoboed more after I got it cut off. Never caught the front car, always caught the back car so it would whup me up behind it.

I lost my leg in Raleigh. I was coming out of Richmond. I had gone uptown and bummed some of those ends they cut off meat. I got me some ends and come on back down near the tracks and laid down, I was right tired. My buddy shook me and said, "Train

coming." That's all I remember. I caught it but I don't know how I fell off, I believe my head bumped under that bridge. You seen them things hanging down at bridges? That's to warn you before you get to it. I believe that bridge was too low for a man on top. I believe I caught it that way, half asleep when I caught it.

When I found myself, I was laying down on the rails. I thought, "My old leg done gone to sleep." And I got up, looked down, and my shoe was cut off my foot. Shoe split wide open. I said, "Mhnn, mhnn." Never felt bad til then. I fell back down on the railroad and yonder come the yard master. "Hoboining was you?" I says, "Sho was." "Let me see what I can do for you." He called the ambulance. About that time about a thousand people were up on the bridge looking down on me. They lifted me out of there and carried me to St. Agnes Hospital. They might be done changed the name now. That's been about forty-six years ago.

I stayed in the hospital a month and a half. That leg didn't start hurtin until a week after they done took it off. They didn't have the stuff they got now to stop pain. That thing throbbin for three weeks. After that got good, another fellow come in there with his leg cut off, like to bled to death. I give him a quart of blood. They said, "We're gonna give you a big meal if you give him some blood." I was greedy to eat and wasn't used to nothing but a garbage can. I give him that. I give him that blood and they give me a big plate. I like to ate myself to death. When I got out of there, I had \$2.02 when I got off at Spartanburg, coming home, and crutches—they gave me a pair of crutches. I stayed at home about a year after that, then took off again.

I hoboed passenger trains all up in New England. I been up to Maine, helping to get taters up. Been down in Florida, cutting cane. Once down in Key West there was a boat headed for Havana, Cuba. I slipped on board. Got way out. When they got about half way, they found me. "Well, boy, where you going? What are you doing on here?" I told them that I never had no place to sleep and the boat was there so I got on board to sleep and never got off in time. "I guess we'll have to throw you overboard, put a weight to you." You ought to have heard me begging. Down on my knees,

licking dirt. They scared me to death. I didn't believe they was going to drown me, but they scared me so bad. You ought to have heard me. "I'll work. I'll work it out, sir." Down on my knees, hat in my hand, bowing.

You know they gave me a job and I worked three years from Havana to Jamaica, Puerto Rico, the Bahamas. I got a little knot in my pocket—saved up a right smart because I couldn't get a pass off the boat but every once in a while. Quit work after I saved up quite a bit of money. "On my feet" I called it. You know how long I had money? Come up to Jacksonville, down on Oakland Avenue. One night and I was broke as a he-haint in Georgia. I left there with a low and bowed-down head.

They Carried Me To The Brown Farm

I had a rough time. Ate out of the garbage can more than I ate at a table. Heels stayed in the air more than they did on the ground. Been in the soup line in Georgia. Give you a bowl of soup and a loaf of bread. I was there two times a day, morning and evening, for six months. Stayed around Atlanta. That was back in Hoover's times. Times was tough then, great God!

I never will forget when I hoboed down on the Southern in Savannah, Georgia. They had a place they called Seven Mile Hill. All the hoboes got off there. I was a big man, though. I told them, "I can't walk that far, boys. I'm gonna ride on downtown." I was on an oil tank, standing up there. Directly a light hit me. "Stick em up." I said, "I can't turn aloose. My hands are holding onto the rail." He come down there, patted me down, and took me down. Called the pattyroll wagon. I was so hungry I could see stars. They throwed me in jail. I stayed in that jail all night.

The Brown Farm was about seven or eight miles from there and their truck didn't roll but in the evening. So I was sittin there all that day with nothing to eat. When that truck come, I was so weak I could hardly get on it.

Carried me out to the Brown Farm. When I first got out there, I seen a fellow sittin at a piano. Looked like he was playin. Had his hands buckled down. Both hands had a place they would let down, then lock it. Then they put his feet in something and locked that. He was sittin good, you know. Then they kicked a plank down

to his knees. Balls of sweat rollin off of him and he's hollerin, "Aaaahh, Captain!" I thought he was playin a piano. I said, "God, this is a rough place here."

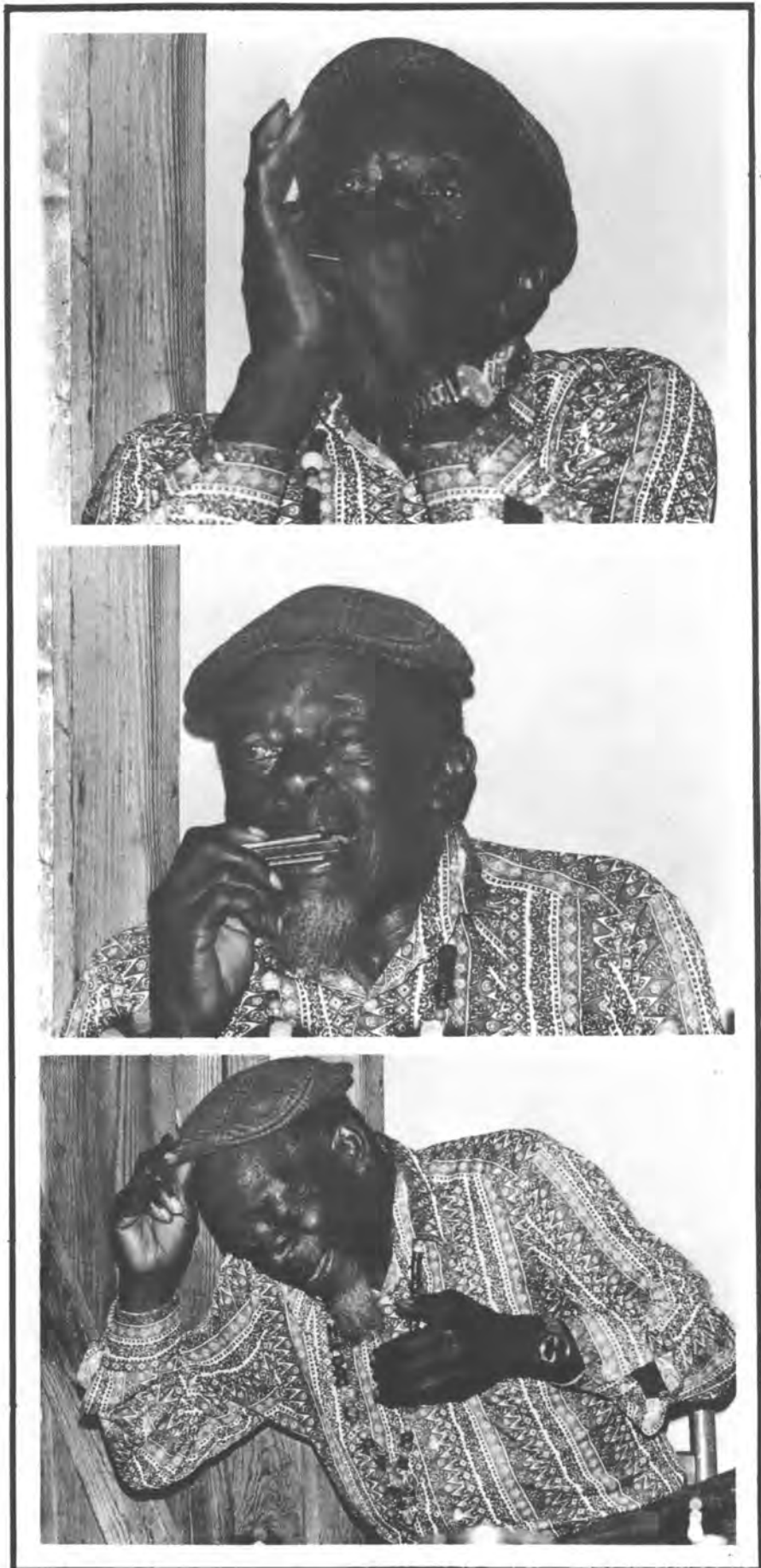
I run away the next day. But that peg got stuck up. You know it's mucky down there—out from Thunderbolt, Georgia, right down below Savannah. I run away and got stuck up and the mosquitoes like to ate me up. The man told em, "Go down there and get him." They went down there and they found me. You know what he done? Took the peg from me and made me hop in line. When I go to the mess, I go there hoppin, like a frog. They kept my peg til I made my thirty days. I was shelling beans and cleaning fish, peeling potatoes, sometimes skinning a bear—among a crowd of all them that couldn't work out there in the muck.

I Like To Froze To Death

I was up in Detroit, come from out over in Canada. I caught a train to Buffalo, New York. You know how cold it is around Detroit and Lake Erie. After I got about fifty or seventy-five miles, I was stiff as a board, like to froze to death. My God, it was like an ice-box! When I got into the railroad yard in Buffalo, I couldn't move. Couldn't shut my mouth. Brakeman come around and I hollered "Afffffaggh." Tips of my ears busted, fingernails come off. They carried me to the hospital and I stayed there three weeks. When that heat hit me and I commenced unthawing I felt like I weighed two thousand pounds. Hungry, too. You know when you get hungry you freeze to death in a minute, got to have something to keep the body heat up. I never had no body heat, all that was out of me.

I come out of that hospital and an old lady took me home with her. I stayed there about six months, she wanted me to stay on. I let my fingernails grow long as an eagle claw I was so glad they come back. Looked like I could climb a tree, looked like a coon.

I stayed there a pretty good while with her. Then I said, "Lady, the best of friends have to part sometime." I forgot about my fingernails being so long and went to point and hit her on the nose, blood come out. I said, "Uh oh, lady, I forgot about my fingernails done come back."



photos by Ron Ginsberg

Been Married A Heap of Times

I had some pretty good marriages til I ruint em. I started em drinking if they ain't had a drop. Say, "Aw, take you a little sip, baby." 'Rectly they would get unruly, regular alcoholics. I was out on the road all the time.

I married one at night. Had on a red dress. I couldn't see her good. She had on a red dress, red shoes and black hose. I said, "That's a cute little thing yonder." I was half drunk. I carried her to a preacher and married her that night. We went to bed and I got up the next morning to go to the toilet. I met her at the door and I hollered, "Awwwwwwiiiiiee!" I thought she was a haint. Mouth was long enough to eat peas out of a jug. "My gollies, what's the matter?" I said, "Oh, I thought you was in the bed in there. I thought that was a spook or something out there I had seen." I sent her back home that day. Aw, I been married a heap of times.

I married one well-to-do woman. She never lived long. I was a big shot while she was living, though. You ought to have seen me out in the park. Sittin there, legs crossed, and had a big German shepherd with me. I'd throw up a handful of pennies, nickels and dimes and see the little boys rassle for em. "Yes, yes, what fun, what fun . . ." Finally, she took sick, went into a coma. Nothin willed to me. I was in a bad stage then. Yeah, she died. I'd been a big shot in town, rode a Cadillac. I left town to keep people from seeing me. Slept under a house that night and got up next morning and caught a freight train. Funny things happen in this world.

Woman, you know what her glory is, don't you? Hair of her head. Man's glory is a woman. She can make a fool out of him when she gets ready. Look at Samson, Delilah. Look at John Dillinger, the woman with the red dress on. Look at Solomon, women tore him down—300 concubines and 700 wives. What can one man do with a thousand women? All of the men that ever fell, women tricked em.

God, Can't He Preach!

I was a preacher once in Baltimore. Way I started to preachin, I hoboed in-to Baltimore and I met a preacher, but I didn't know he was a preacher sho 'nough. He said, "Looks like you just into town." I said, "Yeah, I come into

Every preacher that meets me, stealing out of my pocket and saying, "You making any preparations to leave this world?"

town. A little bad luck struck me. I'm a preacher." He said, "Well, I work for a cleaner downtown and I can get you a good shirt and an old suit of clothes. I want to hear you preach tonight." I told him, "I'll do that."

He got me a suit of clothes and dressed me up. Looked like a Philadelphia lawyer. I went into church and he announced for me, "Reverend Jackson, missionary preacher, goes all over the world. All over Africa, Europe, all over in India," everywhere he could think of, all them low class places, "all down in Cuba, Jamaica, Bahamas, Puerto Rico, Portugee." Directly he called on me "Reverend Jackson."

I got up and took my text about when a man kill a man way back, they tied the dead man to the living man that killed him. Let him tote him til he died. Tied him nose to nose, mouth to mouth, belly to belly. One woman hollered, "Whoo!" Toe to toe let him tote him til he die. As he walked around he was hollering all the time, "Oh Lord, who shall deliver me from the body of this dead?" When maggots got in him, he toted him around, got to stinking. You could hear him hollerin, "Ooooh Lord! Who shall deliver me from the body of this dead?"

And after while, I'd get em to shoutin. I'd give em two or three whoops and get em to shoutin. I'd say:

There's a man
it was a hard time for him.
He was carrying that man around
dead weight was on the living.
You could hear him hollerin, yaaaa!
Old lady said, "Can't that preacher go!"

Oh, yeeeeeaaah! I could hear him
hollerin,
'Who shall deliver me from the
body of this dead?!

They'd get to shoutin. Just when I
would get them all to shoutin, you
know what I hollered?

Aaaaaooooowww, bum, bum,
bumble, bum, bum, bu, bum!

They couldn't hear me, I was walking
all through there. Old lady said, "God
a'mighty!" Fast as I could open my
mouth,

Bum, bumble, a bum ba!
A boom baw, boomle a boom
boom ah!
'Oooooooh Lord,
Who shall deliver me from the
body of this dead?!

I could see two billy goats hooking
one another, aahh!
The two rams, ah! When they run
backwards and
run up against one another it
sound like thunder!

She said, "God a'mighty! Can't he
preach!"

Oooh yeah! OOOH Yeah!
A bum ba bummle ah bum baw



*I say, "I didn't make no damn preparations
to come in this world. When I
get out I'll just go out."*

"God, just as fast as he can open his mouth, he can tell it, can't he."

Yeah! I can see an old train coming down the railroad track, ah, Great God . . .

You oughta tell me walking through there. They saying, "God, can't he preach." Everything in the church shoutin. Yeah.

After I get through, I tell em, "Now ladies and gentlemen, we have such and such a one here to lift collection for me. That fellow right there looks like a pretty good fellow." He'd throw five on the table and I'd say, "God a'mighty," admire it myself. I'd get two fellows, the other one would lay five. Then everybody would give them fives, them what didn't have it would give a little, quarters and fifty centses. You know what I was singing when one man threw a fifty cents on there and it was spinnin?

The big wheel rollin
ain't nothing but love.
Big wheel rollin
ain't nothing but love.
That big wheel rollin
ain't nothing but love.
Fire in the spirit
coming down from above.

Another rascal over there trying to steal a five dollar bill, had his hand cuffed back. I said, "Don't cuff it back brother. The Lord will afflict that hand. You'll have it dangling by your

side. No thieves and robbers can get into heaven." I didn't let everybody know I was talking to him. You ought to have seen him raise it back up there.

The Last Medicine Show

I was over here in Jonesville one time and I saw Pink, you heard lot of talk about Pink, he was eleven years older than I was then. And I seen him showing over there with a medicine man. That's been fifty-odd year ago. I said, "Lord, I wish I was that rascal." He was clowning, showing. I was looking at him selling. "Ssoold that!" He was hollerin. "Ssoold!" He didn't get him but one bottle at a time. He had people falling out laughing, they'd buy again.

Sometimes, when I was selling medicine with Chief Thundercloud, they'd get to buying too weak. You know what I'd tell 'em? I'd grab the mike out of Chief's hands and I'd say, "People." "Tell em what it's good for, Sam," the Chief would tell me. I'd say, "Folks, have you got an old mother-in-law at home? She's down in bed, one leg up? Can't get it down? Buy! Buy this oil from me here today. Carry it home with you and rub her down. She'll wake up in the morning and have both legs up and can't get nay damn one of them down." They'd buy again. "Ssoold." Sell it fast like a rabbit.

Good medicine. Good for anything.

Once the Chief and I were selling snake oil. "You take this oil. It's 500 times thinner than water. It's 500 times more penetrating than water." The Chief had a rattlesnake in his hand and went to put him back in the basket he kept him in and the snake hit him. He jumped off the stage. He'd already told em that if a rattlesnake bites you, never mind no doctor, just use the oil over it. But when that snake hit him, he had a fit. "Somebody carry me to the doctor right quick." I was laying down laughing. "Somebody carry me. Get a car, quick!" People said, "Why don't he put that medicine on it?" Me and Chief had to leave there.

Rather Die The Death Of A Lizard

So a man think in his heart, so is he. If he is the poorest man in this country and he think he feels rich, he's rich. You know what a man think? If he got eight cars standing in the yard, he's more than anybody. I don't care what you got, you go to dirt just like me. God made Adam out of dirt and to dirt you shall return. You know where heaven is at? Air. When you breathe that out and you breathe back in.

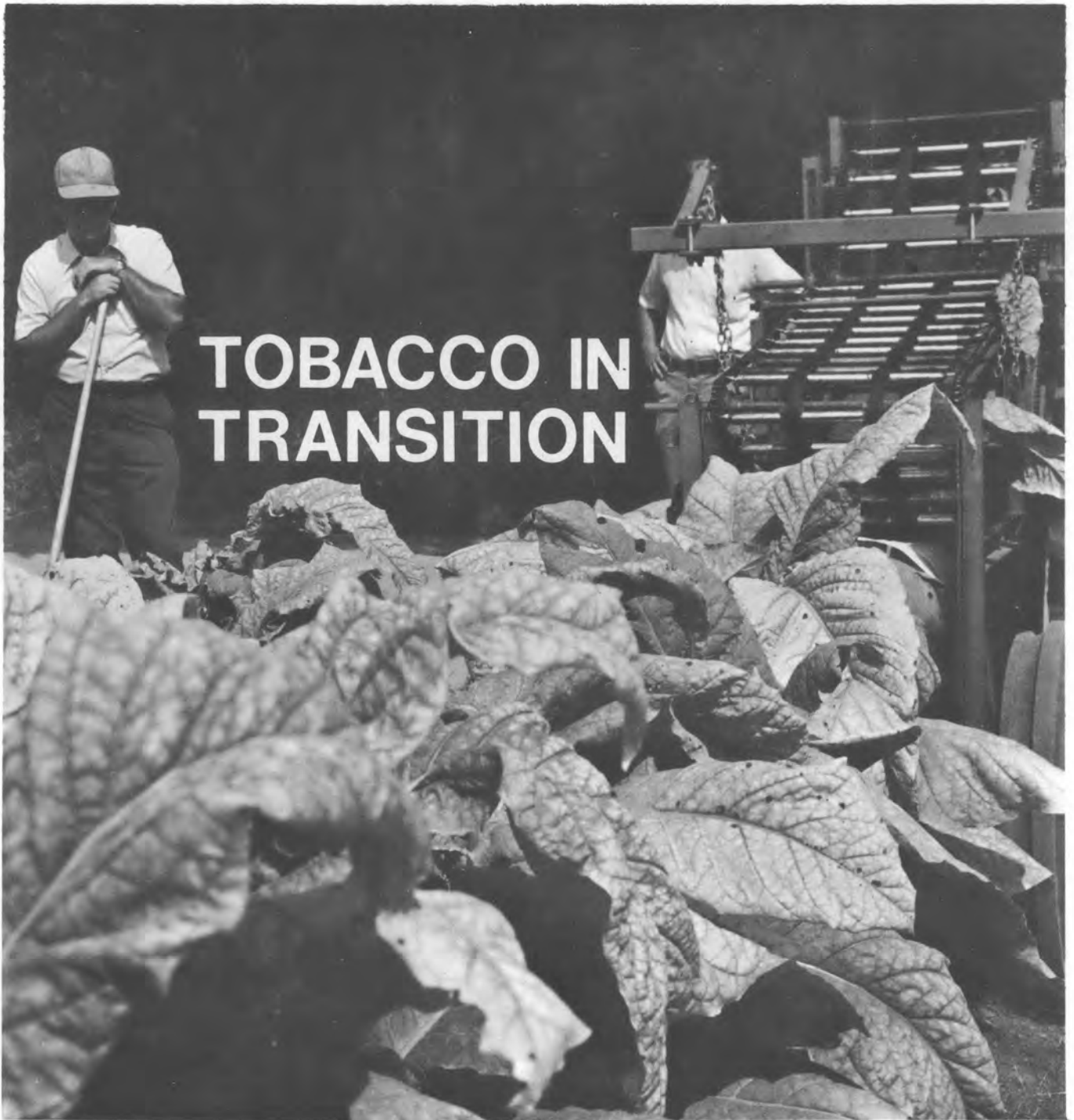
If I knowed now I would love to live my life over if I could use myself. But if you ask me to go back over it, no. I'd rather die the death of a lizard than go back over the way I lived.

I don't believe the good Lord would let me live threescore and ten and then kill me and throw me in a lake of fire, gnashing and gashing of teeth. If you put a dog in a pit and pour gasoline over him and let him burn, you'll feel sorry for him. Why, ain't no need of praising Him if He gonna do that. Don't ever feel sorry for you? Laugh at your calamities? No, I don't believe it that away. That's the biggest lie ever been told. I ain't scared of being French fried that way. No.

Every time I get sick a preacher comes running. Say, "You making any preparations to leave this world? You oughta pray." Every preacher that meets me, stealin out of my pocket and saying, "You oughta pray sometime." I say, "I didn't make no damn preparations to come in this world. When I get out I'll just go out. Don't torment me to death, let me have a little fun."



photos by Allen Tullios



TOBACCO IN TRANSITION

by John Siceloff

Large, bright green tobacco leaves have covered miles of southern fields since the Indians first introduced the plant to colonists settling Jamestown. Every spring for over 360 years, farmers and their seasonal help have planted this cash crop; every fall they have picked and cured (dried) it. Changes in methods have been gradual and infrequent. Until now.

In recent years, farmers have been deluged with fully automated mechanical harvestors, bulk curing

barns, bulk containers, new strains of tobacco, new types of weed-killers, fertilizers and tractors. To justify the huge investment required for the new machines, farmers are forced to increase the acreage they plant. Small farmers are pushed out, and bigger farmers become overextended, heavily indebted to city banks. For either group, a shift in the cost of production or in the price they receive for their tobacco poses an extreme threat, and in the past two years, the cost-price squeeze has triggered a new militancy from tobacco growers.

These dynamics indicate that, before it is com-

pleted, the mechanization of tobacco growing and harvesting promises to alter radically the old pattern of farm life and production.

I.

Tobacco growers are the last group of small farmers in the United States. While the average size of a farm in the U.S. rose to 385 acres, tobacco farmers kept putting in five acres and raising up a passel of children to help with the cropping.

Those five acres were a saving grace to poor families in many parts of the South. They got cash in hand for tobacco, and got it without a lot of land. And they could grow tobacco on land that cotton farmers, for instance, wouldn't even try to sharecrop. Take the piedmont in Virginia: red clay that you can swim in after a rain, and so many hills that a ten-acre clearing is an enormous field.

An abundant supply of cheap labor fueled these small farm operations, and tobacco still holds the record as the most labor-intensive crop in America. Production of the U.S. tobacco crop this past year required more man-hours than the nation's cotton and foodgrain crops put together.

But with new industries locating in the South and white-only trades opening to blacks, the supply of agricultural labor has dried up, hastening the demand for mechanical cultivators. "Field hands is going at two dollars, two-fifty an hour," says a farmer in the North Carolina piedmont. "Field hands! And at that price we can't even find enough of 'em to go round."

Although their number declines each year, hundreds of farmers still manage to get by with the standard labor-intensive planting and harvesting methods. "We've been right lucky with help," says Sherwood Fryar, "but it's getting harder to find anyone." Sherwood and Pat Fryar's farm in Clinton, N.C. is in the rich coastal plain area. "Families aren't near big enough now to handle the tobacco cropping," Pat adds. "My children aren't old enough to work; one's ten and the other's four."

Following the traditional dependence on few mechanical aids, Sherwood puts out seed beds at the beginning of each year and covers them with protective cheesecloth. In April, he transplants the seedlings with a tractor-pulled device. During the next three months, he both sprays and cuts back the plants to make sure most of the growth is in the leaves, not the stalks and flowers.

Like most small growers, Sherwood and his family do almost all the farm work until harvesting time. Then the work load explodes. Off and on during the next six weeks they need 15 additional people: croppers, stringers, stick-boys and barn monkeys.

This crew has to perform a harvesting and curing

operation of great complexity. At the pace of a fast walk, Sherwood's tractor pulls ten people on a wagon through the field. Four pickers race to gather mature leaves from the stalks. Sherwood orchestrates it all, stacking full sticks, urging stringers not to slacken pace.

This operation must be repeated several times for each field. Bottom leaves on the tobacco plant ripen six weeks before the top ones. A farmer must stage four or five passes through his fields before he gathers all the tobacco leaves.

The harvesting crew works for the Fryars two days a week. The rest of the week, two other growers employ them. During their two days, the Fryars fill six old-style curing barns with the sticks of hung tobacco. Barn monkeys hang the sticks on rafters, "as careful as you was putting clothes in a trunk." Then oil burners gradually heat the barns up to 175°. Within a week the leaves are cured out, brown and ready to go to auction.

II.

Flue-cured tobacco makes up two-thirds of the American crop and has been the prime target for mechanization in cultivation practices. In the past five years, innovations in the technology of flue-cured tobacco machinery have followed one another in bewildering succession. A Georgia tractor salesman sums it up: "Used to be tobacco raising was an occupation. Now it's a business."

The future direction of tobacco farming is illustrated by Skeet and Jack Woodhams' operation in Lee County, South Carolina. In the past six years, the Woodhams' tobacco acreage has increased from 50 to 240 acres. To avoid frost, they plant tobacco seed in Florida and then truck the seedlings to South Carolina. They harvest the tobacco leaves with an array of mechanical pickers and pack them in a new type of curing device called a bulk barn. The farm has 25 such barns as well as two truck-trailers to get the tobacco to auction. The whole operation is run by 21 people, a few more than would be required to harvest ten acres using traditional methods.

Skeet estimates he and his brother have sunk more than \$250,000 into tobacco machinery. "You got to go in all the way or get out," he says. "You can't stay in with a few acres."

Many farmers, however, still remain wary of the new techniques. Indeed, the attitude is akin to that of the crowd which surrounded Cyrus McCormick in 1834: Prove it! At a recent demonstration of

John Siceloff is a free-lance writer and photographer originally from Atlanta. He shot the photos accompanying this article while travelling through the South's tobacco country.



mechanical harvesting south of Florence, S.C., station wagons and pickups clustered around the field. Farmers examined sleds of picked leaves, looked at the stalks for damage and checked for leaves left on the ground. They listened to the spiel of the machinery salesman and in groups of two or three talked over whether it was worth it.

Many of the farmers were visibly astonished at how well the machine did its job. They had a right to be: they reached adulthood when cotton and tobacco, the southern farmer's staples, were both hand-crops. In the 1950s they witnessed the introduction of cotton-picking machinery, and they swore it could not be done for tobacco. Yet two decades later they were gathered sweating in this tobacco field, watching a machine do the work of 20 coppers.

As a result of the new machinery, a quantum leap has occurred in the maximum tobacco acreage a farm can handle. Just a few years ago, 20 acres of tobacco represented a superhuman work load. Now 40 acres is considered the practical minimum for mechanical harvesting.

Farms as large as Skeet and Jack Woodhams' 240 acres are still the exception in tobacco cultivation, since federal regulations restrict the amount of tobacco each farmer may produce. An initial allotment averaging three acres per farmer is doled out, but a grower can negotiate each year with other allotment owners to lease their acreage. These larger farmers are increasing the acreage they manage by 20 percent a year.

As big operations get bigger, many small tobacco farmers look for part-time industrial jobs. "It's a hard thing," one woman says. "Last week my husband asked at the new copper plant for part-time work. He's been farming for 30 years, and it wasn't easy for him to do it. He's not going to give up farming, but we talked it over and decided it's not enough to live on these days."

Those who still plant their usual acreage sometimes take advantage of tobacco's short growing season to take on another job in the fall and winter. For the past several years, for example, Sherwood Fryar has worked five months a year for the US Forestry Service. Almost a third of the tobacco growers have some form of off-farm work.

For many, economics has narrowed their alternatives. The average education attained by tobacco growers is considerably below that of all US workers—7.6 years of school compared with 12.2. On the whole they are older than the rest of the work force—the average age is 47. And programs of adult education are nonexistent in many parts of the South.

Switching crops is not the answer either. For a small acreage cash crop, nothing compares to tobacco. Some farmers have hoped to supplement

their diets and incomes by growing vegetables, but while fresh corn, tomatoes and beans reduce grocery bills, small farm produce simply doesn't pay the bills. Most stores buy fruits and vegetables in bulk from corporations such as Del Monte.

III.

These changes caused by the tightening labor market and introduction of mechanical harvesting are evident everywhere tobacco is grown in the South. Metter, Ga. provides a good example. The town of 2,400 is entirely dependent on the mosaic of tobacco and cotton and corn fields in surrounding Candler County.

Metter does not look much different than it did 20 years ago, save the new parking area downtown where the depot used to be. But in that time the pattern of farming has changed. Roy Wood, in charge of tobacco allotments for the county, says, "We've got about 600 farms on the books, but due to the leasing arrangements we don't have 600 farmers actually growing tobacco. We have 175 that's actually growing it. You can see the trend there." These farmers have moved up from their original allotment of three or four acres to 15 or 20 acres. In the past five years, three growers have increased their acreages until they now total about a twelfth of the county's crop. These three growers have the county's five mechanical harvesters.

At least 20 percent of the farmers have bulk barns. By the railroad depot, several more barns sit waiting for delivery. The image of tobacco around Metter is moving from the old-style curing barns, their tall narrow frames and protruding porches resembling churches in the fields, to squat metal sheds collected in rows like mobile homes.

In Metter, as in other towns, the large landowners are switching from having sharecroppers work most of their tobacco acreage to doing it themselves with machines. "We haven't sharecropped for five or six years," says one farmer with substantial acreage. "It's getting hard to find a large enough family to handle the tobacco. If you crop out ten acres to a family and harvest 150 acres by machine, those sharecroppers are hard put to keep up. They are always asking for a tractor or something."

While the number of farmers in Candler County has shrunk, the remaining ones have become a tighter group, more aware of their common interests. Farmers are still spoken of as "boys" until they reach their forties; but farming is no longer a last-ditch profession for those who have survived. "A tobacco farmer today handles more money in a year than his father did in a lifetime," says one Metter grower.

These huge sums create new financial strains on



"It Was the Only Way to Go"

After 37 years of tobacco farming, Elmo Smith tried something different this summer: mechanized tobacco farming. He used new planting and growing methods, new harvesting equipment, new curing techniques on his 100 acres in Carteret County, North Carolina, and no workers except his sons, Joe and Mike.

"We decided it was the only way to go," the 55 year old farmer says, estimating he would have spent \$25,000 this year for 30 laborers and fuel to heat his old wooden barns. In four years, he hopes to pay off his \$95,000 investment for the harvester, bulk curing barns and accompanying equipment.

"That's with some stinting," Elmo says with a smile. "I mean, we won't be buying any new cars." He sits at the kitchen table in his comfortable home, drinking coffee with his sons, daughter and wife, Macy, who is active in their farm operation. Macy Smith agrees it's a good investment.

"Unless you go this way, it's just hard work," Elmo says. "The guy who has \$25,000 worth of tobacco and spends \$20,000 to operate, well, he can't live on that. He can't keep up with the times."

In 1968, an Agriculture Experiment Station at North Carolina State University (NCSU) reported that "with changing social and economic conditions, it is becoming increasingly obvious to more and more farmers that they have soon to make a choice between expanding their farm operations or moving away." And the publicly-supported



NCSU was helping speed the day of reckoning by focusing its research dollars on techniques to help the biggest farmers.

By 1973, N.C. farmers purchased more than 300 of the fully automatic, self-propelled mechanical tobacco harvesters developed at NCSU. To make their investment profitable, they had to increase their acreage by leasing the tobacco allotments of small farmers. This year, a total of 1750 harvesters picked 17 per cent of N.C.'s tobacco crop, with the number of bulk barns increasing from last year's 14,731 to 23,531. The growth rate is as rapid in other tobacco growing states.

Technology is progressing at accelerating rates, and often new machines and methods outdate last year's triumphs. In the November issue of *The Flue Cured Tobacco Farmer* on the Smith's kitchen table, there is information about two new ways to handle tobacco. A "modular curing system" cuts barning time

in half for farmers with at least 50 acres of tobacco. Also, there is a chopped leaf system—"a new way to grow and cure tobacco."

The Smiths are pleased with their new operation, but Macy Smith is wary. "It works well. We'll stick with it. But you know, recently I saw an ad in the newspaper—same type bulk barns as ours, used one or two years and they were up for sale."

This summer, prices were low because Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz and the tobacco companies asked farmers to produce too much tobacco for domestic and export markets. Butz wants eventually to eliminate the government support price and quota system for tobacco, thus throwing farmers into a free market situation to compete with corporate powers. To survive, family farmers must keep up with rapid and expensive technological changes. Macy Smith thinks Butz is doing the best he can, but he doesn't know about farmers' problems.

"If he was to come here and work for a year, he'd understand it better," she said.

Mechanization turned cotton, vegetables, fruits, chickens, grains and even peanuts into big businesses but Elmo Smith thinks tobacco operations can only expand to a certain size before becoming inefficient. He doubts the productivity of tobacco farms with managers and absent owners. "Tobacco is something you have to grow into," he stated. "You've got to understand tobacco. There are too many things that have to be done right to get a quality crop."

— Jennifer Miller

the large-scale farmer: "If a man puts in \$100,000 into new tobacco machinery," Gene Odum says, "he can't possibly repay that in a year. He'll stretch it over ten years, say. Then, at \$10,000 a year, that means ten acres of his crop he's planting just for the bank. Now that's a load on your back."

IV.

The changes underway in Metter are not unique. And with the price of inputs like fuel oil and fertilizer twice what they were three years ago, the risks of the business are increasing. Whether it's

worth making the gamble at all depends in the final analysis on the price the farmer receives for his crop at the annual auction.

Inside the typical auctioneer's warehouse, farmers sit in a row on chairs worn to the smoothness of worked stone. In their conversation, the latest maneuvers of Washington, the weather and the quality of each man's crop are scrutinized; but no one pays attention. The group focuses on the procession of the buyers up and down the rows of piled tobacco. For a grower with 15 acres, a cut of a penny a pound on the auction floor means \$400 less for his crop.



Ten buyers follow the auctioneer, their arms raised to signal a sale, their shirts patterned with sweat patches. The auctioneer's singsong is punctuated by shouts as each buyer identifies the grade of the tobacco he is buying. "Mark that FY!" "T!" "RG on that!" In a week, a set of buyers may divide up more than 100,000 pounds of tobacco from one warehouse. For the farmers, it is a scene calculated to produce ulcers.

The Flue-Cured Stabilization Corporation has ironed out certain fluctuations in tobacco prices and relieved some of the farmer's anxieties. The group, which has more than 500,000 growers as members, establishes a minimum support price each season. If the bids from the private companies don't get that high, the farmer can sell his tobacco to the Corporation at the minimum price. The Corporation, in turn, pays the farmer with money borrowed from the Department of Agriculture's Commodity Credit Corporation, and eventually sells the tobacco to domestic or foreign agents. In 1975, prices on the open market were so bad that the Corporation wound up buying 18 percent of the crop, a substantial climb from the two percent bought in 1974.

In the midst of this recent price crunch, tobacco farmers have looked to the auction as the place their initiatives can make a difference, and to the warehouseman as their main supporter. The warehouseman is one of the curious legacies of the long tradition of auctioning tobacco. He does not buy the farmers' tobacco when they bring it to the warehouse, but he provides the auctioneer and a

buyer who bids along with the company buyers. His buyer is supposed to pressure the tobacco companies into paying high prices for the crops.

The warehouseman has become an easy target for upset farmers. In August, 1975, for instance, a group of tobacco growers in Lumberton, N.C. confronted warehouseman Leroy Townsend, Jr. These farmers had listened for months to tobacco company statements that auction prices would go up as the better quality leaf hit the market. But as the season wore on, prices remained five percent lower than those of 1974. The growers demanded that Townsend, as warehouseman, bid up the sale price of tobacco. The protest erupted in angry shouting, and Townsend was knocked to the ground.

Similar protests have taken place all over the South in the past two years. In July, 1975, farmers in Waycross, Ga. disrupted warehouse sales. In the tiny town of Tabor City, N.C., just over the South Carolina border, farmers did likewise. In 1974, growers in Statesboro and several other Georgia towns picketed the local warehouses in an effort to force warehousemen to give them a better deal.

Warehousemen, however, maintain they no longer have the leverage to jack up low prices. "Let's face it," says a Georgia warehouseman. "The companies set the prices. Every day the buyers phone up their companies and get the low-down on how much to buy the next day and how much to pay for it." Yet growers must market their tobacco shortly after it is cured or its quality will deteriorate. They haven't the equipment to

store it properly for long periods of time. Lately, tobacco farmers have realized that they cannot wait for the local warehouseman to protect their interests. To gain relief, they've directed their efforts at the tobacco companies and the government, the institutions that most determine their well-being.

Many have organized highly visible events to publicize their disappointment with company prices and the government allotment program. In some places, tobacco farmers have plowed their acreage under rather than lose money harvesting it. Others have staged mass bonfires, burning tons of tobacco in their fields instead of curing it. "We'd rather burn it than give it away," says H.E. Gandy, who took part in a protest burning in Darlington, S.C.

C.W. Todd, a Columbus County, N.C. farmer, organized another protest. Before the planting season, he was told by "the Agriculture Department and Earl Butz and the tobacco companies" to grow significantly more tobacco in 1975 than in previous years. "The companies assured us at all these meetings that if we planted it we would get paid for it by the government support," he says. The government increased allotments saying farmers could expect a jump in foreign sales. But these sales never came through, and Todd had to take five cents a pound less for his tobacco than in 1974. His production costs had increased by 25 percent.

Todd has decided that the companies and government "wanted an oversupply of tobacco, so it would depress the price. It was just that simple. I think the government was either ignorant or in cahoots, and I don't know which."

Todd and 150 other area growers banded together at the warehouse auction. With their support, Todd announced he would not sell his tobacco. "Ten or 15 buyers were not gonna try and walk over 150 head of farmers so they stopped, turned around and left the warehouse.

"I told the buyers we didn't have nothin' personal against them but just against the companies they represented. We wanted them to go to the companies and tell them that we had something against 'em. And what we had was the fact that they weren't keepin' their end of the bargain."

It's already too late for the many operators of small family farms that could not keep up with the massive investments and could not buy up extra allotments last year. But those that have survived, like C.W. Todd, have begun to take actions that will last beyond one warehouse sales day. They have made appeals to such established groups as the Grange and the Farm Bureau and the National Farmers Organization (NFO) in hopes of drawing

them into their fight.

And they are forming organizations representing their own particular interests. Todd and his friends, for instance, are in the first stages of organizing a Tobacco Growers Association as an ongoing group "instead of depending on the government or on some of our present organizations that are doing everything from selling insurance to representing all commodities. If we have a tobacco growers organization we can look after ourselves."

Todd continues: "We are coming together and hope to organize the whole flue-cured area. We hope to have the organization for maybe some more protests or to pressure politicians for different kinds of legislation for the coming year."

Other farmers have gone to court. Two groups, in South Carolina and Kentucky, have filed class action suits in federal courts against the tobacco companies. The suits, still in court, charge that tobacco companies have engaged in collusion to fix prices at an artificially low level. They charge that the companies agree on a ceiling price for a given tobacco grade. Then, at the auction, buyers cooperate to allocate the tobacco among all the companies.

Dr. Milton Shuffett, an expert witness in the Kentucky suit, explains that growers are acting on the realization that the tobacco companies wield great power over their lives. "The auction system is the only outlet for a farmer's tobacco," he says. "All the folks are in one little chain in tobacco."

So far, it is impossible to identify many results of tobacco growers' new forcefulness. "Butz has started talking about cutting allotments by 15 percent," which would decrease the supply and consequently raise prices, explains C.W. Todd. "But that's still not enough." It's too early to tell if growers will be able to avoid more fiascos like the one of 1975, when the permitted quota was raised ten percent though demand for tobacco on the world market actually declined. And it's still too early to see if family farmers who operate fewer than 20 acres will be able to stay in business at all.

Whatever the results, these protesting growers, unwilling to accept blindly the orders of government and the tobacco companies, represent something very new in the tobacco industry and in southern farming. Though too late for many, those who remain seem determined to stay in tobacco and stand up for their interests. "Tobacco is how we live," says one grower. "It's not just what we put in the ground." But beyond their attachment to the land and the pride of a good crop, the determination of these businessmen-farmers is rooted in the large investments they have already made. They changed farming techniques when told to. Now they want some returns.



SPECIAL SECTION: TEXTILES

Textiles took root in the South at the turn of the century and in the following decades has grown to dominate the region's industrial landscape. Unlike much of western Europe and other parts of the US, the South's transition from an agrarian to an industrial economy did not occur in a relatively short, distinguishable time span. Rather it followed a series of "New South" prophecies that began with the 1881 Atlanta Exposition and stretched through World War II, again symbolized by the bustling Atlanta. Throughout these seventy-five years textiles rose and fell—reflecting the instability of the nation's economy and the South's non-farm industrial base.

A copious literature emerged to describe, analyze and document the growth of the industry, covering such rich subjects as organizing campaigns, isolated milltowns, economic developments, wildcat strikes. Academics and novelists, journalists and researchers worked their trade on this abundance of material.

But as the South's industrial base diversified in the 1950s and 60s, economists and others generally turned their attention away from textiles to urbanization, service and white-collar industries, and rural manpower planning. While only a few scattered articles and books focused on textiles, the industry remained a critical underpinning on which other industrial efforts were built.

At the same time, dramatic changes came to the textile industry itself. Blacks entered the workforce in the wake of the civil rights era. Government

regulations prescribed air emission limits and cotton dust levels, noise ceilings and equal employment standards. Taiwan and Japan, then South America and finally China moved into the international market. New spinning and loom processes, developed in eastern Europe, provided the opportunity for increased automation. A relaxation of the anti-trust laws has added the specter of oligopolization of the trade. Distinct, limited, union breakthroughs accentuated the limitations of the National Labor Relations Act and the intransigence of anti-union employers. And, finally, the 20 percent unemployment levels during the winter recession of 1974-75 (second only to the auto industry) dramatized the possibility of rampant unemployment for areas long dependent on the labor-intensive, low-wage textile mill.

The following special section on textiles attempts to bridge historical views with contemporary analysis. The articles and supplementary materials do not answer all the questions that need exploration, nor do they investigate every aspect of the complex industry. But through a combination of interviews and data, "resource" journalism and novel juxtaposition, we provide a starting point for readers who wish to understand this important industry. We hope it will prod writers and policy makers, scholars and researchers to again direct their attention to the complexities of the textile industry and to the hundreds of thousands of lives dependent on its fate.

Textile Men:

Looms, Loans and Lockouts

by Bill Finger

In the period during and immediately after World War I, Spencer Love, Lacy Wright and Joe Pedigo each entered southern textile mills, one as an owner and empire builder, another as a mill hand with a secondary school education, the third as an embryonic union organizer.

It was a turbulent time, and within the space of a few years the rapid expansion of piedmont manufacturers transformed the stepchild of the New England mills into the backbone of southern industrialization. From the peak of the post-war surge in 1923 to 1933, New England lost 40 percent of its mills and the capacity of the newer, lower-waged southern industry increased fivefold. In the next four decades, the textile industry became the largest employer in the South, the creator of countless fortunes and the biggest obstacle to organized labor.

J. Spencer Love, Lacy Wright and Joe Pedigo—all descendants of southern families—were among the men and women who made textiles, and therefore the South, what it is today. Their stories, each beginning with the World War I boom, chronicle the ups and downs of the industry as no set of statistics can.

J. Spencer Love grew up in Cambridge, Mass., the son of a Harvard professor who had migrated north from his family home of Gastonia, N.C. When young Spencer returned from World War I, sporting the rank of major and a personal citation from Gen. John J. Pershing, he could find no job on Boston's bank-lined Boyston Street. With \$3,000 in savings, his Harvard education and the family reputation in Gastonia, he headed south to find work. An uncle offered Love a position as payroll clerk at a fledgling mill in Gastonia for \$120 a month. Love took it, but wanted more. At age 23, he borrowed \$80,000 and took controlling interest

of the entire mill. He paid off the debt in four years and word spread of his desire to move to a new location. The Burlington Chamber of Commerce, 132 miles northeast of Gastonia, made the best offer, underwriting support for a new plant in Burlington. From that beginning in 1923, Love built Burlington Mills into what would be, at his death in 1962, the largest textile operation in the world. In 40 years of business, Love gambled and nearly always won; he expanded tremendously, garnering new markets; he became a super personnel manager, systematically weeding out all union supporters. Love's work became a cause, the undivided interest of his life.

Lacy Wright was also involved in textiles, but he didn't buy mills, he worked in them. He grew up in the mill village of Greensboro, N.C., owned by the Cone family, where his father had moved the family from their farm near Carthage, N.C. Wright never left Greensboro. In 1917, at age 12, he began mill work to help support the family, after just five and a half years of school. When Love bought his first business, Lacy Wright was still working in a Greensboro mill. He moved between two Cone mills, stuck with his job and provided for his family, worked with the union and witnessed its decline and grew weak from breathing cotton dust. Finally in 1966, at age 61, Lacy Wright had to leave the mill, no longer able to breathe easily. Wright did not choose textiles as his life's concern. He had no choice. But in retirement he returned to textiles, and with other victims of "brown lung" disease, started an independent, grassroots movement for social change. Today, Wright is president of the Greensboro chapter of the Carolina Brown Lung Association. And though he now can barely read or write, he holds press conferences and argues with public officials in his organization's quest for a



Lacy Wright



Spencer Love



Joe Pedigo

change in cotton mill conditions and compensation for those already afflicted from breathing the deadly dust.

Joe Pedigo grew up in Roanoke, Va., at the foot of the Appalachian mountains. His father was a carpenter and union member, and nourished a feeling of racial tolerance and loyal Republicanism. Two of Pedigo's sisters, independent themselves, left the area for college and never returned to Roanoke. Pedigo, however, graduated from high school and stayed, entering a local mill. He worked for the American Viscose Company, a synthetics plant, where he earned 53 cents an hour, three times the salary of cotton mill workers like Lacy Wright. In 1931 Pedigo helped form a union that was quickly recognized by the company's German manager. Shortly afterwards, the local affiliated with the United Textile Workers. Meanwhile, Pedigo began attending meetings of the local Socialist Party. In 1939 he left the mill to join the staff of the nascent Textile Workers Union of America, working for another three decades as a union organizer. He dealt with textile executives like Love repeatedly, and his actions had a great influence on Wright and the other southern textile workers. By the time he retired in 1973, Pedigo had organized the largest local union in the history of textiles, witnessed both vicious anti-union violence and a devastating split within the national union and struggled to regain the membership strength of the late 1940s.

These three—Love, Wright and Pedigo—witnessed and, in their own ways, ushered in the modern era of textiles. Their careers, viewed together, offer a unique vantage point for understanding the realities of the modern southern textile industry, its roots, its people and, perhaps, its future.

By the time they joined the work force, textiles

were already spearheading the industrialization of the South. As early as 1881 at the famed Atlanta Exposition, financiers and industrialists had begun scrutinizing the South for business opportunities. The New South, rising from the Civil War's wreckage, felt a burst of energy and confidence. The railroads, banks, Charleston ship builders and, most important, cotton producers all capitalized on this burst of human energy.

By 1880, production of cotton had gradually increased to three times the low yield of 1865. Technology for harnessing the South's water power had been developed. People were looking for jobs. Industrialists and New South advocates proclaimed textiles as the salvation of the South. Mill agents crisscrossed the mountains and piedmont, recruiting entire families with promises of guaranteed jobs and earnings, schools and houses, and relief from the unreliable yields of the upland farms. Financiers easily gathered support from Yankee capitalists and recently-moneyed southern investors.

The mills moved in—to both established and unsettled areas—and took hold. They soon controlled the water power, wilderness, cotton, investments and, most important, people's lives. Entire families worked in the mills, often including children as young as seven or eight. Their lives were in the hands of these new entrepreneurs, developing the forms of a paternalism that would grow into one of the most powerfully subtle mechanisms of control in the history of the country.

Bill Finger is the Director of the Institute for Southern Studies Textiles Project. He has worked for the North Carolina AFL-CIO and the Southern Oral History Program at the University of North Carolina.

Many textile workers soon began to rebel against this control, against the low wages, against the 60-70 hour work weeks. The Knights of Labor gained strength, as did the AFL's National Union of Textile Workers of America. In 1886, for instance, the powerful Knights local in Augusta, Ga. petitioned the mill management to discontinue the pass system, replace superintendents who discriminated against members of the union, fill all future vacancies with union men and increase wages to a level reflecting the improved market for cotton goods.

But the union's strength, though at a high point for southern textiles, was still easily insufficient, and the Augusta strikers, like so many in the South, could not win against the combined hostility of mill owners throughout the piedmont. The Augusta strike, like so many at the time, was repulsed.

Spencer Love - I

Firmly established during the 1880s and 1890s, the textile industry expanded in the early years of this century, boomed during World War I and continued to flourish until the inevitable economic downturn several years later. Bold businessmen like Spencer Love found enough credit to get established, but only with the help of friends and relatives.

When Love moved to Burlington in 1923 his

prospects did not appear particularly bright. He carried a heavy debt into a market that was beginning to decline from the post-war bulge. And he found his machinery incapable of weaving the entire width of a bedspread. Undeterred, he simply sewed two together, and disguised the resulting unsightly seam with a filling of rayon yarn woven into the cotton warp. The gleam of the rayon, he found, offered the glitter that a depressed market, too poor for silk, would eagerly buy. Love bought larger machinery, added more rayon to his weave, scrambled up and down the east coast for credit and soon embarked on the largest expansion effort a depression has ever known.

From 1926 to 1937 Love built a number of mills throughout the region. He gained reknown for his "Wooden Walls of Burlington" because he left one temporary wall in his new mills, easily removed for expansion. And the walls came tumbling down as his sales of bedspreads and other products picked up, especially when fiber suppliers developed a soft and pliant rayon, more versatile and appealing than the early stiff and shiny material he had used.

The key to Love's expansion was his highly risky practice of beginning new plants with other people's money. He would entice local citizens into building a mill, then borrow on a previously established company to buy equipment for the new



Spencer Love (far right) stands with office employees in front of Burlington first office building (1929).

plant. Love found the suppliers and customers for the new mill, and even though he tied up little of his own capital, he maintained controlling interest in each new firm. In ten years, he had spun off 30 separate and distinct companies. With his credit stretched to the limit, yet his adroit skill well respected on Wall Street, Love decided it was time to consolidate his operations into one publicly-held corporation. In 1937, he listed Burlington Mills on the New York Stock Exchange and watched investors hungrily grab up the available stock. His own reward came to 95,000 shares, worth \$1.6 million—a tidy profit, especially considering the dismal economy.

photo by Georgia Springer/Woody Cannette



Lacy Wright -I

For Lacy Wright, the Depression era was less profitable. By 1925, when he was 20 years old, Wright had already spent eight years in the mill. "I loved school and I got along good," he recalls. "I would have liked to have went on."

"When I started to work I made 75 cents a day, ten hours a day. I did about everything that was to be done in the carding room from sweeping the floor to being a slub attender, everything with the exception of being a bossman or a fixer. I never did warrant either one of those, and I wouldn't have had one of them."

In 1925, with the mills laying off workers as a consequence of post-war overproduction, Wright left to take a job delivering special messages for the Post Office. By 1933, however, the Depression had spread from the millroom to the mailroom. Wright, lacking civil service status, was laid off.

He returned to the mills and found a position at Cone's neighboring Revolution plant as a slubber attender. The bad economy was everywhere, and in 1935 Lacy was laid off from Revolution. "There wasn't enough jobs for all of us," he says. "They were going to do away with the old slubber and speeder and put in a new type that would make more production than we had been making before."

Hungry for work, Wright returned to the White Oak plant where he had begun work 18 years before. A sympathetic supervisor took him back. Wright lived through the Depression in White Oak, fearful of the joblessness that surrounded him.

Sitting in his modest living room today, Wright remembers that Cone Mills was

running three or four days a week in place of shutting down and laying off like a lot of mills did. They managed some way or another. Now I give the company credit for it. They've got a big bunch of warehouses over there, and they made a lot of cloth and sorted it in that warehouse that they didn't have no sales for. In other words, you could eat. Back in them days, they had pink beans. They were a little different from what we have, pinto beans now. If you could get a piece of fatback, some pinto beans and a little corn meal or flour, you could make it.

But Wright, like many mill hands, was forced to confront the value of his job in other terms. The flying squadrons of the 1934 general strike saw to that.

Frustrated by the unresponsiveness of the National Recovery Act's Code Authority, the rank and file of the AFL's United Textile Workers (UTW) forced the union into activity. Faced with low wages and a lengthening stretch-out (doing more work with fewer people), 40 Alabama textile



locals walked out in July. On September 1, 1934, UTW called a general strike which rapidly spread across the country. At the peak of the brief three-week outburst, over 400,000 workers left the mills, the largest walk-out in the nation's history.

Throughout September, flying squadrons—caravans of Depression-starved itinerant picketers—crisscrossed the South, stopping at mills they hoped to close. The textile industry and its friends responded with all their force. Georgia's Governor Eugene Talmadge began to detain "vagrant" workers in virtual concentration camp settings. Strikers were shot. Vigilantes surfaced. National Guard troopers were called out. Martial law was declared throughout the South, and rioting raged from Rhode Island to Pennsylvania to Georgia. Workers were thrown out of their company houses. After three weeks of near anarchy, at least 13 Southerners were left dead and many more were wounded. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was compelled to form a special board to negotiate a settlement, but their recommendations compromised the needs of the striking workers. The union accepted them, but the strike was lost. Moreover, the UTW's false claims of victory planted a deep skepticism of unions throughout the piedmont.

The flying squadron's dramatic sweep confronted a person like Lacy Wright with a complex set of choices. Wright's impressions of unions reach back to his childhood days in the mill. "The company got on them people so bad about trying to organize

down there," he recalls, "that they fired I don't know how many of them and took their furniture and set it out in the streets. And me being young, that was one thing that's always stuck out to me. That went against my grain, to see them people out of work on the streets."

But Wright needed work in 1934, and when his supervisor told him to use a picker stick (a solid four foot long hickory stick that is part of a loom) if the flying squadrons came that night, Wright was torn. "In place of going out on that side of the building and getting me a picker stick," he remembers saying, "I'm going on this side and find me a hole." He wouldn't support the strikers, but neither would he fight them.

Joe Pedigo - I

Joe Pedigo waited until he graduated from high school in 1926 before he entered the mill in his hometown of Roanoke, Va. Rather than join a cotton mill like Wright, where cutbacks and stretch-outs were already common practices, Pedigo began work at a synthetics fibers plant. Synthetics mills, the aristocrats of the industry, paid higher wages in a more guaranteed market than the highly volatile cotton trade.

Pedigo's interest quickly turned to unions and organizing. Wages were relatively good, he remembers, but just the same

conditions were pretty bad in the 30s. You could make the least mistake and there would



1934 Strike at Greensboro, Ga. (above) and Newman, Ga., where the Guard prepares to take strikers to prison camps.

be some little cockroach foreman that would run up to you and say, "Look, Pedigo, if you can't do this work right, there is a barefooted boy outside looking for a job." He was telling the truth, there was plenty of them out there looking for jobs. As far as I was concerned, if I never got anything out of a union, if I never got a raise or vacations or anything else, just to get rid of hearing that kind of stuff and be able to look the guy in the eye and speak my piece was what I was after and I think that a number of the other people were motivated by the same reason, just a question of human dignity.

In fact, thousands of textile workers—mostly women—responded to the stretch-outs, arbitrary firings and loss of dignity with a wave of wildcat strikes in early 1929. Mill towns like Elizabethton, Tenn., and Gastonia and Marion, N.C., exploded with a burst of protest that was finally quelled with National Guard shootings, anti-communist propaganda and company harassment. It was a widely publicized, often bloody uprising, but it yielded few immediate changes. Influenced by that rebellion, Joe Pedigo followed a slower, perhaps wiser pace in building on his co-workers' resentments.

Pedigo was an organizer from the start. "I recall the first meeting that we had [in 1931]," he says. "We held it uptown. I slipped around to 35 or 40 people that I trusted and told them about the meeting. Not a one showed up. There was just the

same old faithful seven" from his Socialist Party study group. Undaunted, Pedigo called another meeting. "I went up to a guy and asked him to come to the meeting and he would want to know who was coming. I would say, 'You are the only one from this shop.' He would say O.K. and I would tell the next fellow [in the same shop] the same thing. At the next meeting, I had about 20 people, but each one of them was scared of the other one. That's why they hadn't shown up the first time."

By the time the company insisted on a showdown with the group, Pedigo and his friends had organized only 800 of the 4500 workers. Even so, it proved enough to get a first contract. When Pedigo was called to the manager's office, he recalls saying, "Look, Mr. Nerrin, the fellows are looking for me back down there in the spinning room. Something is liable to happen and I wouldn't want that. I've got to tell them something when I get back, so are you going to recognize us or not?" The manager, dangling between bluff and danger, responded, "Of course, I recognize it. There is no darn sense in the damn thing, but I recognize it."

Pedigo remembers the instant success of the local. "We went back and spread the word and rented the American Legion Hall and had people standing up on the sidewalks all the way up the steps and lined up like an unemployment line, waiting to join the union. We organized that thing

overnight." Pedigo took his local into the national United Textile Workers.

When the 1934 general strike was called, Pedigo joined a flying squadron, though not the one that confronted Lacy Wright in Greensboro. "We took a flying squadron into Danville," he says.

They found out we were coming and locked the gates. Some of us went in cars, some in a bus, and we pulled that damn bus up beside the fence and climbed up on it and went over the fence. We started going into the plant and told people that there was a strike on, 'Come on and let's go.' We didn't have an incident the whole time, there wasn't a lick passed and everybody just came right on out and closed it down. The management was so scared, they must have thought that we were a bunch of thugs.

The failure of the 1934 General Strike did not deter Pedigo's enthusiasm. He followed union activities through his local in Roanoke, including the formation of the Textile Workers Organizing Committee in 1937 and the birth of the CIO's Textile Workers Union of America (TWUA) in 1939.

Shortly after the founding convention of the TWUA in Philadelphia, George Baldanzi, an old friend of Pedigo's from the Socialist Party and UTW and now a TWUA staff person, hired Pedigo onto the TWUA organizing staff. Pedigo had already been organizing workers for eight years, and for the next 34 years, he undertook this work as a full-time profession.

Spencer Love-II

World War II brought the textile industry, like much of the rest of corporate America, out of the extended Depression. War orders poured in for underwear, uniforms, tents and raw materials. Spencer Love, like other textile leaders, integrated his operation in the "vertical" direction, joining most of the sales and retail functions to his manufacturing processes. While his company produced over 50 war-related products, Love served as a Director of the Bureau of Textiles, Leather and Clothing of the critically important War Production Board, a strategic position to hold in the midst of industry consolidation.

Burlington Mills emerged from the war in much stronger shape than many other mills, and Love began to buy out such established companies as May McEwer Kaiser and Peerless Woolen. He divided his organization into profit centers which enabled him to measure an executive's abilities on separate profit/loss statements. He significantly expanded into the hosiery line, snipping at the business of established competitors like Hanes Hosiery.



'23 Skidoo, 50 Years of Burlington and You.

It was the flapper era, the day of the Tin Lizzie, the nickel cigar and bathtub gin.
And J. Spencer Love formed a new textile company in the little Alamance County community of Burlington, N. C.

A half century ago, there was a new fiber on the market called "artificial silk." Most textile men scoffed at it. Spencer Love thought otherwise and gave 200 people a job weaving it into bedspread fabric. Within five years, Burlington was the nation's leading rayon fabric producer.

Now, Burlington is the world's largest manufacturer of textiles and related products for apparel, home and industry. The 200 workers are now 84,000 employees. The one plant is now 169 plants all over the world. First year sales of \$60,000 are now \$1.8 billion and growing.

Burlington innovations continue—in manufacturing, merchandising, research, employee relations, community relations and corporate citizenship.

So '73 Skidoo! We're 50, and feeling great!

Burlington Industries, Inc.



He expanded his central offices and moved from Burlington to nearby Greensboro.

Love often gambled, as in 1949 when Burlington slashed its prices on rayon products by 10 to 25 percent, betting that the price of rayon fiber, on which they depended, would also go down. Several weeks later he won, when Celanese Corporation of America, the third biggest yarn producer at the time, lowered its prices by 12.5 percent, to 42 cents a pound. With that gamble, Love ushered the entire industry into the first post-war price-cutting contest, a move calculated to increase his share of the market and force marginal competitors out of business.

Love cultivated his political and social obligations with equal skill. He planted his foot firmly in Greensboro's liberal community, chairing the Christmas Seal campaign in 1946, heading the Community Chest capital funds drive in 1954 and taking an active interest in the First Presbyterian Church. He regularly set aside up to a day a week for a wide variety of organizations on which he served as trustee and board member. From the state chairmanship of the National Conference of Christian and Jews' Brotherhood Week to the board meetings at the University of North Carolina, from the Business Advisory Council of the U.S. Department of Commerce to a director's chair at North Carolina's Research Triangle Park, Love made his influence widely felt. A supporter of John Kennedy and the state's liberal governor Terry Sanford, Love became heavily involved in politics, although rarely mentioned in Washington columns. He favored a \$1.00 an hour minimum wage in 1960, a unique position for southern industrialists, and later found himself sitting beside Walter Reuther and Henry Ford on JFK's Advisory Committee on Labor Management Policy.

And all the while, his business was soaring. From 1937 to his death in 1962, Love took Burlington from a medium-sized company in a highly fragmented industry to the commanding leader of the emerging textile giants. Net sales rose from \$27 million to \$1 billion during this period, and stockholder equity increased from \$6.5 million to \$361 million.

Love became an eloquent spokesman for southern textile magnates. In June of 1955 he appeared before the Antitrust Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate's Judiciary Committee, essentially repeating what he had told the press several years before: "Government should . . . be an umpire but should do nothing that would jeopardize our private enterprise system, that would hinder competition. You can't regulate the law of supply and demand." He argued that competition thrived, entrepreneurs could find local capital and twice as

many start-ups as liquidations had occurred since the war. The senators nodded readily in agreement. Only one, Joseph O'Mahoney (Dem.-Wy.) broke through the slick presentation with a line of questions that left Love in one of his rare moments of confusion. He asked Love if the industry needed anti-trust regulations; Love said no. He asked if price controls were needed; Love said no. He asked about government regulations in general; Love said the industry would be far better off without them. "Then you don't need a great deal of tariff protection," said O'Mahoney. "Well," paused Love, "you sort of have me there."

O'Mahoney's isolated skepticism was reinforced when TWUA Research Director Solomon Barkin presented data on Love and the textile industry. Barkin, well-respected in labor as well as academic circles for his intellectual presentations, offered reams of charts, listings, documentation and examples to counter Love's testimony.

Barkin corrected Love's figures on consolidations and mergers within textiles by omitting the highly decentralized apparel and knitting concerns from the data under review. He then detailed 25 cases where Burlington had used a variety of tactics—from mill closings to discriminatory discharges—to avoid collective bargaining. Barkin, perhaps more than the committee, was familiar with what Love had told *Forbes* several years before: "Fundamentally unions are unsound because in order to live they must promote strife, distrust, and discontent and set employee against employee, class against class, and group against group. . . . The unions know as well as you and I do that any and all reforms they can bring could be much more effectively and fairly served through legislation, both state and federal."

Joe Pedigo - II

Joe Pedigo disagreed with Love about the soundness of unions. He knew there had been a limited amount of significant legislation to aid American workers; he had experienced the conditions under which workers without a union had to live. He saw those conditions improve when mills were organized and spent his life building unions in southern textiles.

In 1942 Pedigo headed the campaign in Danville, Va., which produced the largest textile bargaining unit, 13,500 strong, in history. It was a campaign that took both determination and creativity, from Pedigo as well as those around him. The local police, for instance, wouldn't let the organizers distribute leaflets at the gates. Pedigo vividly remembers what happened after that. "I decided we had to have a test case," he says. "Jeannie (his wife-to-be) at that time weighed about 90 pounds



In May of 1946, after 8 months on the picket line, black and white textile workers returned to work at the Industrial Cotton Mills of Rock Hill, South Carolina. They had ratified a contract negotiated by TWUA staff members Roy Lawrence and Julius Fry with Industrial Mills. Shortly afterwards, the workers were formally chartered as a TWUA local.

In August of 1945, the War Labor Board had ordered the Company to sign a contract that included check-off, arbitration and other standard provisions. Industrial Mills balked and the workers walked out. TWUA set up a commissary, held integrated union meetings, and helped to support the striking workers until a contract was signed. At the time of the settlement, the conflict was the oldest current strike in the country.

The photographs on this page come from that strike, courtesy of Mrs. Gilbert Harrison, and are revealingly titled "Back Gate" and "Front Gate."



soaking wet and we figured she would make an appealing victim. We had it all set up with cameras and everything and bondsmen all standing." She began to leaflet at the gate, refused police orders to leave and was finally arrested and taken to the police chief's office. Pedigo continues,

The old chief backed down on it. Finally he levelled his finger at me and said, "If you are trying to get a test case, you let that woman come back here one more time and you are going to get a test case." I said, "Well, chief, you are doing your duty and I'm doing mine. If you're back out there in the morning, you'll get a chance to do your duty. She'll be there!" The next morning we were all set up again and she went down on the gate and you couldn't find a policeman.

Shortly afterwards, he broke through the non-union Cone chain in Greensboro with an election victory at the Proximity plant. In Rome, Ga. in the late 40s, Pedigo encountered vicious attacks in the press and crowded jail cells en route to several victories.

TWUA, however, reached its peak by 1948. The union's post-war drive, Operation Dixie, proved unsuccessful in its efforts to defeat the southern holdouts from the 30s. Lack of funds and the large number of young, inexperienced organizers were partially responsible for the failure. The industrialists and politicians, however, also had a hand in shaping events. In Washington in 1947, President Truman signed the Taft-Hartley Act which gave the South the right-to-work laws that remain today. Equally important, perhaps, was intrigue and collusion at the local level. Joe Pedigo recalls working in Rome, Ga. during the southern drive with nine young organizers sent by the state CIO. "There was one that appeared to be more disruptive than all the rest. This fellow's name was Gray. I picked up Leo Huberman's *Labor Spy Racket* and leafed over into the index in the back and found the name Gray. It was the same person. He was employed by the Railway Audit in the 30s."

Immediately after the Operation Dixie debacle and a general decline in the industry, a split developed within TWUA. George Baldanzi, the executive vice-president who hired Pedigo, was pushing for an aggressive stance while Emil Rieve, the union's president, maintained a more cautious position. Baldanzi, closely associated with Operation Dixie and the southern staff, ran against Rieve in 1952 and lost. Embittered, Baldanzi took many of his allies into the UTW, including Joe Pedigo who was fired by the TWUA. The aftermath of this split proved disastrous to both sides. Inter-union competition and raids of established locals became the focus in the early 50s, rather than creative counters to the McCarthy-era backlash. There was

a great deal of bitterness felt on both sides and the TWUA lost some of its brightest young organizers who had been attracted by Baldanzi's idealism and captivating oratory.

Pedigo spent several years organizing and servicing UTW locals. He had some success, but UTW was too small and weakened to unionize major mills. He returned again to TWUA.

Determined that textile unionism should not bounce back, arch-conservative (and later top Nixon campaign contributor) Roger Milliken closed his Darlington, S.C. plant in 1956 after a TWUA election victory. This case has made NLRB history by stretching into the 70s without paying workers for illegally ending their jobs. While Darlington intimidated an important 1958 union campaign at Cannon Mills, the Harriet-Henderson mills in Henderson, N.C. proved to be more crucial in the long run.

John D. Cooper, president of the Henderson mills, refused to sign a standard contract renewal



Joe Pedigo (in suit) with union members outside the Danville, Va., plant gates.

because, some believe, Julius Fry, the TWUA staffer servicing the local, was too good at winning grievances under the contract. On November 17, 1958, after unsuccessful negotiations, the TWUA members walked out with placards that read, "Jesus leads us, the union feeds us, John D. needs us." Before the strike was officially ended by the union in 1961, Boyd Payton, the southern director of the TWUA was sent to jail on what would prove to be framed charges. Gov. Luther Hodges unsuccessfully umpired closed door negotiations and the leading union and anti-union lawyers, Arthur Goldberg and Frank Constangy, joined the battle. Scabs eventually filled the Henderson mills and the strike was lost. The TWUA was completely beaten.

Pedigo, meanwhile, was mounting TWUA's first campaign against J. P. Stevens in Roanoke Rapids, N.C. during the 1958 Henderson strike. In the union's weakened position after the Henderson

fiasco, Payton and others were not in a position to resent Pedigo's defection to the UTW. Payton, even in the midst of the Henderson difficulties, wrote union president William Pollock in an effort to keep Pedigo in the Carolinas: "Many people thought it a mistake to bring him (Pedigo) back on our staff. . . . Now, everyone wants him wherever a campaign is in progress."

Through the years, Pedigo always worked with a particular style. Retired since 1973 and living in a small home outside Charlotte, he explains:

You organize a few key people who in turn organize a plant. My approach has always been to first find the people that count, and no matter how long it takes, hunt until you find key people in key departments and educate the hell out of them. Once you have surrounded yourself with those people, you will get the plant. If you just take the first guy that comes up with a chip on his shoulder, the chances are he will be fired the first time he sticks his neck out for the union. He's no good to you. You have to be a bit more selective, which means that you have got to initially take a lot longer in setting up your ground work. If you set up quick ground work, sometimes it works, but often you wind up with people on your committee that nobody has any respect for. I have always stuck with that formula.

Lacy Wright - II

When World War II arrived, Lacy Wright was too old to fight but not rich enough to quit his job. He stayed in the mill. War orders increased and shifts lengthened until, at Wright's plant, everyone was encouraged to work 16 hours a day. "I worked a ten hour day," he remembers, "six days most weeks. I wouldn't take 16 hours. It taxed me too heavy—travel time home, get to bed, sleep about six hours, get up."

Wright's early feelings of injustice began to take some form when the union first arrived in Greensboro in the 40s. Joe Pedigo's election victory at Cone's Proximity Plant did not cover Wright in the nearby White Oak plant, but Wright felt its impact. He became a union man and worked for a TWUA contract. It took years to win. "Early union activities," he recalls, "were undercover due to the fear of people we were trying to work with. I was identified early as a union supporter and people were reluctant to talk with me. I was not attacked personally but we knew these people that we would talk to were visited by the company."

Finally, after several votes, a contract was won in the 50s. Wright, like many other millworkers sympathetic to the union, felt the confusion of the TWUA-UTW battles of the early 50s. The first con-

tract in his plant was a UTW agreement, but the local soon switched to the TWUA. Wright learned one important lesson from those years. "I always felt like if you ever do any good in the South to organize textile workers, you aren't going to do it by misinforming them too badly. Now, I don't believe but what in any situation but what some of it's going to be propaganda and some of it's going to be the truth. But I believe that if you ever do any good in the South it's got to be when the truth overrides propaganda."

Even when the union's internal squabbles subsided, Wright, then a leader in his local, continued to feel some of the frustration of an organizer:

These people down here, I've watched them all my life. They are people that don't want to be bothered. They want to go to work; they want to come home and they don't want nothing to bother them. And they don't want to be bothered, a lot of them, too much with the boss down there, whether they're doing their job right or not. When they get home they don't want to be bothered, they don't want responsibilities. And why it is, I don't know. I don't understand it. I fought the whole time I was in organized labor to try to get it across to them: "You have got a responsibility. "The responsibility to me, and to my family, was to put some food in on the table for them to eat, a house with some furniture in it for them to live. Now then, the only way I can do that is, I got to get enough pay out of what work I do.

As Wright's commitments grew stronger, his health began to fail. He suspected, but had no proof, that his poor eyesight and hearing—which kept him from assuming local union officer responsibilities—had resulted from his work. He did not understand the source of his breathing problem. But he did know that he could not keep working for long. After some years of prodding, Wright became the president of his union local, but only for one year. In 1966, at the age of 61, he quit when he realized, "I just couldn't breathe anymore." Doctors told him he had emphysema or bronchitis, but along with union officials, he was unconvinced.

In 1969, Lacy Wright explained his case to a field hearing of the U.S. Senate's Labor and Public Welfare Committee. Senator Harrison Williams (Dem.-N.J.) had brought the Committee to textile country to investigate an occupational disease called byssinosis or "brown lung," caused by workers breathing cotton dust. Wright told the senators, "I noticed when I was young that the dust bothered me. But, of course, I didn't realize what it could do. Over the years, I began to notice my energy was being sapped, normal work made

me short winded.”

Finally, in the summer of 1975, a doctor told Wright that he suffered from brown lung disease. By that time he had decided to do something about it. Together with other retired cotton mill workers in North and South Carolina, he spearheaded a new organizing effort to call attention to health hazards in the mill and win relief for members of the Carolina Brown Lung Association.

Today, Wright debates legislators on fine points of the state-administered Occupational Safety and Health Act. He has met with, and challenged, North

Carolina’s Secretary of Labor. He calls and moderates press conferences. He recruits more members into BLA chapters and campaigns for all brown lung victims. As a result of his Association activities Wright, now aged 70, has decided “I only want to spend the time I have left,” he says, “helping other people. I don’t need anyone to tell me I can’t breathe. There’s nothing I can do about that now. But we have to make things better for those people that are still in the mill so they don’t have to get sick too.”



photo credit by Georgia Springer/Sally Court

Textile Women:

Three Generations in The Mill

by Valerie Quinney

It is still possible in the South to find three generations of a family living in the same area, working over half a century in the same industry. This is particularly true of cotton mill work. And, because the textile industry has traditionally employed great numbers of women, families exist in which mother, daughter and granddaughter have all worked in one area's mills.

Martha Simpson, for example, first entered textile mills in Carrboro, N.C. in 1908, when she was just nine years old. She later moved to another mill town where her daughter, Fay, began work in 1930 at age 16. Another 22 years later, in 1952, Fay's daughter Janie, like her mother and grandmother, went into the mills, getting her first job at age 18.

Together they have seen vast changes in textiles. Technology has developed rapidly. Unions have come and gone and are coming back again. Management has moved from friends of the family to distant boards of directors. The mill towns where the Simpsons lived have grown into diverse cities. Social relations inside the home and factory have undergone a major transformation. Independence

and freedom have shifted from a matter of doing things for yourself, the self-sufficient family, to earning enough money to buy services from others. Gardening has become a hobby instead of a necessity. Child care has changed from the responsibility of older relatives to hired baby sitters. Husbands have begun to share more household chores. The place to socialize switched from the mill and the neighborhood to civic organizations. And through it all, these three women worked in the mills and changed their ideas of themselves and their work.

Martha

Carrboro's textile history begins in 1899 when the first mill opened. At that time, the town was distinguished only as the home of the train depot serving the nearby University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. The mill owner, a local farmer who had accumulated some capital operating a grist mill and cotton gin, built houses to attract his relatives and other families into town. By 1909, the mill had grown to 125 workers, and the



photo by Roger Manley

original owner sold out to General Julian S. Carr who already operated several mills in Durham, 15 miles away.

Carr left the employees undisturbed, preserving the original feeling of being among families, neighbors and friends. Overseers and workers attended the same church, lived next door to each other, sent their children into the mills and intermarried. Together, this first generation saw themselves as a thrifty, hard-working people building a community in which they might all prosper.

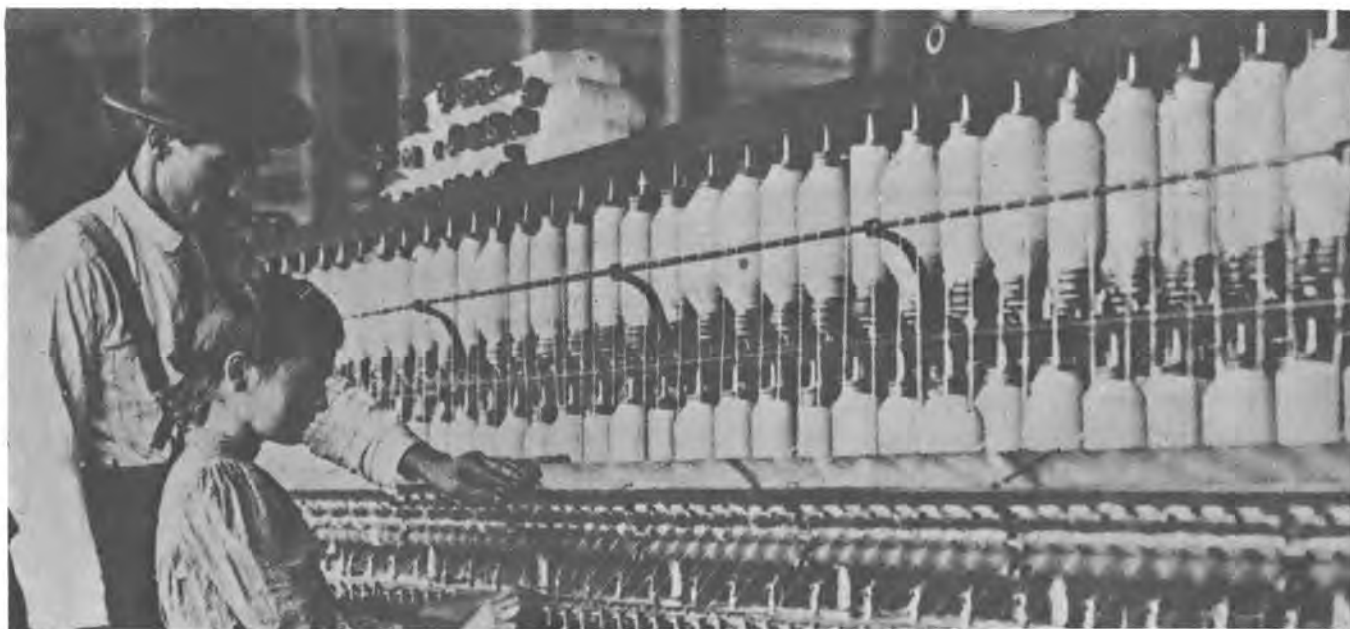
Most millhands came to Carrboro from nearby farms, primarily for two reasons: a farmer's crop failed and, having nothing to fall back on, he took his family to the mill village for shelter and work. Or the father of the family died, leaving a widow who would move to town where her children could find "public work," i.e., wage-earning employment. Eventually others—including Martha Simpson's parents—moved in from the county to get closer to their stores or jobs in a growing Chapel Hill. Martha's father operated a blacksmith shop there, and shortly after they arrived in Carrboro, the mill

owner asked her mother to take on boarders—single women who spent the week in town and returned to their parents' farms for the weekend.

When Martha reached age nine, she went to work in the mill, turning stockings inside-out for 50 cents a week, plus a nickel for Sunday School. Her brother, age 13, and sister, 14, had already been working there for several years. "My mother couldn't stand the thought of playing all the time," she says. "She was a worker, and couldn't stand to see me romping around."

As a small child, Martha was allowed to come in later in the morning than other children and adults, but as she grew older, she was assigned to more difficult jobs. In her early teens she earned 40

Valerie Quinney, now teaching history at the University of Rhode Island, spent several months in 1974 and 1975 interviewing dozens of textile women with Hugh Brinton and Brent Glass under a project of the Chapel Hill Historical Society. The names of the women in this article have been changed.



At age 9, Martha earned 50 cents a week, plus a nickel for Sunday School.



cents a day as a topper, putting material on the machine which sewed tops on socks.

Discipline was informal during these years, and the overseers often acted as much as surrogate fathers as supervisors. Children were allowed to go outside to play if it snowed or rained, but if the thunder and lightning frightened them, the overseer would gather them together inside and turn off the machines. The girls often sang hymns while working, and when they caught up with their jobs, they could sit in the window and talk with friends. "When I first went to work in the mill," Martha says, "I didn't work. I played. They don't do that anymore."

At lunch, the children walked home (with their fathers, if he worked with them) to a meal prepared by mother: milk and butter from the family cow, pork from the pigs kept in the woods by the railroad tracks, canned vegetables from the garden. In fact, for the mother in the typical family, life was much as she had known it on the farm: churning, keeping the chickens, milking the cows, tending the garden, making clothes, caring for the children. Martha recalls that her mother performed all these chores, took care of an invalid daughter and provided for the boarders. "She was the workingest woman I ever heard tell of. . . . Very smart and very industrious." Having come off the farm, women and young girls expected to work hard to provide for their family's livelihood.

On the eve of World War I, when she was 15, Martha married Larry Simpson, a fellow mill worker, and became an adult woman. For the next several years, they travelled throughout North Carolina looking for better work and more wages, while their first born child stayed with Martha's mother in Carrboro. "He was kind of a gypsy," Martha says of her husband. "His brothers would write him they had a good job and then when we

got there they'd move somewhere else."

After the war, the Simpsons settled in a mill town not far from Carrboro and began working in the locally-owned mill, Martha as a spooler earning nine or ten dollars a week, Larry as a loom fixer making \$19 a week. Each day, they walked to the plant together, worked near one another and socialized with friends and neighbors who were co-workers.

The physical situation, however, was much worse than it had been in Carrboro. "That was the nastiest mill that I ever went in and ever heard of," says Martha. "The toilets (were) filthy, and dirt. . . . People spit on the floor, they never swept the floor. It was awful." Everyone drank from the same dipper in the same bucket, which helps explain why epidemics, like the influenza outbreak at the close of World War I, spread rapidly. Cotton dust and lint filled the air:

"I've seen where the sun would shine through the window and I'd see great gobs that big. You couldn't see it unless the sun was shining. . . . I had it in my eyes, my hair'd be white. And my eyelashes. . . when I'd wake up in the morning, my eye could just be like that and (I would) just pull strings out of it."

Martha and her husband rented a mill house with an outside communal toilet and spigot and, like their parents, they got most of their food from a garden and a few farm animals kept near the house. Each evening, Martha would leave the mill an hour early—with the overseer's permission—to start supper for her growing family. When one of her five children was born, she would leave her job until they were about six weeks old, then return to work while her mother or the older children cared for the baby. She recalls that her husband took more responsibility for household chores than her father had done, but it was still a rigorous life,



Fay nearly finished high school before she followed her mother into the mill.

combining the duties of a self-sufficient mother with the full work-load of a millhand. Today, Martha takes a certain pride in the fact that she succeeded without the help of modern conveniences, and points out with some regret that she was the last generation to remain independent of store-bought goods. Her children, she says, "didn't inherit any of that frugal living from me. They got big-headed. I got one daughter, she works herself to death. . . . Her husband's smart, and he likes the garden and chickens and hogs and things. (But) she never sees the hogs. . . . And when they want vegetables, if he don't pick them and bring them in, she goes to the store and buys them. Don't have time to mess, she tells him not to do it."

Fay

In 1930, Martha's oldest daughter, Fay, was 15 and nearly through high school. But the Depression hit town ("knocked it deader than a doornail," says Fay), forcing her to quit school and enter the mill with her parents. They were happy to get two or three days of work a week since many mills—including the one in Carrboro—closed down altogether. "We thank Mr. West for that," Fay says in typical appreciation of the earlier paternalism. "At least we didn't starve. . . . Mr. West kept hanging on and hanging on until he had almost the entire bottom floor of the mill packed as high as it would stay with baled cloth." Eventually, however, West went bankrupt and sold out to a family which had extensive financial connections and a chain of mills.

The new owners brought a different system of management to the mill which has helped the parent company become among the industry's top producers today. They had enough money to "ride out" the Depression, and when the market for cotton goods began climbing, they introduced the

"stretch-out" to increase the mill's profitability. "Where you had three on a job," Fay explains, "they'd stretch it out and two would be on a job, and they'll stretch it out (until) some of them have only one on a job." Gradually, they decreased the 12-hour day to ten, and finally "instead of completing a day's work in ten hours, they had to fix it so it would work in eight." Three separate shifts were begun, and while the worker was in the mill a shorter number of hours, the work was considerably more intense.

Fay remembers that people had very little recourse in the face of such changes: "People here were very grateful for their jobs and some of the bossmen held it over their head. You know, 'You come in and work, or somebody else will get your job.' Well, that was the truth and everybody knew it because where you had a job, probably a dozen other people could run that job as well as you could, standing out there waiting for it."

A long-standing division of work by sex gave men more freedom to come and go during the day, but the new owners slowly initiated tighter security, finally locking the workers inside the gates. "Grown men," says Fay, "would go swimming; they'd go to the theatre, come back and get their work done, and maybe hook a train and go to Mebane to the fair. . . . And at night, I know my husband didn't miss a single change of theater down there for years because he'd catch up with his work and go to the show two hours, come back, catch up at eleven o'clock and go home. . . . The women mostly stayed there and kept the machines running. . . . They used to go out to the cafes and eat, or go out and buy things and drink Coca-Colas. Well, (a relative of one of the workers) started with a little wagon and went through the mill bringing in drinks and sandwiches and stuff. The wagon would come in there two or three times



a day, and people would buy their Coca-Colas and sandwiches and candy bars. (And then the mill owners complained that) there was a whole lot of vandalism going on. So they got to just closing the gates."

In addition to creating a new sense of fear, these new techniques also destroyed the natural camaraderie and easy friendliness between the workers, particularly the women. It was still possible to talk with fellow workers in the 1930s, but in the early

40s the introduction of faster and louder machinery made conversation nearly impossible. Reflecting on these changes, Fay says: "They'd been speeding up the work till you didn't have time to talk, and I think they made a bad mistake with that. As long as you give the workers time to maybe possibly crack a joke or tell something, they're a whole lot more interested in working than they are in just being robots. And I think a whole lot of something has been lost now, people taking pride in their work."

A year after Fay began work, she married an 18-year-old millhand and began having babies. Unlike her mother, she left the mill for several years while her four children were young. But in 1942, "when the mill started up full blast" with government contracts for finished cloth, she joined her husband on the third shift. She viewed her independent income as a source of freedom from a husband who was basically unhappy with the responsibilities of being tied down with a family in his hometown ("he was just doing a teenage revolt").

Other experiences gave Fay a different view of women's rights than that of her mother. For example, when her husband and other male workers went to war, Fay recalls with pride the resourcefulness of the women: "Women almost kept the mills going and everything else because all that bunch of boys and men they had down there that were of draft age were drafted. I really didn't realize that there were so many men gone until they all came back. You missed a face, and you knew a boy had gone in . . . but it really didn't dawn on me til they came back in actually how many were gone."

Fay continued to work the third shift after the men returned and to take care of her children, though she had some help from a black housekeeper in the afternoons. She didn't have time for a garden or livestock, or even many friends; her husband, Ed, failed to offer much help. "I've often wished I was a man because I thought I could change the situation a little bit," she laughs, "and maybe sometime when Ed would make me good and mad I'd wish I was a man like him just so I could beat the tar out of him. (But) it's kind of futile. I think it's entirely stupid to keep butting your head against a stone wall. I don't care how much I want to be a man, there's nothing I can do about it. . . . It's like a woman getting pregnant; it didn't care whether she wanted to have that baby or not, there wasn't much choice about it. She was going to have the baby. Of course, they don't do that too much nowadays.

Janie

Fay's daughter Janie carries many of her mother's ideas another step further. On the one hand she articulates a traditional sense of fatalism about her position as a working class woman; on the other hand she is in many ways the first generation to assert some control over her life through such "modern" means as divorce, family planning, unions and political organizations. For example, Janie, too, was married at 16, but when she saw the marriage was a mistake, she went into the mills "to earn money for a divorce"—before she got pregnant. Fay had not wanted any of her children to work in textiles because "it's dirty work going on, and you always see favoritism. . . . All the boss-men and straw bosses had women down there in the mill belonging to them, and they were the one that got the snap jobs." To Janie, however, there was very little option, given her education, sex and economic background, except going into the mill:

"We went to school, the farmers' children and the mill children more or less over here, and your uptown children were over here. . . . You were taught in the same classroom, but you could tell even as a child that you were not given the attention that the uptown children were given, and so, you know, that bothered you, too. The blacks talk about segregation. I know what they're talking about. Not as bad as they have had it, really, but, in a sense, we were sort of segregated. . . . So I never really thought about (what I was going to do when I grew up) because I knew that the circumstances would prevent me from going to school and furthering my education. I learned quite young we're not poor-poor, but we're poor. . . . and I just never let it worry me or think about it. I should have, I suppose, because they say where there's a will, there's a way. But I still say it goes back to

the way you're raised. Girls were more, 'You don't do things like that'. . . . Girls just can't go off and live by themselves—'nice girls don't do that'. . . . Thank the Lord education hasn't been limited to the elite and the rich anymore. If you want an education now, you can get it, boys and girls both. But, you know, girls didn't go to college like boys."

So when it came time to look for work, Janie followed her mother into the mill. It was close to home, required no special training or dress, paid well compared to what other employers offered 18-year-olds without skills—and perhaps more importantly, she had what she now calls "this complex: I didn't feel like I could get a job anywhere else."

In 1957, after a few years in the mill, Janie began a new life with a new husband who worked in the shipping department. They decided from the start that they would wait two years before having their first child, making Janie the first in three generations to allude to knowledge of birth control techniques. She quit work when her first baby was born and did not return until the second child was three months old. When she went back to the mill in 1963 ("because we wanted to pay for our home and everything"), she worked the second shift while her husband, Richard, kept his day-time job "so one of us would be at home with the children all the time." For the next eleven years, Janie says, "We never saw much of one another." She got up early, did the washing and ironing, cared for the children and left the evening meal cooked, ready for re-heating. A baby-sitter kept the children until Richard came home. He served them dinner, put them to bed and cleaned the house on Friday nights.

Today, the children are teenagers, and the couple has earned the money to purchase their own three-bedroom, tastefully-decorated brick home equipped with a dishwasher, washing machine, dryer and color television. "It's not a house to us," says Janie. "It's a home. To me there's a big difference." They have beef cattle in the field and a garden, but they are hobbies, not necessities. The old, isolated mill village has been torn down because the cost of repairing and modernizing the houses made them an unprofitable investment for the mill owners. Now Janie and Richard hardly know their neighbors except to say "hello" occasionally, but they are both active in larger civic organizations like the PTA and precinct Democratic Party.

To succeed in this new life-style, Janie and Richard have both been hard-working and thrifty—and both have left the mill, Janie for an office clerk job ("it's like a vacation"), Richard for a higher-paying, unionized position with a multinational corporation. Neither of them would like

to return to textiles, and Janie specifically says, "It's nothing I would want my children to do. . . . It's an honest living and it's hard work . . . but I don't want them to work as hard as I did. . . . There's no future in it."

Janie talks at length about the conditions in the mill and why she left her top paying post as a weaver: "If you make production, you earn good money. But this means you ache on your job. . . . It's still that way today. You have no one to relieve you, to sit down and eat lunch, unless the guy that fixed your loom volunteered to run for you to eat. But it's eight solid hours of continuous walking. And you have no one to relieve you to go to the bathroom. If you wanted to make money, you stayed on your job eight solid hours. You made good money, but to me, it wasn't worth it."

The lint, humidity and noise made working unpleasant and conversation difficult: "You have to get accustomed to (the noise)," says Janie. "I think it took me two or three weeks to really get this roaring out of my head and get accustomed to walking in, and I did find that you learned to read lips a lot. I doubt I could do it now, but you know, you could talk to someone, although you couldn't hear exactly what they were saying."

"And the men, we found that they could goof off if they wanted to," Janie recalls, reflecting the resentments of the earlier generation. "And, of course, I guess we just took it as a matter-of-fact thing, you know, and some nights they'd have to work harder than others but a lot of nights, they were *there*. . . . I don't sound bitter, do I?" she laughs. "I'm not, because I guess I was brought up, women did harder work than men any time. But that's changing some now. It amazes me that everything is changing, but sometimes I wonder if some of the women aren't taking on a little more than they should or can possibly take care of. But I guess they have confidence in themselves that they can do it, and they are doing it."

In addition to the loss of socializing at the mill, says Janie, pressures on the supervisors to increase production meant that the old attention to the workers' needs had to go: "I had a supervisor who didn't know how to deal with people. He didn't know how to talk; he would shout at them. . . . He felt like they were uneducated people even though he was an uneducated man himself. . . . One particular night . . . I went to the bathroom. It was two o'clock in the morning, and I had not been. I walked in and used the bathroom and washed my hands and walked back out, and he was waiting on me. Oh, we had a few words. I walked away from him, I said, 'Don't holler at me; I'm a human being.'"

Janie's sensitivity to her mistreatment led her to become the first in her family to speak entirely positively for the rights of blacks and unions: "When I was growing up, I couldn't understand why the blacks had to sit at the back of the bus. I couldn't understand why they had to stand at a lunch counter to eat or take the food away. I didn't understand why they had separate bathrooms and . . . I guess when all this (civil rights) came about, I was glad. . . . They're human and they deserve the same rights in this world that I deserve. They deserve a better education. If they're going to spend money, they deserve the right to spend it like I do. I don't see why they should be kicked back or pushed and say, 'No, you can't do this because you're black,'"

Textile workers, Janie believes, should begin asserting their rights and supporting each other like blacks did in order to win improvements in the mill. "I was really for a union," she says. If one had won in her plant, she thinks they would have had "decent salaries like other union plants, and I would have expected more courtesy, you know, and let's just say better working conditions." But as it turned out, Janie's pro-union sympathies pushed her out of the mill: "One night when we came out of work, there were union men at the gates. And they had their cards. And my neighbor across the street, she and I rode back and forth to work together at that time. He said, 'If you want, fill these cards out and hand them back to me tomorrow night. We'll be back again.' I said, 'Well, I don't think I'll wait til tomorrow night. I'll do it now.' And I did. Of course, there were the men from the office, the manager . . . watching. But really I didn't feel afraid. I thought, 'Well, this is what we need.' We really needed it. And they got upset because a lot of us went to union meetings. I only attended two, I think."

Workers who had attended the meetings were called into the manager's office and asked why they had attended. Janie told him that there were two sides to everything and that she went to the union meetings to hear their side. The manager assured her and the other workers that he would protect their cars against damage from the union men. He ended, "You will be at work. You will not let them scare you off, will you?" Janie was sure nothing had been said at the meeting about harming workers or damaging their cars. The notion of violence was invented by the mill manager.

After the meeting, she noticed that she was given the dirtiest jobs. Her supervisor assigned her to work on a set of dilapidated looms that nobody could make any money on. At the end of the week, she quit. Janie's children have not gone in the mill.

A New Twist for Textiles



photo by Roger Manley

by Chip Hughes

The last decade has seen a new era begin for the southern textile industry. For years it has been haunted by its low profitability and poor public image. At last, industry executives are determined to shake those features and take steps toward putting on a "new face." For the first time in over a century of operation, southern textiles may develop into a modern, capital-intensive industry. But the pace of the process and the extent of its success are complicated by a morass of labor stirrings, capital shortages, entrepreneurial caution and governmental interference.

The change taking place is a momentous one, comparable perhaps to that caused when the textile industry crossed the ocean from England to New England, and again when it left New England (and the workers who had begun to demand higher wages) and headed south a century ago. This new period, however, is not marked by a geographic

move, but by simultaneous forces demanding changes of all aspects of the industry, and by the determined responses of textile executives.

In the last few years, for instance, the industry has witnessed a significant shift in the composition of its workforce. Mills no longer operate as white-only reserves. In fact, low income blacks now account for more than 20 percent of the textile workforce. They have brought with them independent attitudes and strong feelings of support for the union. For an industry which has intimidated workers and fought unions with more success than any in the country, this can only signal trouble.

At the same time, the federal government has recently established restrictive federal pollution, safety and health regulations. And though the government has rarely pushed for compliance, new

Chip Hughes is the Research Director of the Institute for Southern Studies, currently focusing on occupational safety and health issues.



photo by Roger Manley

organizations of retired and active textile workers have arisen, demanding that companies abide by the laws and clean their plants of such health dangers as excessive cotton dust in the air.

In response to these worker-related problems, the textile industry would like nothing more than simply to eliminate their workers through automation. The technology finally exists to fulfill at least some of these management hopes, and companies have begun to lay-off workers and replace them with new machines.

Until recently, textile companies have been unable to afford automation, for they have stayed small compared to most major American corporations. For the past seven years, the federal government has even banned mergers, encouraging companies to remain small. Now that ban has been lifted, and the large companies will soon begin to buy up smaller ones, to gain the capital necessary to automate even more.

These changes will totally reshape the industry and the lives of its hundreds of thousands of workers. This new era, however, has not yet fully arrived, and the industry is now in a period of transition, still as affected by its unique past as by its future. To understand the industry today, and the forces shaping its future, one must look to the lives of those who have worked in southern textile mills (see accompanying articles) and to the economic and social realities that form the industry's background. Among those realities:

- The majority of US textile mills are located in an arc across the South, extending from north-

eastern North Carolina, through the piedmont to the textile "capital" of Greenville, S.C. (60 percent of the textile workforce is said to live within 100 miles of that city), down to Georgia and into the black belt of Alabama. Within this arc can be found 656,000 workers in thousands of textile mills.

- Textiles has been, and remains, the dominating force of the southern economy. Its \$16-18 billion of sales annually is 30-50 percent larger than the volume of southern agriculture. In five southern states it employs over 25 percent of the labor force, despite growing automation.

- When textile owners began operations, many located their mills in small towns or wilderness areas. They made their towns dependent on the mill economy. Often the mill was the only employer, rented all the homes, owned the stores and shops. The company alone made up the local power structure. Without it, the town would have died.

- Since its first years, low income whites have traditionally filled the southern textile workforce, and whole families have frequently been employed at a single mill. Women have always been a major portion of the workforce, and even in 1974, 47 percent of textile workers were women, compared to 29 percent in all manufacturing industries.

- No industry has avoided unionization as successfully as textiles, primarily by settling in the South. Twenty years ago, the industry included 252,000 union members. Nationally, there are now 141,000 members among the 800,000 workers. Less than ten percent of the southern workers are unionized.

- Textile workers' wages once compared well with



Victorious Oneita strikers in 1973.

national industrial averages. In 1950, textile workers earned \$1.13 per hour, while the industrial average was \$1.09. By 1955, however, the textile average wage had slipped a penny below the national average and since then it has plummeted even more. In 1975 the average textile wage was only 61 percent of the national average, \$1.30 less.

- The industry has been extremely vulnerable to spurts and cycles. Production and marketing continue to be archaic and unpredictable, and profitability is always uncertain. When one company hits on a hot-selling consumer item, others jump into the "marketplace," crank out a similar product and inevitably glut the market, sending the industry into another tailspin. These cycles of oversupply occur every three or four years.

- Well-connected northern investors have historically shunned southern textiles. Its cycles have been too irregular, its profit margin too small, its selling operations too haphazard. An investment in textiles has always been a gamble, and investors have avoided it for more lucrative industries.

- Given the little amount of capital required to begin a new mill, the competitive nature of the industry and the government's ban on mergers, no companies have dominated the field. The industry's two giants, Burlington Industries and J.P. Stevens, have been able to corner less than ten percent of the textile market, while the rest is scattered amidst 4,000 small firms, almost three-fourths of which are still family owned.

- Without money from investors, textile com-

panies have been unable to afford the few high-priced pieces of automation that have been developed. And with a steady supply of cheap labor they have had no need to.

For years these were the steady background forces of the southern textile industry. They became basic truths, unchallengeable. Now their firmness is crumbling, and with their fall, a new era is being entered.

Blacks Revitalize Workforce

No part of the industry is in more flux than the workforce. Many long-time textile workers have chosen to leave the mills on their own. The late 1960s brought about a new round of industrialization for the South. During this period, many electronics, metal fabrication, heavy equipment and chemical manufacturers moved into the region, often fleeing the unions and higher northern wages. These new industries have taken white workers out of their traditional mill jobs and moved them into higher paying job categories. As the textile industry's pool of unskilled whites has dried up and is lured away, it has been forced to look toward a group that it had systematically excluded—poor southern blacks.

For many years, blacks had been used as an effective threat in keeping mill workers' wages at low levels. Whenever there was discontent among the white mill hands, the owners could play on the whites' racial fears with the threat that blacks

would take over their jobs. At long last, this exclusionary policy has been ended and blacks are no longer used as an outside threat, but are inside the mills, at work.

Many plants that were once all white now include workforces that are more than half black. Throughout the industry, 20 percent of the workers are black. These workers, offsprings of the civil rights movement, are unlike their paternalized white predecessors. They do not blindly follow all the rules that their bosses have established. Employers have complained of "discipline" problems, increased costs of employee training programs and a higher turnover. According to R.P. Timmerman, president of the Graniteville Mills in South Carolina, the number of blacks in his mills "is reaching a level where you begin to have problems."

The most distressing "problem" to the mill owner is the black workers' sympathetic attitudes toward unionization. Already young black textile workers have played leading roles in union victories at the Oneita Mills in Andrews, S.C., and at J.P. Stevens' seven-mill complex in Roanoke Rapids, N.C. Employers have responded to this activity with threats, rumors and accusations. During the organizing campaign at the J.P. Stevens plants, the supervisors circulated pictures of the San Francisco "zebra" murder victims and the black suspects in the case. The pictures were captioned, "Would you want this to happen here?" Mill owners have also equated the advent of unionism with a black takeover of the workplace. In a letter to its employees at one plant, 80 percent of whom were white, Stevens executives wrote: "A special word to our black employees. It has come repeatedly to our attention that it is among you that the union supporters are making their most intensive drive—that you are being insistently told that the union is the wave of the future for you especially—and that by going into the union in mass, you can dominate it and control it in this plant, and in these Roanoke Rapids plants, as you may see it."

These tactics have allowed mill owners to continue intimidating the white workers, but have not stopped the flow of blacks into the mills. The numbers of black textile workers continue to rise, along with their interest in unionization.

The Union Returns

As white workers have known for decades, black workers are learning the problems of building a strong union. Although organizing efforts have been made since the 1880s, only eight percent of the textile workforce is unionized. For the Textile Workers Union of America (AFL-CIO), every day is another struggle to stay alive; which, in turn, has demanded more organizing. And organizing has

become increasingly difficult.

During the 1950s, the union lost most of its membership base when the textile industry increased its flight to the low-wage, non-union South. Many of the union's northern locals were eliminated, depleting its financial resources and making the cost of new organizing too expensive. Impoverished, the TWUA has been forced to depend on the Industrial Union Department, the organizing arm of the national AFL-CIO, which under the leadership of George Meany and I.W. Abel has been less than enthusiastic in carrying out its mandate to "organize the unorganized."

Organizing in textiles has always been a dangerous business, yielding mainly pyrrhic victories



photo by Sam Reiss

Union officials and workers march with dignitaries to gain publicity for their campaigns against Oneita Mills (above, in New York City) and J. P. Stevens & Company (Roanoke Rapids, N.C.)



and numbing defeats. During the past 13 years, the TWUA has concentrated its efforts on the industry's second largest chain, J.P. Stevens. With the exception of a union election victory among 3,000 workers in J.P. Stevens' Roanoke Rapids plants, the drive has been largely unsuccessful. In Roanoke Rapids, Stevens executives responded to the union victory with a vicious anti-union campaign: union supporters have been fired en masse, organizers have had their phones tapped and its supervisors have tried to spread rumors of black takeovers, higher crime rates and inter-racial marriages. Workers are warned that the company closed down its only other plant, in Statesboro, Ga., where the union had won bargaining rights.

photo by Frank Blechman



The Carolina Brown Lung Association has organized chapters in North and South Carolina and is now holding regular meetings and demonstrating to gain compensation from the disease caused by breathing cotton dust.



Primary to the industry's anti-union strategy is the firing of union supporters during the organizing campaign. For example, in the Stevens campaign, the company illegally fired 289 workers, and eventually had to reinstate them and award back pay of over \$1.3 million. In addition, the National Labor Relations Board has found Stevens guilty in 13 separate "unfair labor practices" cases, none of which has been overturned by the courts. Despite such fines and law violations, Stevens continues to believe it's cheaper to fire union supporters than give in to their demands. For the union, this strategy has effectively squelched most organizing efforts. With each new organizing drive, the company steps up its anti-union efforts, filling other workers with fear, while the union's main adherents have been effectively eliminated. Months or years later, the slow wheels of the NLRB may turn, fining textile companies and possibly reinstating the fired union supporters. But the damage has been done, and the NLRB can only give too little, too late.

Still, the union has been a continual aggravation for the industry. And since winning negotiation rights at Stevens' Roanoke Rapids plants in August, 1974, the union has posed the threat of staging a major comeback.

Dirty Work

Industry executives have fought unions for years, but now they have to face a new challenge: the government and workers who are not necessarily allied with the union. For many years, the industry has hidden behind the excuse of low profits, pleading its inability to clean up either the working conditions in the mills or the pollution they produce. With its new plans for automation, the textile managers hope to eliminate many of the dangerous and unhealthy working conditions by ridding themselves of the workers entirely. In the interim, though, most textile workers continue to labor amidst numerous toxic substances, deafening noise levels, unsafe machinery and deadly, disabling cotton dust. According to figures from the US Department of Labor, as many as 100,000 textile workers are now suffering from the chronic lung disease byssinosis, caused by excessive exposure to cotton dust. Medical researchers have also estimated that as much as 25 percent of the textile workforce has been deafened by the noisy looms.

During the past year, a new organization, the Carolina Brown Lung Association, has been formed for the expressed purpose of fighting for better conditions for mill hands, as well as for just compensation for those whose health has already been destroyed. In North and South Carolina, the Association is pressuring the Occupational Safety

Endangered Species

and Health Administration to carry out a vigorous enforcement policy against mills that violate the OSHA cotton dust standard. Thus far, the governmental agencies have been unwilling to move against the powerful textile interests.

Instead of undertaking the costly process of correcting the dangerous conditions, the textile industry has responded to these initiatives with a torrent of rhetoric attacking the "imposition of unreasonable government regulations." F. Sadler Love, secretary-treasurer of the American Textile Manufacturers Institute claims that the proposed government regulations on noise, cotton dust and waste-water quality would cost the industry \$3.5 billion over a five year period. According to Love, "This would amount to more than all the profits of all the textile companies in all the states of the union and would result in soaring textile prices to the consumer, no wage increases for employees, no dividends for stockholders and no modernization of plants or machinery." *The American Textiles Reporter*, a trade magazine, remarked about the explosiveness of the situation: "It remains to be seen whether OSHA will be as big a bane to the industry as were the flying squads of union organizers in the 1930s." Already, the industry has begun warding off campaigns for better working conditions with almost as much venom as it once directed against those flying squads.

Dissatisfied (and even militant) black workers, a potentially aggressive union, worker and government pressure about pollution, safety and health regulations—these forces have worried southern textile mill owners recently. Now they have found a simple way to overcome them: replace the workers with machines. During the 1960s, the industry saw a boom in the development of textile technology, particularly in Czechoslovakia and eastern Europe. New machinery was developed which will revamp nearly every step in the textile production process, combining several operations, increasing machine speeds and decreasing the need for labor. Chute-fed carding machines, open-end spinning and shuttle-less looms are expected to increase substantially cloth production, while drastically cutting the need for labor.

Burlington Industries has already begun its automation. According to Horace Jones, the company's chairman, operating floor space has been reduced by 13 percent during the past year and the number of Burlington employees has been slashed by 17,000 from its peak of 88,000 in October, 1973. Despite these cutbacks, the company has maintained its annual productive capacity of approximately \$2.5 billion, and spent over \$100 million on new equipment during 1975. In the coming year, the company's capital spending is expected to reach \$175 million, almost all of which will go

TEXTILE INDUSTRY LEADERS OF 1974 (listed by size) (in million \$)	Net Sales (million \$)	Net Income	Income as a % of sales	Assets	% Paid As Dividends	Labor Costs as % of sales	% Stock owned by insiders	# Institutions Owning Stock & % They Own	Top Executive & and their tot- al compensati-	Comments
BURLINGTON INDUST.	2330	100	4.3%	1645	41%	29%	----	79,21%	H. C. Jones \$307,593	32 plants a- broad; consum- er goods; 36%
J.P. STEVENS CO.	1264	39	3.1%	750	33%	29%	----	26,11%	J.D. Finley \$360,511	'74 record yr.; target of lab- or boycott.
UNITED MERCH. & MFR.	963	31	3.2%	1067	26%	23%	----	15,15%	Martin Schwal \$150,200	Owms Robt Hall Stores; '74 rec- ord year.
WEST PT.-PEPPERELL	581	25	4.3%	357	42%	32%	----	31,14%	J.P. Howland \$244,413	home products 40%; #4 in den- ims; hg profit
LOWENSTEIN & SONS	563	8	1.4%	371	43%	30%	50%	3, 2%	R. Bendheim \$160,000	big printing, finishing; in- side owners.
SPRINGS MILLS	556	14	2.4%	437	45%	30%	66%	3, 2%	H.W. Close \$241,407	newly divers. Seabrook food & nursing hms
DAN RIVER MILLS	440	7	1.6%	315	48%	34%	10%	10, 7%	R.S. Small \$205,077	hardest hit wt recess; 9 wk. UTW strike
CONE MILLS	434	15	3.5%	252	28%	27%	45%	5, 1%	L.S. Morris	booming denim profits;

With the lead of Burlington and Stevens, the industry has embarked on its journey toward oligopolization, yielding fewer competitors of greatly increased size and diversity. In the stock ownership column, the shift from family control to ownership by outside financial interests is apparent, particularly for the larger companies. Executive salaries contrast sharply with the average textile workers' salary (\$6,380), which now lags \$3,186 behind the government's estimate of income needed to maintain an adequate standard of living for a family of four.

toward modernizing plants and equipment. According to Luther Hodges, Jr., chairman of North Carolina National Bank, these trends may spread throughout the industry: "Burlington has rehired fewer workers than it was forced to lay off when the recession began. Other companies are following the same pattern and it could be a long, long time before the southern textile industry employs the number of people it did before the recession." Bureau of Labor Statistics figures show that employment in the southern textile industry dropped by 107,200 jobs during 1975 alone and more cutbacks are expected.

Even more jobs will be lost and automation increased in the wake of a recent government action ending its 1968 ban on mergers within the textile industry. Textile analysts have said that a major reason for the merger ban was the government's desire to protect the South's large unskilled labor pool. For years the industry has provided low-wage employment for this large bloc of the South's workforce, offering them some employment but discouraging them from developing other skills. The government was apparently afraid that if the industry giants were given free reign to carry out mergers and increase monopolization, then the process of replacing low-skilled workers with machines would also be quickened, and the South would be left with a much larger pool of unemployed, low-skilled laborers than before. It passed the merger ban and the industry remained

bloated with small, highly-competitive and unprofitable companies. With the end of the merger ban, this will soon change. Burlington and J.P. Stevens and the other large companies (see accompanying box) can be expected to grow. Many of the smaller ones will be swallowed. Companies will merge, operations will consolidate and thousands of jobs will be eliminated.

These are the forces at work within the southern textile industry. Essentially they make up twin movements: the workforce is becoming less docile and more willing to complain when treated poorly by the industry. The executives have responded with actions that provide more reasons for complaint.

A new era is beginning for textiles, but it is still too early to determine the exact growth moves of the industry. Even with mergers, the industry may not find the capital sufficient to automate to the extent that the new technology makes possible. And the workers may take for themselves the power necessary to halt both the approaching automation and the continuing slump in their wages compared to those in other industries. Industry executives may find new tactics that will succeed in placating the militant new textile workers, or those workers may trigger an organizing movement within the mill that has never before been achieved. Whatever the final results, one thing is clear: it's a new day for the southern textiles industry.

CAPITAL SPENDING ON THE RISE	Year	Burlington	Cone Mills	Fieldcrest	Dan River	Lowenstein	Springs Mills	J.P. Stevens	West-Pt. Pepperl.
Capital Expenditures (in million \$)	66	159.37	12.30	9.68	13.95	28.10	38.51	47.04	18.06
	70	123.10	11.05	6.54	8.33	19.46	14.94	28.14	11.78
	74	142.50	15.00	10.38	30.90	22.69	19.06	47.51	23.52
# Employees	66	69,000	14,100	10,855	19,000	16,000	18,000	43,527	18,900
	70	86,000	14,000	12,101	20,000	17,550	18,000	49,000	21,271
	74	81,000	14,100	11,700	19,000	16,000	19,000	46,000	20,000
Earnings Plowback Ratio	66	9.4%	6.1%	6.6%	6.4%	4.8%	3.6%	7.0%	7.3%
	70	4.7%	1.2%	3.7%	Nil	4.1%	Nil	Nil	1.1%
	74	6.6%	7.1%	Nil	2.6%	2.9%	2.7%	6.6%	6.4%
Long-term debt (in million \$)	66	298.6	21.37	30.17	39.33	52.21	0	114	1.05
	70	398.3	29.58	46.81	68.28	43.07	32.88	141.95	2.71
	74	422	30	65.60	78	119	95	187	46

This chart illustrates trends toward increased spending on new equipment. Both capital spending and long-term debt have risen as companies scramble to modernize. "Earnings plowback ratio" drops uniformly, as companies up dividends to attract new investors. Figures on the number of employees have yet to reflect the full impact of the industry's accelerating automation plans. Burlington, for example, employed 11,000 fewer people in the South for 1975.

Textile Resources

Prepared by the
Institute for Southern Studies

The resources below should serve to complement the journalistic portrayals of the southern textile industry. The charts and tables illustrate the changing nature of both financing and personnel within the industry. Each caption identifies a salient feature of

the transition—from tightly-knit family firms to a welcoming of outside board directors, from a reliance on local capital and short-term financing to a dependence on major Wall Street banks and insurance companies and long-term debt. The annotated bibliography provides an overview of the historical materials available and should be valuable for those interested in further information. Special thanks to Harry Boyte and Tema Okun for assistance with this section.

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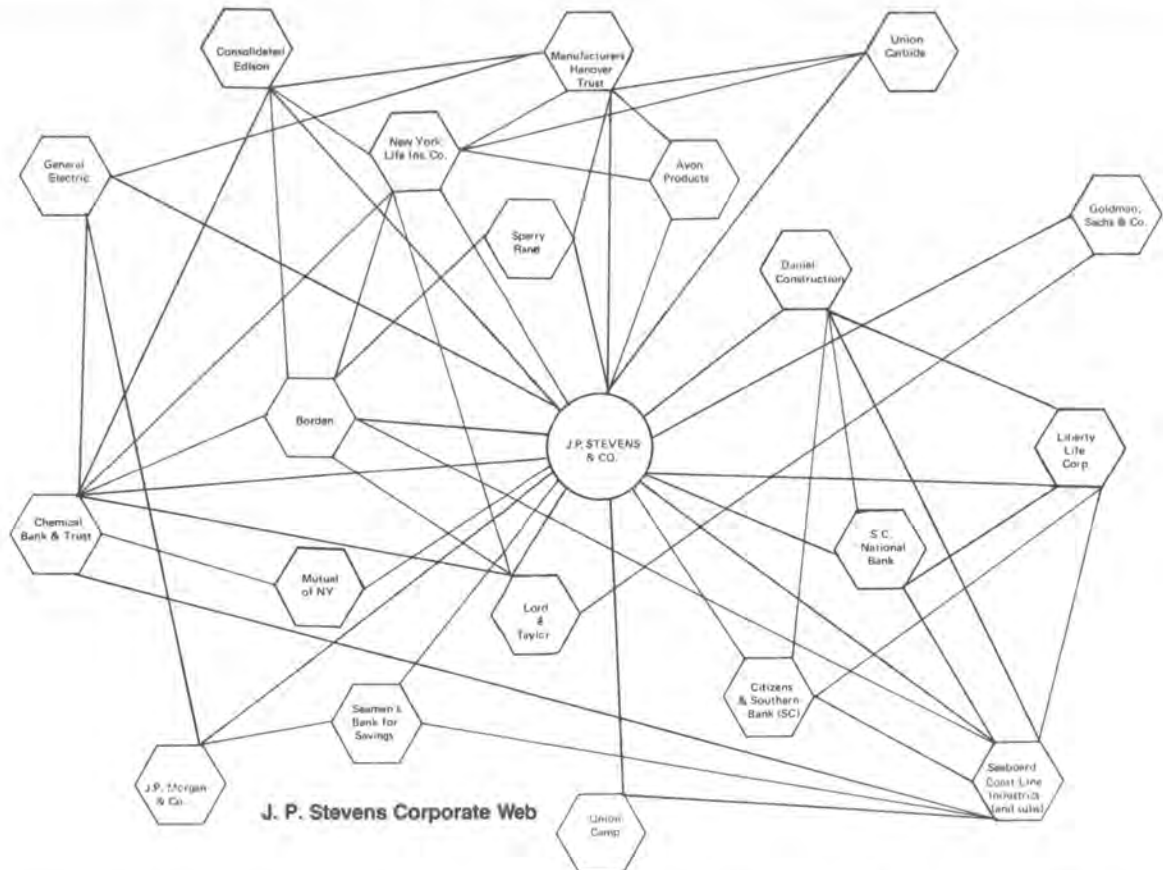
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Beal, Fred. *Proletarian Journey: New England, Gastonia, Moscow*. Hillman-Curl, 1937. Beal was one of the main organizers of the Communist Party's National Textile Workers Union at the 1929 Gastonia strike.

Berglund, A., George Starnes and Frank DeVuyver. *Labor in the Industrial South: A Survey of Wages and Living Conditions in Three Major Industries of the New Industrial South*. Univ. of Virginia Press, 1930. Comparative study of furniture, lumber and cotton industries.

Boyte, Harry. "The Textile Industry, Keel of Southern Industrialization," *Radical America*. Vol. VI, No. 2 (1973). Solid economic analysis of the emergence of the industry. Extensive bibliographical footnotes.

Cash, W.J. *Mind of the South*. Alfred Knopf, 1941. Monumental work



The above illustrates how one large and well-established textile concern, J. P. Stevens and Co., now depends not only on traditional family leadership but also on outside directors who are well entrenched in the life of corporate America. Each line radiating from Stevens (the circle) to the outside corporations (hexagons) represents a Stevens' board member who sits on the company's board. 8 of the 20 lines are interlocks which Stevens added to its board in the last two years. Each line joining two hexagons represents a non-Stevens director who sits on the board of both companies, a further indication of how tight the corporate web surrounding Stevens is. Note that 9 of the 20 hexagons are financial institutions.

of enormous dimensions. Indispensable as a starting place for any "feel" for the mill worker, and indeed for the South. See "No More Moanin," **Southern Exposure**, Vol. I, No. 3-4 (1974), for a penetrating essay-review by Neill Herring.

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textile company board member.

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Dunn, Robert W. and Jack Hardy. **Labor and Textiles**. International Publishers, 1931. Part of IP's Labor and Industry Series from the 30's. Presents an economic analysis of a "sick giant" from a radical viewpoint.

Gilman, Glen. **Human Relations in the Industrial Southeast: A Study of the Textile Industry**. Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1956. A sophisticated, generally pro-industry view. Bibliographical footnotes.

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Albemarle Paper Company employees in Roanoke Rapids, N.C. Interview results provide a methodology for suggesting why unions fail and how to organize differently in textiles.

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Jolly, Harley E. "The Labor Movement in North Carolina, 1880-1922," **North Carolina Historical Review**. Vol. 30 (July 1953).

The following resources provide information on the industry from textile workers' points-of-view:

Brown Lung Cotton Mill Blues, a recording of textile songs, old and new, released by JuneAppal Records, 1975. A companion booklet combines the songs' texts with popular history to tell the textile workers' story. This entertaining and valuable resource—the record and the booklet—is available from the Southern Institute for Occupational Health, Box 861, Cayce, S.C. 29033 for \$5.00, proceeds going to brown lung organizing.

Byssinosis. A number of medical articles and several popular features have appeared on "brown lung" in recent years, available from Dr. James Merchant, ALFORD, National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, Morgantown, W. Va. or from the Carolina Brown Lung Association, Box 11694, Columbia, S.C. 29211.

National Labor Relations Board. These records will be most useful for legal research, of course, but also contain some of the best information on organizing campaigns.

The Southern Oral History Program, University of North Carolina,

Chapel Hill, N.C. has on file a collection of oral source materials on workers and labor organizing in the southern piedmont. The Program has interviews with textile workers, labor organizers, mill owners and intellectuals and reformers who supported the movement to unionize the textile industry.

Textile Workers Union of America, 99 University Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. During the 40s and 50s, the research and education departments—headed by Solomon Barkin and Lawrence Rogin at their peak sizes—produced a number of survey studies, research reports and booklets on the industry, such as *Half a Million Forgotten People: The Story of the Cotton Textile Worker* (1944), available in libraries. More recent studies have tended to focus on particular companies. For example: *This Is the Real J.P. Stevens* (1975), available from the TWUA. More information can be found in the TWUA papers at the Wisconsin State Historical Society and TWUA's monthly newspaper, *Textile Labor*.

United Textile Workers of America, 420 Common St., Lawrence, Mass. 01840. The best research efforts of the UTW came before the formation of the TWUA in

the 30s. The UTW papers at the Southern Labor Archives, Georgia State University, include material from the 1930s to the 1960s. The UTW presently publishes its *Textile Challenger* bi-monthly.

Numerous trade journals cover textiles from the industry's viewpoint. The *Daily News Record* is the most detailed source on day-to-day activities—plant closings, finances, etc., while *Southern Textile News* gives a weekly report on southern companies. The monthly publications—*America's Textile Reporter/Bulletin*, *Textile World*, and *Textile Industries*—focus on technology, marketing, finances, and labor relations. The American Textile Manufacturers' Institute (ATMI), the industry trade association, publishes a quarterly compendium of economic facts, *Textile Highlights*.

In addition to regular news coverage by local national press, the *Nation*, the *Progressive*, *Commonweal* and other periodicals cover textiles from a more political perspective through contemporary journalists Mimi Conway, Ferrel Guillory, Ed McConville, Mark Pinsky, Phil Sparks and others. *Textile Labor* and *Textile Challenger* (mentioned elsewhere) present the union perspective.

Kelly, Richard. *Nine Lives for Labor*. Praeger, 1956. Introduction by Emil Rieve, former president of the TWUA. A moving portrait of nine people who lost their lives working for the union.

Kennedy, John. "A History of the Textile Workers' Union of America, CIO." Unpublished Ph.D. dissertation. Univ. of North Carolina, 1950. Academic account includes good data. Overdependent on union sources, interviews with only the top leaders.

Two strike periods stand above all others in southern textiles—the 1929-1930 uprisings and the General Strike of 1934. A great deal of literature has emerged concerning both, especially the 1929 strikes. The contemporary accounts convey the intensity of the day while historical studies provide a broader context of analysis.

1929 Strikes

When the stretch-out brought the Depression to the southern mills in 1929, a series of wildcats erupted—Henderson, Gastonia, and Marion, N.C., Elizabethton, Tenn., and Danville, Va. And the era was as ripe with journalists as with strikers—writing for ACLU ("Justice—North Carolina Style," 1930) and the Harvard Law Review ("The Gastonia Strikers' Case," 1931), the *New Masses* and *Christian Century*. The major accounts are below. Liston Pope's *Millhands and Preachers* and Irving Bernstein's *Lean Years* have excellent bibliographies for numerous other listings.

Tom Tippet's *When Southern Labor Stirs* is probably the best, most-inclusive eye-witness account. Based at Brookwood Labor College in New York, Tippet traveled to Gastonia, Marion and Elizabethton. Reprints in a four-part pamphlet series (introduction plus three strikes) are available from Appalachian Movement Press, Box 8074, Huntington, W. Va. 25303. Among the variety and high-quality of other contemporary accounts:

From *The Nation* (V. 128-129):

Sherwood Anderson, "Elizabethton, Tennessee," (May 1, 1929);

Lahne, Herbert. *The Cotton Mill Worker*. Farrar & Rinehart, 1944. A thorough account of the northern and southern industries, union development and controversies and workers' conditions. Some weaknesses on the earlier periods (see McLaurin). Good bibliography.

Leifermann, H.P. "Unions are Coming," *New York Times Magazine*. August 5, 1973. TWUA's important campaign at J.P. Stevens' plants at

Roanoke Rapids, N.C. combined with an intimate view of a textile worker turned organizer, Crystal Lee Jordan. Leifermann's recent book, *Crystal* (1975), focuses almost entirely on the woman without amplifying the union story.

MacDonald, Lois. *Southern Mill Hills: A Study of Social and Economic Forces in Certain Mill Villages*. A.L. Hillman, 1928. Based on interviews and field investigations. MacDonald talked to many workers, especially

Paul Blanshard, "Communism in the Southern Cotton Mills." (April 24, 1929) and "One Hundred Percent Americans On Strike," (May 8, 1929);

Lois Bonner, "Behind the Southern Textile Strike," (Oct., 1929);

Nell Battle Lewis, "Tar Hell Justice," (Sept. 11, 1929).

From the *New Republic*:

Lois MacDonald, "Normalcy in the Carolinas," (1930);

George Fort Milton, "The South Fights the Union." (1929).

From *New Masses*:

Harvey O'Connor, "Carolina Mill Slaves," (1929);

Mary H. Vorse, "Elizabethton Sits On a Powder Keg," (1929).

Among labor historians, Irving Bernstein, in the prologue to his *Lean Years*, presents the most unified account of the upheavals since Tippet. Carolyn Ashbaugh and Dan McCurry's "Gastonia, 1929: Strike at the Loray Mill" (in *Southern Exposure's* "No More Moanin," 1974), combine a reflective interview with strike organizer Vera Buch, excerpts from Buch's upcoming book, and their own analysis.

A good deal of fiction also emerged from the era: Fielding Burke's *Call Home the Heart* (1932), Grace Lumpkin's *To Make My Bread* (1932), Myra Page's *Gathering Storm: A Story of the Black Belt* (1932), and Mary H. Vorse's *Strike* (1930).

General Strike of 1934

There are accounts in contemporary coverage, academic studies and general labor histories; however, no comprehensive analysis of the

1934 uprising—perhaps the largest general strike in the nation's history—has yet been published. The written sources below offer a beginning but must be supplemented by oral histories.

The Nation, the *New York Times* and local newspapers gave the best coverage in 1934.

From *The Nation* (V. 139):

Alexander Kedrick, "Alabama Goes On Strike," (Aug. 29, 1934);

Margaret Marshall, "Textiles: an NRA Strike," (Sept. 19, 1934);

Mary W. Hillyer, "The Textile Workers Go Back," (Oct. 10, 1934).

In academic literature:

John Kennedy, "The General Strike of the Textile Industry," unpublished M.A. thesis, Duke University, 1947.

Robert R. Brooks, "The United Textile Workers of America," unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, Yale University, 1935.

In labor histories, Jeremy Brecher's *Strike* discusses the textile strike in conjunction with other mass movements of 1934, while Irving Bernstein, in his *Turbulent Years*, presents the strike in the New Deal context. Bernstein also has good bibliographical footnotes with additional primary sources.

A good deal of fiction emerged from the strike: Hamilton Basso's *In Their Own Image* (1935), Fielding Burke's *A Stone Came Rolling* (1935), Clifton Cuthbert's *Another Such Victory* (1937), Murrell Edmunds' *Between the Devil* (1937), and William Rollins' *Shadow Before* (1934).

women, for this N.Y.U. dissertation. She found a great deal of unrest in her travels (just prior to the 1929 upheavals). Excellent.

McLaurin, Melton A. **Paternalism and Protest: Southern Cotton Mill Workers and Organized Labor, 1875-1905**. Greenwood, 1971. In this volume, first a dissertation, McLaurin meticulously documents the protests of the early textile years and the techniques which mill owners developed at the time to counter unionization efforts. His introduction explains how literature of the 30's, even accounts sympathetic to workers, failed to root both resurgence and control of the piedmont in the beginnings of the industrialization process.

Marshall, Ray. **Labor in the South**. Harvard Univ. Press, 1967. Despite generalizations and textbook language, this is still an indispensable overview of southern labor history and has some important sections on textiles.

Mitchell, Broadus. **Rise of Cotton Mills in the South**. Johns Hopkins Univ. Press, 1921. This study, based on Mitchell's dissertation, was the first of his many articles and books on the South's industrial development.

William Gregg: **Factory Master of the Old South**. Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1928. Biography of the founder of the South's most famous early mill in Granitesville, S.C.

Mitchell, George. **Textile Unionism and the South**. Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1931. Solid, sympathetic study of textile unions, which became the standard source for other writers. Weak only in the early periods (see McLaurin).

Oates, Sister Mary J. "The Role of the Cotton Textile Industry in the Economic Development of the American Southeast: 1900-1940." Unpublished Ph.D. dissertation. Regis College, 1971. An essay abstract appeared in the **Journal of Economic History** (1971). Valuable for its close scrutiny at the county level, utilizing **Davidson's Textile Blue Book**, the annual summary of plants, products and general textile operations.

Payton, Boyd. **Scapegoat**. Whitmore Publishing, 1970. A detailed account of the Harriet-Henderson strike in Henderson, N.C. by the main victim. In a moving fashion, Payton ties the narrative directly from the strike events

to his days in prison, giving equal attention to each.

Pope, Liston. **Millhands and Preachers: A Study of Gastonia**. Yale Univ. Press, 1942. A brilliant study of the relationship between the southern religion and the mill culture. Exhaustive bibliography.

Potwin, Marjorie. **Cotton Mill People of the Piedmont: A Study in Social Change**. Columbia Univ. Press, 1927. Unlike Lois MacDonald's book which appeared at about the same time, Potwin does not convey the unrest at work.

Reed, Merle. "The Augusta Textile Mills and the Strike of 1886," **Labor History**. Vol. 14, No. 2 (1973). Augusta was the site of perhaps the most important early strike, comparable to Gastonia in 1929 and Roanoke Rapids in 1975.

Rogin, Lawrence. **Making History in Hosiery: The Story of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers**. Philadelphia, 1938. Some of TWUA's most important staff came out of the hosiery workers, including Rogin and long-time Washington lobbyist John Edelman. It was the hosiery section of the UTW that came to Elizabethton, Tenn. in 1929 and triggered that year's strikes.

Shriver, Don, Dean D. Knudsen and John Earle. **Spindles and Spires**. John Knox, 1976. Sociological study, modeled after Liston Pope's earlier classic.

Tannenbaum, Frank. **Darker Phases of the South**. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1924. A brilliantly evocative description of a trip through the mill villages and conversations with workers and management.

Tindall, George. **Emergence of the New South, 1913-1945**. Louisiana State Univ. Press, 1967. An encyclopedic account. Chapters on labor put textiles in a regional context.

Thompson, Holland. **From the Cotton Field to the Cotton Mill: A Study of the Industrial Transition in North Carolina**. MacMillan, 1906. Includes extensive sound field work with workers and management.

Trepp, Jean. "Union Management Co-operation and the Southern Organizing Campaign," **Journal of Political Economy**. Vol. XLI (1933).

U.S. Department of Labor, Washington, D.C. The Department of Labor has published many useful documents and reports. Of greatest value is the data from the Bureau of Labor Statis-

tics and periodic articles in the BLS's **Monthly Labor Review**.

U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. Hearings Before the Ways and Means Committee. **Organization for Trade Cooperation** (H.R. 5550), March 15, 1956. 84th Congress, 2nd Session. Spencer Love and Roger Milliken urged the Committee to limit Japanese textile imports.

U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. Hearings Before the Subcommittee of Antitrust and Monopoly, Judiciary Committee. **Study of Antitrust Laws: Corporate Mergers** (S. Res. 61), June 29, 1955. 84th Congress, 1st Session. Spencer Love and Solomon Barkin testified on corporate mergers.

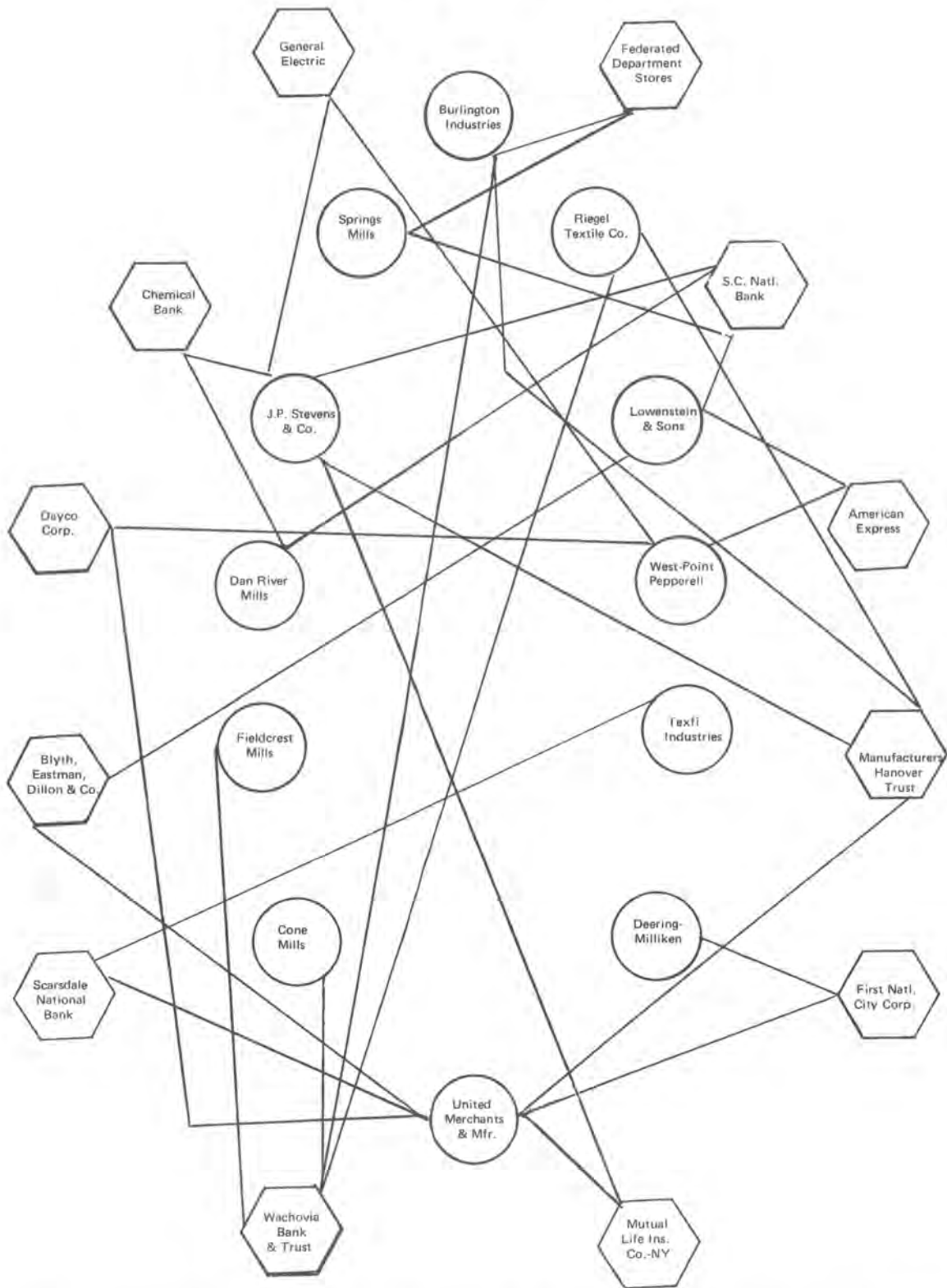
U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. Hearings Before the Subcommittee on Labor and Public Welfare. **Occupational Safety and Health Act**, April 28, 1970. 91st Congress. TWUA Research Director George Perkel, Lacy Wright and others testified on health hazards in the industry, especially cotton dust.

U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. Hearings Before the Subcommittee on Labor-Management Relations, Labor and Public Welfare Committee. **Labor-Management Relations in the Southern Textile Manufacturing Industry** (S. Res. 140), 1950-51. 81st Congress, 2nd Session. Effects of Taft-Hartley Act on southern textiles. Part I covers testimony on the Anchor Rome Mills in Rome, Ga., in which Joe Pedigo was involved.

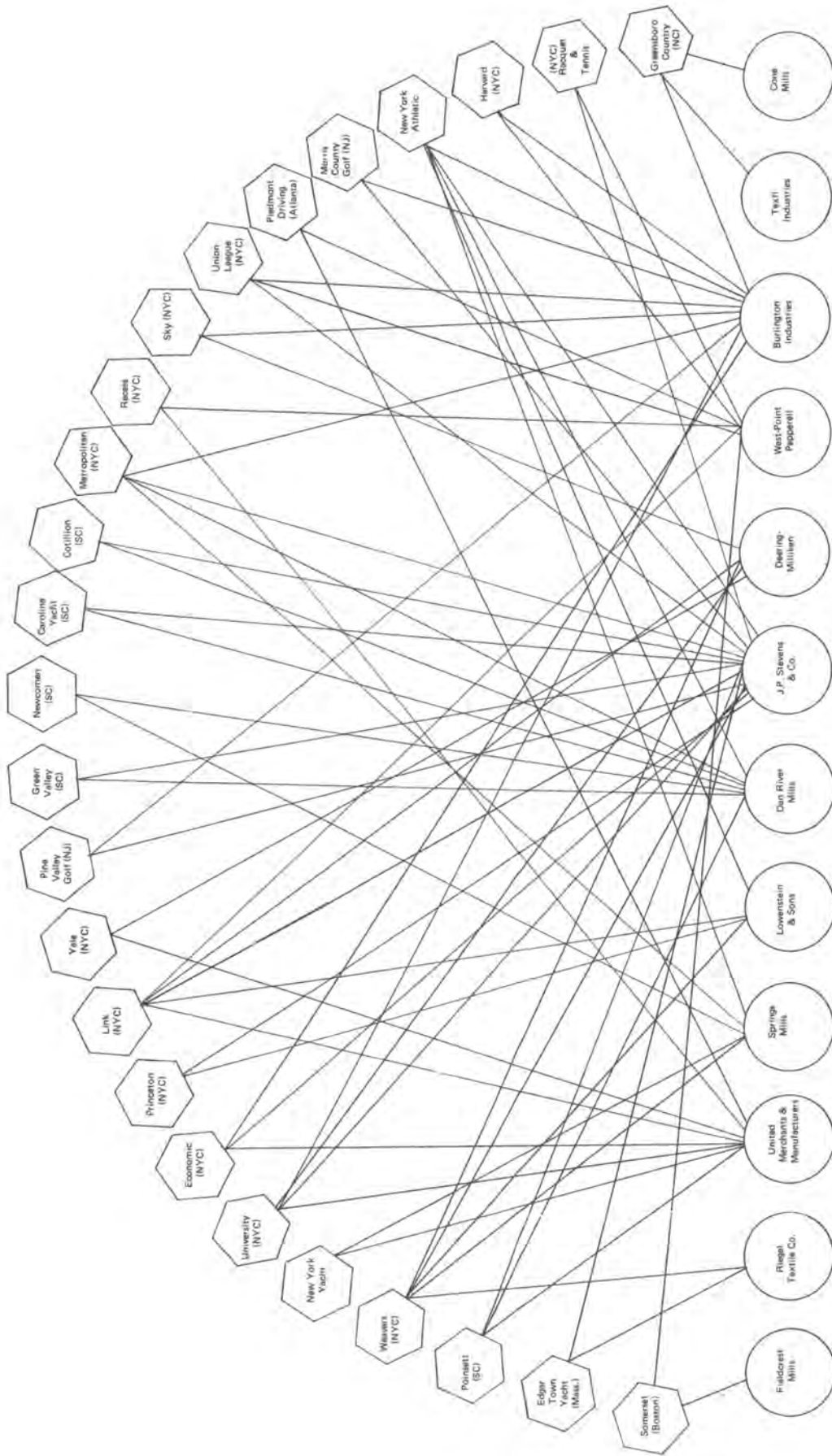
Woodward, C. Vann. **Origins of the New South, 1877-1913**. Louisiana State Univ. Press, 1951. Excellent resource on the region. Woodward has a real feel for popular movements and day-to-day reality as well as broad social history. Includes "critical essay on authorities."



Interlocking Textile Companies



The above chart illustrates how two textile companies are interlocked through a third company. For example, Cone Mills and Riegel Textile Co. are connected by lines (representing one or more directors) to Wachovia Bank and Trust; directors from each textile company sit together on the Bank's board. Thus, two supposedly competitive firms (Riegel and Cone) now have a common interest and their corporate boards are linked by a professional, institutional relationship.



Social Connections of Textile Firms

Clubs provide a more informal atmosphere for textile executives to gather and share mutual problems and experiences. They are also convenient places to meet local leaders (e.g., EdgarTown Mass. Yacht and Poinsett Club (SC)) and corporate executives from other industries (e.g., Economic Club (NYC) and New York Athletic Club). The lines joining the hexagons to the circles represent one or more company directors that are members of the club.

THE QUIET DIGNITY OF CHOICE

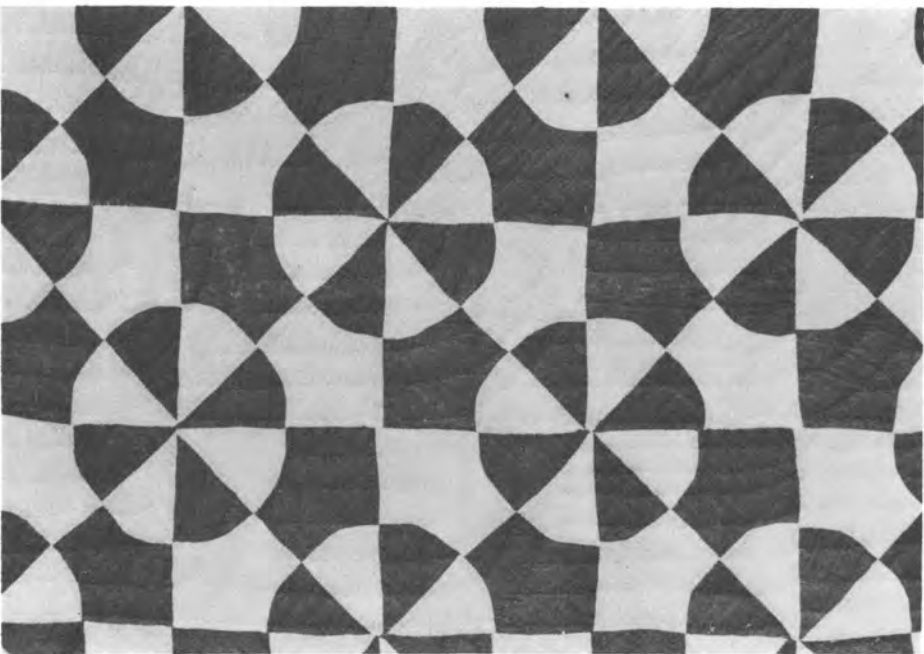
by Alvin Rosenbaum and Susan Moss

There have always been a saving few who make a bridge between the way we are and the way we used to be. In the Tennessee Valley of Alabama, there are people who value the traditions of the past and, with dignity, question the emptiness of modern life.

Concern for cultural integrity usually pales against the hardcore issues of unemployment, pollution, and racial discrimination. But cultural disintegration also signals a decay in the quality of life. In a time when urbanization and concentrated power threaten to make both the past and future obsolete, we can find hope in the strong-willed country people who remember and cherish the values of craftsmanship and community.

This photo-essay is taken from an exhibit prepared by Alvin Rosenbaum and Susan Moss of the Sand Mountain Project, Inc., with the support of the Alabama Committee for the Humanities and Public Policy and with the assistance of the John C. Calhoun Junior College Southern Appalachian Folk Arts Program.





A quilt means family and friendship to thousands of women in the Tennessee Valley. Old patterns like the double wedding rings, broken star and flying bird are exchanged between neighbors and passed on from mother to daughter. Roberta Anderson of Stewardsville and Ortha Vaughn of Threet are two women who continue the tradition and make beautiful quilts.

Booker T. Alexander of Moulton, Alabama, learned basket making from his father. In the past, baskets were made to hold cotton. Now, Mr. Alexander weaves smaller egg baskets and laundry baskets. His basket making involves five basic steps: selecting and cutting straight white oak logs; splitting the logs into halves and quarters with a wedge and maul, then into eighths and sixteenths with mallet and froe; trimming boards into splits of an even thickness; weaving the basket; making a handle and trimming the finished basket.



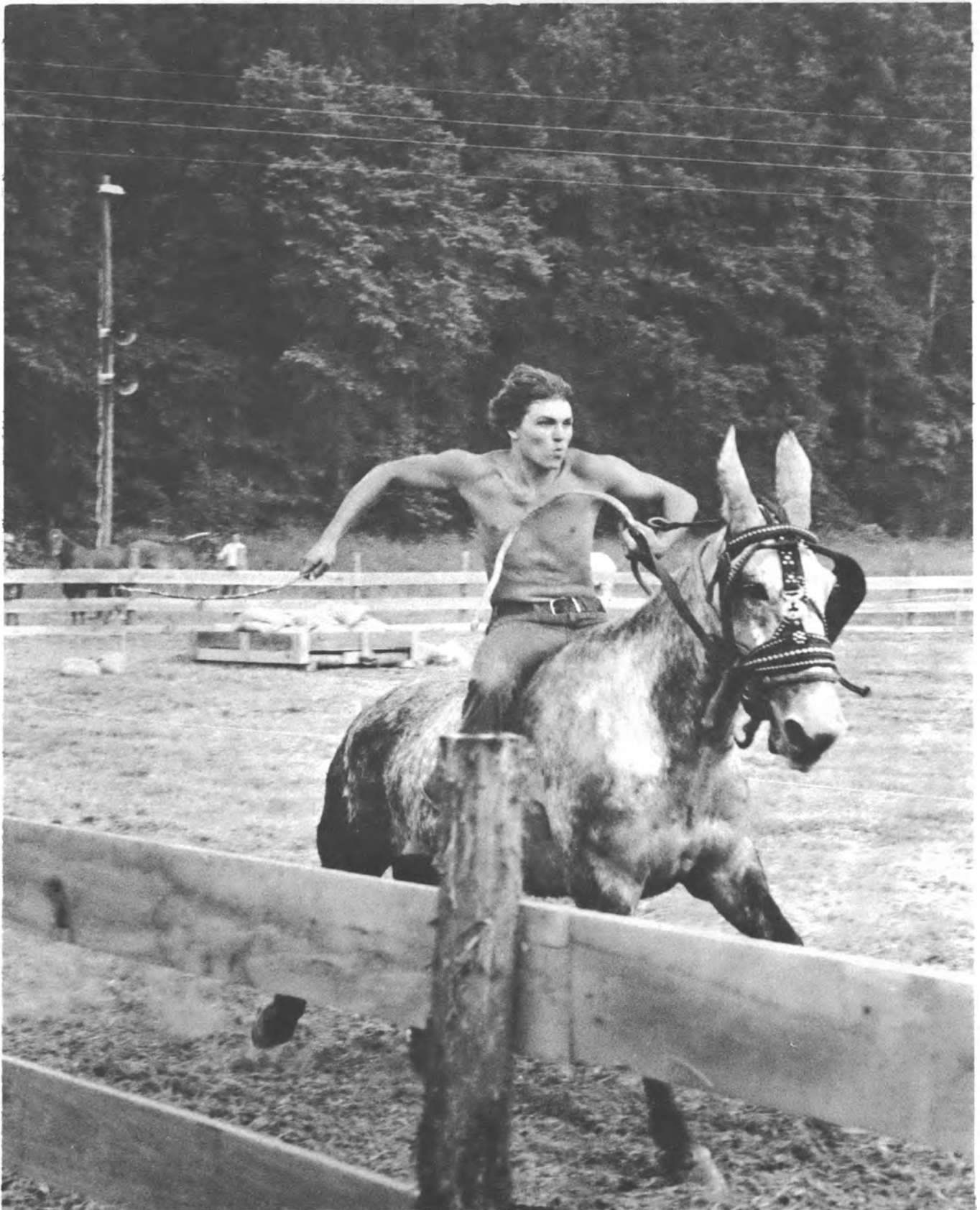




On the western edge of town, people began to gather for Fort Payne Trading Days, a new tradition borrowed from neighboring Scottsboro's First Mondays. Frequently more than 200 people come together to sell and trade produce, rope, guns, used clothing, bric-a-brac and tools.



Mule race at Country Town, near Grant, Alabama.





The old Pinetorch Church in the heart of Bankhead Forest was built by pioneers in the 1820's. Freeman Armstrong, who owned the property, organized a group to rebuild the church in 1955. The old graveyard is carefully maintained and services are held there on Decoration Day every year.



IDUMEA. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1753. Key of A Minor.

"A time to be born and a time to die."—EccL. 3 : 2.

A. DAVIDSON, 1817.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down! And must my trem - bling spir - it fly In - to a world un-known?

2. A land of deep - est shade, Un-pierced by hu - man thought; The drear - y re - gions of the dead, Where all things are for - got!

3. Soon as from earth I go, What will be - come of me? E - ter - nal hap - pi - ness or woe Must then my por - tion be?

4. Waked by the trum - pet sound, I from my grave shall rise; And see the Judge with glo - ry crowned, And see the flam - ing skies!

The musical score is written for four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef (3/2 time), and the bottom two are in bass clef (3/2 time). The music is in A minor. The lyrics are numbered 1 through 4, corresponding to the four staves. The score includes first and second endings for each line.



Mrs. Gusta Street of Collinsville, Alabama has cured the ills of three generations with home remedies and kind words. She lives with her husband in a house that she helped build. Around the house grow ginseng, snake root, asphidity, wild onion and squaw weed which she has used for years to bring health and comfort to her family and neighbors.

BOOK REVIEWS

Time on the Cross: The Economics of American Negro Slavery, by Robert William Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman. Little, Brown, 1974. 2 vols., 552 pp. \$21.45.

Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World the Slaves Made, by Eugene D. Genovese. Pantheon Books, 1974. 823 pp. \$17.50.

Slaves Without Masters: The Free Negro in the Antebellum South, by Ira Berlin. Pantheon Books, 1974. 423 pp. \$15.00.

The Problem of Slavery in the Age of Revolution, 1770-1823, by David Brion Davis. Cornell University Press, 1975. 576 pp.

All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw, by Theodore Rosengarten. Alfred A. Knopf, 1974. 574 pp. \$10.00.

Here are five recent books—all quite different, all important—which bear on the history of blacks in America. The list is by no means inclusive. (I think of *Resistance at Christiana* by Jonathan Katz and *Black Fiction* by

Roger Rosenblatt as examples of intriguing studies overlooked in the current outpouring of volumes on Afro-America.) Nor does it hint at things to come. (Alex Haley's genealogical odyssey and Herb Gutman's work on the nineteenth century Negro family will be available shortly.) But these books alone constitute a thick woods large enough to wander in for weeks, observing each fact as a separate tree and wondering about the nature of the forest. Moreover, this ten-inch thick stack—nearly 3000 pages of print—has already given rise to a tangled "secondary growth" of review literature in its shade. Where did these books come from? What do they represent? And where do they lead? It is worth speculating, if only briefly, on each of these questions in turn.

Recall, first of all, that in the area called "Black Studies" it was not always this way, with prestigious publishers vying to print thick books by writers with fancy credentials. When Carter G. Woodson established the Association for the Study of Negro

Life and History in 1915, there was only the smallest trickle of respectable scholarship in this field. (And this is not to say that what did exist commanded general respect: DuBois' work, for example, was regularly downgraded, and several of his projects, such as a proposed biography of Nat Turner, were apparently squelched before they began.) Not until the 1940's did a range of writers turn this small rivulet into a steady stream. In 1942 Luther Jackson finished *Free Negro Labor in Virginia*; in 1943 Herbert Aptheker completed *American Negro Slave Revolts*; in 1945 St. Clair Drake published *Black Metropolis*. Such people drew inspiration from the regular publication of Woodson's *Journal of Negro History*, and a few of them gained direct support from Gunnar Myrdal's research program for *An American Dilemma*. By 1947 John Hope Franklin had brought out his major survey, *From Slavery to Freedom* (now revised in a fourth edition), and a year later another black historian, Benjamin Quarles, produced his biography of



Frederick Douglass.

In the quarter century after that time, the stream became a river. White intellectuals (Woodward, Stampp, Elkins, Genovese, Davis, Meier and Jordan, to cite the more prominent) produced a variety of books relating to blacks which were conceived in the 50's and widely circulated in the 60's. Their works, read along side those of King, Cleaver, Baraka and Malcolm X, often drew more from (and perhaps contributed more to) the atmosphere of the Civil Rights Movement than the authors acknowledged. But the integration of American history proved as complicated as the integration of the classrooms in which it was being taught. The inclusion of more articles concerning Afro-America in the standard historical journals, like the appearance of more black persons in predominantly white schools, was only a small step toward a more thorough and accepting cultural integration. It is not surprising that a 1960 coffee table volume on *American Civilization* by prominent mainstream American historians could still inquire in a subsection as to "where the Blacks fit in."

This question, with its ethnocentric implication that blacks may not "fit" at all and its obvious echo of the nineteenth century colonizing tradition, seemed logical in a year when Caucasians were seriously debating whether Afro-Americans were qualified to eat hamburgers at Woolworths. At bottom it was some such question, more subtly put as the decade of the 60's progressed, which motivated the zealous re-examinations now appearing in such

numbers. One can hope that even if they do nothing else, the new generation of books will change the question from *whether* and *where* black Americans have fitted in (yes they have, at the bottom) to *how* and *why* they have occupied such a position over the first two hundred years of U.S. history.

But the current crop of books can do considerably more than that. The myth that black Americans have no past of significance to themselves or others dies hard. (In the early 60's Harvard's History Department could still discourage graduate students from combining African and American history because the two did not seem sufficiently related!) But that myth *may* at last have been thoroughly laid to rest by recent work. Where there once existed a comparative—and nearly absolute—vacuum, an abundant array of interpretations now exist. This is not to say that the intelligent discussion of black history has run its course; on the contrary, it seems only now to be getting into high gear. But already we face a situation which few historians could foresee where intensive work in the Afro-American field is spilling over to affect the writing of almost every traditional area of American history. This creative feedback is being felt in religious history and family history, in southern history and urban history. It is being felt in colonial and revolutionary history. For example last spring, 200 years after Paul Revere's ride, black scholar John Hope Franklin gave a presidential address to the Organization of American Historians in Boston concerning

"The North, the South, and the American Revolution." It is being felt in immigration history. Two decades after Oscar Handlin's provocative volume, *The Uprooted*, which made little mention of Afro-Americans, Alex Haley has recreated the story of his black ancestry in a book with the appropriate title of *Roots*.

But the current importance of books concerning black history does more than simply fill a vacuum. A field long regarded as inconsequential and simple has increasingly been revealed as significant and complicated. Recent books on slavery, for example, have begun to demonstrate the full cultural, economic, demographic and geographic diversity—not to mention the psychological and chronological complexity—of that central American institution. With the expansion of the subject matter, therefore, has come added diversity of approach; no historical field has been subjected to a wider range of methodologies over the past decade.

The books listed here illustrate the case well. At one extreme is *Time on the Cross*, a much-publicized exercise in econometric history which uses quantificational techniques to reassess the economics of U.S. Negro slavery in the mid-nineteenth century. This elaborate and costly long-term production is marred by a number of significant weaknesses. Some of the problems are technical, as suggested in Herbert G. Gutman's extensive commentary (*Journal of Negro History*, January, 1975, pp. 54-227) and by the reviews of careful "cliometricians." Other problems involve presentation. A peculiar blend of overassertiveness and iconoclasm unnecessary to the argument, combined with an inappropriate two-volume format, make misinterpretation of the work all too easy. *The Tallahassee Democrat*, for instance, ran a feature story beneath the incredible headline: "Book Suggests Blacks Thrived Under Slavery." Despite its aggravating shortcomings, however, the brief ascendancy of *Time on the Cross* has shown that the economist and historian of slavery can use far more quantifiable data than was ever realized and also criticize their usage with far more cogency and discrimination than was once expected.

At the other extreme is *All God's Dangers*, the oral narrative of an Alabama sharecropper reconstructed

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Cary Fowler, on leave from his work as book review editor of *Southern Exposure*, is working with the Institute for Food and Development Policy.

Steve Hoffius co-edited *Carologue: access to north carolina* and is now on the editorial staff of *Southern Exposure*.

Ray Popovic is a doctoral candidate in economics at Georgia State University in Atlanta.

Arthur Raper worked with the Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation during the 1930s, authored the classic studies *Preface to Peasantry* and *The Tragedy of Lynching* and for many years was an international consultant on land reform and rural development.

June Ruston, formerly with the Georgia Power Project, will soon join the staff of the Southern Appalachian Ministry in Higher Education based in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Elizabeth Tornquist has for years been a free-lance writer and is now teaching at the University of North Carolina School of Nursing. She is on the Board of Directors of the Institute for Southern Studies.

Peter Wood, author of *Black Majority: Negroes in South Carolina from 1670 through the Stono Rebellion*, is Associate Professor of History at Duke University.

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with sensitivity and insight by Theodore Rosengarten. Oral history has been linked closely to black history ever since an impressive collection of ex-slave narratives was made under the WPA, and the connection is now being strengthened by the imaginative Oral History Program of Duke University. But this rich volume, now in paperback, sets a new precedent in bringing such a suggestive and dramatic autobiography so directly before such a wide audience.

The other three books all fall between these methodological boundaries of potent and intractable equations and poetic first-person prose. Eugene Genovese's massive analysis of slave culture is distinctive for the way in which it combines an omnivorous reading of the sources with a bold integration of theoretical and interdisciplinary works by other writers. David Brion Davis' extended study of antislavery thought in the crucial generations after 1770 is impressive as a thorough essay in intellectual and cultural history which is primarily, rather than passingly, international and comparative in conception and execution. Ira Berlin's only slightly less awesome undertaking is a masterful integration of geographically disparate sources spreading over a full century of time. If much of the Afro-American experience has been tedious and monotonous, much now being written about it is not.

While the flood of recent books will undoubtedly stimulate further scholarship, it may represent something of a high water mark in black history for the present. As the Civil Rights Movement grinds down (Vernon Jordan of the Urban League has called it "the end of the second reconstruction"), probably fewer important history books will have a centrally racial theme. But conceivably Black Studies, besides spilling over to touch the traditional fields already cited, will reach out to force a reorientation and rejuvenation of American labor history which is long overdue. The books cited here could contribute to such a development.

Why is it that the very term "American labor history" still conjures up in our minds a story so predominantly centered around post-Civil War, northern, urban, male, white-ethnic factory workers? In part, black slaves and sharecroppers, like female household

workers of all races (and white farmers, for that matter), have been slighted on the assumption that only those who earn money wages and work away from home are "employed in labor." But these recent books, especially when viewed collectively and in conjunction with work now being done in white working-class history, have the potential of altering that image. For instance, when the academic work force finishes winnowing the wheat from the chaff in *Time on the Cross*, one useful portion left on the barn floor will undoubtedly involve a reinforced image of the southern planter as less of an anti-capitalist, pre-industrial lord-of-the-manor (whether benign or wicked) and more of a rational entrepreneur motivated significantly by profit. Accepting this, we may more easily compare the rationales

of the nineteenth century slaveowner and the twentieth century industrialist, both of whom vacillate between a "necessary evil" and a "positive good" explanation of unorganized labor. For each, profits always seem "paper thin" and declining; expenses and capital investments invariably appear larger than believed and growing. In each case the workers are felt to be demonstrably better off "here" or "now" than "there" or "then." In short the laborers seem to be "getting about what they deserve."

But how did the workers see it? Perhaps the lines separating northern-southern, urban-rural, pre-industrial-post-industrial labor have been overdrawn. Plantations were, after all, the earliest large-scale production units in America where imported, semi-skilled ethnic workers did regular and highly





routinized work in collective groups under close supervision to yield marked profits to non-working owners and investors. Genovese, having discarded his own notions of the plantation as pre-capitalist and now leaning heavily and effectively on the work of E. P. Thompson, is still equivocal (subtle? dialectical?) on the matter. He asserts that while plantations "did resemble factories in the field, . . . we cannot escape the implication of their pre-industrial side." Fair enough. But Genovese's own work and that of others implies that black slaves, like

later workers in situations where overt organizing was impossible, not only risked dramatic strikes and rebellions upon occasion, but also "bargained" constantly over the terms of work by limiting labor productivity through diverse means: slowdowns, walkouts, the appropriation of goods, the destruction of tools and produce, the abuse of "property"—including even themselves at times. Eventually the reward system or incentive structure, noted in different ways in both *Time on the Cross* and *Roll, Jordan, Roll*, must be understood more clearly as

part of this encompassing if disguised adversary relation between the owners and the owned.

Nothing reveals the painful dynamics of this struggle more clearly than an analysis of those caught in the middle. While Genovese tentatively and rightly compares the plantation driver to the factory foreman, Ira Berlin focuses his entire book on those torn between group solidarity (by race and class) and the tenuous prospect of individual mobility. "Thus the central paradox of free Negro life," Berlin writes, "was that while full equality depended on the unity of all blacks, free and slave, and the abolition of slavery, substantial gains could more realistically be obtained within the existing society by standing apart from the slaves. Consciously or unconsciously, upward-striving free Negroes understood this and acted on it." In this they were merely acting out a standard role which countless other aspiring American workers would follow: that of "accepting an offer too good to refuse."

But in pushing black history toward labor history, it is ultimately Nate Shaw who has the most to say. "In my condition, and the way I see it for everybody," the thoughtful sharecropper tells Rosengarten in an astounding passage, "if you don't make enough to have some left you aint done nothin, except givin the other fellow your labor. . . . I learnt that right quick: it's easy to understand if a man will look at it. . . . You want some cash above your debts; if you don't get it you lost, because you gived that man your labor and you can't get it back. Now it's right for me to pay you for usin what's yours—your land, stock, plow tools, fertilize. But how much should I pay? The answer ought to be closely seeked. . . . You got a right to your part—rent; and I got a right to mine. But who's the man ought to decide how much? The one that owns the property or the one that works it?"

As Shaw's eloquence makes clear, the link—indeed the unification—between black history and labor history has been obvious to Negro Americans for centuries; it now remains for scholars of all races to draw out the full implications of that tie. There are still questions ahead for which, in Shaw's phrase, "the answer ought to be closely seeked."

Peter H. Wood
Hillsborough, N.C.

The Surface of Earth, by Reynolds Price. Atheneum, 1975, 491 pp. \$10.95.

The Surface of Earth is so rich, intense and sad that it cannot be read straight along like other books. It soon becomes too much: the mind turns away to reflect, to rest or—more truly—to look inward to a heart recognizably pictured here in a series of precise, detailed images.

Surely the novelist intended us to read so, for these images, vignettes of the spirit, are set apart in tiny segments (not even chapters but parts of chapters) of a long family chronicle which stretches over 40 years, four generations and a dozen and more people.

In the beginning, Eva Kendal, her brother Kennerly and sister Rena sit with their father on the porch. It is May 1903, the evening before Eva's high school commencement; the town is Fountains, N.C., one of those little country towns which used to dot the railroad line. Eva, who is the only thing in the world her father loves, asks him to tell their mother's story. And he does: "Thad Watson married Katherine Epps and, much as he loved her, he wanted a son. Three, four years passed—no son, no daughter. Katherine told him it was God's will, to calm down and wait. *Wait* was the one thing Thad couldn't do; and within another year, Katherine had a baby and died in the act." When the doctor had told Thad, he had "taken his pistol . . . and blown his brains out and fallen on her body." The orphaned baby was Eva's mother.

That same night, Eva Kendal left home secretly to elope with her Latin teacher, Forrest Mayfield. After she gave herself to Forrest, he thought happily, "all was shared space now, shared news, shared messages freely exchanged of gratitude, trust." But Eva dreamed of her father in bed at home: he "slowly rolled his huge body leftward till he lay full-length on her sleeping mother—who remained asleep as he fastened his open mouth over hers and drew up each shallow breath she exhaled till she lay empty, dead. Then he rose and walked in the dark . . . and performed the same smothering theft on Kennerly" and Rena. "Then he . . . lay on his back in the midst of the bed and stared up

again—in darkness still, through plaster and lathing—and said, 'Eva. Now.'"

Her family would not answer Eva's letters. Once, at Christmas, she asked Forrest to take her home, but he did not; instead he told her of his own father, who had left when Forrest was five.

A few months later Eva's child came, a boy, whose birth nearly killed Eva. He was named Robinson for Forrest's father. Eva left Forrest and, taking the baby Rob with her, went home to stay with her father. Forrest went to Richmond, to find his own past, his own father, now "an old sick man still propped round the hole in the midst of his heart. . . ."

From these beginnings, these absolutes, the novel chronicles Eva's search, Forrest's search, their son Rob's search, and finally even his own son's beginning search, for love—for help, for rest, for a way to live and make amends. Their efforts to move from absolute need, from terror, loss and loneliness to recognition of purpose, to acknowledgement of help received and help to be given, involve them with spreading circles of others who "steer and save" them. Especially there is Polly, who made a life for Forrest's father and then for Forrest, and who comes to represent the love which makes amends. Cheerful, steady and firm, Polly calls herself the "help" and knows the difference between that word and "servant." She tells Rob she is happy both by nature and by the luck that her father, old Rob and Forrest were three kind men.

"I call that luck," she told Rob.

"That they kept you a servant?" he said.

"She tested his face for malice, the edge of his voice. 'That they cherished me.' She had said it gently; but the words drew behind them a flock of feelings—pride, secret joy, continuing hope (however assailed)—that decked her face and shoulders all fresh with a greater beauty of light and depth, victory and promise, than Rob had witnessed on any other form except his own mother's the dawn he had crept home . . . after high school commencement and found his mother awake and extending what she never meant to give. Lacked the will to give, lacked the knowledge of how.

"They love you," he said.

"Thank you," Polly said. "That is all my hope. I love them surely. And I've

told them, many ways. I can beg for you that you'll have such a life."

The search for such a life moves through a series of brief vignettes—letters, dreams, rapid descriptions of persons, of events, of change. Rarely does any one of these descriptions stretch beyond a few pages. They are fragments of history, the bricks with which this chronicle is built. But each is somehow also complete in itself, a tableau, a step in the journey which has also its own separate and final meaning. The passages don't rush forward like the story of another's life; they strike the reader like his own life—the present always standing out in emphasis. And the states of mind and feelings pictured are so recognizable that the distinction between reader and character begins to blur; the heart here is as familiar as one's own. ("Rob had stumbled, in that, on a door he had really not known to exist; a door concealed near the pit of his throat—he felt it now as keenly as though it had locus and heft and hinges. It opened inward on a small low room, white, utterly bare.")

And so the novel becomes a little one's own journey, a search for meaning—slow and tortured; the characters begin to seem shadows of ourselves, indescribable because too well known. It is this quality of present fullness and familiarity, I think, which gives the novel its extraordinary power—and which makes it difficult to read. Reynolds Price takes an old-fashioned novel form, the chronicle, and uses every well worn narrative technique—even letters and dreams—and makes with them a work that moves beyond what we are accustomed to accept as "new," toward a different kind of fiction. Price has been called the heir to Southern writing, itself now considered as worn out as an old cotton field. This book is Southern in that it is rooted in time and place, with a precision of historical detail like Faulkner's. But what makes it an important novel may or may not be peculiarly Southern: we recognize it, but perhaps others will, too. It is an attempt to use the whole weight of the past to counterbalance the trivialization of our present, an effort to give continuity and significance to life not through the force of absolutes but through richness and restraint—of feeling and of language.

Sometimes the effort becomes so dense and heavy that the weight seems

too much for a mere book. The reader is tempted to leave it, to give up trying. But the sheer beauty of words always brings one back; the grace, the wit, the exactness of image, the almost formal elegance and restraint of language save the novel from too much heart and heaviness and endow events and persons with reality, credibility, significance. Even sex, a subject so overworked in recent fiction that it would be hard to believe it could ever seem mysterious again, takes on new wonder from such restraint.

And love comes to seem possible, a love which does not require absolutes but can live with the same richness and

restraint as the language of the novel. The people here find a way to live and to love, at least partially—even young Rob, who at the end of the novel is 40, unemployed and a drunk, his wife Rachel long dead and the other woman who had clung to him gone now, too. He wonders what help on earth he “could give any living soul, much less his own son whom he’d left nine years ago to grow unwatched . . .” And, finally, he sees that he can come back, “wherever back would be,” and watch his son, “one still human face that had asked him to watch, that remained to be known. He could watch it at least. That might be help somehow in time,

for one child anyhow, the one he’d started. All the rest were beyond him or behind him, past help . . .”

And then he sees for the first time how the others had “steered and saved” him: “They passed through his sight now like old Bible figures, tall forms in dark pictures on whom the sky leans—but sufficient to bear it. . . .”

“Sufficient to bear it”—that last image serves not only for the characters in the novel but for the hope this dark story leaves us with, Polly’s hope—“I can beg for you that you’ll have such a life.”

— Elizabeth Tornquist
Durham, N.C.



The Children of Pride, by Robert M. Myers. Yale University Press, 1972. 1845 pages, \$25.00. Paperback edition: Popular Library, 1975 (three volumes: **Many Mansions, The Edge of the Sword, The Night Season**), \$3.25 each.

I’ve just finished reading *The Children of Pride*, by Robert Mouson Myers, one of the saddest books I’ve ever read. Here in their own letters of a century ago, to one another, a cultured, proud, plantation-owning people put themselves on paper, sentence by sentence, until it is an epic.

They assumed that Negro slavery was a permanent institution, that they were the rightful masters, that their custom of cousin marriage would keep their land holdings intact, that they could and would control the economics and politics of the situation and that God Almighty looked with favor upon their regime.

Believing so, the planter families in the Georgia coastal areas, the setting of this big book, went about their business of growing long-staple cotton and rice for sale, producing provisions for “their people” and provender for the livestock. The extensive grounds around the big houses were alive with fowls and small animals, kept fat to taste for kinsmen and friends from far and near who were expected to drop in at any time and stay as long as they liked.

The principal family of *The Children of Pride*—husband, wife and three children—had three plantations, each with a plantation house, a total of 2,637 acres and 129 Negro slaves, termed “servants.” During the year, the family moved in response to the seasons from one plantation headquarters to another the better to enjoy the sea breezes, or the quiet inland 15-room house that fronts on the river with a mile-long lane of moss-festooned live oaks leading to it, or the other inland home, with its bustle of oxen and mules and carts and hoes and working men, women and children.

The family members were educated, church-oriented people. The father—a Presbyterian divine, former teacher of theology and occasional preacher—wrote church history, catechisms and tracts in defense of slavery and conducted religious services for his people in a plantation chapel. The mother attended academies in McIntosh and Savannah, supervised the house servants, received guests, supported her husband in his religious work and, in later years, tried to get published posthumously her husband’s two-volume *A History of the Church of God*. The

older son studied at Harvard Law School, the younger son at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and the daughter at a seminary in Philadelphia.

Within slavery the family took an interest in their servants, exhibiting consideration and often kindheartedness. They called for physicians, placed ill people near the big house to facilitate treatment, seldom sold servants out of their families though the total price was thus lowered, comforted the dying and funeralized the dead, encouraged likely marriages and performed ceremonies (sometimes in the big house, and often in the yards roundabout). Many a servant owned a horse or cow or a few bushels of corn or wheat or potatoes, some chickens, brace of geese and so on. In all, the master family yearly “elicited” the loyal performance of their servants.

Early in the war, both of the young men of the family went into the Confederate Army, each with a personal servant to attend him. Both were officers, the older in charge of small artillery around Savannah and some legal work, the younger with the Medical Corps operating as needed over a wide area. They and many another plantation-owner youth were evangelists for “the cause,” their parents fully behind them. These young men, fighting for their way of life, reveled in the early reports of victory and confidently thought the more numerous and better armed Yankees could never be a match for their commitment and determination.

So it was, halfway or more in the war, when everything began to unravel. The hated enemy made serious threats

of incursions along the exposed Georgia coast. Many servants on adjoining plantations became restive and a few slipped off to the enemy. Fewer early wire reports arrived, announcing Confederate victories in the north and west; instead they told of reverses in Pennsylvania, along the Mississippi, repeatedly in the Chattanooga area and on toward Atlanta.

The head of the family died, before he had finished the second volume of his *History*. The elder son's wife and two year old daughter died. Sherman's army captured Atlanta and then invaded the family's 15-room plantation house, where the daughter was giving birth to her third child, her husband then a prisoner of war. The woman was unharmed, but the house was robbed of nearly all valuables.

The Confederate army was continually defeated, even at Augusta, Macon and Columbus, and the family's own servants became restive. The family dispersed to Thomasville, to Atlanta, to New Orleans. The younger brother went to the Medical College of Nashville as pathologist, and was reputed to have saved the city from epidemics associated with "malignant vapors." Soon after he arrived, however, his dwelling and office caught fire and he lost most of his medical equipment and library, including his research materials. After a few years he moved to New Orleans and became a prominent physician.

The older brother established a new law firm in New York, in partnership with the leading legal light of Savannah. Income dwindled when accounts "at the South" could not be settled. His second wife was not well, and he worked late every night, preparing his father's *History* for publication. Volume one was released in 1867, with a first printing of 500 copies, only a few of which were ever sold despite widespread promotion in the sacred and secular press. The second volume was never published. After some years he moved to an ante-bellum house near Augusta, where he practiced law and wrote history and biographies.

So ends the voluminous correspondence—nearly 1400 pages, and that but a fraction of the whole extant—and author Myers' nearly 400 pages of notes and introductory and concluding materials.

And from first to last hardly a sentence indicates that there was any

awareness of their mental or spiritual inadequacy—no recognition that any black anywhere had ever achieved, no apology for any position taken and no evidence of any realization that slavery had to go.

The letters of this book, the lives of their characters, suggest many questions that are never fully answered:

To what extent, for example, can the southern planters' emotional defense of slavery be accounted for by their rise to economic and political power? In this connection it is well to remember that the cotton gin was not invented until 1793, just two generations before the outbreak of the Civil War; that the spreading plantation system of farming with slaves was fueled with the enthusiasm and self-confidence of people who had successfully tamed the virgin soil; and that the great bulk of slaveowners in the South were European-backgrounded people without a heritage of slaveownership.

Could it be that these powerful people exhibited that evangelical fervor that often characterizes the recent convert? Their way of life on this continent was relatively new, but declining in the older plantation areas. Faced with disquieting internal adjustments, perhaps they found it exhilarating to turn to arms to protect home and country from those who would "destroy their way of life!"

But why did the non-slaveowning whites in the South support the Confederacy? Of course, not all did: the southern mountaineers in Tennessee, West Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia remained loyal to the Union, and many volunteered and fought on that side; the non-slaveowning Quakers and Moravians in the Piedmont area of central western North Carolina held themselves aloof, as did a few other scattered groups. Otherwise, however, there was general support of the Confederacy by the southern non-slaveowning whites. Why? The matter may turn largely upon the ability of the slaveowners and their lackies—merchants, bankers, lawyers, politicians and preachers—to capitalize upon the dislike of "outside criticism." Certainly the more fanatical abolitionists were used effectively by the slaveowners and charismatic southern politicians and generals.

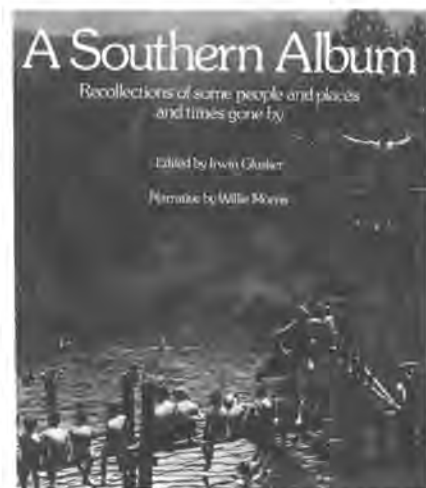
And, perhaps most important, why was it that the people in *The Children of Pride* could not, or would not, see

that disaster for them lay ahead? Maybe because to have done so would have been to deny their way of life, this is, deny themselves.

And just as they could not do that then, so we cannot now. What tragedies are ahead for us? Why is it that we cannot, or will not, see them? Is it that we would have to deny our way of life, deny ourselves as middleclass Americans in 1975, ignore the consequences of our contribution to the world's energy crisis, pollution, the food situation and the arms race?

The period covered by *The Children of Pride*, the war-shattered South of a century ago, is really not so foreign to our lives today. The inability of the characters to deal with the hypocrisies and dilemmas of their lives continues still, and we can learn from this book and take action.

— Arthur Raper
Oakton, Va.



A Southern Album, edited by Irwin Glusker, with a narrative by Willie Morris. Oxmoor House, 1975. \$39.95.

For Christmas 1974, Oxmoor House of Birmingham produced *Jericho: The South Beheld*, a \$40 publication that took readers on a sentimental journey of the South through Bill Shuptrine's paintings and James Dickey's prose. It sold tremendously.

For Christmas 1975, Oxmoor offered *A Southern Album*, another expensive coffee table weight, this time edited by Irwin Glusker, with a narrative by Willie Morris. The book combines photographs of the South—from private collections, the files of *Southern Living*, Oxmoor's popular magazine, and noted photographers like Walker Evans—with excerpts from

southern writings. Seventy of these combinations fill the book. If bought for Christmas it cost \$27.50; after January 15, 1976, it is \$39.95.

One is tempted to point out all the omissions of the book, since that is an easy task. There is no suggestion, for instance, that anything about the South is unpleasant. Slave quarters seem beautiful in their symmetric forms, Booker T. Washington nostalgically remembers slavery, cotton sharecropping is a subject for Agee's soaring prose and a picture of the Klan is almost beautiful with the red and white robes sweeping through a field of green. But perhaps that is unfair. The book is not intended as a comprehensive statement on the South, does not try to present a vision of the region, its past, its development, its future. It is, as its subtitle admits, "Recollections of some people and places and times gone by." That's all. (One must disregard the dust jacket as ridiculous public relations hyperbole when it states, "This book is not about the South. It *is* the South.") It's a family album which could have been planned by any wealthy white southern family, long rooted in the region, with no understanding of the political struggles that have been waged here for the past century. It is simply not a very remarkable book.

As Willie Morris points out, "The theme of this album is memory." It wallows in memories of The Great War, of quaint rural scenes, of unspoiled beaches, of strong wooden architecture, of quiet black people. It remembers Faulkner and Ty Cobb, LBJ and Tallulah Bankhead, Robert E. Lee and Will Rogers, Bobby Jones and Sam Ervin and Huey Long.

A few of the photographs are striking: the older ones, a shot of the rushing Apalachee River, wagon wheels intercepting each others' arcs, four generations of women from a Louisville family. Some of the excerpts are memorable, though taken out of context: Agee and Faulkner, who fill the book, Carson McCullers, Donald Davidson. But the combinations seldom blend together or form strong juxtapositions. Sometimes they even seem ludicrous. A picture of the Selma marchers with a statement from . . . Dr. King? Rosa Parks? Medgar Evers? No, Lyndon Johnson. Southern Indians are presented only in a photograph of a scowling, head-dressed man being

observed by black students; opposite, a paean to those noble creatures is presented from one-time Indian-hunter Sam Houston.

The importance of *A Southern Album* lies not in its unimpressive contents but in its expected success (the first press run was a mammoth 50,000) and that of its publishing house. Oxmoor is attempting something unique. It is a southern company, aggressively producing, advertising and selling publications of the South. It has brought out works by noted southern writers, has produced some attractive books. And they're being noticed and reviewed. Beehive Press of Savannah, John F. Blair of Winston-Salem and Mockingbird of Atlanta have published books of equal (and often better) quality, but none has pursued the business of publishing as daringly as Oxmoor.

Publishing is a curious blend of business and art, of high risk gambles and beauty. At its best it includes companies willing to publish books of great importance which may not seem marketable, and a resolve that those books will be read—not because their subjects are currently trendy or because so much money is spent on advertising, but because the books are worthy. The entire public is not necessarily hustled about a book, but those people who might be expected to show interest are approached often.

To achieve this delicate balance of integrity and capitalism, Southern publishers must work harder than other presses. The cards have long been stacked against them—the business is entirely New York based and small, regional companies must fight for the same things that larger companies get easily, things like reviews and bookstore exposure. But if southern books are to become something more than a minor interest of national publishers—if they are to be edited with extreme care by understanding editors, publicized extensively, hustled for maximum sales by people familiar with southern markets—then that extra work must be done. We can't count on New York publishers to produce our southern publications. Southern writers—those who write of this region and its history, events and people, in whatever style, and those who are particularly read here—must have the opportunity to stay in the South. The successful southern publishers must present new

combinations of text and graphics, and devote more effort to promotional chores. Audiences must be actively found, not just hoped for. Oxmoor is now doing all of these things, and from them others can learn.

But southern presses—including Oxmoor—must go a step further. They cannot only produce books that praise our hypocrisy, our selective memory, our fading past. They must present a vision of our region and ourselves. They must explore southern subjects that have never before been covered. Finally, they must attempt something a bit more noble than *A Southern Album*, a bit more in keeping with the region's heritage, in line with its hopes.

— Steve Hoffius
Durham, N.C.

POWER SHIFT

THE RISE
OF THE
SOUTHERN RIM
AND ITS CHALLENGE
TO THE EASTERN
ESTABLISHMENT

KIRKPATRICK SALE

Power Shift: The Rise of the Southern Rim and its Challenge to the Eastern Establishment, by Kirkpatrick Sale. Random House, 1975. \$12.95.

Kirkpatrick Sale's book documents the relative growth in power of the South in relation to the Northeast and the change in national priorities that has resulted from this shift. The South, in this case, is roughly everything under the 37th parallel, from North Carolina to San Francisco, a Rim which includes the major population growth areas of the last 30 years and the growth industries of defense, technology, agribusiness, oil, real estate and leisure.

How did this "power shift" occur? Ironically, despite the rhetoric of the average southern politician, the South's new political-economy has been built

on money pumped in from Washington. With these funds, the "cowboy" entrepreneur learned to wheel and deal his way to the American dream. The dream, however, does not stop with two cars per garage, but becomes an incessant demand for money, prestige, and absolute power. Once the pinnacle has been reached, says Sale, cowboys attempt to "freeze the world at the point where they have reached their success, resisting advances by other people, other kinds, protesting anything that threatens their worldly goods."

Examples of this process abound, and in page after page Sale flamboyantly chronicles the mischievous activities of such Rimsters as H.L. Hunt, Roger Milliken, John Connally, Edward Gurney, Roy Ash and Bebe Rebozo. Organizations (John Birch Society, Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, Youth Freedom Speakers, etc.) conducive to the ideals of these self-made southern men flourish by using patriotism to promote fear of any position which might rock the boat. With their enormous sums of money, these men and organizations think nothing of subverting the governmental process by purchasing favors from individuals in public service.

How well does Sale prove his thesis concerning the rise of the Southern Rim and its claim to power? Despite some annoying factual errors (e.g. Lyndon Johnson was a Disciple of Christ not a Baptist, and Lady Bird came from Alabama not Texas), Sale easily provides enough names and numbers to establish that the Southern Rim has a new born *influence* on national affairs. Unfortunately, he wants to prove that the Rim now has the *power*, and to do that he focuses on the now familiar rise of Nixon and his cronies and the fruits of their "Southern Strategy" based on deceit and greed.

Such a one-dimensional view of Southern Rim power seems to take the easy way out, to avoid tackling (1) the difficult question of whether a southern-rooted politics could produce a new breed of American populism and (2) the complex reality of competing factions within the South which parallel and are allied with national divisions of elites. For example, the South, having experienced bigotry, yet seeing it as a national phenomenon, could yield a "Southern Strategy" demanding equal

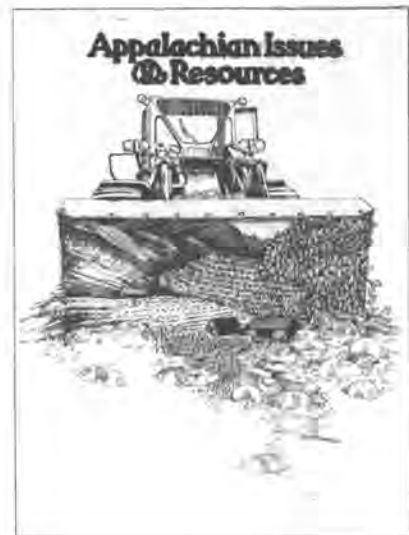
treatment for all peoples, with a grass-roots tone that would ring more genuine than the Kennedy liberalism. Rimsters like Fred Harris and McGovern-fundraiser Morris Dees express such a program and break the monolithic mold of Sale's repressive Southerner. Furthermore, the complicated reality of how Rimsters accomplish their goals might have been better studied through looking not at Richard Nixon, but at Lyndon Johnson, a man who fancied himself a New Dealer and race liberal, but whose cowboy breeding led him to believe that he could carry out the Great Society programs and finance a war at the same time.

That Sale would avoid such discussions may indicate that his perspective of the South is closer to the Eastern Establishment's view than he would like to admit: the South as a region and a people per se becomes the scapegoat for all the nation's evils. This uncomfortable conclusion is reinforced by Sale's lapse into facile statements concerning the southern mentality. Accordingly, football is "inherently so rigid, so autocratic, so brutal, so anti-individualistic" that it symbolizes southern repression. What about Woody Hayes and the Big 10? And George Wallace is first introduced as the spokesman for "the rootless and dispossessed of the Southern Rim" as though the region constituted one homogeneous class of Americans.

In the final analysis, the workings of the political economy of the country and the various regions within Sale's Southern Rim are simply not captured by the neat theory of the cowboy-yankee split. As a documentation of the profound shift of economic clout based on new wealth, often illegally achieved and preserved, Sale's book is indispensable and masterfully written. But as a full account of what he describes as "a way of comprehending modern America," the book is simply too sketchy and too hastily prepared to reveal the intricacies of how power operates in America.

— Ray Popovic
Atlanta, Ga.

(Editor's Note: Since Power Shift is the first serious attempt to understand the power relationships between the contemporary South and other regions of the country, we would welcome further reviews and comments on its theoretical and historical implications.)



Appalachian Issues and Resources. Southern Appalachian Ministry in Higher Education (1538 Highland Ave., Knoxville, Tenn. 37916), 1975. 88 pp. \$2.50.

Appalachian Issues and Resources is an introduction to 12 issues vital to people "concerned with building a new Appalachia, faithful to the traditions and the hopes of its people," as the book's foreword states.

The issues, concerning such diverse topics as land and natural resources, community health, labor and community organizing and Appalachian blacks, women and Native Americans, are outlined historically and politically. A listing of resource people, activities and publications is included for each issue. The book also describes general Appalachian resources and periodicals.

The artwork by Baker Moorefield is technically and conceptually excellent. Her drawings are used to introduce each of the issue sections, and make this indispensable handbook attractive as well as useful.

Appalachian Issues and Resources is meant for use in classes, community groups and churches in Appalachia and its writers have succeeded in gearing its language and content to that use. The book also captures much of the mind and soul of the region, as in this quote from the section on Appalachian Culture.

Appalachia has had to wrestle with successive waves of 'outside enthusiasts' from the first discovery of the quaint hillbilly down to the present. The problem of developing ways for people from various class and

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regional backgrounds to support and participate productively in mountain culture is one that is still working itself out. The native young people of the region will undoubtedly be key to this process. Appalachian culture is surely one of the treasures of the nation and one to be shared, but it can continue with integrity only if its primary impetus and energy is still from the Appalachian people themselves.

— June Rostan
Atlanta, Ga.

The People's Land



A Reader on Land Reform in the United States

Edited by Peter Barnes
for the National Coalition for Land Reform

The People's Land: A Reader on Land Reform in the United States, by Peter Barnes. Rodale Press, 1975. 260 pp. \$9.95.

One of the chief by-products of American industrialization was a decline of interest in land among working people. Those whose every root on this continent was tied to the land, whose ancestors had crossed oceans and fought for (or been enslaved because of) land, for its ownership and control and the life it promised, abandoned it, fleeing to the cities and the jobs located there.

Industrialization has now moved to the country. Manufacturing methods are employed to produce food. The rich resources of the rural areas—oil, coal, timber and water—are used to satisfy the insatiable appetite of the nation's factories and factory owners. It is within this context that interest in land has resurfaced and that "land reform," a term once reserved for distant, impoverished, Third World coun-

tries, is now being considered in the heart of the world's richest country.

The People's Land, edited by Peter Barnes, the West Coast editor of *The New Republic* and a staff member of the National Coalition for Land Reform, is an outgrowth of the fledgling land reform movement. Like the movement, the selections that comprise this book are scattered and without focus. Is land reform to be built up around regional issues within the country, around taxes and tax reform, through changes in agriculture or energy systems or through alternative structures such as coops and land trusts? Like the movement and like the needs it perceives, *The People's Land* talks about each of these areas.

As an introductory reader, the book will certainly prove valuable as it touches upon most of the important elements concerning the control and use of the land and its resources. Peter Barnes is obviously aware that no simple solutions exist to the myriad of problems that confront us, so no easy solutions or quick-cures are offered readers in need of such comfort. Instead he grasps and effectively conveys the simple fact that ownership and control are inextricably interrelated—the former determining the latter.

Still *The People's Land* suffers from its lack of depth on any one topic—many, if not most articles are but two or three pages long, thus problems tend only to be named rather than discussed or explained. This deficiency is compounded by the absence of footnotes. Though some selections are shortened versions of articles that have appeared elsewhere, making it possible for the reader to find more information (or the desired citation) in the original article, many articles appear here for the first time. In a "reader" such as this, footnotes, bibliographies and resource guides would have been most helpful, particularly for students wishing to pursue the subject.

Many of these shortcomings were certainly unavoidable in a one-volume, 260 page, illustrated reader. It is to be hoped that subsequent and more substantive works will follow so that *The People's Land* will not have to double as both an introductory and "advanced" reader.

— Cary Fowler
Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Books on the South

This list is comprised of works published since July, 1975. Book entries concentrate on the fall months and include new publications through March, 1976. Dissertations listed were accepted by universities for the Ph.D. degree and compiled in the Dissertation Abstract Index during September-December, 1975.

The entries have been placed under several broad and loosely-defined categories for your convenience. Mention of a book here does not preclude its being reviewed in a future issue. Unsolicited reviews of publications concerning the South or of general interest to our readers are always welcomed. Preference is given to recently released books.

Copies of the dissertations below are available from Xerox University Microfilms, Dissertation Copies, P.O. Box 1764, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. The cost is \$7.50 for microfilm and \$15 for xerographic.

Biography and Autobiography

ABC Picture Book of Eminent Black People Past and Present, by Thomas M. Southern and Lea F. Scott. Borden, date not set. \$4.95.

"Abilene Editor: Frank Graham and West Texas," by Charles H. Marler. Dissertation, University of Missouri—Columbia.

Jackson and The Search for Vindication, by James C. Curtis. Little, Brown, 1976. \$6.95.

Papers of Andrew Johnson: 1860-1861, Vol. 4, edited by Leroy P. Graf, et al. University of Tennessee Press, 1976. Price not set.

Black Playwright, One Hundred and Fifty Years: An Annotated Bibliography, by John Grace and James V. Hatch. Drama Book Specialists, 1976. Price not set.

C'Nelia, by Cornelia Wallace. A.J. Holman, 1976. Price not set.

"Charles McClung McGhee: Southern Financier," by William J. MacArthur. Dissertation, University of Tennessee.

"The Education of John Randolph,"

Economics, History and Politics

"Alternative Growth Strategies for Eastern Kentucky," by Carol V.D. Pfrommer. Dissertation, University of Texas at Austin.

American Negro Slavery: A Documentary History, edited by Gerald Mullen. Harper & Row, 1975. \$4.95.

"Black, Blue and Grey: Slaves and Freedmen in Civil War Louisiana," by Charles P. Ripley. Dissertation, Florida State University.

Black Employment in the South: The Case of the Federal Government, by R. Lynn Rittenhouse. University of Texas, Bureau of Business Research, 1976. Price not set.

Black Legislators in Louisiana During Reconstruction, by Charles Vincent. Louisiana State University Press, 1975. \$15.

"Black Texans during Reconstruction, 1865-1874," by James M. Smallwood. Dissertation, Texas Tech University.

"Causal Models of Small Southern

City Change: 1960-1970," by Michael A. Spar. Dissertation, University of Virginia.

"The Changing Control of Economic Activity in the Gatlinburg, Tennessee Area, 1930-1973," by Jerome E. Dobson. Dissertation, University of Tennessee.

"City, County, State: Intergovernmental Relations in Texas, 1835-1860," by Edward B. Weisel. Dissertation, Rice University.

"Crossroads of Conviction: A Study of the Texas Political Mind, 1856-1861," by Oran L. Sinclair. Dissertation, Rice University.

Discovery Under the Southern Cross, by Roselyn Poignant. Franklin Watts, 1976. \$6.90.

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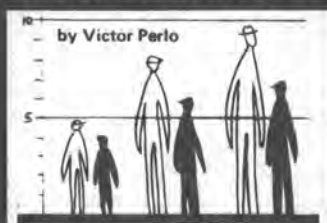
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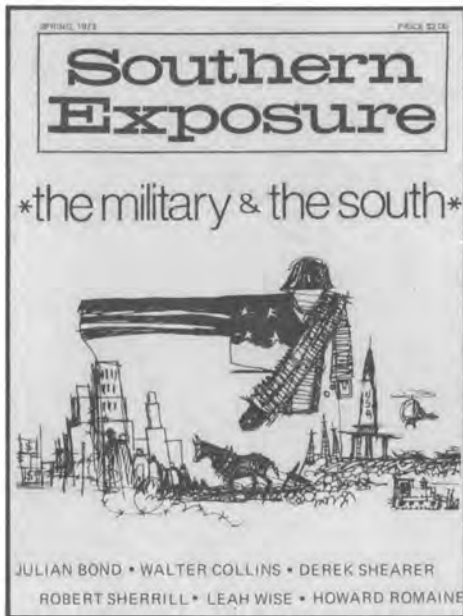
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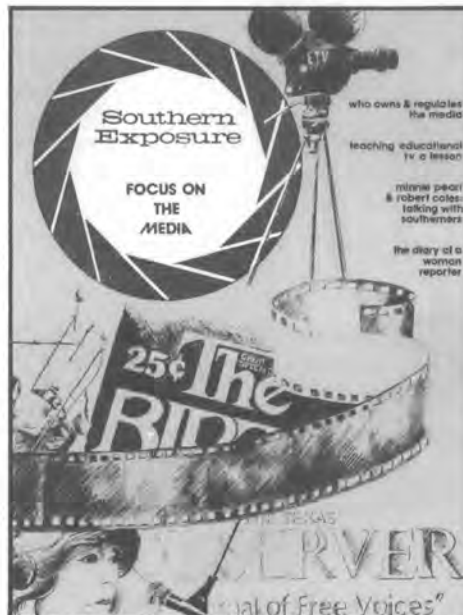
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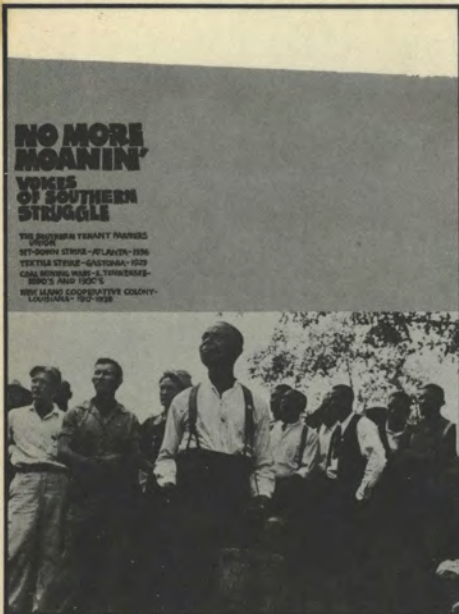
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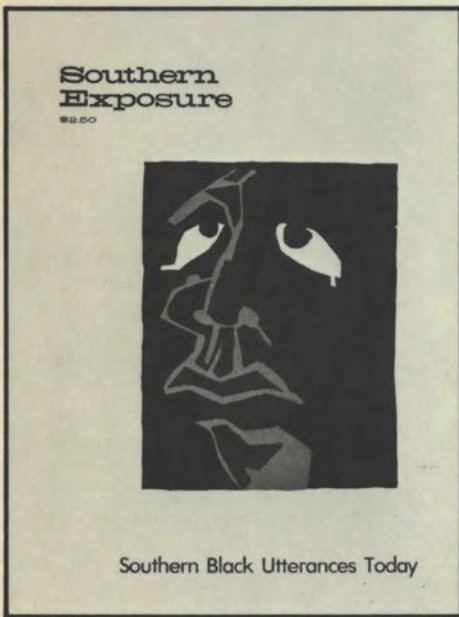
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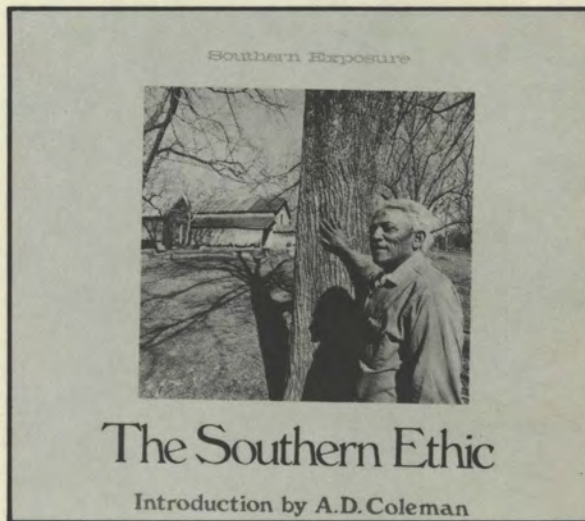
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