

AMERICAN HERETIC

*Portrait of Jim Dombrowski,
artist and activist...*



and more...

People Pieces

Charleston's Last Days

The Danville Movement

Folksongs from the Southern Border

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Bugwood, knotty crooks of trees which can be found in any cut-over forest, is unfit for sawing into lumber, but it was harvested for use in distilling wood alcohol. In the summer of 1933, Tennessee Products Corporation paid 75 cents a day to bugwood cutters. One of them, Henry Thomas, who had made good money logging before the Depression, said years later, "I got to figuring that my pay amounted to two-and-a-half cents a meal for the members of my family. So I went around to the other woodcutters and said to them, 'It takes a sharp axe, a strong back and a weak mind to cut bugwood at 75 cents a day. Let's strike!'" They did.

— from *Unearthing Seeds of Fire*,
by Frank Adams

In honor of its 50th anniversary, Highlander Center, of which Jim Dombrowski was a founder, has issued the cover picture as a poster. It is available for \$5 from Highlander, Rt. 3, Box 370, New Market, TN 37820.

on the move...

As we go to press, the people of the South and the rest of the nation are on the move. We at the Institute for Southern Studies are proud to take part.

The SCLC pilgrimage to Washington, shown in the top two pictures, advocated an extension of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. That march began in Alabama in support of Maggie Bozeman and Julia Wilder, jailed for registering blacks in Pickens County to vote.

Southerners from every state joined 800,000 other people calling for an end to the insanity of the arms race. Work here at the Institute slowed down as several of us joined in both the Saturday march and the Monday sit-ins at the embassies of five nations possessing nuclear weapons.



photo by JoAnn DiVerdi



photo by JoAnn DiVerdi



photo by Joe Pfister



photo by Marc Miller

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INSTITUTE REPORT

Waging Peace

What do Birmingham, Alabama; Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana; Durham, North Carolina; Charleston, South Carolina; and Memphis, Tennessee, have in common? In each of those communities people who have never worked together before are beginning to organize to challenge the Reagan administration's gutting of human needs programs to feed the gluttonous military machine.

Teachers and factory workers, ministers and health-care providers, students and tenants, political activists and public transportation users, people from all social, economic and racial groups now recognize the need for broad-based coalitions to act upon their common concerns.

The Southeast Project on Human Needs and Peace — sponsored jointly by the Institute for Southern Studies (the parent organization of *Southern Exposure*), the Southern Organizing Committee for Economic and Social Justice and War Resisters League/Southeast — was developed to provide the organizing, technical and research assistance necessary for building such coalitions. Memphis, Birmingham, Charleston, Plaquemines Parish and Durham have been targeted as organiz-

ing sites for the Institute/SOC/WRL project. In an example of the project's strategy, Institute staff members worked with the Durham-based Triangle Project on Military Spending and Human Needs to organize a People's Forum on the Budget Cuts this past Tax Day, April 15.

As millions of procrastinating taxpayers scurried to their post offices, Durham and Orange County residents packed a large meeting room at St. Joseph's AME Church to speak their minds about the local effects of Reagan's budget priorities. Unlike most such events that are ignored by the media and politicians, the People's Forum drew a large component of both. With hundreds of eyes watching every move, the politicians remained attentive, if somewhat uncomfortable, as two dozen citizens — black and white, men and women — gave three-minute presentations on the down-home impact of Reagan's economic policies. (To no one's surprise, however, the aide Jesse Helms's office promised to send never showed up.)

"Although decisions are made in Washington," said Steve Sumerford, one of the forum organizers, "the issue of national spending is a local issue. Now is the time to examine Reagan's definition of national security and expose it for what it is: a myth, a sham. Who here feels more secure? Do

JENNIFER HENDERSON OF THE NORTH CAROLINA HUNGER COALITION HAD PEOPLE WRITE CONGRESS ABOUT HOW OUR TAX DOLLARS SHOULD BE SPENT.



those who live in public housing feel more secure knowing that even though housing programs are being slashed, we will produce three more nuclear warheads each day? Do school teachers feel more secure knowing that money saved by eliminating their jobs will be used to recruit and train young people as soldiers? Reagan says he is concerned about the truly needy, and I believe he is. It's just that his idea of the truly needy is the Fortune 500."

Although the issues varied, speaker after speaker echoed Sumerford's sentiments on the diversion of funds from long-term domestic security programs to wasteful and apocalyptic military spending. Some speakers approached their topics through humor, some through evangelistic fervor, some through statistics and hard facts. Few merely bemoaned the fate of their own federal human support program; rather, in addition to addressing the grim reality of Reagan's budget priorities for local people, most speakers pointed out that the power to change things also lies in the hands of local people.

"I'm a little tired of people being unhappy when I think back to the 1980 election when very few people voted," said Evy Schmidt of Durham's

STEVE SCHEWEL OF THE PEOPLE'S ALLIANCE, A STATEWIDE CITIZEN'S ORGANIZATION, READ FROM THE 300-PAGE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT PHONEBOOK TO ILLUSTRATE HOW OUR TAX DOLLARS ARE SPENT.



Lincoln Community Health Center. "While the nation needed change, it didn't need chaos. If you really want to do something, get out and vote. . . . Get out and register other people to vote, too."

Alma Steele, from the Durham Tenants Steering Committee, representing 10,000 public housing residents, called on people to join the Birmingham-to-Washington Voting Rights march, saying, "We are going to ask Reagan to give back what he has taken from us and given to the military."

The message was not lost on the assembled politicians, who after solemnly listening for over two hours, were each given three minutes to respond to the speakers. They echoed



REVEREND ALEXANDER MOSELEY: "GET ON THE PHONE, CALL ALL YOUR FRIENDS, TAKE YOUR FAMILY AND NEIGHBORS DOWN TO REGISTER AND VOTE."

the concerns of their constituents, but more importantly, they recognized, as Congressional candidate H.M. Michaux did, "the seeds of a new partnership beginning to form tonight."

That new partnership — between individuals and groups which have rarely connected peace or nuclear issues with human services — has started to blossom in many other Southern cities. If you're in or near Memphis, Birmingham, Charleston or Plaquemines Parish and would like to have the Southeast Project on Peace and Human Needs work with you, drop a note to our traveling staffperson, Pat Bryant, Southeast Project, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

(A 30-minute videotape of the People's Forum has been produced by

Durham's North State Public Video and is available for showings to organizations or classes. Contact Marc Miller, Triangle Project, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.)

The 604 Gang

If you've never visited the Institute/Southern Exposure offices, you're probably not aware that we share our work space with a collection of other social-change organizations. We are all cramped together at 604 West Chapel Hill Street in a two-story brick building that's both slightly too old and too young to be fashionable.

We share the first floor with Calumet Research, computer services to the progressive community; and North State Public Video, recording the sights and sounds of the mid-South movement. The second floor at 604 is home to our much-used coffee pot plus the North Carolina Prison and Jail Project, working for alternatives to incarceration and against the death penalty; the Southeast office of the War Resisters League; People's Alliance, North Carolina's progressive political force; ACRE, challenging competency testing in Southern schools; and Farmworkers Legal Services Migrant Health Project, working for the health, safety and legal rights of the folks who put food on our tables. The second floor library serves as the evening meeting site for groups ranging from the Southern Student Activist Network to Amnesty International and the Women's Pentagon Action.

We do more than share space; a great deal of our strength grows out of cooperation among the organizations. A few examples: the Southeast Project on Peace and Human Needs is a joint endeavor of the Institute and WRL; our abhorrence of the death penalty brings the Institute and the Prison and Jail Project together; and we joined with North State Public Video to provide labor locals with training in using the media.

In short, the "Gang of 604" is a thriving, compatible group. So it seems natural that when such folks' thoughts

THE BUDGET CUT QUARTET (MINUS TWO DUE TO BUDGET CUTS) OPENED THE TAX DAY FORUM, THEN RETURNED TWO DAYS LATER TO WARM UP THE CROWD AT THE 604 BENEFIT.



turn to more mundane matters like paying the rent, the Gang would come up with a fund-raising scheme extraordinary.

On April 17, just two days after the People's Forum, Durham-area progressives assembled once again, this time to raise spirits and money as well as political consciousness. For the appropriate donation of \$6.04, the audience received a bill of performers as diverse as the Gang of 604 itself:

Brother Yusuf Salim and Friends with Eve Cornelious opened the show with an electrifying set of jazz and blues which led to three encores.

Jo Carson, whose "People Pieces" appear on page 17, came all the way from Johnson City, Tennessee, to introduce us Piedmont folk to the poetry of the mountains.

People's Art Action, a Durham-based theater troupe, performed a series of vignettes on work, peace and justice which were produced especially for the Gang and Friends, much to our delight and appreciation.

Finally, Si Kahn, our good friend, labor and community organizer and Movement singer/songwriter, closed the show with songs from his new album, "Doing My Job," as well as Movement standards. By the show's end, well after midnight, people gathered on and around the stage, clasped hands and sang a round of Si's classic, "People Like You," followed by "We Shall Overcome."

The First Annual \$6.04 Fund-raiser was as entertaining as it was profitable. There will be a second.

FROM OUR READERS

I was able to look over a copy of your Fall, 1981, issue and I was quite impressed. Perhaps I should pass it on to my friends in Chicago and New York City, as they seem to think it impossible for Southerners to write intelligently and persuasively about anything (and the South in particular).

I am a recent escapee from academia, and hence I would feel uncomfortable if I neglected to make some sort of captious criticism, especially since I was invited to do so by Bob Hall in his opening remarks. If one reads *New Left Review* or *Science and Society*, or even *Telos*, one is constantly oppressed by dogmatic tenacity so fierce as to totally prohibit any sort of serious objection. And this in publications staffed by individuals who are often ostentatious in their declarations for liberal-mindedness and unfettered analysis of any problem from any perspective. Unlike the above periodicals, yours seems to eschew academic bombast; I hope that it will also struggle against settling into a comfortable ideology. "Communism" and "Soviet hegemony": these are terms that are no longer examined in the *National Review*; surely you will not allow "racism" or "politician" to be used in an equally automatic fashion.

— Eric Olson
Houston, Texas

Reverend Tom Champion, head of the Agent Orange Victims of Atlanta, spoke his last published words in the March/April, 1982, issue of *Southern Exposure*. On April 11, Champion died of cancer in the Veterans Administration Hospital in Atlanta. He was 39.

When Champion was 37, he learned that he had cancer of the small intestine, which is normally suffered by the elderly. "That's what Agent Orange do for you. It gives young men tumors that are only found in men two or three times their age," Champion said. He believed his exposure to the defoliant Agent Orange while he served in Vietnam from 1965 to 1966 caused him to develop a range of health problems including a severe form of acne and cancer.

He is survived by his wife Carolyn and their three children, all of whom suffer from birth defects. They are Thomas, 14, Joy, 13, and Deidrich, 11.

For Champion, Agent Orange Victims of Atlanta was a faith. It was a source of hope and strength. In the *Southern Exposure* interview he said it "has been another church. We had no money, just people who needed help. For some strange reason the Lord chose me to be their minister. I know why I'm here. In order for me to live, I have to be here."

Up until his death, Champion fought for medical care and respect for the 2.4 million Vietnam vets exposed to the deadly chemical. Even in death, he sends a message to those who would say we need yet more scientific studies before the government provides basic medical care to American war victims.

— Celia Dugger
Atlanta, Georgia

Apparently Alice Walker has firsthand familiarity with photographic artist Stephen March's practice of his art, since she instructs that he "first listen to what black women are saying before he photographs them with their mouths open." Evidently she has observed Mr. March in the act of photographing black women with their mouths open and noted his failure to "listen" before clicking his fatal shutter.

I wonder if in fact Walker would suggest that the same principle is applicable in the practice of her art: never describe in words someone you see, if his or her mouth is open, without first listening to what is being said. And, should you have any difficulty interpreting or understanding the significance of what a black woman is saying, check for a red wig atop the speaker's head; if you see one, don't even bother to listen: "Black women in red wigs are probably not saying very much." Of course you would never want to leave it to your readers to decide what is "very much" or very little.

This kind of presumptuous, intimidating conformity proposed by Walker

insults the subjects of the photograph, Mr. March, *Southern Exposure*, its readers and anyone who wishes to practice his or her art in front of or behind a camera. For *Southern Exposure* to internalize a tirade rather than offering even a single word on behalf of an artist who has generously provided his photographic and written work to *SE* over many years is incomprehensible. It leaves one to conclude only that *SE* shares Walker's classist bias against black women she considers her inferiors, and to wonder if *SE* is more concerned with submitting to arbitrary complaints from well-known authors than in presenting multiple artistic visions of the South. Bowing at the feet of Walker's dictum as *SE* did in its implied "soul-searching" apology suggests a kind of party line that bodes ill for variety of expression, and sells short one of your steadfast artistic contributors, black women and your readers.

— Gordon Ball
Norfolk, Virginia

A topic that your journal may want to explore for a special handbook issue: "Economic Dislocation in the South: The impact upon workers and communities of a plant closing." The problem has been greatly accelerated in the South, as Bluestone/Harrison/Baker write in *Corporate Flight* (Progressive Alliance Press, 1981):

It took 75 years for the Northeast to lose the bulk of its old mill-based industry to the Sunbelt and to foreign countries. Yet already, within a much shorter time span, the South has witnessed the overseas migration of textiles, apparel and other non-durables. To select one industry, between 1971 and 1976 almost 60 percent of all textile mill closings — in both union and non-union plants — occurred in the South.

This issue could be a valuable resource for community and labor groups who must deal with the problem at the grassroots level.

— Raymond L. Neirinckx
Johnston, Rhode Island

SOUTHERN NEWS ROUNDUP

Struggle continues in cotton dust turmoil

Georgia's textile workers have finally convinced their state legislators to change the eligibility requirements for victims of brown lung disease — byssinosis — to gain compensation for suffering from the disabling disease caused by inhaling cotton dust. Passage of the bill amending the worker's compensation laws caps a three-year lobbying campaign by the Georgia Brown Lung Association (BLA) and the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union (ACTWU).

The organizations are pleased with their victory, even though they wanted a provision which would allow a claim to be considered if it was filed within a year of the victim's first *diagnosis* of brown lung. Instead, Georgia lawmakers set the statute of limitations at three years from the date of "last injurious exposure" to cotton dust — a requirement that will exclude victims whose affliction is not diagnosed for several years after leaving the mills.

Also on the minus side is a long exposure requirement: the bill says a person must have worked in a mill for seven years to be eligible for compensation, despite numerous well-documented cases of brown lung victims with much shorter tenures in the mills.

On the plus side, the Georgia law includes a "grandfather clause" that allows people barred from a claim under the old law to be diagnosed by July 1, 1983, and to file their claims by July 1, 1984. The BLA is offering free breathing tests and referrals to doctors and lawyers. BLA and ACTWU also promise to be back at the statehouse next year, fighting for more improvements in the compensation law.

While the BLA has expanded into Georgia, Virginia and Alabama, chronic funding problems have closed many offices, especially in the Carolinas where it began. Over \$20 million in claims has been paid out in the Caro-

linas; no one has yet received an award from Georgia's Workers' Compensation Board.

Meanwhile, at the national level, textile workers are worried about holding on to past victories. The cotton dust standard, a strict limitation on the amount of dust a mill may have in its air, has been under attack by mill owners since it was set by the Carter administration four years ago.

In February, 1982, the Reagan administration bowed to industry pressure and announced a "review" of the cotton dust standard. A few weeks earlier, the American Textile Manufacturers Institute (ATMI) had released a survey purporting to prove that only four-tenths of one percent of industry workers suffered from brown lung.

This "study" was predictably attacked by ACTWU, but it also was termed crude and meaningless, "a violation of the basic principles of epidemiology," by the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH). Even an industry trade journal, *Textile World*, questioned the report's accuracy and credibility: "It's like surveying a bunch of bartenders and asking them how they feel about the repeal of prohibition."

Nonetheless, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) is proceeding with "a regulatory impact analysis" that ACTWU says is exactly the kind of cost/benefit analysis the Supreme Court earlier ruled was not required for implementing the cotton dust standard.



COTTON DUST KILLS.

OSHA has yet to publish a revised standard, but one is expected before the election, possibly in October. After that there will be public hearings and a public battle — and ACTWU expects a difficult struggle but not an unwinnable one. Says Eric Frumin, the union's director of occupational safety and health, "It may depend on our ability to challenge them in the courts, but we may be able to stop them without that. A lot rests on how the elections go — new congressional oversight might put a crimp in their plans. It's like what old Charlie Cannon [of Cannon Mills] said about the price of cotton: 'It depends on two things: politics and the weather. And of the two, the weather is more predictable.'"

Pay the price — but don't drink the water

In Chesapeake, Virginia, more than 600 homeowners were called to court this spring to answer criminal charges of failing to use city water which is contaminated with asbestos fibers.

The homeowners (all of whom had paid their connection fees and minimum water bills) were charged under a city ordinance which not only requires connection to city water lines but also outlaws private wells for such domestic uses as drinking, bathing, cooking and laundering.

Most of those served with criminal summonses quickly connected to city lines, and the charges against them were dismissed. But 12 brought suit in U.S. District Court in Norfolk to enjoin the city from enforcing the ordinance, claiming they risk personal injury "if required to consume water supplied by the city system which contains asbestos, a carcinogen, and other undesirable substances, including chlorine."

On April 5, 1982, Judge W. Robert Phelps, Jr., ruled that forcing residents to drink city water "is a proper exercise

of the police powers" of the city, and he fined the plaintiffs \$5 each. They immediately appealed the decision.

The battle climaxes years of controversy surrounding the Chesapeake Utility Department's installation between 1973 and 1978 of more than 200 miles of unlined asbestos-cement pipe. Ironically, after Environmental Protection Agency tests showed cancer-causing asbestos fibers to be present in city water, the city council became the first in the nation to ban further installation of the pipes for health reasons.

But the council continued to insist that all property owners connect to the asbestos pipes already in the ground. The utility department, plagued by unrelated financial troubles, is more than \$4 million in the red, and, according to Vice Mayor Willa Bazemore, everyone in Chesapeake has a "social contract" to purchase and drink city water to help out the department.

On June 1, 1982, the city council finally amended its ordinance, under pressure of the lawsuit, to let people use well water any way they want, on the condition that they also pay the city a monthly fee equal to the average bill of city-water users.

Although this action removes one of the main issues in the federal lawsuit, it doesn't satisfy the offending citizens. Says Carl Cahill, a defiant well-water user who's been fighting the city ordinance in one courtroom after another for nine years, the latest amendment finally allows freedom of choice, but places too high a price on it.

- Thanks to Carl Cahill of Chesapeake, Virginia, and Environment magazine for this news story

SEEN ANY GOOD NEWS?

There's no reason to let us be the ones who sift through the press to choose the material to include in the Southern News Roundup. If you see a feature article in your local newspaper or a magazine that sheds light on what progressive Southerners are doing — or are up against — send it to us. Send the complete article, date and name of publication (with its address if possible) along with your name and address, and whatever additional comments or interpretations you care to include, to: Southern News Roundup, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

Reagan is danger to black colleges' health

President Reagan's proposed educational cutbacks add trembling to black colleges' ongoing fear of demise. Whether or not Congress adopts the President's total package, federal funds to all universities and colleges will undoubtedly diminish. Moreover, mere rumors of cutbacks have hurt enrollment.

Specifically, Reagan proposes to reduce the funding of Pell grants from the present \$12.7 million to \$5.9 million — a cut of more than 50 percent. (Pell grants, or Basic Education Opportunity Grants, are made to financially needy students for their undergraduate college years.) Despite Reagan's insistence that low-income students will be "protected," the latter are obviously, and understandably, not convinced. In North Carolina alone, enrollment in the state's six black private colleges fell from 6,481 students in 1980 to 6,165 in 1981. Eighty percent of all students in private minority colleges depend substantially on the Pell grants for financial aid. And the "supplemental funds" program which supplies most of the remainder of the students' needs would be completely eliminated under Reagan's budget.

If the proposals are adopted, the burden of maintaining minority institutions will fall to state governments. This prospect stirs panic among the schools' administrators, who see no indications that the racism ultimately responsible for their colleges' current substandard conditions and facilities will cease. Administrators also lament the inefficiency to date of the Adams case, a Supreme Court decision in the late 1970s which required that publicly supported black colleges be integrated while the integrity of the institution is maintained and its historical tradition respected and upheld. The federal government picked up much of the tab for the "enhancing" of the schools, to make them more attractive to whites.

But strong recruitment programs have not only failed to draw whites to black campuses, the schools are finding it increasingly difficult to attract black

students, who are opting more and more for white institutions. Even the infamously racist University of Alabama now says blacks compose 11 percent of its student body. Whereas traditionally all-black colleges used to educate half of all black students in the country, they now train only 17 percent of them.

The minority institutions' administrators admit that they are alarmed by these statistics primarily because they fear that the failure of state and federal governments to enhance their schools could result in proposals, and eventually mandates, to merge with white schools. And as Florida A&M University's director of graduate studies, Charles U. Smith, told the *Wall Street Journal* in a two-part series on black colleges in early March, "When they say they want us merged, I think they really mean submerged."

Last minute evidence saves man from death

Timothy George Baldwin was within two days of being killed by the state of Louisiana when the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals unexpectedly granted him a stay of execution on May 24, 1982. That same court had previously abused John Spenkelink's rights by "meeting" via conference phone call late at night to decide not to review his case again in 1979.

Baldwin was convicted of the April 4, 1978, murder of Mary James Peters, an 85-year-old white woman in West Monroe, Louisiana. Although he has been convicted of several other crimes, this is his first conviction for a violent crime.

Tim Baldwin has always maintained his innocence. His court-appointed attorney, who had never handled a capital case before, conducted a sloppy defense and called only two defense witnesses — Baldwin and his wife. The initial police bulletin described the killer as being in his twenties; Baldwin was then 38. Eyewitness reports said the vehicle parked outside the home of the victim was a brown or gold Dodge

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van; Baldwin drove a black Ford van.

Now dramatic new evidence in the form of a motel receipt verifies Baldwin's original claim that he was 70 miles away in Arkansas when the murder occurred.

Under the Fifth Circuit ruling, the court will look at new evidence and decide whether to hear the case later on its regular appellate docket, send the case back to Federal District Court for a new trial or move towards setting a new execution date.

Over 1,000 men and women are currently on death row in the U.S., 40



TIM BALDWIN

percent of them in Florida, Texas and Georgia. Since the death penalty was reinstated in 1976, four people have been executed: Gary Gilmore (Utah, 1977), John Spenkelink (Florida, 1979), Jesse Bishop (Nevada, 1979) and Steven Judy (Indiana, 1981). Only one, Spenkelink, pursued all legal appeals before his execution. Baldwin could be the second: if the court does not order a new trial, an execution date will be set 30 to 45 days from the date of the ruling.

Despite the stay, there remains a great danger that Louisiana will execute Tim Baldwin even if he is innocent. One chilling case of an innocent man being condemned to die surfaced recently, *70 years after the fact*.

In 1913, Leo Frank, a Jewish businessman in Atlanta, was convicted of murdering 14-year-old Mary Phagan. Two years later, Georgia Governor John Slaton commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment, but vigi-

lantes stormed the prison, abducted Frank at gunpoint and lynched him. The Frank case led both to a resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan and the birth of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

Alonzo Mann, now 83, was Frank's office helper in 1913. He recently gave a sworn statement to reporters for the Nashville *Tennessean* clearing Frank and implicating Jim Conley, a janitor at the National Pencil Company where Frank was superintendent. Mann saw Conley carrying the body into the basement of the building and says Conley, whose testimony convicted Frank, told him, "If you ever mention this, I'll kill you."

The first Ku Klux Klan crossburning in history, marking the rebirth of the terrorist organization, occurred two months after the lynching, under the leadership of William Simmons. His recruiting of new Kluxers was aided by the ease with which the lynchers — known as the Knights of Mary Phagan and also led by Simmons — escaped punishment. No one was ever arrested for the lynching of Frank.

The B'nai B'rith, a Jewish fraternal organization established in 1843, responded to the lynching and the intense wave of anti-Jewish hysteria that swept the South by forming the Anti-Defamation League "to work for equality of opportunity for all Americans in our time." Thereafter, the ADL cooperated with the NAACP in opposing all lynchings.

Jim Conley died in 1962, but Mann says he is glad to have finally "told it all" anyway. "I believe it will help people to understand that courts and juries can make mistakes."

Woodcutters score impressive victory

"This bill is for the poor people," declares McCauley Hart, president of the United Woodcutters Association (UWA). "Woodcutters are some of the hardest working people in Mississippi, but they are also some of the most cheated. Thank God a bill's been passed to help

people who really need help."

The bill Hart refers to is the Fair Scaling Act, and its passage on March 8, 1982, capped an 18-month campaign by the 12,000-member UWA (see *Southern Exposure*, Vol. X, No. 2). The act, designed to prevent lumberyards from "shortsticking" — paying woodcutters for less than the actual timber delivered — creates a new state office with a \$250,000 budget to regulate Mississippi's largest industry.

In August, 1980, the UWA first called for passage of legislation which would: 1) prohibit cheating in the measurement of pulpwood; 2) license all pulpwood buyers; 3) establish a grievance procedure; 4) set up uniform standards for the measurement of pulpwood; 5) require that woodcutters be given their tickets before their trucks are unloaded; 6) protect woodcutters who file complaints; and 7) establish an independent board appointed by the governor to enforce the act.

The new law contains all but the last point; it sets up an office within the Department of Agriculture for enforcement rather than creating an independent agency. Despite that drawback, the law represents a significant victory for the UWA, especially given the current political climate of budget cuts and widespread concern over the size of government bureaucracy. To finance the act, the pulpmills (seven major corporations) will pay a fee of eight cents per cord of pulpwood; in addition, each of the approximately 250 pulpwood buyers (the middlemen) will pay an annual license fee of \$30.

To secure passage of the Fair Scaling Act, the UWA conducted the most extensive grassroots lobbying effort in recent Mississippi history. Dozens of demonstrations, rallies and parades were held around the state, including a three-week "Truckin' for Justice" caravan. Hundreds of woodcutters traveled to the state capital, and 3,000 people attended "legislative accountability nights" in more than 30 Mississippi districts.

"This bill will enable woodcutters to support their families," said Hart after the bill was signed. "Now some of them can come off welfare.

"Hopefully, in the future the com-

missioner of agriculture will take this bill and do something to help the woodcutters. If he don't, we're going to be so close to him he won't be able to turn around."

The UWA immediately began an extensive training and education program to inform the woodcutters of Mississippi of their rights under the new law. Meetings were held in each of the 40 locals, and a five-day training session was held for 15 local leaders in mid-May.

On May 4, 100 woodcutters attended and testified at hearings set up by the commissioner of agriculture to help establish guidelines. Preliminary guidelines, released in early June, represented a significant victory. The industry lost on almost all of its proposals, while the UWA's proposals were almost all accepted in some form. The major points the woodcutters won were: beating back the companies' push for a four-percent margin of error in measuring a pulpwood load, and having the Department of Agriculture post information detailing the new law, including how to file complaints, in every woodyard.

Chicken legislators duck ERA debate

Tar Heel legislators and newspaper editors were cluck-clucking as though a fox was prowling through their barnyard. Their cries have resounded across North Carolina since small packets of chicken manure arrived on the desks of the 27 state senators who slaughtered the Equal Rights Amendment's chances by voting to table the issue on June 4.

Despite a Harris poll showing that 61 percent of North Carolinians favor ERA and despite Governor Jim Hunt's last-ditch lobbying effort, the senators took their cue from hoards of STOP ERAers and fundamentalist school kids bused to Raleigh for the occasion. The vote to table was unexpected, but it did not deter 10,000 people — including Governor Hunt — from demonstrating their continued commitment to equal rights in a massive rally at the

capitol on Sunday, June 6.

Nobody will admit to mailing the fragrant baggie-grams, of course, but most ERA supporters are delighted that someone has finally taken off the kid gloves and is giving anti-ERA legislators their due.

"Honestly, I didn't have anything to do with the chicken thing," chuckled long-time ERA activist and former state NOW president Miriam Slifkin. "But I think we should have done that kind of thing a long time ago. Whenever we talked about using more aggressive tactics, though, we were told that it would do more harm than good for the ratification effort."

"We call it vulgar," whined the *Greensboro Daily News* in an editorial headlined "Ladies??"

"We were brainwashed to 'act like ladies,'" Slifkin insists, "and then they refused to take us seriously anyway. Women have been dumped on forever. Now it's time for us to dump on them."

"Bad taste, bad politics and bad publicity for a worthy cause," charged the *Daily News*, ignoring the decade-long campaign of deceit and dirty tricks used to block ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment.

A baggie full of chicken shit isn't nearly as offensive as a state legislature full of elected officials who refuse to take an honest vote on an issue of primary concern to more than half the population. North Carolina ERA leaders vow that the politicians will learn to regret their chicken behavior in the upcoming primary and general elections.



Reagan's ax falls on education program

One of the most effective federal programs in our public schools will be gutted by Reagan's extremism, according to a new report prepared for the Southern Governors Association by the Southeastern Public Education Program (SEPEP).

Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act provides funds for supplementary instruction in basic skills to "under-achieving" students. Nineteen of every \$20 spent in the South under the program has gone to pay for additional staff, and the results have been impressive: children in Title I programs have increased their average percentile rank from 4 to 37 percent in reading and from 5 to 44 percent in math in grades two through eight.

Under the Reagan plan, the 4,000 school districts in the South will lose \$226 million in Title I funds for the 1982-83 school year and \$389 million the following year; thus total funding in the South will drop from \$1.15 billion in 1981-82 to \$759 million in '83-'84. About 52,000 staff will lose their jobs over the two years, the report says, and 1,360,000 fewer eligible children will receive the program's benefits. The program served 2,266,000 in the 1979-80 school year, which is only half the eligible elementary students and about ten percent of the eligible high school students.

Schools "will go crazy without Title I to assist with special needs," says Don Morton from Etowah County, Alabama. Local and state funds cannot pick up the slack, notes Mississippi Governor William Winter, because in many cases "school districts are already taxing to their legal limits and fighting to keep their heads above water."

The Reagan ax also fell on Hayes Mizell, who directs the Southeastern Public Education Program and who was appointed by President Carter to chair the National Advisory Council on the Education of Disadvantaged Children. Reagan terminated Mizell's position as head of the often-critical council, and abolished the council itself effective July 1, 1982. "Now I will oppose the negative proposals of the Reagan ad-

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ministration even more vigorously," Mizell commented.

The report on "Proposed Title I Cuts" is available from SEPEP, 1338 Main Street, Suite 501, Columbia, South Carolina 29201.

Hightower inspires new brand of politics

A hopeful minority of Texas progressives has long maintained that their state is not as conservative as the officials it elects, and this year they may prove they are right.

The May 1 Democratic primary produced victories for populist Jim Hightower in the race for state agriculture commissioner and for feminist Ann Richards in the race for state treasurer. A June 5 runoff between two liberals in the race for attorney general produced a victory for Jim Mattox, a U.S. representative from Dallas, over John Hannah, a former Common Cause official and East Texas U.S. Attorney. Garry Mauro, a sometimes liberal political activist, won a runoff for state land commissioner, defeating Pete Snelson, a conservative backed by the utilities and Big Oil. And there is more good news from a scattering of congressional and state legislative races.

The election in November of at least some of these candidates will give the progressive movement its first set of officials in the state capital in nearly half a century, and its first state-wide standard-bearers since U.S. Senator Ralph Yarborough was beaten in 1970.

Jim Hightower's primary defeat of popular incumbent Reagan Brown — with nearly 60 percent of the vote — is good news from and for the grassroots, where his campaign was based. With a political background that includes a tight loss while running for a seat on the Texas Railroad Commission in 1980, the editorship of the *Texas Observer*, management of Fred Harris's 1976 presidential campaign and service on Yarborough's senate staff, Hightower is trying to revive what he calls

the "rainbow coalition" of blacks, browns and whites — laboring people, poor people, small businesspeople and family farmers — that once existed in Texas.

One issue transcends all others, he says: "Too few people have all the money and power." It's the same message he took into the cities, small towns and rural areas in his 1980 campaign. "Everybody agrees with that," he said in an interview with the *Observer*. "I mean 90 percent of the people agree with it. It don't matter if you're talking about oil companies or supermarkets or utilities or banks."

The interview also offers insights into how one proceeds from the issue to the people, starting with a small



JIM HIGHTOWER

base of supporters all over the state:

"One person can deliver a county for you. If you've got one person that works for you, you are their priority, they can get busy and do the job, and deliver a bunch of votes for you. They're gonna get your signs out, they're gonna get you scheduled in town, they're gonna get the door-to-door leafletting done. . . .

"There's other networks you plug into also. If I'm going into a county I

want to see the central labor council people, see the women's caucus, black or Mexican-American groups, farmers' union. We always call the Democratic county chair; we always seek out the county judge. . . .

"I began three years ago with nothing and added on to it as we built in that campaign [for the railroad commission] and built it up substantially but not enough — in either money or organization that first time out. But we continued with it, didn't stop for a moment. . . .

"But the hardest thing I had to do was to convince the progressive forces, liberals particularly, that we could win, that it wasn't just a lost cause from the start. And of course I looked like a loser when we started just because we had no money, etc., and how was this going to work. So when I went out, I



built a base out there among the yellow-dog Democrats, then came into the cities, into the liberal movement. By the time I came in, I was getting good press everywhere I went, and that press fed back into the cities. And that's where the state political writers then began to say, 'Jesus, look at this: Hightower's out there doing something.'"

Besides having a sound strategy and strong issues, Hightower is a gifted orator who keeps his listeners laughing while he gets them mad at the people with all the money and power. He also brought excellent qualifications to the race. Raised in a family of tenant farmers and small-town folks in north Texas, he went on to establish the Washington-based Agribusiness Accountability Project, to write two widely respected books and scores of articles on farm and food issues, and to help build an effective lobbying coalition in Texas of farmers and organized labor.

The excitement generated by the Hightower race rubbed off on other progressive and liberal candidates, although none of them ran the same sort of unabashedly populist campaign. Ann Richards's victory is the result of an unabashedly feminist campaign, run by women, employing a statewide network of women activists and a series of excellent television ads in east, central and south Texas.

For years as homemaker, teacher and mother of four, Richards was a workhorse volunteer in progressive political campaigns. She entered politics on her own in 1976 when she became the first woman elected to the Travis County Commission. Now she has a chance to be the first woman to hold statewide office since Ma Ferguson was governor 50 years ago.

The incumbent treasurer, Warren G. Harding, was under grand jury investigation for official corruption and charges of sexual harassment of employees, and he was indicted on two minor counts a few weeks before the election. The cloud over his re-election effort helped Richards, of course, but she ignored his legal troubles and concentrated on inefficiency and incompetence in the treasurer's office. She charged, for example, that \$20 to \$40 million in potential interest on state bank deposits was lost to the taxpayers every year. Richards got 47 percent of the vote to Harding's 35 percent, putting them in a runoff (there were two other candidates). But within a few days, the treasurer withdrew, handing Richards the Democratic victory.

Both Hightower and Richards face relatively unknown Republican opponents in November; they are expected to win easily unless the Republican Party can replace its nominees with more serious candidates.

The Republicans, however, have their hands full trying to hold onto the governor's mansion and gain a U.S. Senate seat. Governor Bill Clements faces Mark White, a Democrat almost as reactionary as he is, who is now state attorney general. And conservative Democratic Senator Lloyd Bentsen has a serious challenger in right-wing Dallas Representative Jim Collins. Thus, the old-line Texas establishment is certain to keep these top slots for

the time being, no matter who wins. But the progressive coalition is working its way into the mid-levels of state government, gaining the strength and experience to go after higher positions a few years down the road.

Alabama activist on anti-utility campaign

Help keep the big boys honest. This campaign is for the people, not the special interests." That's not a quote from Jim Hightower's campaign literature; it comes from Alabama, where Bill Edwards is running for the Public Service Commission (PSC) in the September Democratic primary and borrowing a few leaves from the Hightower bible.

Edwards, a 35-year-old organizer who has directed the Alabama Coalition Against Hunger for the past four years, is known as a vocal advocate of poor people. A white who comes equipped with a broad base of support in the black community, his turn to populist politics is an attempt to deal directly with a utilities system that fills corporate coffers with small consumers' dollars.

Utilities have long been the whipping boy for an economic populism espoused by such Alabama politicians as Big Jim Folsom and George Wallace. The election of regulatory commissioners was supposed to ensure protection of the public from the "big monopolies," but in recent years, Bill Edwards points out, "utility regulators are playing a shell game with the public by publicly hollering 'No' to all rate hike requests, then turning their backs and winking when the Alabama Supreme Court grants most of the utilities' original requests."

The Edwards platform calls for major revisions in the rate structure which currently penalizes residential consumers and small businesses; for example, big industrial users in Alabama pay about three cents per kilowatt hour of electricity, while typical families pay about 6.3 cents for the same kilowatt hour. His plan also calls for low-interest loans by utilities to

their customers for energy-saving home improvements and repairs, an impartial mechanism to resolve disputes between utilities and customers, and several other measures that would change the PSC into a public servant.

His chances for victory are assessed by most observers with the skepticism that accompanies any first venture by a new politician, especially one who won't have big money on his side. But Edwards is trying a new style of politics, building the same sort of locally based network of supporters that worked in Texas. In fact, Carol Gundlach, who is managing Edwards's campaign, spent two how-to-do-it weeks in Texas this spring observing the Hightower folks at work.

The monkey is now on Louisiana's back

Round two in the fight over evolution versus creation "science" has begun in Louisiana, where 47 legislators have sued the state education superintendent, the state school board and the Orleans Parish school board to force them to abide by a law passed last year. The law — twin to an Arkansas statute struck down by a federal court there in January, 1982 — requires teachers to offer the "Genesis" version of creation side-by-side with the scientific theory of evolution.

School officials refuse to follow the law, however, saying it is their job, not the legislature's, to decide what to teach. They are being represented by the American Civil Liberties Union, which also provided legal counsel in the Arkansas case.

The December trial in Little Rock created a national media circus that federal judge Frank Polozola of New Orleans wants to avoid duplicating in his courtroom when the Louisiana trial begins on July 26. He has issued several stern warnings to the lawyers and principals, and he has limited the number of lawyers he'll tolerate to three on each side. (The Little Rock trial featured as many as 22 at a time.)

The judge may be able to control

the atmosphere inside the courtroom, but events so far presage the same sort of carnival outside. For example, a May legislative hearing on a bill to repeal the creationism law almost turned into a brawl, as an Arkansas legislator who had come down to testify about his state's experience called the law "trash." The Louisiana senator who had sponsored it asked him "to step outside."

The repeal bill was easily defeated, but only a handful of fundamentalist hardliners expect the law to survive its test in federal court. The defendants' argument that the law requires an unconstitutional teaching of religious doctrine is the same one that worked in Arkansas. And they have lined up support not only from most of the state's educators, but also from leaders of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic, Episcopal, Greek Orthodox and Jewish faiths.

— Thanks to Walter McClatchey, Jr., of Baker, Louisiana, for this story

Statewide coalition tackles Old Dominion

The South's first statewide coalition of community, civil rights, labor, women's and consumer groups—VIRGINIA ACTION—held its founding convention this spring with some 600 delegates choosing an aggressive program and a 31-member board of directors to supervise overall policies. For more than a year, a sponsoring committee and small staff have criss-crossed the state soliciting ideas and the participation of such organizations as the Petersburg Central Labor Council, Richmond Tenants Organization, Black Women for Political Action of Danville, Rural Virginia, UAW-CAP Council and the Council of the Southern Mountains.

With initial funding from the Campaign for Human Development and door-to-door canvassing, the new coalition has now hired additional staff and launched an aggressive program which includes:

- a campaign to reform voter regis-

tration procedures and to register new voters in selected legislative districts;

- a utility consumers' bill of rights and a project to change utility billing and regulation practices;
- an anti-condominium, pro-public and low-income housing strategy;
- a demand for a Virginia superfund to clean up toxic wastes and for stricter monitoring of cancer-producing chemicals, and the creation by VIRGINIA ACTION of an occupational health and safety project for workers' protection.

For more information on the organization, its origins and current program, contact: VIRGINIA ACTION, 530 E. Main Street, Suite 520, Richmond, Virginia 23219.



Some doctors are less equal than others

Efforts by the nation's largest educator of black doctors to gain greater access to two tax-supported hospitals in Nashville, Tennessee, received support from the United Methodist Church's social action arm at its spring meeting.

The General Board of Church and Society encouraged the governing units of the two hospitals to work with United Methodist-supported Meharry Medical College to "insure equal access to medical students, residents and faculty of the school."

Meharry and Howard University are the only historically black medical schools in the country. Meharry has trained approximately half of all black doctors now in practice.

Currently Vanderbilt University Medical School controls all faculty, residency and intern appointments at the city-supported General Hospital and the local Veteran's Administration Hospital. According to Dr. Beverly Jackson, general secretary of the board, Meharry's certification as a teaching hospital is in jeopardy unless its students and faculty get access to more beds.

While each medical school has about 200 junior and senior level students, Vanderbilt students have access to 485 VA hospital beds, 226 Nashville General beds, 663 beds at Vanderbilt's Medical Center and limited access to local hospitals for a total of some 2,000 beds; Meharry students only have access to 205 beds at the school's Hubbard Hospital.

Vanderbilt also receives about \$4.4 million in federal support for 88 residents and 39 full-time faculty at the VA center and \$1.76 million for research. Although Meharry's hospital costs have forced the school to run a substantial deficit, its students continue to provide health care services in 10 rural, predominantly white counties through Tennessee Health Department centers.

Meharry has proposed that teaching and residency appointments at the VA hospital be divided equally between the two medical schools after a four-year phase-in. The United Methodist Board set no time limit in its request to the VA in Washington and the city of Nashville, asking simply that Meharry student interns, residents and researchers be "allowed" to practice in the two hospitals.

Dr. Jackson said that the response from the local VA and Nashville's mayor, Richard Fulton, was "positive."

"We were somewhat surprised that we got a better response from the local VA than we got from Washington. The mayor's response was political — he didn't say specifically that the situation would be changed. But he did promise that negotiations will proceed. But strangely enough, the White House is putting pressure on at the local level — President Reagan has appointed a commission to look into the situation at the VA."

— from engage/social action, May, 1982

Facing South

a syndicated column:
voices of tradition
in a changing region

Grandma's Divorce

MIMS, FL — Grandmothers usually hold a special place in our hearts. I have three children, and I delight in holding them and telling them funny stories about their great-grandmother. They always listen with rapt attention, and often want to know, "How old were you when your grandma told you that?"

I always answer, "Well, I think I was about your age."

One story was about her childhood cotton-picking days on her family's small north Florida farm. Each child in the family was given a sack to fill during the day. But Grandma hated cotton picking, so she spent as much of the day as she could at a nearby well drinking water, until she thought her stomach would burst. Her cotton sack was never full because of these frequent "water breaks."

Grandma had a hard life, but she met her many misfortunes with courage and charity. The worst of these misfortunes was a bad marriage. Like many rural marriages back in the early part of the century, hers was more or less arranged. She knew little about my grandfather except that his wife had died a year earlier, but one Sunday afternoon in 1913, decked out in her wedding dress and flanked by her family, Chrissie May Nobles rode down the road in a wagon to be married. She was 18 years old, and beautiful, with large blue eyes and a mane of chestnut hair.

Grandma often remarked in later years on her shock at meeting her husband's family. She knew he had children, but she didn't know he had seven of them!

The couple was clearly incompatible, right from the beginning. Grandma was an easy-going woman who refused to be rushed, especially with house-keeping. She might make the beds, but neglect to sweep underneath; piles of dust on the windowsills bothered her not at all.

But Grandpa was a perfectionist, a taut, wiry, energetic man who hated disorder in any form. He was also stingy; although he had plenty of

money coming in from his orange groves, Grandma had to beg for every penny and render a strict accounting of all her expenses. She received a new dress twice a year, one on her birthday and one at Christmas.

The seven stepchildren made a difficult situation even harder. They missed their mother, and deeply resented Grandpa's young, attractive wife. Any attempt on her part to discipline them resulted in complaints to their father.

My father's birth in 1916 was some comfort. Another son was born a few years later.

The pitiful marriage went from bad to worse. Grandpa demanded to know why the meals weren't grander, the house cleaner, the children more disciplined. Grandma rared back: how could the meals be grander when he was so tight with money? As for the house, she had nine children to clean up after; and by this time she had given up on trying to control the stepchildren.

Finally, in 1922, after a hair-raising fight over money, Grandma threw in the towel. Taking her younger son by the hand, she started down the road towards her mother's house. Grandpa ran after her, begging her to come back.

"Chrissie," he pleaded, "I'll put a thousand dollars in the bank in your name."

Grandma hesitated. She turned and gave him a long soul-searching look. Finally she answered, "No, damn it. I've had it."

And so she had. She returned once, to collect my father and her few belongings. She moved in with her parents until the long, bitter divorce was over. Then, with the money granted by the settlement, Grandma bought a small white frame house just off the highway in Mims, Florida.

Back in those days, a divorce was as rare and as scandalous as a hanging. In that small, Southern Baptist community, divorced women were treated as little better than prostitutes. Former women friends crossed the street to avoid speaking to Grandma — despite the fact that she led a scrupulously upright life, banning hard liquor from her house and allowing no men inside



Illustration by Frank Hobfield

except for close relatives.

The Depression hit Grandma and her two sons hard. By this time her settlement money was spent and she received no child support payments or alimony. Thanks to ingenuity and a small garden, she managed to keep plenty of food on the table, but clothing posed a real challenge. My father tells of standing in the corner of a room watching Grandma cut up one of their few remaining sheets to make a dress. Eventually Grandma got a job making prison uniforms; later she went into nursing and companion work for elderly people.

As the years passed, Grandma lived down the stigma of having been divorced, but she never forgot what she had been through. Several times she took in divorced women and their children, and helped them rebuild their lives. But she seemed to hold no grudges, and when she died most of the town turned out for her funeral — including the stepchildren who had opposed her so bitterly.

Grandma was a woman ahead of her time. She had the guts to get out of a bad marriage, when divorce was almost unheard of. She bore up under all the gossip and abuse, when many other women would have gone insane or committed suicide. I'm proud to be able to tell my children about such a remarkable ancestor. □

— CAROLYN HANNA
freelance
Summerville, SC

"Facing South" is published each week by the Institute for Southern Studies. It appears as a syndicated column in more than 80 Southern newspapers, magazines and newsletters.

VOICES OF OUR NEIGHBORS

South Africa

Banned Doctor Continues Her Work

By Christine Friedlander

Out of a black population of 22 million in South Africa, there are five practicing female black doctors of medicine. One of them is Dr. Mamphela Ramphele, and, against almost insurmountable odds, she is practicing her profession and training others to be health professionals. She is one of the hundreds of South African citizens who, since 1913, and particularly since 1976, have been banned.

To be banned in South Africa means to be denied the right to enter any public institution. It means to be curfewed up to 22 hours a day. Banned people must not be quoted in public or private, nor may they prepare material for publication. They are forbidden to communicate with one another in any way, whether by letter or telephone, throughout the duration of the banning order. Members of a family who are banned are frequently sent to remote areas hundreds of miles apart. Banned persons can never be in the company of more than two adults at a time. Banning orders are imposed for five years and usually contain additional restrictions that make it impossible for the banned person to continue in his or her profession or to find employment once the banning order is lifted.

Dr. Ramphele was banned in 1977 from her home in King Williams Town where, together with Black Consciousness movement leader Steven Biko, she founded and was directing the Zanempilo (which means "to save lives") Clinic.

The health clinic was closed down, and Dr. Ramphele was banned to a remote area in the northern Transvaal, a thousand miles from her home in



DR. MAMPHELA RAMPHELE AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE ITHUSENG CLINIC IN LENYENYE, SOUTH AFRICA

King Williams Town. It was at that time that her friend, Steven Biko, was murdered in police custody.

In spite of the incredible restrictions imposed on her, the government of South Africa did not succeed in preventing Dr. Ramphele from carrying on with the task she set for herself. A health center similar to the one in King Williams Town was set up in Lenyenye, the village where Dr. Ramphele now lives with her mother and her young son. The health center's name, Ithuseng, expresses its purpose: it means "we help ourselves."

Begun with a staff of two working in one hut, the center in 1979 delivered health services to 20,000 callers. The center has now grown and developed into a focal point for the community and for neighboring villages. It provides primary and preventive health care, but beyond that, a literacy program has been started and a library established in the nearby church. A daycare center enables mothers to go to work, and a milk program helps to combat the chronic malnutrition of infants and children. Ithuseng initiated craft cooperatives and paramedical training for the people of the area. When a new brick building housing the clinic was inaugurated, Dr. Ramphele had to receive permission to attend the ceremonies.

Dr. Ramphele has been denied the right to publish any information about her work, but word has spread about her service to the community. The South African Council of Churches and the Universities of Natal and Cape Town support her special community service. Her case has aroused considerable criticism even within South Africa from the opposition Progressive Federal Party.

Despite the obvious need for medical support, the government three times denied her the right to travel to Johannesburg to attend post-graduate courses in tropical disease prevention and research. However, the university held a place for her, and permission was recently granted.

Several organizations and individuals in professional and academic communities have started to raise the issue of her ban. It is due to expire on May 31, 1982,* but the probability is very high that the ban will be renewed and that this time Dr. Ramphele will be banned to an even more remote area. □

— reprinted from *Peace & Freedom*,
March, 1982

* Dr. Ramphele's banning order and banishment were renewed for two additional years.

California

United Farm Workers: Political Power

Four United Farm Workers (UFW) staff members recently spent several weeks in North Carolina as part of an effort to build the boycott of Red Coach lettuce.

From 1977 to 1979, the UFW had a contract with Bruce Church, Inc. (BCI), but when that contract expired, the company refused to re-negotiate in good faith. On February 9, 1979, the majority of workers at BCI voted to strike. When the grower brought in strikebreakers, the union called for a nationwide boycott of Red Coach Lettuce to force BCI to respect its workers' rights.

Two of the UFW staff members, Vicente Rodriguez and Guy Costello, came by the Southern Exposure office and we talked with them about the boycott, about the union's plans for organizing in the South, and about how California came to have the best farmworker protection laws in the nation. That legislation is especially important because the National Labor Relations Act does not protect the right of farmworkers to organize.

Costello: California is the only state that has a law that truly protects farmworkers' right to organize. It's called the California Agricultural Labor Relations Act. Part of that law states that once we've won an election and been recognized as the collective bargaining agent, then the company must negotiate in good faith. If they don't, they're breaking the law.

One of the real teeth of our law in California, even more powerful than the National Labor Relations Act, is that the company can be forced to do what is called "make whole." In other words, make their employees whole, replenish them for all they've lost during that time they haven't been negotiating. They have to pay back all the differences in wages, differences in pensions, differences in medical plans. And that can come to literally millions of dollars. [On May 12, 1982, the Cali-

fornia Agricultural Labor Relations Board found that Bruce Church, Inc., "did violate the law by failing or refusing to bargain in good faith with the United Farm Workers."]

Rodriguez: [We got the law] first of all by putting some pressure on the state. There is a Spanish phrase. We say "La union es la fuerza." "United we are strong." So that's what we try to do: get more people, more people who can push the state, who can ask the state to give a hand to the farmworkers, to get a law for the farmworkers. That way the farmworkers can get protection from the government, can have the right to get the benefits they need. That's how we made this law: by getting people, by key people pushing the state, asking the state for a law that can give the farmworkers their right to organize.



Costello: The first emphasis of the union is of course winning union contracts, improving conditions on the workplace: the wages, the working conditions, protection from pesticides. But we realize, too, that as we boycott and do activity to win those contracts, those gains can all be weakened or taken away if you don't also have political power to back that up. So the union has always worked to have a political presence in California or wherever we organize. In '76 we registered over 300,000 people to vote throughout California. We've shown an ability to mobilize people, to influence the way people vote. We get people out to work at the polls, to help candidates, to leaflet. So we're now a political presence in California. That is one of the big reasons why we won the law.

But the other big reason why we were able to win this law in California was the boycott, because of the pressure that has been on the chain stores for years. The chain stores finally got to the point where they had taken enough. They no longer wanted to be receiving the pressure for the growers. And they just came out and told the

growers, "Look, you support a collective bargaining law for the farmworkers or we're going to take out all the grapes and lettuce." And it worked.

The way our organizing works is that first the workers in a state have to make the first step and say we want to organize, we want the union, we want the union to help us. And then we'll go in and we will train local leadership. We don't go in and start talking about union contracts and wages and strikes. You don't do that at all.

We go in and we'll start service centers where farmworkers can come in and get help with their problems. It's just a way to start organizing. People see they can take care of the problems themselves. They begin to work together. We begin talking about what a union is, what a union means.

Then the service center expands out to begin doing campaigns in the community: fighting to keep a hospital open; pressure on a racist school principal. Then we start political activity: helping friendly politicians, doing voter registration. Like in Texas, farmworkers won two important things last year. We won the bill banning the short-handled hoe, which has been a crippler of farmworkers. And we won state regulations ordering toilets and drinking water in the fields. Very simple things, but very important.

Then we start organizing other committees around the state, and eventually we hold a convention. Then we start more political activity. Eventually we push for a law in that state. So it's a long process.

California is also way ahead of other parts of the country both in restrictions on pesticides and the proper use of pesticides. Chip Hughes [of North Carolina Farmworker Legal Services] said they made such a big thing about the medfly spraying; he said chemicals as strong as that or stronger are being sprayed on farmworkers in areas right here in North Carolina.

So we do have better laws, but now the federal government is trying to weaken FIFRA [Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, Rodenticide Act], to make it so the federal law supersedes the state law. We don't want that because in California the state law is much stronger than the federal law. It's

another example of some of the things the Reagan administration is doing to the benefit of business versus people's lives, in this case the lives of farmworkers and consumers.

We're continuing organizing more committees now around Florida and working, building towards holding a convention there in early 1983. [According to Frank Ortiz, UFW vice president for organizing, there are currently 15 committees active in central Florida. Each committee means that at least 25 people in a community are organized. The UFW expects to have 30 committees in operation by the end of 1982.] And when we do get Florida more organized, that's going to have an effect on the whole Southeast. Because the farmworkers who pick the citrus in the winter in Florida eventually begin to make the move up the stream to the Carolinas, to Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, New England in the fall to pick fruits and potatoes and other products. □

Philippines

Vietnam Redux

In a move reminiscent of the Vietnam War, the Philippine military recently began setting up "strategic hamlets." In a strategic hamlet, an entire town is placed under close military rule — almost like a concentration camp — to prevent guerillas from using the hamlet as a support base for their activities. To date, over 30,000 people in the southern part of the country have lost their land, their jobs and in some cases their lives in this program designed to counter the growing influence of Asia's only national liberation guerilla movement.

In one strategic hamlet, Laak, thousands of farm families have been forcibly moved; a church task force reports severe food shortages and sickness in epidemic proportions. An average of



two children have died each day since the policy was initiated in November, 1981.

The parallels to Vietnam, underscored by the recent visit of Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger to the Philippines, go further. The U.S. currently has 22 military bases and over 16,000 troops stationed in the Philippines, and the Ferdinand Marcos dictatorship receives over \$100 million a year worth of military aid from the U.S.

The hamlet program serves other "national interests" besides combating the guerillas. Land control is foremost. Colonel Alejandr Cruz, head of the Laak operation, informed farmers that 900 hectares (approximately 2,000 acres) of the barrio San Antonio would be planted with ipil-ipil trees (which supply wood for paper mills) and rubber. All men of the barrio must work for one day a week for no wages, and all who refuse are considered "rebels." The project, financed by a national development program, helps keep large corporations — DADECO, PICO, Manila Paper Mills and United Brands of the Philippines — supplied with raw materials.

In late December, 1981, the people of Laak managed to publicize a letter they sent to Ferdinand Marcos. They wrote, "We the people of Laak suffer from intense hardship here because of the militarization of our barrios. Many have died, many more are sick, and a big number are starving."

Protests of the hamlet policy can be sent to: Juan Ponce Enrile, Minister of National Defense/Camp Aguinaldo/Quezon City, Philippines.

— Tim McGloin, *Friends of the Filipino People*

East Coast Migrants

"The fields were fruitful, and starving men moved on the roads, the granaries were full and the children of the poor grew up rachitic, and the pustules of pellagra swelled on their side. The great companies did not know that the line between hunger and anger is a thin line."

— John Steinbeck,
The Grapes of Wrath

Even 35 years after the publication of Steinbeck's classic, most of us still think of California as the home of the "farmworker problem." *The East Coast Migrant Stream*, published by the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), attempts to focus public attention and church resources on what may well be the biggest of the country's three major migrant streams, stretching from the orange groves of Florida through the tobacco fields of the Carolinas and up into the apple groves of New England.

Although the nation's overall migrant population was cut in half during

the decade of the 1960s, it has been holding steady through the 1970s at a level of 200,000 migrant farmworkers. On the East Coast, however, the migrant share of the farm labor population has been increasing, as those on the lowest rungs of society, including Haitians, are being imported to undercut the use of local labor. In North Carolina, for example, the migrant population ballooned from 7,000 in 1975 to over 40,000 by 1981.

This report on the Eastern migrant stream represents a well-researched examination of the conditions and the agency indifference which faces farmworkers who travel up the East Coast each summer harvesting season. Most importantly, the report stresses the lack of cooperation and coordination between state governments, federal programs and local agencies along the Eastern stream and calls for church leadership, particularly among black congregations, in building a community of support for migrants caught in the stream.

The East Coast Migrant Stream can be purchased for \$3.50 from: Church Action for Safe and Just Communities, Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), PO Box 1986, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

Klanwatching

A major new educational resource on the Ku Klux Klan and the larger problem of continuing racism and bigotry has been released by KLANWATCH, a project of the Southern Poverty Law Center in Montgomery, Alabama.

The Ku Klux Klan: A History of Racism and Violence will be distributed to 50,000 teachers and students throughout the U.S., with special emphasis on distribution in the 20 states where the Klan has been most active in the past few years.

"For many people, and especially for youngsters who don't have the perspective to remember the Klan's past, the intense media coverage given the Klan today can be very confusing," says Randall Williams, KLANWATCH director and editor of the report. "Its leaders talk about a new, nonviolent Klan, but meanwhile hundreds of violent attacks and incidents of harassment are being committed each year."

The KLANWATCH report examines in words and pictures the Reconstruction setting in which the KKK was born; its many victims over the years; the resurgent periods of the Klan in the 1920s, the '60s and the present; the Klan's false claim to be a Christian and patriotic organization; and the roles of the media and law enforcement with the Klan. An extensive bibliography lists other books, films and magazine and newspaper articles related to the subject.

KLANWATCH has also produced a 30-minute documentary film, "The Klan Today." For information on the film or to order copies of the report (\$1.50 single copies; bulk prices available), contact KLANWATCH, 1001 S. Hull St., Montgomery, AL 36101.

Talkin' Union

Talkin' Union is an unpretentious newsletter packed margin-to-margin with labor music, lore and history. A recent issue included "The True Story of John Henry" and a brief article on the Klan's vandalization of bronze plaques honoring Alex Haley's slave

ancestor Kunta Kinte in Annapolis, Maryland.

Talkin' Union also includes extensive resource listings which should be of interest to *Southern Exposure* readers. The issue we read mentioned, among others:

BREAD AND ROSES, a cultural project of District 1199, Union of Hospital Workers, which offers a free catalog of union-oriented books, records and posters. Order from Bread and Roses, 1199, 310 W. 43rd St., New York, NY 10026.

SONGS FOR WORKING WOMEN, an album of new and traditional labor songs performed by Bobbie McGee, produced for the Coalition of Labor Union Women (CLUW). Available for \$8 from CLUW, 15 Union Square, New York, NY 10003.

Talkin' Union is published three times a year; individual subscriptions are \$6.50. Write to *Talkin' Union*, P.O. Box 4349, Takoma Park, MD 20912.



Covert Camera

According to some Southern police departments, if you've recently taken part in a demonstration against U.S. intervention in El Salvador or for extension of the Voting Rights Act, your photo may be among the hundreds now in the files of newly established local police "intelligence" units. Not that the police want to *accuse* you of anything, you understand; it's just in case. . . .

So you might want to drop a line to the Campaign for Political Rights . . . just in case . . . for a free copy of their

five-page "Film and Video Resource Guide" which lists more than 50 films examining U.S. government interference with political rights in this country and abroad.

The titles listed range from feature dramatizations like "Z" and "Three Days of the Condor" to a House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) propaganda film called "Operation Abolition." General topics listed in the guide include Covert Operations, Internal Security, Privacy and Freedom of Information, Grand Jury Abuse and Government Spying and Harassment.

The campaign organizing staff will help select the best film(s) for your audience, event or series, and will even help you find speakers to complement your subject and format.

Contact the Campaign for Political Rights, 201 Mass. Ave. NE, Washington, DC 20002 (202-547-4705).

If you're looking for films on other issues — health care, housing, education, energy, peace — contact the Media Network's Information Center, a clearinghouse for information on social-issue media. They'll help you find the film, videotape or slide show to suit your needs. Write the Information Center at 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011 (212-620-0878).

The Price is Right

Our friends at Rural American Women's *News Journal* tell us that the Fair Budget Action Campaign is now providing a number of valuable resources to local groups:

- a toll-free hotline for up-to-date information on the budget as well as on FBAC's activities. The number is 1-800-368-5663 (call between 1:00 and 5:00 p.m.);

- on-site assistance to local groups in planning events and getting speakers;

- a free Organizers Manual to all FBAC contributors; \$5 to non-contributors.

Call the toll-free number for more information, or write to: Russ Sykes, FBAC, P.O. Box 2735, Washington, DC 20013. Tell em Rural American Women sent you, by way of *Southern Exposure*.



I went to school
and they taught me a
couple of languages
besides this one.
They even taught me
how to teach them.
But they didn't teach me how to think
or lacking that,
a couple of lines
that might fill in
in awkward situations.
I don't have anything to say.

These poems are really a collection of monologues and dialogues with people I have met in the Appalachian region. Some of the individual pieces are from conversations that took three minutes; others took 20 years. Some began with just a phrase heard while I was sitting at a bar somewhere or standing in line at the grocery store. A few are almost direct quotes. For some, I pulled out my notebook on the spot and asked if the person minded if I copied down his or her remark. Other notions waited months before I knew how to use them.

The collection started because I began to hear the poetry in the language of the region. As a child, I remember trying to educate my cousin who wanted to return to Indiana talking like we did in the mountains. We spent hours, days, but she still sounded more like an eight-year-old Scarlett O'Hara than anybody I knew.

The real lesson was learning to listen to words. It is difficult to admit to learning something as important as that a third or more of the way through life.

Listening has become a habit, maybe an addiction. At any rate, there are a whole lot of People Pieces, close to 200. Some are funny, some sad, some harsh. I have 60 or so that I really like and like to use. These days I read/performance these People Pieces in many different situations including schools, service clubs, citizen action groups, bars, Wednesday night dinners at the church, art festivals, you name it.

The pieces speak directly to issues because they are from real people, and they do it in a way that is not confrontational. They cross social and cultural lines of communication. Listeners find themselves understanding and learning from folks they are not even accustomed to hearing, much less paying any attention to. Those whose words I use are continually surprised, flattered, perhaps empowered, to find there is something important or beautiful or entertaining in what they say.

Sometimes I feel like I have a mission. Each time I get a phone call or someone stops me on the street (it happens regularly) and says, "You need to come by and talk with my neighbor," or "I got a story you ought to hear," the feeling is reinforced. These days, I have the privilege to speak for someone else. It wasn't planned or even dreamed when I began writing the People Pieces. It has just grown up that way.

Jo Carson writes poetry, plays (Horsepower: An Electric Fable and Little Chicago, both produced and toured by The Road Company of Johnson City, Tennessee) and short stories. "I make my living as a writer when I can; when I can't I do something else."

people pieces

By Jo Carson/
photography by Kenneth Murray



I used to work down
the dye section,
hey, hey. . .
They paid me good too.
A hundred and fifty's a awful lot
to carry home with you
every week
thirty years ago.
But I quit,
I'd come back home from Detroit
to take that job
and I quit.
They told me I was crazy
cause I couldn't make
that much money anywhere else
and they were right about that.
But let me tell you,
it wasn't crazy,
it was scared.

I use to wake up
middle of the night
and whatever side I'd been sleepin' on
I couldn't feel it,
couldn't move,
and I'd think it's just me
and wait for awhile
and the feelin'd come back.
But one afternoon
down at the plant,
this boy —
he worked on line,
now I didn't work on line —
but this boy froze up.
His arms locked up
in front of him
and it's a week
before he got the feeling back.

And I got to thinking
maybe it just wasn't me
feeling so funny of an evening
and I quit.

Now I'm telling you the truth,
I'm seventy-four years old
and it's been thirty year
since I worked down there,
but you know somethin' . . .
Of them that stayed
and alot of 'em was younger than me
but of them that stayed
there ain't one alive today
to tell about it.

Right after I left
I thought, you're crazy, Lee,
leaving a job
pays so good.
And I went down
to Florida
bummin' around awhile
cause I couldn't find work.
But I'm alive, I'm alive,
and I feel awful funny sometimes
about them that ain't.



Broke

is not sissy-footin' around
 sayin' "I can't, I'm broke"
 holdin' a twenty dollar bill
 in your pocket,
 or hollerin' about bein down
 to the wire
 with a dollar or two in the checkin'
 and a whole wad's not been touched
 in the savin's.

That's poor-mouthin'.

Broke

is out of all liquid assets
 includin' the ones in the pop-tops.

Broke

is cruisin' the house
 lookin' for somethin' to sell.

Broke is when I hock my daddy's rifle.
 You can ask me where's the gun
 and if it's down at Bud's
 you know the times are bad.

Really broke:

Hock money's run out
 and no more credit at the bar,
 I sell whatever I'm drivin'.

Broke and in trouble with the law:
 I put the red truck up
 and borrow money against the title.

Never got down worse than that.

Mountain people
 can't read,
 can't write,
 don't wear shoes,
 don't have teeth,
 don't use soap,
 and don't talk plain.

They beat their kids
 beat their friends,
 beat their neighbors,
 and they beat their dogs.

They live on cow peas,
 fat back,
 and twenty acres straight up and down.

They don't have money.

They do have
 fleas,
 overalls,
 tobacco patches,
 shacks,
 shotguns,
 foodstamps,
 liquor stills,
 and at least six junk cars
 in the front yard.

Right?

Well, let me tell you:
 I'm from here,
 I'm not like that,
 and I'm damn tired of being told I am.

One day,
I'm gonna write a letter
to those folks in Washington.
You know what I'm gonna say?
I'm gonna say
"we don't need more roads."

We got more roads now
than we fill up potholes on. . .
and ever'where you look,
there's some new one goin' in.

What I'm gonna tell those folks
up there is this:
There's roads enough right now
that people wants to live

on big ones, can,
and people wants to live on little ones
can do that too.
More big ones is gonna get
more people too,
and we don't need no more people.

Most of all,
we don't need more new roads.

It's gettin' to where
you can't give a person nothin' anymore
and it's too damn bad. . .

My neighbor could look
the devil in the eye
and say "no thanks,"
he didn't want to go to hell
while at the same time
tryin' to slip Jesus Christ
a couple of dollar bills
for the free gift of salvation.

He's a hard man
and he's about to drive me crazy.
Fifty cents he puts in my mail box,
or a dollar or somethin'
and all I did was give his wife
a couple 'a tomatoes
and a mess of old string beans.

And they ain't rich.

Yesterday I picked a half a bushel
a little ole zucchini squash
and I carried five or six over
and put 'em on his porch
with a note that said
"These are a present."
Present was underlined.
And today, there's a dollar
in my mail box!

The man don't understand
he's doin' me a favor
when he takes and
eats them damn zucchini
and when he pays me for 'em. . .
Lord, it's me ends up beholdin' to him.



I ain't had no night
ain't had no day,
ain't had no two weeks, either.

Hell, I ain't had no month
when you come to it.

The dog chocked,
the car wrecked,
the old man died,
(‘course we’d been expectin’ that)
and now,
I got a broke toe
come from where
I dropped a skillet on my foot.

Ain't had no month to speak of,
that's the truth.

If the next one don't get better,
ain't likely gonna' be no me
to speak about it.

Amen.



Law, you know who's living
down in Jack's old house?
Lucy.
And Jack
and his family
moved down where
George used to live
before he moved out to the country.

Well, George broke his leg
and come back
and moved in with his cousins
right next door
to where I used to live
when you all had the house
across the street.

Ritchies live there now,
where you lived.

Well, the people who lived
on the other side —
moved in after you left, I think —
live in my old house now.
Has more yard.

Well anyway,
that house next door,
the one Lucy moved out of into Jack's old place. . .
Well, George ain't gettin' along too good
with his cousins right now,
and he's thinking about moving in.

*Some of these pieces were
developed for Chataqua 77, a
show produced by The Road
Company. The time with The
Road Company gave me the oppor-
tunity to develop the form. Thanks
are in order.*

— Jo Carson



illustration by Jacob Roquet

OLE BLACK EMELDA

BY LUISAH TEISH

Folks went to bed one night and when they woke up the next mornin, this strange woman, Emelda, had moved into Mabel Green's old shotgun house. She was so black that in the light of day, neighbor-women, peepin from behind their Sears and Roebuck curtains, could see the blue highlights of her skin. Under the moonlight she looked purple. Her thick lips, stained scarlet in the center by alcohol burns, was movin, mumblin bout heaven knows what. People would point and identify her as a "Singalee" from Africa cause the heel of her foot seemed as long as the foot itself. She had several multi-colored children; and in spite of her pregnant belly, no one ever saw or heard a man in her house. She was branded evil cause she sweat on her nose.

Nobody knew where she came from, but she was steadily goin down the road a piece to visit with that yallar gal, Desiree Rousell. A comely yallar woman; folks figured she was stuck-up cause she put a crude wooden fence round her three-room house and kept her children behind it; lettin them out only to go to school. And like a lot of the poor mixed-breed Negroes one could find sprinkled long the Bayou country, she didn't go to nobody's church; but could be caught, some berry-pickin mornins, standin in the woods talking to a tree. Some folks say she was a Hoodoo woman, others said it was the Indian blood that possess her to talk to sky and trees. Anyways, the good Christian men of Cut-Off Luzanna forbid their wives to have any dealings with her.

One mornin, bout dawn, just fore he went to work on the pipeline with the other men, Jed Mason took a mind to beat his wife, Cora Sue. It was a common thing in this neck of the woods, where men who worked from sunrise to way past sunset, suspected their women of messin with prissy-tailed boys while they were away. Truth of it was between the children and the laundryn, nobody had no time to be messin. But Cora Sue was pretty and preferred to tend her okra garden, aided, sometimes, by Jo Willie Bland's boy, Pete. So nobody even twitched an eyelid that morning as Cora Sue come runnin down the mud road, screaming for dear life. Ole Lottie Price saw Cora Sue jump over Desiree's fence, clutchin her only son in her arms.

Jed come after her, pantin and grittin his teeth. But this time he stopped dead in his tracks. Desiree come to the front yard with a warnin, "You git on way from here, Mr. Mason." Jed Mason realized where he was. "Meanin no disrespect, Miz Rousell, but this here is a family matter." He moved to open the gate. Desiree stepped back. "I say there ain't gon be no beatin here Mr. Mason." The thick of Jed's neck got thicker and he busted out: "How you gon stop me? That's my wife." Desiree reached behind her porch rail and aimed her shotgun barrel at his heart. "And it's my property you standin on, if I kill you on it, law won't hold me to blame." Emelda come walkin to the front and picked Cora Sue up off the ground. Now all the neighbors come out to look, mumblin bout the crazy Creole lady and how she turn Big Jed Mason round. Cora Sue took

to havin coffee with her and ole black Emelda after that and Jed lost his taste for beatin his wife.

Summer rolled lazily down the muddy Mississippi. Funeral parlor fans and iced tea fought the Bayou heat and mosquitos while Desiree and Cora mopped pipin hot sauce on bar-b-que meat and Emelda moaned of her condition to a bowl of yellow potato salad. It was always quiet in summer, when everybody was too hot to bother bout other people's business. So without warnin humid summer days drifted into breezy autumn evenins.

One evenin Desiree went off somewhere, leavin her children in the house alone. Now some folks say she left one of them candles burnin and the devil tipped it over, others say her oldest daughter had took to smokin. But, some mysterious how that yallar woman's house caught fire! First a thin stream of smoke gotta botherin Miz Adams' chickens; then old man Carter's dogs commence to howlin; after while every house in runnin distance knew Desiree Rousell had caught a blaze.

A crowd of women gathered. Ole black Emelda, heavy-pregnant now, was just returning from work that evenin. With the stench of shrimp all over her she pushed her way through the cluster of gapin women and ran into the burnin house. She came out and laid four screamin children beyond the fence. "Don't just stand there, you dumb heifers!" she shouted at the petrified women, then disappeared into the flames.

Miz Anderson ran to the market to call the fire station . . . two towns away. After nine rings the chief answered tellin her his men wasn't comin way out there to water no nigger's house! She almost cussed him, but remembered who and what she was and hung up instead.

Now old black Emelda salvaged some food and clothes, but when she headed for the door her skirt tail swished and caught fire. Lottie Price wrapped her shawl round her arm and reached for Emelda, while Cora Sue hacked away at one burnin wall. Suddenly young women was runnin for their hoses, old women come with shovels and buckets and neighbor-girls tended the cryin children. Emelda looked round her, wiped the sweat from her nose and fainted in Lottie Price's arms.

That night when Desiree Rousell come home, she found a one-room boarded-up shanty, no bigger than a chicken coop, stocked with food. Her children were tucked asleep in one corner of the room. Miz Bishop's oldest girl, Marylou, was there with them and she told Miz Rousell to go on up to the house and have coffee with her mama and the other women tendin to ole black Emelda. □

Luisah Teish is a writer, lecturer, performer and feminist-activist from Louisiana now working with several cultural and political groups in California.

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By Frank Adams

Portrait of an American heretic

dombrowski

For nearly five decades, in the minds of many established Southerners and to their ears, the name James A. Dombrowski has been an offensive intrusion, synonymous with unchecked union organizing, or worse, race mixing. A United States senator once denounced him as "the South's No. 1 enemy." Lesser public figures offered coarser descriptions.

Police arrested him in Elizabethton, Tennessee, in 1929, during the great wave of strikes in textile mills which then swirled across the South; he was jailed on the false charges of having been party to the murder of the chief of police in Gastonia, North Carolina, a town itself torn by a violent strike. In 1935, American Legionnaires and Chattanooga police chased him and a handful of other union sympathizers out of the city. Police in Birmingham, Alabama, arrested him in 1948 for violating Jim Crow laws when he spoke in an all-black church. Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation watched his comings and goings for years. The U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee subpoenaed

By Margaret Rigg

The quiet activist as visual American artist

JIM DOMBROWSKI, I am one of the many who CELEBRATE... YOUR EXISTENCE. In your ways of speaking and reminding and sheltering and nurturing I am addressed, taken into a deeper stream of humanness myself, and made more able and strong to offer shelter and food to others and to speak against human injustices.

Of your Declarations I can also witness: THE MACHINE HAS NOT WON.

In one way or another, the South has known of Jim Dombrowski these last five decades. In the 1950s, Senator

Joe McCarthy and his ilk knew of Jim, were angered by him, hunted him down, had him on trial. But it was the Southern poor people, the disenfranchised Americans, who knew him best. Almost to a person, they praised Jim Dombrowski, but not in money or words. They praised him by finding hope; not by merely suffering and existing, but *by building a new life*, persisting in hard work and honest hope — made believable and rigorous in their knowing (of) Jim.

To visit Jim nowadays is to visit a deliciously softspoken Southern

gentle man, a man of great forbearance and simple dignity whose hobby is painting and drawing-from-life.

Jim has been doing art for most of his adult life, but never had the time to let it be central in his living of life . . . until retirement and widowhood came. Thus during his seventh decade, Jim made art! Made *his* visual records of *his* seeing, hearing, tasting, watching, thinking about, and being a full participant in our human engagement with Time, and anticipating the Future. That's how I see his paintings, his sketches, his drawings and especially the annual exhibitions of his which have been held in New Orleans for nearly a decade. □

SELF PORTRAIT

This self-portrait reveals to me Jim's gentle-robust humor. His strong sense of design is noticeable first. The painting asserts rhythm and balance even as he moves us toward the abstract in spatial sequences. Yet, there, in the background distance, "lost in the painting," is a man's figure. Jim. Very much a Self portrait.

Dombrowski for questioning in 1954.

On October 4, 1963, New Orleans police — their pistols drawn, and with impunity born of the feeling they were ridding the city of the infamous Dombrowski — arrested him for “remaining in Louisiana five consecutive days without registering with the Department of Public Safety;” for “participating in the management of a subversive organization;” and, finally, for “being a member of a Communist front organization.” The police action, prompted by a study by State Representative James H. Pfister’s Joint Committee on Un-American Activities of “radical agitation in Louisiana,” forever etched the name Dombrowski in the history of American jurisprudence, giving citizens a bulwark — *Dombrowski v. Pfister* — against unwarranted governmental repression of the First Amendment’s guarantees, and added the phrase “chilling effect” to the realm’s common language.

Who is James A. Dombrowski? Today, he continues to live in New Orleans where, at 85 and slowed by

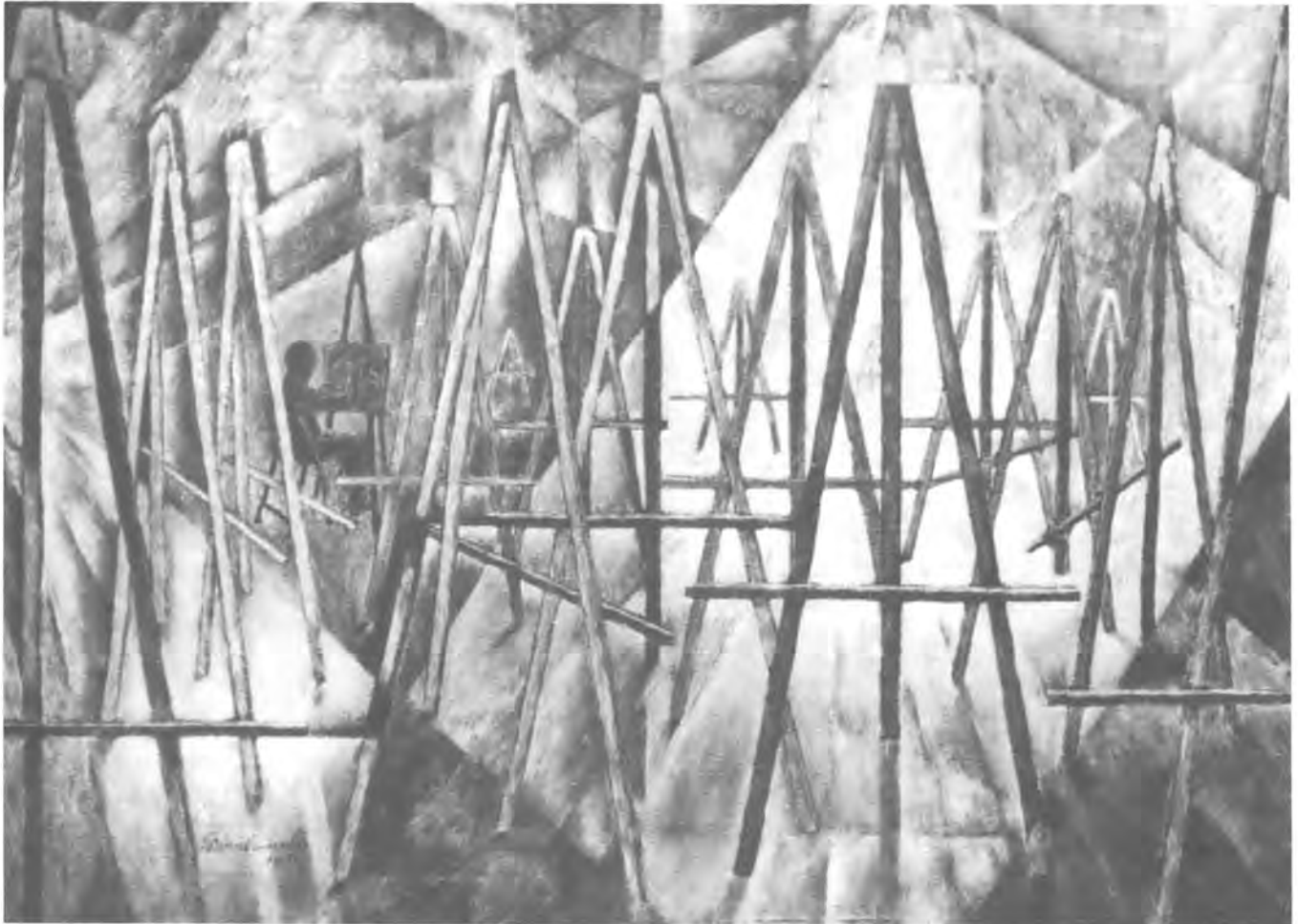
crippling arthritis, he exerts himself in the cause which has occupied his adult life: establishing the Kingdom of God on Earth — a phrase he first heard in Tampa, Florida, where he was born on January 17, 1897. The phrase, and the meaning he came to attach to it, have been the source of his disquieting effect on the Establishment.

Dombrowski still believes what he told an astonished Chamber of Commerce meeting in strike-bound Elizabethton back in 1929: men and women are capable of seriously applying the ethical teachings of Jesus to rationally order society to eliminate want and racial division, or exploitation by sex. These same teachings could be applied to industry, he told the Chamber leaders, adding there was hope that the South, known for its gentler ways of living, would pioneer the spiritualizing of industry.

Dombrowski was among a handful of Southerners, many of them trained theologians as was he, who as they looked at the South in the economically beleaguered 1920s and 1930s

envisioned how the teachings of Jesus and Karl Marx were needed to abolish poverty; to recognize the rights of workers, black and white, man and woman, to an equal share of the region’s wealth; and to forever eliminate the economics of scarcity. Dombrowski is both a Christian and a Socialist; he believes that capitalism is organized social injustice, and, further, that it is the duty of a religious person to destroy capitalism without regard for his or her own personal welfare. Acting on such beliefs made Dombrowski a clear and present danger.

There were no outward hints such ideas were forming in his mind as he grew up. His mother and father, the children of immigrants, enjoyed prosperity in Tampa’s middle class. Jimmy, as their son was called, graduated from high school with honors, enlisted in the Aero Service and served in France. Upon discharge, he enrolled at Emory University, where he helped found Sigma Chi fraternity and managed the Glee Club, while earning sufficient academic standing to grad-



SELF-PORTRAIT

uate *cum laude*. For three years, he was the school's first alumni secretary. Then he began a peripatetic journey through higher education, first studying at Berkeley, then Harvard and finally Columbia and Union Theological Seminary.

On February 8, 1929, W. Aiken Smart, a professor of theology at Emory, sent a letter of recommendation on behalf of Dombrowski to Henry Sloane Coffin, Union's president. Smart described the Floridian as "a man of really unusual ability in many directions. His administrative and executive gifts are the greatest that I have ever seen in a college student, and if he can find the phase of religious work for which he is best adapted, I believe he will accomplish great things."

Hardly four months later, the Associated Press moved this report on its wires:

JOHNSON CITY, Tenn - (AP) - James A. Dombrowski, alleged Communist leader, was arrested near Elizabethton late Tuesday and is being

held for Gastonia, N.C., officers in connection with the fatal shooting of the chief of police of Gastonia.

Hunter Bell, city editor of the *Atlanta Journal*, stared incredulously at the copy. He'd gone to Emory with a James A. Dombrowski, and toured Europe with him and the university's Glee Club. "There can't be but one James A. Dombrowski," he thought. "It's got to be Jimmy Dom." Other friends in Atlanta were dumbfounded when they read the news report.

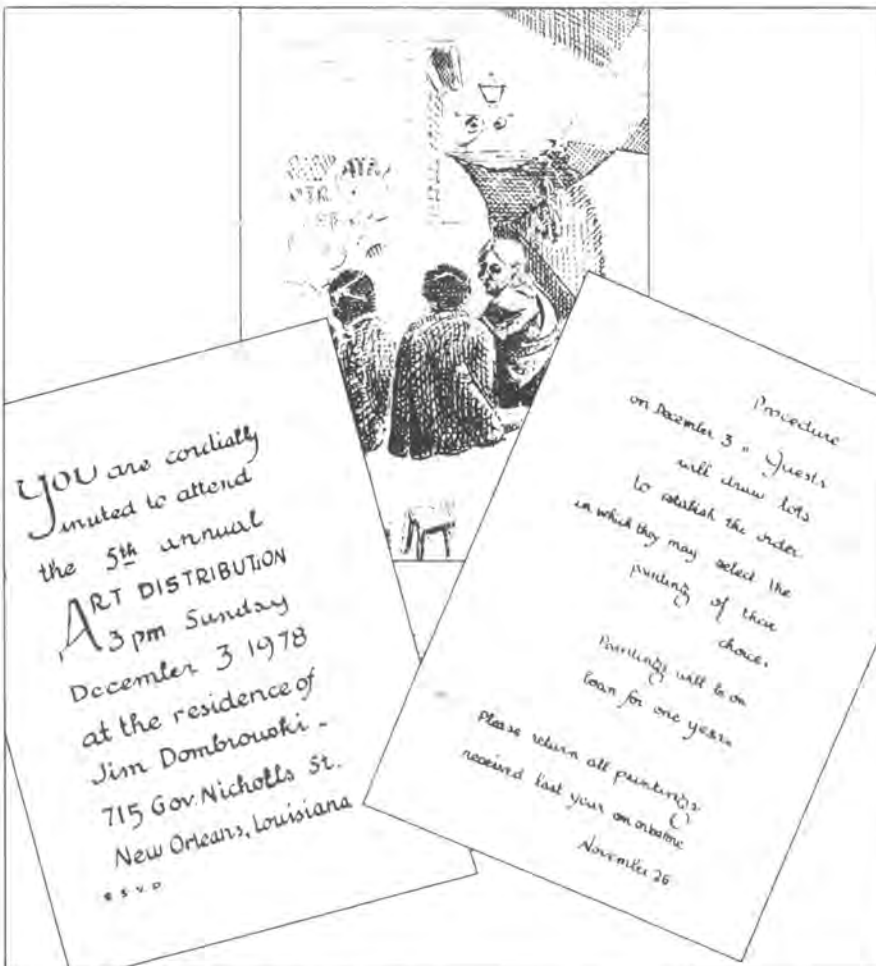
So were his sisters in Tampa, where the dispatch made page one. His sister, Rose, telephoned the city editor who'd printed the story, knowing he'd gone to high school with her brother. "Aren't you ashamed to print such a thing?" she scolded. "You know Jim. You know he couldn't commit a murder."

"Well," he retorted, "it is news. Some people lead double lives."

Dombrowski spent only one night in Elizabethton's foul-smelling jail. No formal charges were lodged against him, so he continued the journey he'd

started through the South. The next stop was Gastonia, where he hoped he'd learn more firsthand about the ethical reasons that the strikes were sparking from milltown to milltown. Dombrowski had found "the phase of religious work for which he [was] best adapted."

By 1933, when he was 36, Dombrowski finished up his academic career. Union awarded him a bachelor of divinity degree *magna cum laude*. His dissertation for Columbia, *The Early Days of Christian Socialism in America*, was published to some acclaim. He left New York City to teach at the Highlander Folk School and to raise funds for its work. There he would soon come to be called "the Skipper" by a staff who delegated to him most administrative chores. He taught courses in economics and how to publish newspapers and organize strikes. He spent months interviewing miners, their wives and children, and others who had joined in the coal field rebellions in East Tennessee, where Highlander was located, and then used those interviews in his classes.

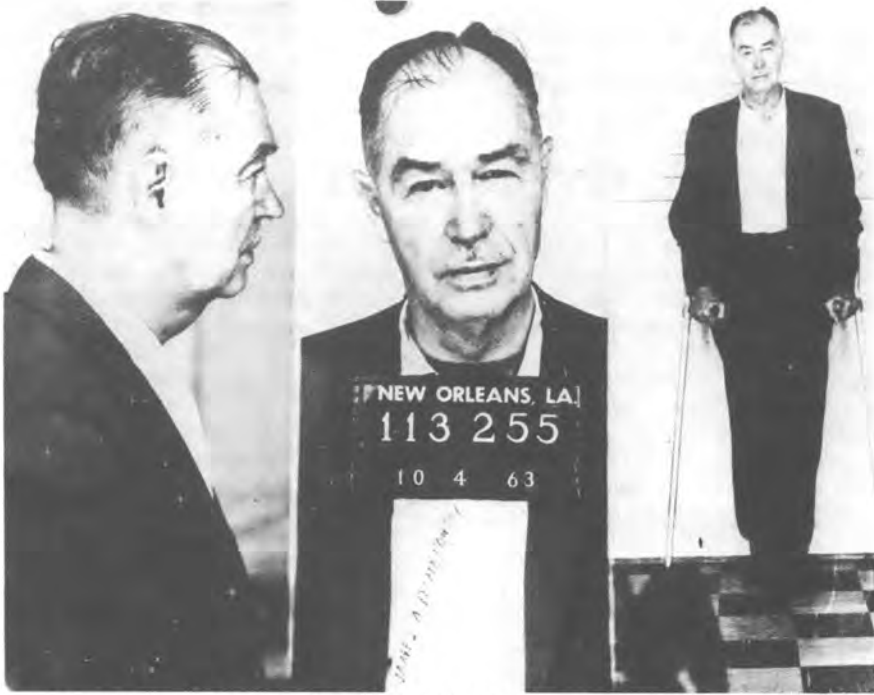


INVITATION TO FIFTH ART DISTRIBUTION

Friends of Jim's in all parts of the country received this invitation in their mail in November, 1978 . . . and on the back of the invitation another printed-by-machine bit of his handwriting: THE PROCEDURES . . . for the works' distribution to guests. All the people the house would hold came to the exhibition, and all who came went home with an original work of art, signed, dated, and freshly cleaned and framed for this exhibit. The EXHIBIT is, in fact, an annual art distribution of approximately 100 works of Jim's making, on loan for one year with no money to pay out for this rare privilege of having an original art work, living with it as it lives with YOU throughout the coming-year with all its hopes and sorrows.

No one seems to have realized what Jim realized in his devising of this way of sharing art: that it is not Art which is sacred; it is, rather, the EXPERIENCE of what art is about that is sacred. To nourish *this* is a complex matter, yet Jim has found a way that is equitable, compassionate, and at the very center of WHAT ART IS FOR: to share the sacred of life.

INVITATION TO FIFTH ART DISTRIBUTION



"MUG SHOT" OF JIM DOMBROWSKI AT HIS ARREST IN NEW ORLEANS, 1963

When hard-pressed adults began to take action on Highlander's teaching of the history and means of organized struggle, other citizens became riled. The Grundy County Crusaders formed to run Highlander out of their midst. Their efforts climaxed during a tense meeting at the University of the South, near Monteagle, between the Crusaders and Highlander's small staff. An FBI agent present reported that "only Dombrowski's skill as an orator" thwarted the Crusaders' drive.

He left Highlander in 1942, persuaded by Dr. Frank Porter Graham, president of the University of North Carolina and then head of the Southern Conference on Human Welfare, that his skills as an administrator and fund-raiser were needed to shore up that faltering regional interracial organization. Dombrowski accepted the thankless job for reasons which he shared in a letter to his political confidante and friend, Alabama activist Virginia Durr: "First, it is a purely defensive action against . . . Southern reactionaries who are seeking to take advantage of the emergency [World

SHRIMP BOATS, NEW ORLEANS and STILL LIFE WITH SHOE TREES

In *Shrimp Boats*, the sky, though it doesn't "churn" or threaten, looks restlessly alive and the boats are people-less, at their rest, implied, not shown. In these decidedly post-industrial-revolution times, it is in his New Orleans theme that Jim shows his understanding of Detroit . . . of the human caught in the machine . . . but notice! not itself deformed . . . that painted telephone in *Still Life with Shoe Trees* implies a voice, a human conversation with a friend, a voice with its almost non-stop yak-yak, and over it as a poised "hand" hovering as if in blessing over the "talking machine," and then the gentle-alive semi-circular arabesques-in-no-hurry phone stand. . . . The machine has not won.



SHRIMP BOATS, NEW ORLEANS



STILL LIFE WITH SHOE TREES

War II] to push anti-labor bills through Congress; second, it is the only occasion when whites and Negroes get together in the South on a progressive program, and the opportunities for progress on the race issue at the moment are enormous; third, to assure labor's maximum participation in the productive efforts of the war and in the peace settlement, the unorganized South is our greatest weakness."

For a spell, Dombrowski's energies managed to keep the Southern Conference's agenda on the minds of regional and national political leaders. Wartime production needs were used as a vehicle to promote the hiring of black workers in segregated industries. A police riot in Columbia, Tennessee, left the all-black Mink Slide neighborhood a shambles, several blacks dead, and 26 others charged with an assortment of crimes which could have landed them either in the hands of a mob or the electric chair. Dombrowski's exposure of the role the police, the Tennessee Highway Patrol and the National Guard had played in the devastation led to renewed national

demands for an end to lynching. But by the war's end, short of funds, bleeding internally from rival factions, and with a major political backer, Franklin D. Roosevelt, dead, the Southern Conference took the first steps towards its own eventual self-destruction by ousting Dombrowski in a bitter manner.

Personally hurt by the decision, but undaunted, Dombrowski took charge of the Southern Conference Education Fund, a SCHW offshoot, and its publication, *The Southern Patriot*. He turned that tiny organization's attention and its publication's pages to a single issue: the economic costs of racism. Through *The Southern Patriot*, Dombrowski exposed the human costs resulting from segregation in hospitals, the region's universities, colleges and law schools, in public schools, and even at such commonplaces as Coca-Cola drink dispensers which, at the time, sported water fountains — one on each side for blacks and for whites.

SCEF was always a biracial organization. So it was always small, always changing staff, who were always

underpaid. They managed to organize countless conferences on racism's many topics and issues. These usually resulted in angry local protests in the communities in which they were held, and sometimes a few contributions or converts.

In March, 1954, Dombrowski faced further tribulation. Senator James O. Eastland organized hearings of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in New Orleans to investigate SCEF. Four members of the organization's board were summoned: Aubrey Williams, Virginia Durr, Myles Horton and Dombrowski. Eastland told the press he wanted to know if "Communists were masquerading behind the facade of a humanitarian educational institution."

From the outset the hearings were stormy. Horton was dragged from the courtroom when he tried to read a prepared statement. One of the committee's paid informants, Paul Crouch, testified, "Mrs. Virginia Foster Durr, Justice [Hugo] Black's sister-in-law, had full knowledge of the Communist conspiracy and its works

STILL LIFE WITH COFFEE POT

A watercolor of a cup and saucer, a sterno coffee pot, an unlit candle (dynamite stick?), resting on the front page of a newspaper called: 15¢ DAILY WORLD, headlining MEAT BOYCOTT . . . and then on the other side of the coffee pot: NIXON, and in the lower right hand corner of the

painting Jim has signed with his JAD monogram and the year, 1973.

It's all there . . . you may read it . . . the coupon world is implied to us, perhaps the worker's world, the homemaker's, the old ones' . . . resting on the news of the world today . . . 15¢ worth. Below the NIXON, resting on the table top over which is the newspaper, is a lone candle . . . yet unlit, no flame. Potential implied. A lone candle, Christian iconography tells us,

is THE EYE OF GOD, the single eye of God. As in *God With Us*. Potentially! This is the real dynamite. There Jim records the potential of *God With Us*, as we learn the news of the day, worth 15¢ of our hard-earned pay . . . in the cotton mill, the auto repair shop, the meat counter of a Publix. Jim knows these conditions — all through his experience and life, and he is sharing now in this way that we too might see and understand.



STILL LIFE WITH COFFEE POT



MADRE PUERTORRIQUEÑA Y SUS NIÑOS

when she allegedly persuaded Black to address the organizational meeting of the Conference in Birmingham in 1938." Her husband became enraged. Shouting he'd kill the witness, he lunged toward Crouch and collapsed, suffering a heart attack.

Of Dombrowski, Eastland wanted to know "who contributed to SCEF." Dombrowski refused to say, despite threats that he would be held in contempt. Failing to change Dombrowski's mind, Eastland changed course, asking if the witness belonged to any organizations which were *not* on the attorney general's list of subversive groups. Dombrowski named Sigma Chi at Emory, the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion in New York City, the Methodist Church and the National Council on Religion in Higher Education.

The hearings failed to quash SCEF's interracial work. On October 4, 1963, Dombrowski welcomed to New Orleans Southern lawyers, both black and white, who'd been supportive of the Civil Rights Movement and SCEF. His group and the National Lawyers

Guild called the conference to outline a program of legal assistance for civil-rights workers. After opening the meeting, Dombrowski returned to his office to complete some urgent work. Suddenly, police axed open the door to his office and held him at gunpoint for three hours while uniformed city jail inmates boxed up the organization's records, then loaded them and all SCEF's furniture into trucks which left for an undisclosed destination.

Dombrowski was taken to the First Police Precinct where he was booked for violating the Louisiana Subversive Activities Control Act. He and the lawyers he gathered to defend him, including Arthur Kinoy and William Kunstler, decided to challenge the previously unassailable constitutional doctrine of abstention, the legal practice which forced citizens to exhaust all state court remedies for violations of their constitutional guarantees before turning to federal judges. Southern authorities had been using the doctrine to frustrate civil-rights activists, tying up money and energy in lengthy court proceedings.

On April 26, 1965, after months of suspense, fund-raising and frustration, Justice William Brennan, delivering a five-to-two decision, read the U.S. Supreme Court's verdict: "Freedom of expression is of transcendent value to all society . . . and substantial loss . . . of freedom of expression result . . . if appellants must await the state court's disposition and ultimate review." Therefore, the court concluded, the doctrine of abstention was unconstitutional because of "the chilling effect upon the exercise of First Amendment rights."

Dombrowski, a shy, private man who spurned the public limelight despite his controversial if not legendary life's story, gave his name to the nation's legal history. □

Frank Adams is author of Unearthing Seeds of Fire: The Idea of Highlander, a teacher and long-time friend of the Institute for Southern Studies. He is writing a biography of Jim Dombrowski.

LET'S STRIKE and MADRE PUERTORRIQUENA Y SUS NINOS

The oil painting entitled *It takes a sharp axe, a strong back and a weak mind to cut bug wood at a dollar a day. Let's strike!* is powerful in both revealed and hidden ways, and in this respect it is like *Madre Puertorriquena y sus ninos*, also in oil. Dombrowski wants to show the real life of people in the small crowded corners of the society; the worried and tired mother with two small children. The little boy in the foreground pushes against his mother's dress, and the pattern of the dress-folds suggests a candelabra of six or perhaps seven branches. The thorny yucca plants in bloom are sharp and relentless against the hill country and emit vibrations of life beneath the surface: harsh realities meeting human needs, the growth necessary to human life against the stubborn existence of the tough plant seen growing and blooming in the background.

For me this painting adds meaning to a recent event in Puerto Rico, with its menacing presence of the U.S. Navy at Vieques Island. The Puertorriquenos, after nearly a decade of having to lock their women in, away from the carnal menaces of the off-duty Navy men, at last chose a spokesperson and protested. The Navy spokesperson replied to the fishers that they need not trouble to lock the women away each evening. The Navy "boys" were only lonely and restless and "wanted a woman." After all, the women would not be in any danger of pregnancy, for the U.S. medical men had already been able to sterilize

these women — at least those they had taken in for any sort of medical treatment.

The U.S. Navy itself does not realize the quality of Wholeness that is *being violated*, and that is what Jim Dombrowski's very life is ABOUT . . . making awareness and calling sensitivity into being: as a long-ago mission minister, as an organizer in the South among the poor, as a worker among workers, and in courtrooms of the HUAC era, and now as a visual artist . . . hoping,

trusting and working: for the nurturing of human sensitivities and towards wholeness.

Margaret Rigg, assemblage artist and calligrapher, is a professor of visual art at Eckerd College, Florida. Her work is on display in many museums and galleries, from the Smithsonian Institution to Emillie Museum in Seoul, Korea.



LET'S STRIKE

CHARLESTON'S LAST DAYS

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, November 2, 1982: As a result of an accident at Charleston Naval Base today, the entire city is being evacuated to escape the effects of a radioactive cloud 28 miles long and two-and-one-half miles wide.

The accident occurred when a Poseidon missile, holding 10 nuclear warheads, was being winched between the mother-ship Los Alamos and the submarine USS Holland. The winch ran free and the missile plunged 17 feet and smashed into the mother-ship's side, detonating chemical explosives in the warhead.

would not necessarily result in a thermonuclear blast. Were the LX-09 to detonate, the radioactive material in the warhead — and in the other warheads on the ship — *might* not explode but *would* be spewed into the atmosphere in a plutonium-laden cloud which could “extend up to 28 miles,” according to a 1979 U.S. Government Accounting Office estimate.

Workers or submarine crew members close to an LX-09-induced Poseidon blast would probably be killed immediately by the explosion, fire or intense radiation burns. If the detonation occurred while the sub-

A BIG BANG

AND A WHIMPER

BY LISA M. KRIEGER

The explosion described above has of course not occurred; and government officials claim it can't. Yet an identical accident almost happened in Holy Loch, Scotland, on November 2, 1981. According to *The New Statesman*, a British publication:

“The winch ran free, and the missile plunged 17 feet. Automatic brakes caught it just above the Holland's hull. Swinging wildly, the Poseidon smashed into the mother-ship's side.

“Everyone froze. ‘We all thought we'd be blown away,’ said an eyewitness.”

The risk at Holy Loch was not so much that half of Scotland would “be blown away” in a thermonuclear explosion. The more likely catastrophe comes from the accidental detonation of LX-09, an unpredictable chemical explosive which is part of the complex triggering mechanism for warheads on many Poseidon missiles.

Unless other triggering components were also set off, the explosion of LX-09 within a Poseidon warhead

marine was in port — say, Holy Loch or Charleston — residents might be evacuated as the radioactive cloud lifted, but the land, water, plants and animals in the area where the cloud later settled would be contaminated for centuries to come. Plutonium is the most toxic substance in existence. According to Dr. Edward Radford, chair of the National Academy of Science's committee on radiation effects, the long-term effects of a plutonium-laden cloud “could be a quite serious problem from a public health standpoint.”

No one knows exactly how large a risk LX-09 poses. In 1977, when the government banned the explosive from further use, it promised that all warheads would be retrofitted with a safer substance. Yet information about the progress of retrofitting is cloaked in secrecy; documents that would reveal the names and numbers of submarines with LX-09 are considered classified, and hence not available to the public.

This much is known: in 1970, 2,000 pounds of the explosive, enough

CHARLESTON'S LAST DAYS

to equip 400 warheads, was purchased by the U.S. government. Major General William Hoover, director of military applications for the Department of Energy, admits that "several hundred" nuclear warheads presently deployed in Poseidon submarines *still* contain the explosive. Poseidon subs routinely dock in Charleston, South Carolina.

AMARILLO, TEXAS, March 30, 1977 — The three Pantex Corporation assembly plant workers may never have seen a naval base, smelled sea-

maintenance of nuclear weapons," says Dr. Melvin Morgan, lawyer for the dead workers' families. "If the government exercises the same degree of care on board their submarines as they did in this case, then our nuclear weapons are a bigger threat to us than they are to the Russians," he says.

Despite the Pantex accident, the replacement of LX-09 warheads proceeds slowly. Ironically, when a 1967 report found that 75 percent of the warheads on Polaris (pre-Poseidon) missiles would fail to detonate in combat, it took the Navy only a year

photo courtesy U.S. Navy



What if an explosion occurred in one of this submarine's nuclear weapons? It could happen in Charleston harbor.

water mixed with lube oil, or felt the cold steel of a nuclear submarine. To these laborers in bay 11-14A at the nation's only nuclear bomb factory, Charleston Naval Base was 1,000 miles and a lifetime of differences away. But inadvertently, they showed the Navy just how dangerous LX-09 could be. When one of them, following standard procedures, struck the explosive with a rubber mallet, the room exploded. He was "atomized." The other two workers died from shock.

Although all work on LX-09 stopped and the Navy soon began returning all LX-09 equipped warheads to the Pantex plant, the reason for the move was kept secret. "The truth only came to light," according to *The New Statesman*, "when compensation lawsuits from the Pantex victims' dependents came to trial, with disclosure of large quantities of scientific data."

"My experience in this case has made me deeply concerned about the non-safety in the production and

to replace all the warheads.

U.S. Representative Ron Dellums has now called for a full investigation by the House Armed Services Committee into the potential health hazards posed by LX-09 in missiles located in this country and abroad. But U.S. Navy officials insist that the danger has been greatly exaggerated. According to Naval spokesperson Lt. Commander Tom Jurkowsky, the missile at Holy Loch "could not have exploded even on impact. . . . The weapon was not damaged. No one was injured, nor was there any danger of injury. There was never any possibility of explosion."

Like Dellums, many members of the British House of Commons remain unconvinced: following the accident, they demanded that the U.S. submarine fleet be withdrawn from Britain.

Few people in Charleston admit to being concerned. The assurances of safety come from the top: the admirals

CHARLESTON'S LAST DAYS

and generals in starched khakis and golf-course tans, whose military forebears made Charleston the nation's fourth largest Naval base. "The Navy plays a vital role in the economy of our city," says South Carolina State Representative Robert Woods. "And we play a vital role in the nation's defense."

If and when a nuclear attack comes, part of Charleston's fleet — the James Madison (SSBM 627), the John Adams (SSBM 620) and 15 other vessels — will be deep underwater, probably somewhere north of Scotland. Within eight minutes of the

signal to fire, the missiles will have arched across the stratosphere and landed on their target 2,800 miles away. The LX-09 will explode in the warhead, compressing an inner core of Plutonium-239 and setting off an explosion that starts fission in the warhead's outer case of Uranium-238. Pentagon officials believe these retaliatory submarines will deter even the most ambitious Soviet leader.

Deterrents must be swift and sure to be effective. Thus, weapons makers in the early 1960s created light and fast-firing solid-fueled rockets with small, high-yield warheads. These new

warheads could land within a few hundred feet of their target — a bull's eye by anybody's standards. But to be feasible, they needed a chemical explosive that had a lot of power but little bulk. LX-09 fit the bill.

Tests soon showed that in LX-09, chemists got a little more than they bargained for: plenty of power but also plenty of risk. A 1974 evaluation in which LX-09 was dropped from varying heights concluded that a dent of only half an inch in the nosecap — "consistent with a very low threshold velocity" — could produce an explosion. Full-scale detonation occurred on



photo courtesy city of Charleston

AN AERIAL VIEW OF CHARLESTON'S HISTORIC DISTRICT; THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER *YORKTOWN* IS IN THE FAR BACK-

GROUND. AN LX-09 EXPLOSION COULD TRANSFORM THIS SCENIC AREA INTO A GHOST TOWN.

Another Nuclear Nightmare for Charleston?

As nuclear submarines enter and leave Charleston harbor, they cruise beneath the twin bridges that connect the city of Charleston with its bedroom community of Mt. Pleasant. Trucks are only allowed on one lane of one bridge, the newer and stronger three-lane Silas Pearman Bridge. If the federal government has its way, trucks loaded with high-level nuclear waste could soon join the commuters traveling over the Pearman Bridge.

The casks in which spent nuclear fuel is transported are carefully built and computer-tested. However, they are not tested for many of the accidents that could take place on the Pearman Bridge.

Imagine that a truck hauling a cask of spent fuel from a nuclear reactor rushes across the bridge from the Wando Port Terminal in Mt. Pleasant towards Charleston. In front of the truck, another vehicle crashes. The spent fuel truck skids and crashes broadside into the other vehicle at about 50 miles an hour. The casks have been computer-tested only for accidents up to the equivalent of 30 miles an hour. No one knows what would happen to the immensely hot, deadly radioactive nuclear fuel in such an accident.

If the spent fuel truck burst through the guardrail, the truck and cask would plummet toward the water, in some places 150 feet away. Bridge abutments, cargo ships and, of course, nuclear submarines are also found at water level. The casks have been computer-tested for crashes onto hard surfaces only from a height of 30 feet.

If the cask sank to the bottom of the Charleston Harbor, it would settle in water at least 35 feet deep. Government officials would need considerable time to find a crane capable of lifting the 25-ton cask, then move the crane onto a barge, locate the barge above the cask and haul the cask from the waters.

The casks have been computer-tested to survive submersion in only three feet of water for just eight hours.

No one knows what would happen in such accidents.

The radiation could hiss out through a broken valve or weld on the cask and contaminate the atmosphere or waters surrounding Charleston. The city could become uninhabitable. A vast number of people could die. As the ocean became contaminated, and radioactivity passed through the food chain, the health consequences would be immense and tragic.



The government doesn't yearn in some fiendish way to obliterate Charleston. But neither does the federal Department of Transportation (DOT) want to allow communities like Charleston to pass ordinances which regulate the transportation of nuclear materials. In 1979, the City and County Councils of Charleston, concerned about the possibility of spent nuclear fuel entering Charleston Harbor enroute to the unfinished nuclear reprocessing plant in Barnwell, South Carolina, 100 miles to the west, passed just such ordinances. (See *Southern Exposure*, Winter, 1979.) They banned the transportation of spent nuclear fuel within county boundaries and regulated the movement of less radioactive materials. Hundreds of other communities around the country passed similar legislation, and the various laws effectively stopped the transport of spent commercial nuclear fuel. (The government's nuclear waste, like spent fuel from the Navy's subs, was not effected by such ordinances.)

When DOT proposed regulations which would have thrown out local

ordinances, the City and State of New York filed suit. New York City has had such an ordinance since 1976. On February 19, 1982, a federal district judge in New York agreed that the DOT's regulations were "arbitrary, capricious and an abuse of discretion." As local ordinances are challenged in other courts, observers predict that some ordinances will remain effective but others will be thrown out. No one knows the fate of Charleston's ordinances.

Charleston, however, is much more protected than many communities. Local officials have already voiced their objections to nuclear transportation through their community. Local organizations like the Charleston Palmetto Alliance and the Sierra Club have vowed to keep nuclear waste out of the area.

People in a great many other communities — port cities and those near interstates especially — are as likely as those in Charleston to watch large numbers of nuclear waste shipments pass nearby. If the Barnwell plant becomes the only site accepting spent fuel, a study for the government claims it would receive 75,000 shipments by the year 2004. In 20 years, one shipment would reach Barnwell every hour. The paths would cover every state in the South. Even foreign countries have shown interest in shipping their waste to Barnwell if it is ever opened. They would probably use one of the ports between Norfolk and Savannah. Possible accident scenarios in those cities could make a mockery of the government's cask testing as much as would a crash on Charleston's Pearman Bridge.

For more information on steps your community can take to protect itself from nuclear waste shipments, contact:

Environmental Policy Center,
317 Pennsylvania Ave SE, Wash-
ington, DC 20003 (202) 547-5330.

Sierra Club Radioactive Waste
Campaign, 78 Elmwood Ave., Buf-
falo, NY 14201 (716) 884-1000.

Palmetto Alliance, Inc., 2135½
Devine St., Columbia, SC 29205
(803) 254-8132.

— by Steve Hoffius

CHARLESTON'S LAST DAYS

one occasion when the LX-09 was dropped from only 15 inches. Following this study, the investigators listed LX-09 as one of the most dangerous plastic-bonded substances in service in 1977, warning that the compound should be handled with extreme caution.

In the actual manufacturing process, LX-09 continued to create problems. No sooner were the first Poseidon missiles off the production line than LX-09 was found to have "erratic behavior when fabricated into parts for nuclear weapons." The composition of the explosive often varied,

instinct. "The Navy is the best thing that ever happened to Charleston," Holt explains.

He has a point. After decades of a sagging economy, the rush of Pentagon dollars — especially during the 30-year tenure of U.S. Representative Mendel Rivers — earned the Navy its reputation as Charleston's savior. Its 10 facilities now employ 35,000 workers and pump \$712 million into the local economy each year.

"As far as the city of Charleston and surrounding communities are concerned," says Dr. Charles Wallace, chairperson of the Charleston County

"I feel pretty confident about it. They were the first industry to offer opportunities to blacks. Of course, at first, blacks were just helpers and laborers. Now they're skilled workers, doing a little bit of everything."

The Reverend Samuel Price, minister at Salem Baptist Church, is less confident. "I must say, I personally wouldn't know what to do [in the event of an explosion]. There are no plans for evacuation that I know of, and it would be wise if we knew what to do before it happens." According to Ray McClain, a military and civil-rights lawyer in Charleston, "In case of

Charleston's love affair with the Navy is famous. The carrier Yorktown in the harbor is now a public museum of U.S. naval history.



photo courtesy city of Charleston

creating a situation described by one of its developers as "drastically unstable." Alex DeVolpi, a physicist at the Argonne National Laboratory, said, "The accidental detonation of one warhead [with LX-09] will very likely propagate the non-nuclear detonation of all warheads."

Naval General William Hoover still insists that the ban of LX-09 on the heels of the Pantex explosion is "coincidence" and that those warheads that still contain LX-09 are no less safe than those that have been retrofitted with a different explosive. Adds Charleston Naval Base Captain Jim Green: "All this talk of problems is just speculation. It's like any other explosive. You don't go tossing it around."

"Good gracious, a nuclear accident could happen anywhere," says state senator B.N. Holt, Jr., who joins the chorus of Charleston officials who accept military answers almost by

Council, "the Naval Base is an integral part of the community. We're absolutely delighted to have them here. The base commander himself couldn't be a finer person. Naval people put time and effort and actual manpower into civic affairs. They're just super people."

"I've been sort of brainwashed myself," admits Jim French, a former Navy journalist who now publishes the black weekly newspaper, *The Charleston Chronicle*. "You never hear any public outcry. And the dangers are never discussed on television or in the papers."

Says Barbara Killigard, assistant director of federal programs for the Charleston County School District, "If we feel safe, it's because the dangers aren't brought to the attention of the public in an alarming way."

"It's a part of our daily living," adds Raymond Gadsden, chairperson of Concerned Citizens of Charleston.

an accident, there would be a terrible problem with respect to traffic congestion. There are only two bridges out of town. Every Friday afternoon, traffic gets blocked up for as long as an hour."

"People try to avoid the thought of explosion," says Bill Saunders, owner of a Charleston radio station. "It's so ugly. And in general, no one believes that there's anything they can do. But I'll tell you something. We've got to take a look, or we're doomed." □

Lisa Krieger is a science writer living in Washington, DC. Special thanks to Norman Solomon, who investigated the hazards of the LX-09 explosive with support from the Center for Investigative Reporting in Oakland, California, and to Thomas K. Longstreth of the Center for Defense Information.

Danville Movement:

by Ruth Harvey Charity, Christina Davis and Arthur Kinoy

The people's law takes hold

During the summer of 1963, the world's attention was captured by the persistent demands of black Americans for justice and equality. Throughout the South the power structure was using the laws of the Old Confederacy as well as economic coercion and brutal violence against blacks who refused to end their sit-ins, marches and demonstrations against legalized segregation.

The seeds of the Danville Movement were sown in 1960 when an NAACP youth group was expelled from the main public library by the police after staging a sit-in and using the segregated facilities. In support of the students, the NAACP brought suit and won the right for blacks to use the library.

But local elected officials and other white citizens of Danville waged a long, hard battle to keep the library closed or have it reopened on the same segregated basis. They refused to comply with the judge's order, resorting to such tactics as spreading rumors about the black attorneys to break the spirit of the black community; and reopening the library after removing all the chairs. The attorney who

opposed the NAACP suit expressed the prevailing sentiment of the white community in Danville when he said, "The library is housed in the residence of Colonel Sutherlin, and served as the last capitol of the Confederacy. With these niggers in it, why, it's blasphemous!"

Although the library was eventually reopened on a desegregated basis, the "incident" involving the black students had unified the white community in opposition to blacks seeking an end to racial discrimination. Students did stage further demonstrations leading to the desegregation of the park, Woolworth's and a few other public places. But it became increasingly clear that only a massive, unified movement would have the power to overthrow the nearly 100-year reign of Jim Crow.

As the activism of the Freedom Movement grew in the '60s, many lawyers began to see the growth of a different role for their profession: to create legal buffers for and overcome legal obstacles blocking the people who were confronting long-established policies that kept blacks from participating in the economic and political life of their communities. These attor-

neys came to believe that, instead of winning reforms through court initiatives, they should give legal assistance to the freedom being won by the mass participation of blacks in direct action.

In Danville, a group of nationally known lawyers – including Arthur Kinoy, William Kunstler and Len Holt – along with five local attorneys who had been active in desegregation efforts – Ruth Harvey, Harry Wood, Jerry Williams, Andrew Muse and George Woody – experienced "that fundamental shift in the role of lawyers in the area of civil rights."

In this excerpt from his forthcoming book on his years as a Movement lawyer, Arthur Kinoy describes how the legal team used the federal courts to take the weight of the Virginia legal system off the backs of Danville activists, allowing them to exercise their constitutional right to protest through public demonstrations.

And in an interview conducted by Christina Davis in Danville in 1982, Ruth Harvey Charity shares her memories of the Movement. She talks about her own involvement and about the strength and the sacrifices of the people who fought for justice in Danville. Her observations and comments are interspersed in italics throughout the text.

Arthur Kinoy:
Danville was a city of 50,000 people, at least a third of whom were black. It lies deep in southwestern Virginia, about 10 miles from the North Carolina border.

The city was built along the Dan River, and its largest industry was the Dan River Mills, employing over 12,000 people, one of the largest textile mills in the South.

By 1963 the segregated society of Danville remained virtually unshaken by either the federal court orders or the beginning protest activities. All the hotels, motels, restaurants, movie houses, hospitals, state housing projects, public schools and churches remained totally segregated. Black people were wholly relegated to menial cleaning jobs at the Dan

facilities open to the general public; equal job opportunities in public and private employment; the establishment of an official bi-racial commission; and the appointment of black representatives to all boards and commissions of the city government.

Ruth Harvey Charity:

At an Executive Board meeting of the NAACP in the spring of 1963, the discussion came up that people of Danville should be doing more to get their rights. The board meeting was being chaired by the then and present president, Dr. Doyle J. Thomas.

“This was a movement which was not the property of anyone. It was a movement of all who stood together against the entrenched power structure.”

Arthur Kinoy

concept, the Movement, was to become important to all of us in the intensive process of coming to grips with the dimensions of the role of a people's lawyer in the hectic days that followed. The Movement, as it assembled that afternoon in May on the steps of the Danville Municipal Building, belonged to no single organization, political, cultural or religious; nor was it the property of any single person, as charismatic or eloquent as she or he might be. It was a coming together of all those who were beginning to understand that only through their united strength and direct action could the long-promised objectives of equality and freedom be achieved.

The potential strength of the Danville Movement was best sensed by the power structure itself. Its reaction was swift. Ruth Harvey and Jerry Williams, two local black lawyers, sketched out what they bitterly termed the “Danville formula” for smashing the Movement. In an obviously planned and coordinated fashion, every instrument of power available to the entrenched ruling structure was used to create an atmosphere designed to intimidate and terrorize the black community.

Ruth Harvey Charity:

Let me tell you the story. A large number of young people were already involved and a few adults. The adults involved were prominent citizens and ministers. On May 31, a group assembled on the steps of City Hall and Reverend Lawrence Campbell was approached by Judge Archibald Aiken and asked to leave. When Campbell refused the Judge had him arrested for “riotous disturbing the peace and contributing to the delinquency of a minor.”

Right after the march, the Commonwealth attorney drew up an injunction against Reverend Lawrence G. Campbell, Mr. Julius Adams, Arthur Pinchback, Sr., Arthur Pinchback, Jr., and Ernest Smith. What they did was make massive copies of the injunction after serving it to these principals and any other names they could get of the people involved in the marches, and all of those people were served with the injunction. In fact, before the end there were more than 600 people charged with more than 1,200 offenses.

I might add that the night Reverend Campbell was arrested, Mrs. Ida Pannil

River Mills plant. No black representative sat on a single town board or commission. Nine years after the *Brown* decision of the U.S. Supreme Court outlawing school segregation, Danville continued to enforce the system of white supremacy inherited from the slave society of the Old Confederacy.

Late in May the black community of Danville – inspired in part by the example of their sisters and brothers in Birmingham, Alabama, whose resistance to the firehoses of Chief of Police Bull Connor became front page news throughout the country – made an historic leap. Under the initiative of the Danville Christian Progressive Association, a broad cross-section of the black community of Danville met and, on May 31, marched through the streets to the steps of the Municipal Building. There was overwhelming unity within the black community, and the demands their spokespeople so eloquently expressed on the city hall steps reflected the thinking of the full community regardless of past organizational differences: desegregation of public facilities; desegregation of all privately owned

The board discussed whether the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) or the NAACP should be contacted for guidance and direction in the Danville Movement. People decided they would make these contacts.

Reverend Alexander Dunlap became impatient with the slowness of pace, and in May of 1963 he got a number of young people and they walked down Main Street. The people laughed at them and said nothing was going to happen from that rag-a-tag bunch. Well, the next march picked up momentum.

And I tell you, when we moved, it forced the community to move. There was such unity as you have never seen before. People were putting up their homes. My parents put up everything they had to get people out of jail. And then we started to work as one to get some dignity for black folk in Danville.

Arthur Kinoy:

The May 31 march, with the united demands it presented, marked the moment of maturity in the development of what began to be known as the Movement in Danville. This

called me to ask if there was something I could do. She said, "They've arrested Elder Campbell and have put him in jail. They won't give him bond. Can't you do something?" I got on the phone and called Judge Aiken and he said, "He was just making such a disturbance that it is good for the city that he is jailed and no bail is allowed."

So that is when I really became involved in the Danville Movement. In fact, that was the real beginning. People that had been arrested were calling me to represent them and I had to be involved.

Arthur Kinoy:
Len Holt put it very bluntly when he handed us a copy of the injunction: "It has the effect of making it illegal to breathe in Danville." By the time we arrived there almost 200 people had been arrested for "violating" the injunction; the first trials were to start that Monday afternoon.

The injunction was just one prong of the legal attack on the Danville Movement. No one knew that at the very time of a meeting with Movement leaders in the mayor's office, a special grand jury had been convened a few flights above to consider possible violations of Virginia's pre-Civil War "John Brown" statute which punished "any person conspiring to incite the colored population to insurrection against the white population." When the Movement leadership met with the mayor once again the next morning, they were greeted with the astounding news that Alexander Dunlap, Lawrence Campbell and Julius Adams, three of the most respected leaders of the Danville Movement, had just been indicted under the John Brown statute. Reverend Dunlap's reaction to this news was to explode angrily, "One more meeting with those white folks and we would have been electrocuted!"

Fully armed with these sanctions of legality, on Monday, June 10 — the day that was to go down as the "Day of Infamy" — the white leaders of Danville let loose in every direction. After the failure of the negotiations with the mayor, the Movement had decided to resume demonstrations. A meeting of about 60 high school students assembled on Monday morning and marched singing and chanting

down the streets toward the Municipal Building. They were led by a high school honors student, Thurmond Echols, an expert at leading cheers and group singing. When they reached the top of the steps at City Hall, they were suddenly surrounded. Waving copies of the injunction in their faces, the police grabbed Echols and two other leaders of the march and dragged them off under arrest. The others in the demonstration, frightened at this development, turned and ran down the steps into an alley which lies between City Hall and the jail where Echols and the two others had been taken.

Within minutes the police had the fire hoses out and opened them up full force. They had learned their lesson well from the Birmingham police a month before. The students, hurled to the street by the force of the water, picked themselves up and ran frantically for protection towards the black business area. The police followed them, threw them to the ground and kicked and beat them. As black people emerged from the small stores to comfort or talk to the frightened youngsters the police started to arrest them too. Over 50 people were pulled in that morning and booked for violation of the injunction.

The police had a special trap set for Thurmond Echols and his family. He was urged by the police to call his mother from the jail, and when she arrived they promptly arrested her on the charge of contributing to the delinquency of a minor. She called her

husband and asked him to come and bail them both out. When he came rushing down to the jail he, too, was promptly arrested on the same charge — contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

The wholesale arrests continued all day. That evening at a mass meeting held at the Bibleway Holiness Church, people who had been beaten but had escaped arrest came to the pulpit and told what had happened. Towards the end of the meeting, Reverend Hildreth McGhee called for volunteers to go with him to take part in a prayer vigil for those in the jail. Fifty people from the church, almost all women, stood up and left the church with the minister.

Ruth Harvey Charity:

May 31 was the prelude to the June 10 march, which was the most brutal attack on the people of Danville and actually brought other people, lawyers and the eyes of the world into Danville. Reverend McGhee led a group down to the jail "to pray for our brothers and sisters." As he stood up, the order was given to "Let them have it." And the "Night of Infamy" happened.

You see, there was an alley between the jail and the Municipal Building [this alley has long since been closed off]. The state troopers had been called in, and they lined up to block the alley so there was no exit. The fire trucks and hoses were pulled up to the entrance, thus trapping the persons



photo by Danny Lyon

To Free the People

On Sunday, August 28, 1960, Ruth Harvey stood before more than 100 black citizens of Danville in the Shiloh Baptist Church to declare, "We will not vary from our position. . . . We have been the victims of divide and conquer too long." With these words she laid to rest rumors that had been circulated in the black community by the white leadership and the white press that the black attorneys who were involved in negotiations with Mayor Julian R. Stinson to reopen the public library had "sold their people down the river."

These words are typical of Ruth Harvey's life and work. She has not varied from her position. . . . and she refuses to allow any obstacle or strategy to divide her from her allies or conquer her determination to "free the black people."

Being black was instrumental in my decision to become an attorney. First, many of the women who came to talk to Father, who was a Baptist minister, were maids in the homes of white people. They worked from seven to seven, seven days a week. They cleaned the house, took care of the children and did the cooking. They would only be paid \$3.00 a week, no matter where they went. It was almost a code. Blacks would only be paid that amount.

Second, there were people struggling to buy homes and if they fell behind one or two payments, the mortgage company would foreclose. Then the company would turn around and sell the house back to them for the original price. And of course this was wrong.

Third, my mother had taken me downtown one very hot day. We were in a drugstore and a white mother and daughter were sitting at a table drinking something that looked so delicious. I kept on asking, "Momma, what's that, what's that?" Momma said, "That's a sundae." I said, "Come

on, Momma, let's have one." So I began to pull Momma towards a table. I tell you, we really had a struggle in that drugstore!

Finally she got me outside and I said, "Momma, why can't we have a sundae too?" She had to tell me that we could not sit down in that drugstore because we were Negroes.

I then asked her what difference did that make, and she answered: "Because white people treat us differently."

I then asked her, "Are we not all United States citizens?" She answered, "Yes."

I asked, "Aren't we equal? Abraham Lincoln says we are all equal." You can see that I knew just enough history to keep pounding at her.

She then proceeded to tell me that we could not sit at the front of buses, we had to sit at the back; we had to be always separated from the white people. I knew that this was wrong, too.

That's when I decided that I had to do something about discrimination. I must have been about nine years old. I began to ask my teachers what field I could go into to help *free the black people*. Always I wanted to *free the black people*. They told me law was the way to do it.

My personal activism was as natural as inherited. My father's father was marked for death by the Carter Glass machine, a forerunner to the Byrd-Glass machine, a political machine in Appomattox County, for trying to get blacks to register to vote after the war. I was president of the NAACP chapter at Howard University when we sat in at Thompson's Restaurant in 1944, which was really the first college student sit-in in the country. It just didn't catch on until years later in Greensboro. We desegregated Thompson's, but it became re-segregated. So, Mary Church Terrell and I marched in 1947 to desegregate it again. Here we were in the nation's capital, the citadel of freedom and democracy, and black people couldn't eat in a restaurant!

At the time that I became an attorney we were at the height of segregation and discrimination against blacks *and* women. I would go into court, and the clerks would not let me go into the vaults. Many of them did not want to call me Miss Harvey

or Attorney Harvey. I was the first woman lawyer in town. People didn't know what to do with me or how to react to me, as a person or a lawyer. For a long time I had to fight that first-name battle, not being respected as a professional person. There is a way of calling a name that shows respect, even if the first name is used. I had to get by that both in the white community and in the black community.

The problem in the black community was that most of the people knew me when I was a baby and was known as "Little Ruth." I had the community support, but at the same time they would say "Little Ruth" instead of Attorney Harvey. It took some growing and education for *all* the people, including myself. And that was some time ago and many lessons behind me. I have learned.

I was fortunate in coming home to practice because of my father. He was well known in the towns, counties and surrounding areas. It was known that the reverend's daughter was an attorney. I used my name for the recognition factor. I am a fifth-generation Danvillian. My mother, her grandmother and great-grandmother were all born in Danville. In fact, my great-grandfather helped cut down the trees to make Main Street. My grandfather, now 102, was a master brick mason and built many of the buildings here in Danville. I was born in the house where I live in now and attended public school here.

I would say that the Movement hurt some and helped some. We attorneys paid a high price. The long nights we worked! Attorney Sam Tucker had his first heart attack right here in this house, although, of course, we didn't know it then. He was a real work horse.

When Len Holt and his colleagues left in 1964 and the entire case load was thrown into the hands of the local attorneys, I would say that the bulk of the burden fell on me since my office was headquarters. For a year I could not handle any other cases. Also, a lot of work fell on attorneys Tucker and Julius Chambers, both affiliated with the NAACP. Harry Wood also left town to teach at Southern University Law School in 1964. So the buck stopped here.

— Ruth Harvey Charity

who were there for the prayer service. When the order was given, city police, deputized garbage collectors and, I'm sure, state troopers as well, moved in against the demonstrators, beating them and turning on the hoses, washing the people down the street, like so much trash. Gloria Campbell [Reverend Campbell's wife] received such a high-intensity stream of water, it tore her dress off, and I'm sure she still suffers from the injuries sustained that night.

There were 50 demonstrators. Forty-eight of them went to the then-segregated Winslow Hospital with broken bones, fractured skulls and lacerations of every kind.

Only one white physician, Dr. Henry Borne, went to help those people. There was only one black physician, Dr. Herbert W. Harvey, and he worked all night treating these multiple injuries.

I will tell you that a client of mine, when the nightsticks began to fly, hid under a car for refuge. Every time he would try to get out they would beat him with their sticks. He was severely beaten about the head.

The police denied the incident happened. They swore they knew nothing about it. There were records made at the attending hospital that somehow got lost when Winslow was closed and the records went to City Hall.

A major spin-off of the Movement was a suit filed against Memorial Hospital to integrate. I negotiated the settlement of the opening of Memorial in 1964. Winslow closed at that time.

Arthur Kinoy:
The next morning the mayor announced that 30 state troopers armed with tear gas guns and a tank had moved into Danville to assist in "maintaining order." Arrests continued throughout the black community during that day. To facilitate quick arrests, the police had mimeographed forms charging violation of the injunction.

The day after the brutal attacks in the alley, the black community responded with the largest march yet, led by well-known black minister Reverend Landell Chase. Southern black organizations committed to the civil-rights struggle — the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), SCLC and the Congress of

Racial Equality (CORE) — responded to urgent calls by sending organizers and staff with desperately needed assistance. The major TV networks sent camera crews into town. The eyes of the country were suddenly on Danville.

Overwhelmed by the prospect of almost 200 criminal trials, the leadership of the Danville Movement called an emergency meeting between their local lawyers and the leadership of the Virginia NAACP to discover what help that organization, with its access to substantial national funds, would be in meeting the expenses of the litigation which lay ahead.

At the meeting were Reverend Campbell and Reverend Dunlap representing the Danville Movement and the five local Danville lawyers: Ruth Harvey, Harry Wood, Jerry Williams, Andrew Muse and George Woody. The delegation from the Virginia NAACP leadership included executive secretary Lester Banks and Sam Tucker, a lawyer from Norfolk, acting both in his capacity as chairman of the Virginia NAACP Legal Redress Committee and as the Virginia Representative of the powerful and wealthy NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc. (The Fund, a separate entity from the NAACP, was known throughout the Civil Rights Movement as the "Inc Fund.").

Len Holt was also at the meeting together with Leo Branton, a well-known black lawyer from Los Angeles,

who had just come into Danville that day with Jim Forman, one of the SNCC leaders.

When Reverend Campbell asked what help was possible, Sam Tucker answered that while he had not yet discussed the matter fully with Jack Greenberg, the head of the Inc Fund, he felt that they would underwrite all the legal expenses, whatever they would be. This seemed to be wonderfully generous and the much hoped-for offer of help. And then the underlying tensions began to show.

Reverend Campbell asked first whether the Danville Movement would have to consult with NAACP lawyers before engaging in demonstrations. Tucker's response was restrained; well, since the NAACP would be footing the bill, we would want to caution against anything unwise. Then Campbell put his finger on the most sensitive question. "What about Len?" he said. "Will he be one the lawyers? Will the NAACP team of lawyers work with him?" Tucker's answer was simple and direct: "NAACP money can only go to NAACP lawyers and Holt is not an NAACP lawyer." The Movement leaders' response, as Len told us, and then recorded for all to see in his own account of the Danville summer, *An Act of Conscience*, was also simple and direct: "Len Holt, ol' Snaky [Len was affectionately called "the snake doctor" by Movement people], is the Movement lawyer. If you want to put some people here to work with him, good. Otherwise, we're sorry."

This response of the Danville leadership, faced with the enormous immediate expenses of the next week's legal proceedings, was courageous and deeply principled. The constant efforts of the NAACP leadership, both nationally and on a state level, to play down, if not discourage, mass demonstrations had led Reverend Campbell and Reverend Dunlap to leave the local NAACP branch in Danville several years before and form the Danville Christian Progressive Association, which became affiliated with SCLC. The confidence they had in Len was based not only on Len's outstanding abilities but on his deeply rooted conviction that legal talents exist to facilitate, not deter, the direct action of people in the course of struggle.

While these factors influenced the



RUTH HARVEY CHARITY, 1982

photo by Christina Davis

Movement leaders, fundamentally their response flowed from the need to reaffirm that the Movement was not the property of any one organization or the tool of any individual. Its policies and methods of struggle were not to be conditioned on the approval of controlling financial supporters. It was a movement of all who stood together to take effective action against the entrenched power structure. The sharp words of Reverend Campbell and Reverend Dunlap that afternoon in Danville relayed this message loud and clear. It was a message to be repeated at different critical moments by leaders of the black movement in Mississippi, in Louisiana and throughout the South whenever any group offered help with strings attached.

Ruth Harvey Charity:

There was no problem with the attorneys. All of us were associated with the NAACP. There was an attempt on the part of some people to create a problem when Len Holt came on. SCLC brought Len Holt in. In the end we would work together anyway. The greatest point of question was raised as to who was for whom, but that didn't last too long, for we all were for people. The white power structure tried to impact on that by really trying to get

something started. We were too smart for that. We knew what the Movement meant, so there was no question about power. We were together, we'd sit around the desk, on the floor, and pool our thoughts. We knew we had to beat them at their own game. And emotion was not going to beat it.

Len Holt was instrumental in feeling these situations out. He also assisted in bringing in others like Conyers, Kunstler and Kinoy.

Arthur Kinoy:

So here we all were together in Danville at Ruth Harvey and Harry Wood's office: Ruth and Harry, Jerry Williams, Len Holt, Bill Kunstler and myself and Dean Robb and Nate Conyers of the Detroit Lawyers Guild. We had all been filled in on the accelerating dynamics of the Danville formula. This last Friday the power structure had struck again to respond to the increasing militancy and unity of the Danville Movement, particularly stimulated by the leadership shown by the SNCC and CORE staffpeople who had arrived after the Day of Infamy. The city council had unanimously passed a new ordinance. All picketing, all demonstrations, all marching were illegal without a permit from the city. To make it clear that no one was exempt, as the ordinance was being announced, Len — the

Movement lawyer — was arrested at City Hall for violating the injunction.

What could we do? What could we as lawyers do to help the Movement survive, to help it breathe and not choke to death, strangled by the net of legal proceedings the power structure had thrown on top of it? How would we help to counter the atmosphere of fear and intimidation which the Danville formula was designed to create?

One thing quickly emerged. No one wanted to let the city continue its offensive or for us to play out a conventional defensive role. The Movement had to fight back, and we had to find ways to assist in that objective. Before we knew it, we agreed upon the necessity for a head-on attack on Aiken's injunction, the new ordinance and the John Brown statute as illegal under the U.S. Constitution. Whether we succeeded or not, we all sensed how important it would be to the fighting morale of the Movement for us to say loudly and clearly that the Danville formula *in its totality* was unconstitutional, illegal and un-American.

We still had to handle the now almost 200 trials facing us, all for violation of the injunction and the new ordinance. This process alone could paralyze the Movement and generate an overwhelming atmosphere of fear throughout the whole community.

As this note was hit, I looked at Bill Kunstler. I knew what he was going to do. He reached into his briefcase and pulled out a sheet of paper, saying, "I just happen to have a draft petition to remove these cases from the state court into the federal court. It's an old Reconstruction statute we rediscovered down in Mississippi a couple of months ago. Why don't we try it here? It will stop Aiken dead."

Bill Higgs, the only white lawyer in Mississippi who had dared to become involved in the Freedom Rider cases, had literally unearthed from the dead past a federal statute which had been passed by the Reconstruction Congress back in 1866 for the purpose of protecting the newly emancipated black people. The statute was simple. Whenever anyone was threatened with a state criminal proceeding in which their equal rights would not be protected, or where anyone was being prosecuted for asserting equal rights

DANVILLE REGISTER
TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1966

Aiken Sentences Leigh Taylor to Two Days For Contempt Of Court; 14 Demonstrators Given Usual Terms

Letter Written By Taylor Brought Contempt Citation

Verdict also will be rendered...

LEIGH TAYLOR

under the federal constitution, the defendant could instantly and automatically take that case out of the state court and move it into the federal courts by the simple act of filing a piece of paper in both courts announcing the act of removal.

The removal statute had been literally buried for almost 100 years. We were going to battle to resurrect the old remedies fashioned by the Reconstruction Congress to protect the efforts of the freed black people to enforce the promise of freedom which had been made to them.

As we drafted the removal petitions that afternoon, we were responding to this urgently felt need to grasp for a legal approach which would, if only for a moment, take the weight off the backs of the Movement so that the people could resume their marches and demonstrations. We were beginning to experience a fundamental shift in the role of lawyers in the area of civil rights. Our primary responsibility was not to figure out how to create a legal mechanism to desegregate all institutions in Danville nor how to fashion a lawsuit which would fulfill the constitutional promise of freedom and equality. The black people in Danville, as all over the South, were saying that the enforcement of the legal constitutional promises would be achieved through their own direct and massive intervention in the life of their community, their city, their state and their nation. Lawyers were no longer the central agents fighting to resist the efforts of those in power to halt the forward surge of black people.

Some lawyers resisted this shift in role because it meant a rejection of the proposition that everyone, including black people, should rely primarily on the liberal sections of the business, professional and academic communities, so predominant in the Kennedy administration, to deliver on their old promises of freedom and equality. Time and again, the traditional attitude led to efforts to limit, if not discourage, the direct action methods of the Movement.

After Judge Aiken's railroading and jailing of the first Movement defendant — Ezell Barksdale, a 17-year-old high school senior who was one of the leaders of

the June 10 march — the five local Danville lawyers talked with a number of the Movement leaders, including representatives of the local NAACP, and informed us all that evening that they had decided to work together with us to remove all the remaining cases to the federal court. This was an act of deepest courage on their parts. As local lawyers, they were required to appear daily before Judge Aiken in every aspect of their law practice. And tomorrow morning they were going to tell that judge that black people in Danville couldn't get a fair trial in his court.

Thus began the growth of a united team of Movement lawyers who, during the tensions and agonies of the summer, came closer and closer together. Out of this experience I once again felt the impact of that most basic lesson: the driving necessity of people's lawyers to struggle to overcome the divisive egotism of the legal profession in order to fashion a truly collective way of work. In a very rare way we began to achieve that in Danville.

To no one's surprise, Judge Aiken acted as if the federal removal law simply did not exist. When Len told him at the beginning of the Barksdale trial that he, Judge Aiken, had no power to continue the trial

and that all the cases listed in the petition were now removed to federal court, the judge simply stared at him, fingered the gun he kept on his desk and said, "Let's proceed with the cases."

After the perfunctory trial, Aiken sentenced young Barksdale to 45 days in jail, denied bail and refused to stay the sentence pending any appeal. He then picked up from his desk a piece of typed paper, obviously prepared before the afternoon trial, and read an astounding statement indicating why he intended to jail *all* the defendants without allowing the conventional bail pending appeal. "It was," he announced, "the duty of this court to bring this riot and insurrection to a peaceful termination as quickly as possible."

After the second trial the next day, with the same results, it became strikingly clear that the only immediate hope lay in pressing hard the removal question in the federal courts. We had to press our federal actions fast or else the Danville formula, now enforced by the spectre of immediate jail for any demonstrator, might well kill the Movement.

Word came in that federal judge Thomas Jefferson Michie of the U.S. District Court for the Western District of Virginia had set a date for hearing

**Woman Lawyer Is Fined
On Contempt Conviction**

**Danville Judge Sentences
27 for Demonstrations**

DANVILLE (AP) — The woman [the judge for sentencing the de- defense lawyer for 27 defendants, fendants to jail. in the 1963 Danville racial dem-] In a letter mailed Dec. 14, W. onsirations was found in con- Leigh Taylor told Judge Aiken tempt of court Tuesday after he was "shocked that a judge of her clients had been sentenced your caliber could render such an inane decision" in sentencing defendants to jail terms rather than suspending the sentences. Most of the defendants Tues- day, alleged leaders in the June 10, 1963 demonstrations, were fined entirely. Aiken fined Taylor \$50 and sentenced to 40 days in jail on charges of violating a court injunction aimed at stifling the demonstrations. Twenty days of the sentences were suspended on condition of good behavior. Judge A. M. Aiken then charged Negro lawyer Ruth Harvey with contempt of court, accusing her of misleading the court about representing the Holt, one of Wednesday's defendants who failed to appear. denied Aiken's

Taylor is director of education and training at Dan River Mills. Taylor noted an appeal, and was freed on \$500 bond. He had been brought into court Monday afternoon by police after a bench warrant had been issued for his arrest.

**Judge A. M. Aiken
Contempt Conviction**

**Miss Ruth Harvey
To Appeal Fine**

our federal motions in Danville in the federal courthouse, on the next Monday, June 24. After talking with Len and Ruth, we agreed that Bill Kunstler and I would head back to New York for two days to take care of accumulated urgent work there. We also agreed that I would start to dig into the background of the removal statute in order to develop an argument as to why its burial had been premature.

We were due to return to Danville early Sunday morning. Late Friday night Bill Kunstler called me. He said he had just gotten a call from Ruth Harvey in Danville. "You won't believe this," he said. "They've just indicted Len under the John Brown statute together with 10 more leaders of the Movement. The folks sent Len to New York when the rumors of the pending indictments began to circulate Friday morning so that they can't jail him before Monday morning. They want us back in Danville fast."

The news of the new indictments hit the Danville Movement hard. In addition to Len, leaders of SNCC — Jim Forman, Aaron Rollins and Bob Zellner — together with leaders of SCLC — Reverend Chase and Reverend Milton Reid — were indicted. This, together with the jailings under the injunction on Monday and Tuesday, was beginning to have its effect,

as people in the community held back from coming to the meetings and marches. The Danville formula was taking hold of the city.

When Bill and I suggested that a good response to Len's indictment would be the formation of a formal lawyers' committee to handle all legal matters jointly, there was total, enthusiastic agreement. We set up the Danville Joint Legal Defense Committee, with Jerry Williams as director of the Committee. As our first act, we sent a telegram, signed by all of us, to U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy demanding immediate federal intervention to stop the prosecutions of the Danville demonstrators and their lawyers. Then we got down to work preparing for the Monday hearing.

The team, as we began to call ourselves, was expanded with a powerful contingent of lawyers from Washington, including Professor Chet Antieu of the Georgetown Law School, Shelley Bowers of the DC Bar and Phil Hirschkopf, then a third-year law student at Georgetown. Phil went out to interview the almost 50 participants in the June 10 prayer vigil to help find the most effective witnesses, and Chet and Shelley jumped into the legal preparations with the rest of us. I remember Chet

picking up a copy of the town ordinance, glancing at it, and informing us all, with great dignity, that even a first-year law student could tell that this was wholly unconstitutional! "My God," I said to Bill, "who would ever dream of finding a law professor in the middle of this kind of fight?" That meeting, and working with Chet Antieu that summer in Danville, convinced me that functioning as a people's lawyer need not be wholly irreconcilable with teaching.

On Monday morning the federal courtroom was jammed with hundreds of black people. Police lined the walls. We watched carefully as Judge Michie walked into the courtroom and sat down behind the raised dais. Michie was an aristocrat and probably a millionaire. His past decisions had always been careful, always legal to the utmost, and always on the establishment side.

We knew as we prepared the hearing that our central objective had to be to use that courtroom to lay out fully and completely, for all to see, the truth about the Danville formula. The hearing in the federal court had to be a learning experience for the people of the Danville Movement themselves. It might possibly have some impact on the federal judge. But within our-

Why We Stay

Less than one percent of the 236 cases that grew out of the Movement were overturned. The sentences were immediate. Even though all of the cases were appealed, they eventually still came up on the calendar before Judge Aiken. His response in 1966, and as late as 1974 when the last appeal was denied, was the original sentence [45 days] with few or no suspensions.

I began to slowly rebuild my practice in 1965 and 1966. It was like starting over again. A lot of people came to me and said, "Mrs. Harvey, you stuck by me." Then again, a lot of people thought I was only a civil-rights lawyer, and when they had the good accident cases or personal injury cases they went to someone else.

The Movement has helped, too, because after 1964 when the Civil Rights Act was passed, it not only freed the blacks, it freed poor whites, too. I began to see a steady increase in white clients. I would ask why they were coming to me, and they would answer, "Because you are for poor people."

Danville has changed, *slightly*. I say slightly because the federal legislation, the Civil Rights Act, the Voting Rights Act and various other pieces of legislation require that there be equal representation. Danville has changed only to the point that it now accepts federal regulations. People have said, "Well, you know the government so we've got to abide by it." This is the reason why I'm very concerned about Reagan wanting to turn so much back to the states, because that's where we've gotten it in the neck all along.

Overall, at the hard core, attitudes have not changed. There is an unwritten and unspoken language of understanding among white people that blacks — and I don't care how much education they have and what kind of clothes or anything they have — are still inferior. And we are not dealt with as *complete* equals. Any white who moves into an equal-status relationship is either called a nigger-lover or is ostracized. There are some people who, intellectually at least, recognize that there *should* be equality, but they are so fearful of their own social acceptance that they dare not do anything other than perpetuate the evils. They say to Ron [her husband] and me, "How can you stay in Danville?" They cannot understand why *we* stay *here*. I say Danville needs as much work now as it did in 1963.

— Ruth Harvey Charity

selves we knew, and we prepared the leadership of the Movement for this in the frankest way, that the chances of ultimate relief from this representative of the power structure were slim.

One of the effects of the frightening events during the past week had been to bring Sam Tucker, the chief Virginia NAACP lawyer, much closer to the Danville Movement. In a forceful presentation, he opened the case for the Movement, placing the events of the past month in a dramatic framework which set the stage for the day's proceedings. For the rest of the hearing, we carefully divided the responsibilities among the entire team. Under Harry Wood's questioning, Reverend Campbell described the entire course of fruitless negotiations with the city leading to the decision to demonstrate on May 31; the peaceful, nonviolent nature of all of the following marches and parades; the violence unleashed on the peaceful marchers by the city police.

Andrew Muse handled the testimony of Reverend Doyle Thomas, who had been the president of the local NAACP branch for the past four years. Thomas described, in full, the horrendous atmosphere of the June 17 and 18 trials. When he said quietly, "The judge was wearing a gun," you could have heard a pin drop in that courtroom. Bill took Reverend McGhee through the story of the Day of Infamy prayer vigil and Ruth Harvey conducted the questioning of Gloria Campbell, who told about the beating she had received that evening in the alley. And then, as the major witness, Len himself took the stand and brilliantly laid out the whole picture of the nature of the state court trials.

The city's case was pitiful. They produced Judge Aiken, to our astonishment, and Chief of Police McCain. They only succeeded in strengthening the picture of arrogant brutality.

At the end of the city's argument Judge Michie said, quietly, without any explanation, that he was going to "reserve decision" on the city's motion to remand the cases.

I quickly consulted with Jerry and Ruth and Len and Bill. They nodded agreement; Len's whispered comment was, "What do we have to lose?" I jumped to my feet, pointing out to

Judge Michie that two of our clients, Barksdale and Smith, were being illegally held in a state jail since their cases had been properly removed to federal court before their state court trials had actually started. "We have here a federal writ of habeas corpus. We would like your honor to sign it right now, ordering our clients immediately released into your custody so that you can free them on reasonable bail."

Michie seemed a little taken aback by this request for immediate action. "But I have just told everyone I am going to reserve decisions on all the

motions," he said with some annoyance. "You can't reserve this," I responded, trying hard to sound respectful. "The statute says you *shall* sign a federal writ of habeas corpus if a person remains in state custody after a petition for removal is filed." Quickly I looked down at the opened page of the federal statute lying on the table to reassure myself that the key word, "shall," was really there. I felt better.

Judge Michie was quiet for a moment. Then he said abruptly, "I'll talk to counsel in my chambers." In his chambers, I went over the



photo by Danny Lyon

argument again. The other Movement lawyers chimed in. All the city lawyers could say was that it was absurd, that for a federal judge to free these convicted criminals at this moment of race tension in the city would be the grossest interference with state's rights.

In making the argument as to the mandatory nature of the statute, I suppose I touched upon the deep-rooted conflict within Michie between his commitment to his own personal role as an enforcer of the federal law and the equally strong commitment to the Southern power establishment into

had been transferred as convicted prisoners, almost 50 people awaited us outside the gate. Then came the moment I never really believed would occur during the long hours of preparation and courtroom struggles. The gates opened and two men, one very young, obviously Barksdale, and one middle-aged, Smith, walked out. The broad smiles of relief on their faces as they saw us all standing waiting for them touched off a response of jubilation which was unlike anything I had experienced for many years.

That evening at the High Street

been given active 45-day sentences by Judge Aiken after their cases had been removed to federal court. Kinoy's eloquent argument before Judge Thomas Jefferson Michie won their immediate release on June 24.

Another victory was the August 8 decision which stopped further state court trials in Danville until the question of their constitutionality could be settled. The Movement had come to a virtual standstill while people fought to stay out of jail. Even though very few of the convictions Aiken handed out were ever overturned, this decision gave mobility back to the citizens of Danville.

"We knew what the Movement meant, so there was no question about power. We were together. We knew we had to beat them at their own game."

Ruth Harvey Charity

which he was born.

The recognition of this conflict led me, without weighing any of the consequences of what might have been considered unlawyerlike conduct, to jump up, walk around the desk and, so Bill Kunstler has delightedly told people over the years, take Judge Michie's finger in my hand and place it directly on the word "shall." I said, "There it is, judge, you *shall* sign the writ. That's the law." We all sat quietly for a moment and then the judge lifted his pen and signed the writs of habeas corpus lying before him which would free Barksdale and Smith.

Almost too stunned to believe what had happened, we picked up the signed writs and walked quickly into the half-empty courtroom. The word spread like electricity among those Movement people who had remained waiting for news. "Barksdale and Smith are going to be freed!" You could feel the excitement in the air as people came up to us with joy in their eyes and then rushed out to spread the unbelievable news throughout the city. By the time we got to the Danville City Farm where Barksdale and Smith

Baptist Church this spirit took over as Barksdale and Smith walked into the crowded gathering. The excited responses from the audience grew as Reverend Campbell and Len Holt reported from the pulpit on the events of the day. Once again I sensed the driving necessity never to forget the critical importance of even the most limited legal victory to the fighting morale of a movement of people deep in struggle with an entrenched and powerful enemy. In that spirit the exuberant audience planned new marches and demonstrations for the days ahead in Danville.

Ruth Harvey Charity:

Arthur Kinoy is a brilliant man. He is a lawyer's lawyer when it comes to constitutional law. He was able to bring his expertise to bear at a time when we desperately needed it. We affectionately called him the "Little Professor." He commanded great respect from all the lawyers.

Directly attributable to Kinoy's capacity to maneuver was the case when he forced the release of Ezell Barksdale, a 17-year-old involved in the June 10 march, and Harvey Smith. Both had

Marches and demonstrations continued in Danville throughout the summer of 1963 and culminated with the participation of more than 200 Danville citizens in the historic March on Washington on August 28, 1963. This mass march was instrumental in the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. □

Ruth Harvey Charity practices law in Danville. She served on the city council from 1970 to 1974 and later ran for the senate; worked with the National Organization for Women for the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment; served as Virginia chair of the American Association of University Women and as a delegate to the International Women's Year in Houston, Texas, in 1977; and has recently organized a chapter of Black Women for Political Action.

Arthur Kinoy is currently a professor of law at Rutgers University. Christina Davis is a staff member of the Institute for Southern Studies.

A chronology of the Danville Movement



April 2, 1960: Students sit-in at the public library to protest segregation. Police disperse the group, which then moves to desegregate the public park.

June 14: Danville citizens vote to close the library rather than allow blacks to use it.

1960-1963: Sit-ins result in the desegregation of several lunch counters. Most other public facilities remain segregated.

May, 1963: Local leaders decide to step up protests and call in national organizations to assist. Several youth marches take place, led by Alexander Dunlap of the Danville Progressive Christian Association.

May 31: In a mass march from Bibleway Church to city hall, representatives from a number of organizations call for an end to segregation in housing, schools and employment, and demand participation in city government. Rev-

erend Lawrence Campbell, the leader of the march, is arrested for "riotous disturbing the peace," and is held without bail.

June 1: Black citizens meet with the city council. The city attorney presents them with a restraining order and injunctions against any further demonstrations. The city serves the injunction on all known participants in the May 31 demonstrations.

June 2-8: Demonstrations continue, and 371 people are arrested for violating the injunction. Organizers from SNCC, SCLC and CORE arrive in response to calls for help.

June 6: The city council passes an ordinance prohibiting marches, sit-ins and other demonstrations.

June 10: "The Day of Infamy." At 9:30 a.m., 150 students march on city hall. They are hosed and beaten, and 44 are arrested. Fifty people, mostly women and including the mothers of the children who marched in the morning, hold a prayer vigil that night at the jail. Trapped in an alley, the kneeling blacks are attacked by the police. Forty-eight are injured seriously enough to go to a hospital.

June 11: Armed state troopers assist in "maintaining order."

June 13: A mid-afternoon march through downtown ends with an all-day sit-in at city hall.

June 17: Judge A.M. Aiken gives Ezell Barksdale a 45-day sentence.

June 18: Ernest Smith is jailed for violating the injunction.

June 24: Movement lawyers seek to remove all cases to federal court. Judge T.J. Michie orders release of Barksdale and Smith pending higher court decisions.

July 2: Michie signs an injunction

charging SCLC, SNCC, CORE and the entire leadership of the Danville Movement with conspiracy to violate federal laws, and prohibiting further demonstrations.

July 10: Michie's injunction is found unconstitutional.

July 11: Martin Luther King, Jr., speaking in Danville, urges mass demonstrations to "fill up the jail." Seventy-five are arrested in a march following his speech.

July 12, 13: Thirteen people are arrested at demonstrations inside two stores.

July 16: Lawyers argue against Michie's remand of all cases back to state courts and his denial of the demand for a federal injunction against the Danville power structure.

July 18: City begins prosecuting more than 250 people who had been arrested for violating the Aiken injunction.

July 28: "D-Day Sunday." A massive non-violent march is planned, but city officials prepare with 18-wheeler trucks to haul away the thousands of marchers expected. Only 80 of the 300 who had signed pledge cards to participate actually march. All are arrested.

August 27: Reverend Landell Chase is arrested for staging a march.

August 28: Two hundred Danville residents join the March on Washington.

1964-1974: Trials of the demonstrators continue after parts of the city ordinance are found to be constitutional. Most end in conviction, with some exceptions for minors and a few soldiers. The passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, following the March on Washington, makes it possible to break down segregation in public and private institutions.



Jimmy Dukes, 96 years old, remembers his African mother and white father.



Fairview Baptist Church in Mount Sterling, Alabama.

Choctaw County

Photography by JoAnn Diverdi



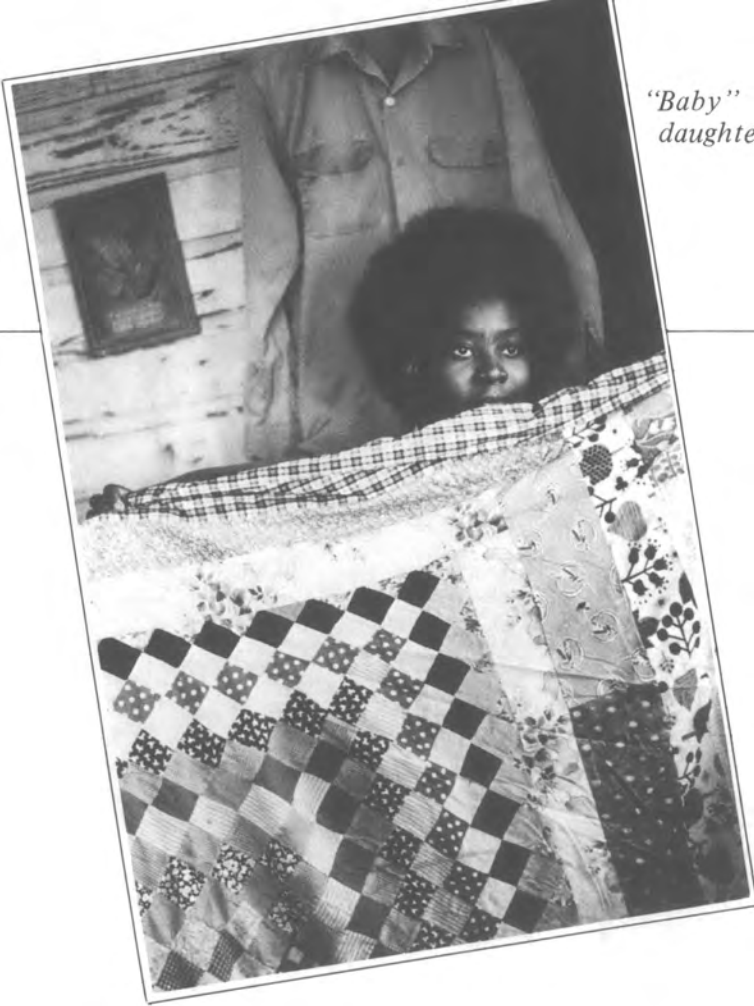
Olivia Kinniebrew's home is decorated with gifts given to her by her former pupils. She and her husband ran a school/home for children for many years.

The history of Choctaw County, Alabama, one of the poorest counties in the country, involves feuds over moonshine and marches for civil rights. It involves a deep dedication to religion and traditions in blues singing, quilting, farming and story-telling. Most of all, it involves a strength and wisdom which has come with the struggle to survive.

Butler, one of the largest towns in Choctaw County, was the site of many protests in the 1960s. One summer, when Reverend Ralph Ted Abernathy came down, the demonstrations went on for 14 weeks. When all the room in the small jail was filled up, the town emptied the public swimming pool and put the women and children there.



Reverend Julian Johnson is also a county commissioner. "I am the first black ever elected to anything in Choctaw County – and if that's not history, I don't know what is."



"Baby" Johnson, Ethel May Johnson's daughter.

Pocket, a blues singer, puts the rattlers from a rattlesnake in his guitar for a better sound.



Reverend Georgia Kinniebrew of the Fairview Baptist Church is also a farmer.



Ethel May Johnson's house was partially wrecked during a hurricane in 1981.



A weeknight service at the Fairview Baptist Church in Mount Sterling, Alabama.

JoAnn Diverdi is now living in North Carolina. She is currently working on a book with Ruth Roberson about the women of eastern North Carolina.

Texas-Mexican Cancionero

By Américo Paredes

eyes of the new rulers of the land.

But the inhabitants on both river banks continued to be the same people, with the same traditions, preserved in the same legends and the same songs. Together they entered into a century-long conflict with the English-speaking occupiers of their homeland. Time has changed things, as the governments from Washington and Mexico City have made their presence felt. Even so, the bonds reaching across the river have not been broken, just stretched out a bit to meet the demands of two forms of officialdom, originally disparate but growing more like each other day by day.

I started "collecting" these songs around 1920, when I first became aware of them on the lips of *guitareros* and other people of the ranchos and towns. Few of those singers are alive today. Nacho Montelongo, who taught me the first chords on the guitar, and many of his songs, still farms on the Mexican side of the river. But most of the others are gone. Some were voices stilled in their prime. I shall always remember Miguel Moran, who landed with the first assault wave on Attu in 1943, with his guitar strapped to his pack, and who came home to die, still carrying that guitar; and Matias Serrata, who landed in France in 1944, and who never came back. It is less painful to think of others who did live out their lives — Nicanor Torres, for example, who lived to be a hundred and could still sing *corridos* at that age. There are many others who will not sing again: Alberto Garza, in his time one of the best-known singers on the Texas side; Jesus Flores, blind singer and *decimero*; Ismael Chapa, itinerant merchant and singer, also blind; Jose Suarez, *el Cieguito*, for half a century the dean of Border *guitareros*. Those and many more — young

and old, relatives and friends — all part of a tradition that has not died but only changed.

My main interest has been in the meaning the songs have had for the people who have sung them. It is their *cancionero*.

Border singers were of many types and had many singing styles, so it is not easy to generalize about them. Women were important in the transmission of songs, though they were not supposed to sing "men's songs" such as *corridos* and rarely did so in public. Usually they sang at home, almost always without accompaniment, not only at their household tasks but when the family gathered in the evening, at which time all family members might sing in turn. It was rare for women to sing very loudly; in fact, all singers in these intimate family gatherings usually sang in soft or medium voices, in keeping with the tone of *respeto* that was expected within the family.

The extended family was important in Border social life, in the towns as well as in the rural areas. Large gatherings composed of the families of brothers, sisters and cousins were frequently held. They usually took place at the house of a parent or uncle of the nuclear families, or failing that at the home of one of the older family heads.

Women took active part in these gatherings but were less likely to sing

English versions of the song texts are included for the benefit of those readers who may have some difficulty with the original Spanish. These are literal prose translations and not attempts at poetry. Words that are not easily translatable without a great deal of explanation have been left in Spanish and italicized.

The whole of a people's past is reflected in their songs, and the Border people of the Rio Grande are rich in both songs and history. Mid-eighteenth-century pioneers, they journeyed out into Chichimecaland, traveled north until they reached the Rio Grande, drank of its waters and traveled no more. They settled on the river banks long before there was such a thing as the United States of America, and they struck roots that would last for centuries. They clustered around the river, for its waters were life. To these people, during their first century here, the river was the navel of the world.

Once the pale-eyed strangers from the north came, the homeland was divided. The river — once a focus of life — became a barrier, a dividing line, an international boundary. Families and friends were artificially divided by it. For a long time, however, life went on very much as it had before. Officially, the people on one bank of the river were Mexicans; those on the other side were Americans, albeit an inferior, less-than-second-class type of American in the

before the whole group, more because they were occupied at other tasks than because of any taboo. Extended family gatherings always involved feeding men and taking care of children on a larger scale than usual, and there was always conversation with female relatives to occupy a woman's time.

Border society, however, was not so rigid that it did not allow exceptions. There were women who became well known as singers without losing their status as respected housewives, though they were likely to be viewed as somewhat unconventional.

Dona Petra Longoria de Flores of Brownsville was one of these exceptions. She loved to sing *corridos*, something few women of her generation did. But then, she always had a flair for the daring and the unusual. As a young woman in the early years of the century, she decided she was going to ride the train from Brownsville to San Antonio, and she did so all by her unescorted self. Dona Petra retained her youthful outlook until the end of her days. I have a vivid memory of her at the age of 82, bursting into her living room from the kitchen to sing us "*Malhaya la cocina*," a half-plucked chicken in one hand and a fistful of feathers in the other.

What some Anglo-Americans have called a "lonesome" kind of singing was typical of casual audience situations. Such singing was always unaccompanied by instruments, with long pauses between phrases, slow tempo and free meter.

Women working in the household or men doing chores around the house often sang softly to themselves in the "lonesome" way, with no audience intended but themselves. The same type of singing was common in the fields when small groups worked together hoeing cotton or shucking corn. If women were in the work group, they might also take part in the singing, though they did not predominate as performers in this kind of situation.

Singing in the fields was never group singing, done in chorus. It was always individual singing, though there might be brief moments when two or three singers would harmonize. Not everyone in a working group performed. Each group had two or three who were recognized as the most pleasing or the most enthusiastic

Malhaya la cocina

Mal - ha - ya la co - ci - na, mal - ha - ya el hu - mo,
 mal - ha - ya quien se cre - e de hom - bre al - gu - no.
 Por - que los hom - bres, por - que los hom - bres cuan -
 do se sien - ten que - ri - dos ica - ram - ba! no co - rres - pon - den.

Curses on the Kitchen

<p>Yo comparo a los hombres con el mosquito, que dan el picotazo, luego el brinquito. Yo los maldigo, yo los maldigo, de éste que traigo en el alma, ¡caramba! de éste no digo.</p>	<p>Curses on the kitchen, curses on the smoke, curses on the woman who will believe any man. Because men, because men, when they know/ caramba! They won't love you back. I compare men with the mosquito, for they will sting you and then fly away. I curse them, I curse them, except this one that is in my heart, caramba! Of him I do not speak.</p>
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singers (*los mas cantadores*). The others listened as they worked, pacing themselves with the music and making joking comments and criticisms about the singers.

Men working on horseback also sang in much the same style, though with some important differences, perhaps because women did not take part in their activities. Their performance was usually higher pitched and at a slightly faster tempo. It was also

much louder, with a few reflective *gritos* here and there. While the singer in the fields sang only loud enough to be heard by his fellow workers, the man on horseback seemed to take in the whole landscape as his potential audience.

Men walking or riding along lonely roads at night — whether alone or in groups — used the markedly slow-tempo style used in the fields, but they sang the loudest of all. If there

MEXICAN AND MEXICAN-AMERICAN MIGRANTS AT A SAN ANTONIO ENGAN-CHISTA OFFICE, WAITING TO TAKE THE TRAIN NORTH. THE WOMEN ARE FOOD VENDORS. THE MEN WITH CIGARS SEEM TO BE CREW BOSSES.



Triguena hermosa

This is a song that is best performed in two voices, *primera y segunda*.

Tri - gue - ña her - mo - sa, mi co - ra - zón se en - cuen - tra tris - te,
 por - que no sa - be si en al - gún tiem - po le co - rres - pon - des;
 lo que te ju - ro es que en es - te mun - do no ha - llas o - tro hom - bre
 que te quie - ra, tri - gue - ñi - ta, co - mo yo.
 Con la es - pe - ran - za, tri - gue - ña her - mo - sa, yo te he que - ri - do,
 con la es - pe - ran - za, tri - gue - ña her - mo - sa, yo te he a - do - ra - do;
 es - tos tra - ba - jos que en - tre tú y yo he - mos pa - sa - do,
 con la es - pe - ran - za de que Dios nos pre - mia - rá.

Beautiful Brown Girl

Beautiful brown girl, my heart is sad
 because it does not know if you ever will return its love;
 but I do swear to you that you will not find another man in this world
 who will love you, little brown girl, the way I do.

With that hope, beautiful brown girl, I have loved you;
 with that hope, beautiful brown girl, I have adored you;
 all the troubles that you and I have shared,
 with the hope that God will reward us.

were two or more of them, they would harmonize. Like the men working on horseback, they took everyone within the range of their voices as a likely audience. And it was quite an experience to sit outside on a still, dark night and hear their distant, lonely music.

The songs used in "lonesome" singing were chosen not for their

subject matter but because they fitted the tempo of the situation. Most commonly sung were old *danzas*, some *decima* tunes, love songs and a few *corridos*. Romantic *danzas* and *canciones* like "Triguena hermosa" were quite proper for singing among mixed groups in the fields.

Perhaps it is no longer necessary to minimize our Spanish heritage

in these days of *chicanismo*. Too many chicanos have gone to the other extreme from their "Spanish-American" elders; they see themselves exclusively as children of Cuauhtemoc. But Spain has given us many things besides part of our ancestry. It is well to remember that, whatever the genetic makeup of the settlers who moved into the frontier provinces, what welded them together into one people were the Spanish language and the Spanish culture.

Another thing Spain gave us was her folksongs. When they came to the Rio Grande, our ancestors brought with them many songs of Spanish origin. It was the Spanish ballads with universal themes that struck deep roots among the people of Mexican culture, ballads in which people are simply people rather than historical characters identified with a specific place and time.

Our "Ciudad de Jauja" probably descends from one of the eighteenth-century *romances*. Words and music, however, are in the form of the Mexican *corrido*, and the language has also been Mexicanized. It is of Mexican good things to eat that Jauja is made. "La Ciudad de Jauja" is a comic song, but during hard times on the Border the humor has become a bit pointed. "Jauja" was widely sung during the Depression of the 1930s, for example. For many generations, Border Mexicans have gone north in search of jobs and better living conditions. In a tongue-in-cheek way, they sometimes have described their journeys as a quest for the mythical land of Jauja.

Intercultural conflict has been the most important characteristic of the Texas-Mexican Border, even before the Rio Grande became an international boundary line. In 1836, the English-speaking settlers of Texas threw off Mexican authority. Immediately they began to move in on other areas of what was then northern Mexico, their first target being the northern part of Tamaulipas — the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. Manifest Destiny mounted a sustained assault on the Rio Grande communities, the armed conflict taking three forms: incursions by Anglo-American raiders and cattle thieves; large-scale raids by Plains Indians, especially the Comanches; and civil wars among the Rio Grande people, as new political influences

brought by the Anglo-American invaders caused divisions among the Mexicans themselves. The result was the wrecking of the Rio Grande economy and the incorporation into Texas of the Nueces-Rio Grande area. This early period of conflict ended in 1848, with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo and the establishment of the Rio Grande as an international boundary.

Juan Nepomuceno Cortino belonged to one of the old landholding families on the Rio Grande. In 1846 he was among the *ranchero* irregulars who fought alongside Mexican troops at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. After the war he tried to live like a good American citizen, but he soon became embittered by the actions of Anglo fortune-makers in the area. One day in 1859 he rode into Brownsville and found city marshal Robert Shears pistol-whipping a *vaquero* who worked for Cortina's mother. Cortina intervened, shot the marshal and rode out of town, taking the *vaquero* with him.

He rallied a number of *rancheros* to his cause and outlined his grievances in a *plan* or manifesto. Then he attacked and occupied Brownsville in an effort to punish the men responsible for the abuses suffered by his people. In spite of what has been written about him by most Anglos — and by some *chicanos* as well — Cortina did not take up arms to rob the rich and give to the poor. He was no "Robin Hood." His motives were basically political; what he was trying to give all Mexicans in Texas was dignity and social justice.

Cortina's war of protest ended when he was defeated and driven out of Texas by the U.S. cavalry. He continued to operate as a guerrilla both before and after the Civil War. During the French occupation of Mexico he was a general on the republican side and took part in the battle of the Cinco de Mayo. He was also an *enganchado* or Union agent working against the Confederates during the American Civil War. In 1876 Cortina was arrested and confined to Mexico City for the rest of his life, on orders of Porfirio Diaz. He was allowed to make one trip to the Border in 1890 and died in 1892.

The *corridos* about Cortina date back to the late 1850s and the early 1860s. Apparently, several *corridos* about Cortina were sung, but only

La ciudad de Jauja

"La ciudad de Jauja" should be sung to a steady, jogging tempo, not too fast, but with the basses strongly marked in a *one-two-three, one-two-three* rhythm.

Moderate tempo ♩ = 66



Desde esa ciudad de Jauja
me mandan solicitar,
que me vaya para allá
un tesoro a disfrutar.

¿Qué dices, amigo? vamos
a ver si dicen verdad,
si es verdad de lo que dicen
nos quedaremos allá.

Las iglesias son de azúcar,
de caramelo los frailes,
de melcocha los monaguillos
y de miel los colaterales.

¡Válgame la Cruz de Queso
en sus peñas de tortilla!
Vuelan los patos asados
con su pimienta y su sal.

Levántate, amigo, y vamos
a ver si dicen verdad,

si es verdad de lo que dicen
nos quedaremos allá.

Arroyos que corren leche,
jarros y cazos de atole,
hay barrancas de panochas,
hay azúcar con pinole.

Hay árboles de tortillas
y labores de empanadas,
eso de tamales turcos,
las calles están regadas.

Ese Guadalupe Guerra
tenía unas chivas muy finas,
y se las cambió a Julián
por unos sacos de harina.

Levántate, amigo, y vamos,
vámonos sin vacilar
donde agarran a patadas
al que quiera trabajar.

The City of Jauja

They have sent from that City of Jauja, asking for me;
they want me to go over there, so I may enjoy a treasure.

What do you say, friend? Let us go see if they're speaking the truth;
if all that they say is true, we will remain there.

The churches are made of sugar, the friars of caramel,
the acolytes of molasses candy, and the altars of honey.

May the Cross of Cheese protect me, on its tortilla rocks!
The roasted ducks fly about garnished with pepper and salt.

Get up, my friend, let us go see if they're speaking the truth;
if all that they say is true, we will remain there.

There are creeks that flow with milk, pots and kettles of atole;
there are mounds of brown sugar, there is sugar with pinole.

There are trees bearing tortillas and fields with crops of turnovers,
and as for *tamales turcos*, the streets are covered with them.

That Guadalupe Guerra used to have some very fine goats,
and he traded them to Julián for some sacks of flour.

Get up, my friend, let us go, let us go without delay
where they kick hell out of you if you try to work.

El general Cortina

Use a *corrido* strum (one-two-three, one-two-three) on the guitar, at a moderate tempo, and a fairly free delivery. The song is most often performed without instrumental accompaniment.

♩ = 60

E - se ge - ne - ral Cor - ti - nas es li - bre y muy so - be - ra - no,
han su - bi - do sus ho - no - res por - que sal - vó a un me - xi - ca - no.
Los a - me - ri - ca - nos ha - cí - an huel - ga, bo - rra - che - ras en las can - ti - nas,
de gus - to que ha - bí - a muer - to e - se ge - ne - ral Cor - ti - nas.

General Cortina

The famed General Cortinas is quite sovereign and free,
the honor due him is greater, for he saved a Mexican's life.

Long live General Cortinas, who has come out of his prison;
he came to visit his friends that he had left in Tamaulipas.

The Americans made merry, they got drunk in the saloons,
out of joy over the death of the famed General Cortinas.

fragments have survived. "El General Cortina" as it appears here is made up of three stanzas from three different *corridos* about Cortina.

Everyone has heard of the famous cattle drives to Kansas, the subject of many a Western. What is not so well known is that it was cattle owned by Mexicans and Texas-Mexicans (some legally obtained from them and some not) that formed the bulk of the herds driven north from the Nueces-Rio Grande area, the so-called cradle of the cattle industry in the United States. Not all cattle that went north were driven by Anglo cowboys. Many of the trail drivers were Mexicans, some taking their own herds, others working for Anglo outfits. The late 1860s and early 1870s was a period when a good many Mexicans still were *duenos* on the Texas side. In this respect they could meet the Anglo on something like equal terms.

But the Texas-Mexican possessed something else that gave him a certain status — the tools and the techniques of the *vaquero* trade, in which the Anglo was merely a beginner. The Mexican with some justice could feel superior to the Anglo when it came to handling horses and cattle, or facing occupational hazards such as flooded rivers. These attitudes are apparent in the *corridos* about the cattle drives to Kansas, pronounced "Kiansis" by Border rancheros. I first learned a complete version from one of my granduncles, Hilario Cisneros, born in 1867, who learned it from the *vaqueros* who had made the first trips on the trail to Kansas.

The period from 1900 to 1911 was a time of transition both in Mexico and in the United States. In the United States certain sections of Anglo society were becoming more and more conscious of social and

political issues. "Anarchists" were still vigorously persecuted, but there was a feeling of change in the air. In Mexico things were building up toward the Revolution. Ill feeling against the United States was part of the revolutionary mood. The common person in Mexico could get worked up over rumors that North Americans had bought the cathedral in Mexico City and would turn it into a big department store. Reports about lynchings of Mexicans in Texas were the cause of anti-American riots in Mexico City and other urban centers.

On the Texas-Mexican Border, this period is marked by *corridos* such as "Gregorio Cortez." No other Mexican-American *corrido* has been more widely known. It has been reported wherever Mexicans are found in the United States, not only on the Border but on the West Coast and in the Great Lakes areas. Many other *corrido* heroes — such as Cortina and Rito Garcia — had preceded Gregorio Cortez, but in Cortez's life was epitomized the idea of the man who defends his rights *con su pistola en la mano*.

In Karnes County on June 12, 1901, Cortez shot and killed Sheriff Brack Morris, who seconds before had shot Cortez's brother. The sheriff was trying to arrest the Cortezes for a crime they had not committed. Cortez fled, knowing that the only justice available to him in Karnes County would be at the end of a rope. In his flight toward the Rio Grande, Cortez walked more than 100 miles and rode at least 400, eluding hundreds of men who were trying to capture him. On the way he killed another Texas sheriff, Robert Glover of Gonzales County; he was also accused of the death of Constable Henry Schnabel.

Exhausted, on foot and out of

JESUS FLORES, 62, IN FRONT OF HIS DWELLING IN A BROWNSVILLE BARRIO, 1951.



Photo courtesy América Paredes

ammunition, Cortez was captured near Laredo. His case united Mexican-Americans in a common cause, and there were concerted efforts for his defense in the courts. The legal battle lasted three years and included reversals of a couple of speedy and unfair convictions. Finally, Cortez was acquitted of murder in the deaths of Sheriff Morris and Constable Schnabel, a significant victory in the long fight that has been waged by the Mexican-American for equal treatment in American courts. Cortez was sentenced to life imprisonment, however, for the death of Sheriff Glover. Governor O.B. Colquitt pardoned Cortez in 1913.

Gregorio Cortez and the *corrido* about him are a milestone in the Mexican-American's emerging group consciousness. A number of tentative organizations resulted from the court fight on his behalf. The readiness with which Mexicans in the United States came together in his defense showed that the necessary conditions existed for united effort.

The *pochó* appears at the time of the Revolution in Mexico, when great numbers of Mexican refugees of all social classes settled in cities like Los Angeles and San Antonio. During this period the "*Mexiquitos*" in the larger cities of the Southwest exhibited two contrasting states of mind. One was a truly refugee state of mind, cultivated especially by the middle-class Mexican but adopted by all older Mexicans, according to which the Mexican's life in the United States was to be insulated from Anglo influences and activities and devoted to the dream of returning to Mexico.

Another state of mind was found among the younger people in the *barrios*, who were being forced to adapt to the environment of Anglo cities and who found acculturation an inevitable product of their fight for survival. It was the *barrios* that produced the *pochó*, the early version of the *chicano*. And it was in contemptuous reference to the young Mexican-Americans of East Los Angeles, children of migrant workers and middle-class revolutionary refugees alike, that Jose Vasconcelos is said to have first used the term *pochó*. Whatever the degree of Americanization, the average Mexican-American of this period continued to think of himself or herself as

Kiansis

Cuan-do sa - li - mos pa' Kian - sis con u - na gran - de par - ti - da,
 ¡ah, qué ca - mi - no tan la - ar - go! no con - ta - ba con mi vi - da.

Nos decía el caporal,
 como queriendo llorar:
 —Allá va la novillada,
 no me la dejen pasar.—

¡Ah, qué caballo tan bueno!
 todo se le iba en correr,
 ¡y, ah, qué fuerte aguacero!
 no contaba yo en volver.

Unos pedían cigarro,
 otros pedían que comer,
 y el caporal nos decía:
 —Sea por Dios, qué hemos de hacer.—

En el charco de Palomas
 se cortó un novillo bragado,
 y el caporal lo lazó
 en su caballo melado.

Avísenle al caporal
 que un vaquero se mató,
 en las trancas del corral
 nomás la cuera dejó.

Llegamos al Río Salado
 y nos tiramos a nado,
 decía un americano:
 —Esos hombres ya se ahogaron.—

Pues qué pensaría ese hombre
 que venimos a esp'rimantar,
 si somos del Río Grande,
 de los buenos pa' nadar.

Y le dimos vista a Kiansis,
 y nos dice el caporal:
 —Ora sí somos de vida,
 ya vamos a hacer corral.—

Y de vuelta en San Antonio
 compramos buenos sombreros,
 y aquí se acaban cantando
 versos de los aventureros.

Kansas, I

When we left for Kansas with a great herd of cattle,
 ah, what a long trail it was! I was not sure I would survive.

The *caporal* would tell us, as if he was going to cry,
 "Watch out for that bunch of steers; don't let them get past you."

Ah, what a good horse I had! He did nothing but gallop.
 And, ah, what a violent cloudburst! I was not sure I would come back.

Some of us asked for cigarettes, others wanted something to eat;
 and the *caporal* would tell us, "So be it, it can't be helped."

By the pond at Palomas a vicious steer left the herd,
 and the *caporal* lassoed it on his honey-colored horse.

Go tell the *caporal* that a vaquero has been killed;
 all he left was his leather jacket hanging on the rails of the corral.

We got to the Salado River, and we swam our horses across;
 an American was saying, "Those men are as good as drowned."

I wonder what the man thought, that we came to learn, perhaps;
 why, we're from the Rio Grande, where the good swimmers are from.

And then Kansas came in sight, and the *caporal* tells us,
 "We have finally made it, we'll soon have them in the corral."

Back again in San Antonio, we all bought ourselves good hats,
 and this is the end of the singing of the stanzas about the trail drivers.

En el condado de El Carmen tal desgracia sucedió, murió el Cherife Mayor, no saben quién lo mató.

Se anduvieron informando como media hora después, supieron que el malhechor era Gregorio Cortez.

Ya insortaron a Cortez por toditito el estado, que vivo o muerto se aprehenda porque a varios ha matado.

Decía Gregorio Cortez con su pistola en la mano: —No siento haberlo matado, lo que siento es a mi hermano.—

Decía Gregorio Cortez con su alma muy encendida: —No siento haberlo matado, la defensa es permitida.—

Venían los americanos más blancos que una amapola, de miedo que le tenían a Cortez con su pistola.

Decían los americanos, decían con timidez: —Vamos a seguir la huella que el malhechor es Cortez.—

Soltaron los perros jaunes pa' que siguieran la huella, pero alcanzar a Cortez era seguir a una estrella.

Tiró con rumbo a Gonzales sin ninguna timidez: —Síguenme, rinches cobardes, yo soy Gregorio Cortez.—

Se fue de Belmont al rancho, lo alcanzaron a rodear, poquitos más de trescientos, y allí les brincó el corral.

Gregorio Cortez

"Gregorio Cortez" is sung a bit more slowly than the average *corrido*, with the basses on the guitar strongly accented.

En el con - da - do de El Car - men mi - ren lo que ha su - ce - di - do,
mu - rió el Che - ri - fe Ma - yor, que - dan - do Ro - mán he - ri - do.

Gregorio Cortez

In the county of El Carmen, look what has happened;
the Major Sheriff is dead, leaving Román badly wounded.

In the county of El Carmen such a tragedy took place:
the Major Sheriff is dead; no one knows who killed him.

They went around asking questions about half an hour afterward;
they found out that the wrongdoer had been Gregorio Cortez.

Now they have outlawed Cortez throughout the whole of the state;
let him be taken, dead or alive, for he has killed several men.

Then said Gregorio Cortez, with his pistol in his hand,
"I don't regret having killed him; what I regret is my brother's death."

Then said Gregorio Cortez, with his soul aflame,
"I don't regret having killed him; self-defense is permitted."

The Americans were coming; they were whiter than a poppy
from the fear that they had of Cortez and his pistol.

Then the Americans said, and they said it fearfully,
"Come, let us follow the trail, for the wrongdoer is Cortez."

They let loose the bloodhounds so they could follow the trail,
but trying to overtake Cortez was like following a star.

He struck out for Gonzales, without showing any fear:
"Follow me, cowardly *rinches*; I am Gregorio Cortez."

From Belmont he went to the ranch, where they succeeded in surrounding him,
quite a few more than three hundred, but he jumped out of their corral.

When he jumped out of their corral, according to what is said here,
they got into a gunfight, and he killed them another sheriff.

Then said Gregorio Cortez, with his pistol in his hand,
"Don't run, you cowardly *rinches*, from a single Mexican."

Gregorio Cortez went out, he went out toward Laredo;
they would not follow him because they were afraid of him.

possessing a "pure" Mexican culture. It was always the other fellow who was an *agrinado*, not him.

The immigrant might have exaggerated ideas about the material riches of the United States, but he did not admire its culture. He fully intended to go back home after he had got his share of the good things to be had in Gringolandia. After all, there was no place like Mexico, and within Mexico there was no place like one's own region and one's own home town.

These songs mean a great deal to me, though I am not by any means alone in treasuring them. There are others of my generation along the Rio Grande who still remember, for whom success in the contemporary marketplace has not been accompanied by a sense of shame in their old *ranchero* background. For them, as for me, these songs still stir echoes. But the echoes have deeper

overtones, reaching beyond those *fronterizos* who still can contemplate or recapture what they have been. These songs should have resonance for all Mexican-Americans, for they are part of the history of all Mexicans in the United States. They record an important aspect of the Mexican-American's long struggle to preserve our identity and affirm our rights as human beings.

It has been a struggle played out in many settings — in isolated villages of New Mexico as well as in Border

Cuando les brincó el corral,
según lo que aquí se dice,
se agarraron a balazos
y les mató otro cherife.

Decía Gregorio Cortez
con su pistola en la mano:
—No corran, rinches cobardes,
con un solo mexicano.—

Salió Gregorio Cortez,
salió con rumbo a Laredo,
no lo quisieron seguir
porque le tuvieron miedo.

Decía Gregorio Cortez:
—¿Pa' qué se valen de planes?
No me pueden agarrar
ni con esos perros jaunes.—

Decían los americanos:
—Si lo alcanzamos ¿qué hacemos?
Si le entramos por derecho
muy poquitos volveremos.—

Allá por El Encinal,
según lo que aquí se dice,
le formaron un corral
y les mató otro cherife.

Decía Gregorio Cortez
echando muchos balazos:
—Me he escapado de aguaceros,
continás de nublinaos.—

Ya se encontró a un mexicano,
le dice con altivez:
—Pláticame qué hay de nuevo,
yo soy Gregorio Cortez.

—Dicen que por culpa mía
han matado mucha gente,
pues ya me voy a entregar
porque eso no es conveniente.—

Cortez le dice a Jesús:
—Ora sí lo vas a ver,
anda diles a los rinches
que me vengán a aprehender.—

Venían todos los rinches,
venían que hasta volaban,
porque se iban a ganar
diez mil pesos que les daban.

Cuando rodearon la casa
Cortez se les presentó:
—Por la buena sí me llevan
porque de otro modo no.—

Decía el Cherife Mayor
como queriendo llorar:
—Cortez, entrega tus armas,
no te vamos a matar.—

Decía Gregorio Cortez,
les gritaba en alta voz:
—Mis armas no las entrego
hasta estar en calaboz'.—

Decía Gregorio Cortez,
decía en su voz divina:
—Mis armas no las entrego
hasta estar en bartolina.—

Ya agarraron a Cortez,
ya terminó la cuestión,
la pobre de su familia
lo lleva en el corazón.

Ya con ésta me despido
a la sombra de un ciprés,
aquí se acaba el corrido
de don Gregorio Cortez.

Then said Gregorio Cortez, "What is the use of your scheming?
You cannot catch me, even with those bloodhounds."

Then said the Americans, "If we catch up with him, what shall we do?
If we fight him man to man, very few of us will return."

Way over near El Encinal, according to what is said here,
they made him a corral, and he killed them another sheriff.

Then said Gregorio Cortez, shooting out a lot of bullets,
"I have weathered thunderstorms; this little mist doesn't bother me."

Now he has met a Mexican; he says to him haughtily,
"Tell me the news; I am Gregorio Cortez."

"They say that because of me many people have been killed,
so now I will surrender, because such things are not right."

Cortez says to Jesús, "At last you are going to see it;
go and tell the *rinches* that they can come and arrest me."

All the *rinches* were coming, so fast that they almost flew,
because they were going to get the ten thousand dollars that were offered.

When they surrounded the house, Cortez appeared before them:
"You will take me if I'm willing but not any other way."

Then said the Major Sheriff, as if he was going to cry,
"Cortez, hand over your weapons; we do not want to kill you."

Then said Gregorio Cortez, shouting to them in a loud voice,
"I won't surrender my weapons until I am in a cell."

Then said Gregorio Cortez, speaking in his godlike voice,
"I won't surrender my weapons until I'm inside a jail."

Now they have taken Cortez, and now the matter is ended;
his poor family are keeping him in their hearts.

Now with this I say farewell in the shade of a cypress;
this is the end of the ballad of Don Gregorio Cortez.

"gateways" like Brownsville and Laredo, in urban centers like Los Angeles and in little towns like Crystal City. Nowhere was the conflict longer and more sustained than on the Lower Rio Grande Border. The Border was a wild and unruly place, or so they say. To put it another way, it was a focus of international conflict, based on the Borderers' resolve *de no ser dejado*, not to take it lying down. For thousands of young Chicanos today, so intent on maintaining their cultural identity and demanding their rights,

the Border *corrido* hero will strike a responsive chord when risking life, liberty and material goods *defendiendo su derecho*. □

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THE COUNTRY OF THE SONGS



BY MARY K. HENDERSHOT

CONDEMNED BY TVA



photo courtesy TVA

Two years ago, on a gray November day, I stood with friends in a yard belonging to a man who was about to be evicted by federal marshals acting on behalf of the Tennessee Valley Authority. Within two hours, bulldozers razed the small, four-room white frame house where Beryl Moser was born to make way for the Tellico Lake in Monroe County, Tennessee.

It was almost noon. This was the last stop for the TVA wrecking crews which had spent the better part of the past 10 years demolishing, leveling and doing whatever else was necessary to erase the farming communities which had developed along the fertile bottomland of the Little Tennessee River during the nineteenth century.

For Beryl Moser, city judge for the town of Vonore and the last holdout against the Tellico Project, the day of reckoning had finally come. Moser's family and close friends had gathered in the empty rooms of the house since early morning. Network television crews and newspaper and magazine reporters from all parts of the country began to arrive soon after, swarming through the small home and across the property less than a country block from Vonore City Hall.

Among the onlookers were others who had lost their homes during the 15-year drive by TVA to acquire 38,000 acres of privately owned land for the Tellico Dam Project. One woman lost her 300-acre ancestral home on the banks of the Little T during the early years of the project; the bitterness of the struggle to keep her farm was etched in the lines of her face.

Together we watched as Moser and his two sisters tearfully said goodbye to their childhood home.

"This is just like the Trail of Tears all over again," said the woman, making an observation profound in its simplicity as well as its insight.

The Little Tennessee River Valley and the mountains which surround it are at the heart of TVA country. located approximately halfway between the agency's main offices in Knoxville and Chattanooga. It is a place of beguiling and deceptive beauty where the richness of life has more to do with the state of the

soul than of the physical world. It is a land of steep ridges and dark coves where resourcefulness is often a person's greatest asset. In many areas, the family names are the same as those which were there a hundred or more years ago.

Long before whiskey was being distilled from the corn which grows so well in these mountain hollers, the Little Tennessee River Valley was the land of the Cherokee. "Going to water" was central to Cherokee religious beliefs. They considered a river essential to paradise and undoubtedly the forebears of the modern Cherokee thought they had found paradise incarnate when they stumbled into the valley of the Little T. The Cherokee, who had long ago made peace with their environment, found the fertile bottomland ideal for growing corn and the surrounding forests plentiful with game. During the eighteenth century, great Cherokee towns flourished along the banks of the river and its tributaries.

The encroachment of the white settler on Cherokee land intensified during that century, and after many years of conflict, the Treaty of Long Island was negotiated in 1777. In exchange for a promise that the

boundaries established in the treaty would "remain through all generations and be kept by our children's children," Cherokee leaders gave up much of their land north and west of the Little T.

But the Cherokees soon discovered that treaties, contracts, promises and constitutional rights are null and void in the face of progress.

"We have held several treaties with the Americans when bounds were fixed, and fair promises made that the white people would not come over," observed Old Tassel, a Cherokee leader who helped negotiate the Treaty of Long Island. "But we always find that after a treaty they settle much faster than before. Truth is, if we had no land we should have fewer enemies."

During the 1980s, the "children's children" of the white settlers who pushed the Cherokee out of the Little Tennessee River Valley have been dispossessed of the same ancestral lands in the name of progress. Once again, the federal government, in the guise of TVA, has assumed the stance of the Great White Father.

Created by the United States Congress in 1933 ostensibly to uplift us from ignorance and poverty, TVA was expected to transform what policy makers perceived as a stagnant agrarian economy into a vital, industrial one by bringing electricity to the valley. An uneasy marriage now exists between the independent people of the Tennessee River Valley and TVA. As a federal agency, it unilaterally claims eminence over state and local governments. But despite the immense authority granted to the agency over four decades, the seven states in the TVA region still rank around the bottom of all scales measuring economic, educational and social progress.

The Tellico Project is now almost two decades old. In 1963, TVA proposed the damming of the last free-flowing stretch of the Little Tennessee River as a showcase development which would illustrate the agency's planning expertise and bring prosperity to an economically deprived area. In addition to massive recreational and industrial development, TVA proposals for Tellico included the construction of a model city of 12,000, a "living" Cherokee Indian village and an extravagant marina-resort complex. TVA claimed it needed to acquire an additional

CHARLOTTE HUGHES



photo by Mary K. Hendershot

22,000 acres in order to maintain quality control of the lakeshore environment. To support the unprecedented confiscation of so much private land for a single project, TVA claimed the right of eminent domain,¹ a legal loophole which justifies the sacrifice of individual rights as necessary for the "common good."

In 1967, Charlotte and Paul Hughes lived with their two daughters on the 300-acre farm near Vonore which had been bought by her grandfather at the turn of the century. The Hugheses' sand company a few miles down the river provided their livelihood.

Their life of complacency was shattered the day they received a letter from TVA notifying them that their property would be within the boundaries of the proposed Tellico Reservation. With that letter began a 15-year struggle which has not ended with the closing of the dam gates, and through which Charlotte Hughes came to identify her fate with that of the 16,000 Cherokee Indians who were forced out of the Little Tennessee River Valley on the Trail of Tears in 1838.

"For the next three-and-a-half

years, we lived with TVA. They got us up in the morning and put us to bed at night," recalls Mrs. Hughes while describing the frequent, unannounced visits to their farm by TVA personnel. "You've already got a feeling of helplessness and then you discover that you're also being harassed and threatened."

Three months after an appraisal, a buyer from TVA presented the Hugheses with a contract offering them approximately \$475 per acre for their farm, less than half of which was to be flooded.

"I did not cry the day they took my farm because it was the first property we lost," says Mrs. Hughes. "But I did cry when they took the sand company. TVA put us out of business, but they said they did not owe us damages because it was a federally controlled river.

"I told them, 'You have left us with this house. Now I want you to tell those people back at TVA that if any TVA personnel ever steps foot on my property again uninvited, I will leave that so-and-so lying in my front yard wounded.'

"I felt utterly helpless, like I had no place to turn. When I tried to find a lawyer who could tell me what my

A TALE OF TWO DECADES

The Tennessee Valley Authority first advocated locating a dam near the mouth of the Little Tennessee River in a 1936 report to Congress. In June, 1942, Congress appropriated \$10.7 million for construction of the dam. The project, known as the Fort Loudoun Extension, was shelved in October of the same year due to the diversion of construction materials for World War II.

In 1963, the Fort Loudoun Extension was again proposed as the Tellico Project. TVA wanted 38,000 acres of land for Tellico rather than the 20,000 to 30,000 originally proposed during planning for the Fort Loudoun Extension; it claimed that the additional land would ensure controlled development. The cost of the project was now estimated at \$41 million.

During 1965 and 1966, Congress conducted hearings to consider arguments by opponents and advocates of the project. Those who opposed the project focused on the destruction of agricultural land, the Cherokee Indian culture and the free-flowing river. Tellico advocates stressed the economic growth which was expected to benefit an economically deprived area.

Congress approved the initial appropriation for Tellico in 1965 and construction began in 1967.

The project was temporarily halted for the first time in 1971 by a federal court ruling that TVA had not filed an adequate environmental impact statement (EIS) as required by the National Environmental Policy Act. Construction started again in 1973 when TVA's final EIS was accepted.

The Tellico Project was designed as a resource base for the community of Timberlake, a joint development of TVA and the Boeing Aerospace Company. However, Boeing

withdrew its commitment to the project in March, 1975. By this time, Tellico was 75-percent complete and the estimated cost had risen to \$100 million.

Also during March, 1975, citizens petitioned the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to list the snail darter as an endangered species under the Endangered Species Act (ESA). The darter had been discovered in the waters of the Little T by University of Tennessee biologist David Etnier during the fall of 1973.

TVA argued that the act did not apply since the Tellico Project was initiated before the ESA became law. On February 18, 1976, a suit (*Hill vs. the Tennessee Valley Authority*) was filed in federal district court seeking to halt Tellico because it was in violation of the ESA. The case was dismissed a month later but was appealed to the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals in July. The appeals court issued an injunction which prohibited closure of the dam gates but permitted TVA to continue construction.

In the fall of 1976, the Department of the Interior issued a report which concluded that the existence of the snail darter would be jeopardized if the Tellico Dam was completed.

On January 31, 1977, the court of appeals reversed the district court decision and ruled that the ESA was applicable to Tellico. The court did permit TVA to continue work on highway and bridge construction. The project was now 90 percent complete.

In May, 1977, the U.S. Supreme Court accepted TVA's request for a review of the appeals court decision. Oral arguments were presented to the Supreme Court on April 18, 1978, and on June 15, the court affirmed the appeals court ruling by a vote of six to three.

Also during April, 1978, Congress approved legislation which established the Endangered Species Committee, a review board which was empowered to exempt some public works projects from the ESA. That committee subsequently refused to exempt Tellico.

On June 13, 1979, the U.S. Senate rejected legislation proposed by Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee which would have specifically exempted Tellico from the ESA. On August 1, 1979, the House of Representatives approved similar legislation introduced by Representative John Duncan, whose district includes the counties surrounding Tellico. Duncan's amendment was attached as a rider to the Energy and Water Development Appropriations Bill. That bill was approved by the Senate and signed into law by President Jimmy Carter in September, 1979.

On October 2, transplanting of the snail darters from the Little T to the Hiwassee River was begun.

On October 12, the Eastern Band of the Cherokee Nation filed suit in U.S. District Court in a last-ditch effort to halt impoundment of the lake. The Cherokees claimed that the lake would infringe upon their religious freedom by denying them access to sacred lands and burial sites. The Cherokee suit was dismissed on November 1.

On November 13, the last two families holding out against removal by TVA were evicted and on November 29 the dam gates were closed.

On April 7, 1982, Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander signed legislation creating the Tellico Reservoir Development Agency (TRDA). The agency will be composed of representatives from the three counties which surround Tellico Lake and will be empowered to manage the lake area in conjunction with TVA. TRDA and TVA are now developing the terms of a contract designating each agency's powers and responsibilities.

Local officials made the proposal for TRDA during the spring of 1981 because they were frustrated by TVA's lack of initiative to develop the Tellico project further.

A year ago, several other snail darter habitats were discovered in streams in southeastern Tennessee and Alabama. TVA has recommended that the Department of the Interior remove the snail darter from the Endangered Species List.

— Mary K. Hendershot

rights were as an American citizen, I was made to feel that I wasn't a good American if I tried to stand in the way of TVA. At that time, people thought TVA was the Great White Father and it was un-American to stand in the way of progress.

"Everybody was fighting for themselves. Neighbors would not talk to neighbors. The reason people didn't get together was because of an old teaching in this area that you don't discuss your financial business with other people."

However, like many other landowners dispossessed by the Tellico Project, the Hugheses soon found themselves discussing their financial business with the Internal Revenue Service. They were audited for three years following the sale of their land to TVA. Mrs. Hughes describes the ordeal as "pure hell."

The only recourse for landowners who opposed the sale of their land to TVA was an appeal to a three-person commission appointed by TVA. By 1977 the project was nearing completion, and only three families still held out in the face of TVA pressure to give up their land.

At that point, construction on the dam was indefinitely halted following a federal court ruling that the snail darter was entitled to protection under the Endangered Species Act, and the original owners of Tellico land got a second chance. Eventually, U.S. Representative John Duncan succeeded in specifically exempting the Tellico Project from the Endangered Species Act, but while the future of the lake was in doubt, many residents tried to lease their former holdings for agricultural purposes.

"After TVA had bought all the property, they would not give the original landowners the opportunity to rent their own land," claims Charlotte Hughes. "I retained my property for as long as possible, but then they rented my farm to someone else."

By this time, the landowners had learned something about the futility of fighting a lone battle against TVA. The landowners organized the Dispossessed Landowners Association in 1977 in an attempt to regain their former holdings if the dam was not going to be built. If the lake was to be impounded, association members hoped to regain possession of their land which lay above the high water mark.

BERYL MOSER



photo by Mary K. Hendershot

Although the association, whose membership includes 150 families who were dislocated by the Tellico Project, was never able to achieve either of these goals, for the first time TVA was forced to recognize the landowners as a group. During the years when TVA was enjoined from closing the dam gates, the agency had been leasing Tellico land for \$50 to \$60 an acre that they had bought for \$300 an acre. "They had already received more in rent money than it had cost them to buy the land," says Alfred Davis, the only Tellico landowner whose family filed suit against TVA to retain title to their land. "The main thing we accomplished was assisting landowners in leasing their former property."

Like the history of the Cherokee Indian, that of the Tellico Project is littered with broken promises. Two-and-a-half years after the dam gates were closed, local residents have realized few benefits to offset their losses. There are no marinas or boat docks allowed on the lake. More importantly, the only industry located in Monroe County's Niles Ferry Industrial Park is a TVA radiological testing lab which imported all of its employees from a similar facility in Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

The state of Tennessee has reneged on plans to locate a state "superpark" at historic Fort Loudoun. The state also defaulted on a commitment to rebuild sections of Highway 72 — a major artery between east Tennessee and North Carolina — which were flooded during impoundment of the lake.

In the spring of 1981, county officials, who had become frustrated by TVA's lack of commitment to Tellico, made a tentative proposal asking that control of the reservation land be relinquished to a three-county regional development agency. However, TVA's unexpected eagerness to cooperate has aroused skepticism among many county leaders who suspect the agency may simply be trying to wash its hands of any future responsibility for the Tellico Project. TVA has closed the door on any future appropriations beyond the \$21 million already budgeted.

Today, 19 years after the Tellico Dam struggle began, TVA has exchanged the mantle of the Great White Father for that of the Bad Boy in the eyes of the residents of the Little Tennessee River Valley. We have grown tired of TVA's stranglehold on the direction our lives will take, and in the words of Old Tassle, "We do not see the propriety of such a reformation."

"The momentum has turned," observed Charlotte Hughes recently. "Back in the '60s, I had the feeling of utter helplessness. But I don't feel helpless anymore."

"For the last two or three years, we have been getting our publicity. We have been getting our knocks and our licks in. You know, misery loves company. I was miserable and I didn't have any company. It does me good to see TVA fall off the pedestal and if that's vengeful, then so be it."

"It is not the people who work for TVA that I hate, but the system, the establishment and the way they can manipulate people."

"If I can get in one good lick it causes me to get a good night's sleep and that makes up for all those years TVA kept me awake at night." □

A native of Monroe County, Mary Hendershot covered the Tellico Project for the Monroe County Advocate and the Knoxville Journal.

BY JAMES J. HORGAN

VOTER LITERACY TESTS *HAIL THE PASSING, GUARD THE TOMB*

Not so long ago prospective voters in many Southern states had to pass a literacy test. What was so bad, one might wonder, about a simple demonstration of the ability to read and write?

The reality of the literacy test was not so simple. Of all the legal devices used to disenfranchise black people in the South, the so-called literacy test was the cleverest and most persistent. Complex in design, but simple in perversity, the literacy test came in many different forms but was uniformly malevolent in purpose. Defended as the proper screening instrument for an educated electorate, it had nothing to do with intelligent voting.

Although literacy tests were banned by the Voting Rights Act of 1965, there is abroad in the land today a feeling that blacks have had their turn; that affirmative action programs and quota systems are unfair to whites; that the federal government should

dismantle its "cumbersome" regulations in the name of freedom at the local level. President Ronald Reagan has proclaimed the New Federalism of decentralization in order to "Strengthen the discretion and flexibility of state and local governments." In so doing, he has sent an encouraging signal to those who have never accepted the national government's role in matters of civil rights.

In these circumstances, it is worth recalling just how devious local officials could be in denying black people the right to vote; how ingenious were the techniques to circumvent the Constitution, even in a time of vigorous federal enforcement; and how precarious these protections are in a climate of national indifference.

In the seven Southern states with the largest black populations, literacy tests proved to be potent "engines of discrimination." They were developed in Mississippi (1890), South Carolina (1895), Louisiana (1898), North Carolina (1900), Alabama (1901), Vir-

ginia (1902) and Georgia (1908), as the Deep South concocted schemes for the preservation of white political power.*

Blacks had won the right to vote in 1870 through the Fifteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, but whites had regained control through economic intimidation and organized violence as federal concern for civil rights dissipated. Yet blacks, for example, made up a clear majority of the population of Mississippi in 1890 and still represented a threat to that control. To preserve an ostensible reverence for the law, it was important that the disenfranchisement of black people be legalized. For this purpose, each of the states which would enact a literacy test held a convention to revise its constitution.

The delegates to these conventions made no secret of their purpose. Said J. Z. George of Mississippi: "Our first duty is to devise such measures, consistent with the Constitution of the United States, as will enable us to maintain a home government, under the control of the white people of the

state." A decade later, an Alabama delegate was equally blunt: "It is our intention, and here is our registered vow to disenfranchise every Negro in the state and not a single white man." And Senator Carter Glass of Virginia told his colleagues: "Discrimination! Why that is precisely what we propose."

The convention movement and other legislation produced a myriad of disenfranchising instruments: poll taxes, property restrictions, lengthy residency specifications, white-only Democratic primaries, "good character" and voucher requirements, grandfather clauses** and "educational" qualifications in the name of literacy.

The effect of these measures was immediate and sweeping. In Louisiana, black registration fell from 130,344 in 1897 to 5,320 in 1900. (In that same period, white registration also dropped, but by much less — from 164,088 to 125,437.) By 1910, there were only 730 blacks registered statewide, and 27 of the state's 60 parishes showed no black voters at all. In Alabama, black registration was approximately 100,000 in 1900 and 2,980 in 1903. By then it was only 3,573 in Mississippi and 2,823 in South Carolina.

For the next half-century, literacy tests had to be invoked only sporadically, for the other devices accomplished the same goal more efficiently. But with the demise of the white primary in 1944, the literacy test became the last line of legal defense for white political control. For the next 20 years, Southern governments demonstrated remarkable agility in preserving that control against increasing pressure from the federal government.

LITERACY TEST TYPE 1: READING AND WRITING

Three states (North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia) tested only the applicant's ability to read and write. This might appear to be a straightforward examination. In practice, however, many opportunities for arbitrary action existed, for the ability had to be demonstrated "to the satisfaction of the registrar."

In his 1940 study *The Political Status of the Negro*, Ralph Bunche cites the case of a black school teacher:

The registrar asked me to read a section of the Constitution, which I did, and then asked me to define terms, which I knew was not part of the North Carolina law. I said to him, "That is not part of the law, to define terms." He said, "You must satisfy me, and don't argue with me."

Virginia invented one of the cleverest instruments of all: the blank form. The state code required that the applicant provide 15 pieces of information (address, occupation, length of residency, ward number) precisely "in his own handwriting, without aids, suggestions or memorandum."

Two versions of the application form were printed, for use at the discretion of the registrar. The one usually given to whites listed the simple questions specifically. The form often presented to blacks was, except for a brief quotation of the law at the top of the page and a signature notation at the bottom, a blank sheet of ruled paper!

In the arbitrary administration of this application form, Virginia fulfilled the hope of a delegate to its 1902 convention:

I do not expect [the literacy test] to be administered with any degree of friendship by the white man to the suffrage of the black man. I expect the examination with which the black man will be confronted to be inspired with the same spirit that inspires every man in this convention.

LITERACY TEST TYPE 2: CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATION

As deceptive as the reading/writing tests were, the second type of literacy test was a marvel of simplicity. Appli-

cants had to demonstrate their understanding of the state or federal constitution by giving a "reasonable" interpretation of it to the satisfaction of the county registrar. Four states had such provisions: Mississippi, Georgia, Louisiana and Alabama.

Mississippi's notorious Senator Theodore Bilbo gloated in 1946 over the deliberate racist design of this rule:

What keeps em from voting is

INSERT PART III (191)	
<p>INSTRUCTION "A"</p> <p><small>Immediately after this insert has been released, applicant shall turn it over and affix on the back as instructed by the Board member. The Board member shall read aloud to the applicant, from a duplicate form of this insert (part III), one of parts of the excerpt from the Constitution which are given below. The applicant shall write on the back thereof that part of the Constitution which is read to him. The read to him before applicant completes any other part of the insert. Applicant is not to be allowed to copy from the insert or elsewhere, that part of the Constitution which is read to him, but shall write the words read to the Board member.</small></p>	
<p>INSTRUCTION "B"</p> <p><small>(After complying with Instruction "A," applicant will complete remainder of insert. Applicant shall answer the following questions in writing and without assistance.)</small></p> <p>1. In what house of Congress must revenue bills originate? _____</p> <p>2. Of which branch of government is a state senator a part?</p> <p>_____ executive</p> <p>_____ legislative</p> <p>_____ judicial</p> <p>3. What is the name of the probate judge of this county? _____</p> <p>4. The right to free public education is guaranteed by the Constitution of the state. (True or False) _____</p>	
<p>EXCERPTS FROM THE CONSTITUTION</p> <p><small>Part 1. No person shall be a senator or representative in congress, or elector of president and vice-president, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any state, who, having previously taken an oath, as a member of congress or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any state legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any state, to support the constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each house, remove such disability.</small></p> <p><small>Part 2. The enumeration in the constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.</small></p> <p><small>Part 3. The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.</small></p> <p><small>Part 4. In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a state shall be a party, the supreme court shall have original jurisdiction.</small></p>	
<p>INSTRUCTION "C"</p> <p><small>(After applicant has read, not aloud, the foregoing excerpt from the Constitution, he will answer the following questions in writing and without assistance.)</small></p> <p>1. Any power not specified in the United States Constitution as belonging to the federal government is supposed to belong to the _____ or to the _____.</p> <p>2. What courts try ambassadors? _____</p> <p>3. One of the above Parts was one of the so-called "Reconstruction Amendments" and provided that a former public official who had fought with the forces of the Confederate States of America could not hold any state or federal office again unless Congress did what? _____</p> <p>4. The term "give aid or comfort to the enemies of the United States" is an offense considered as serious as insurrection or _____.</p>	
<p><small>I hereby certify that I have received no assistance in the completion of this citizenship literacy test, that I was allowed the time I desired to complete it, and that I waive my right, should it be demanded, to demand a copy of same. If I, or any person, the applicant does not wish to sign this, he must discuss the matter with the board of registrars.</small></p> <p>Signed: _____ (Applicant)</p>	

The 1965 Alabama Citizenship Literacy Test

Section 244 of the Constitution of 1890, that Senator George wrote. It says that a man to register must be able to read and explain the constitution when read to him. . . . And then Senator George wrote a constitution that damn few white men and no niggers at all can explain.

The local registrars had complete discretion to select the clause for

* Arkansas, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas and West Virginia did not have literacy tests.

** Under a grandfather clause, people could vote whose grandfathers were allowed to vote. Obviously, many white men and no blacks could qualify.

interpretation and judge the acceptability of the response. The investigations of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, as well as numerous federal court cases, document the arbitrary administration of this test.

In Issaquena County, for example, whites most frequently had to explain this section: "The Senate shall consist of members chosen every four years by the qualified electors of the several districts." Not only was it a simple statement, but any interpretation from a white person was acceptable, no matter how grossly irrelevant. One wrote only "equitable wrights," and was passed; another wrote, "The government is for the people and by the people," and passed.

Blacks, on the other hand, confronted complicated sections on alluvial land and equity court jurisdiction and a labyrinthine clause on taxation. In 1964, all 640 of the eligible whites in Issaquena County were registered; the voting rolls listed only five of the 1,081 adult blacks.

In *An American Dilemma*, Gunnar Myrdal quotes a Georgia registrar, responsible for administering a similar test, who boasted: "I can keep the President of the United States from registering, if I want to. God, Himself, couldn't understand that sentence."

LITERACY TEST TYPE 3: CITIZENSHIP KNOWLEDGE

These same four states also used the third type of literacy test: the citizenship knowledge test. Unlike the constitutional interpretation examination, these generally had a stated passing score to enhance their "objectivity." But the questions were often impossibly technical; coupled with the constitutional interpretation requirement, they erected an impassable barrier to blacks since, as usual, the local registrar still controlled the grading.

In Mississippi, the "citizenship test" consisted of a single item on the application form: "Write in the space below a statement setting forth your understanding of the duties and obligations of citizenship under a constitutional form of government." Since this was linked to the equally subjective constitutional interpretation challenge, it was no wonder that as late as 1964, black registration stood at 6.7 percent for the entire state, by far the lowest in the South.

Alabama demonstrated exceptional adaptability in defending its registration tests in the face of increasing federal pressure. Its 20-year game of resistance had four phases.

Phase 1. After the 1946 adoption of the so-called Boswell Amendment (requiring an explanation of the Constitution and an understanding of

"the duties and obligations of good citizenship under a republican form of government"), local boards typically questioned blacks at length, while often giving perfunctory attention to whites. Birmingham blacks faced "citizenship" questions such as "How old are your wife's father and mother?" or "Who is in charge of street improvements in Birmingham?"

Phase 2. When the U.S. Supreme Court declared the Boswell Amendment unconstitutional in 1949, the state instituted a standardized registration form. It was four pages long and remained in use from 1952 to 1964.

The questions were guileful and the format confusing. Ambiguous items asked for the applicant's biographical data in a manner calculated to lay traps. Page after page of the constitution had to be copied literally. And the entire form had to be completed with absolute precision and no assistance from the registrar.

In testimony at the Civil Rights Commission's 1958 Montgomery hearings, Dr. William Hunter, Dean of the Tuskegee Institute School of Education, described his experience with this process. On his first attempt, he stood in line all day. But because the board permitted only two blacks at a time in the registration room (a separate facility from the one used by whites), he couldn't get in.

After his third day-long wait, Dr. Hunter reached the office and

The 1965 Selma-to-Montgomery March helped prompt the passage of the Voting Rights Act.

photo courtesy Voter Education Project



The 1965 Virginia application forms: on the left is the simple form usually given to whites; the virtually blank form on the right was given to blacks who had to guess what specific information was required.

APPLICATION FOR REGISTRATION	APPLICATION FOR REGISTRATION
<p>NOTE: Section 20 of the Constitution of Virginia provides who may register, and expressly directs that in the written application to register the applicant shall give certain information. Below are set forth such parts of Section 20 as concern the application.</p> <p>Who May Register. Every citizen of the United States, having the qualifications of age and residence required in Section Eighteen, shall be entitled to register, provided:</p> <p>He make application to register in his own handwriting, without aid, suggestion, or memorandum, in the presence of the registration officer, stating therein his name, age, date and place of birth, residence and occupation at the time and for one year next preceding, and whether he has previously voted, and if so, the state, county, and precinct in which he voted last.</p> <p>NAME: _____ AGE: _____</p> <p>DATE OF BIRTH: _____ PLACE OF BIRTH: _____</p> <p>ADDRESS: _____</p> <p>OCCUPATION: _____</p> <p>I HAVE LIVED IN VIRGINIA _____ YEARS.</p> <p>I HAVE LIVED IN DANVILLE _____ YEARS.</p> <p>I HAVE LIVED IN THE _____ WARD _____ YEARS.</p> <p>HAVE YOU VOTED BEFORE?</p> <p>IF SO, IN WHAT STATE: _____</p> <p>Date _____ Signature of Applicant _____</p>	<p>NOTE: Section 20 of the Constitution of Virginia provides who may register, and expressly directs that in the written application to register the applicant shall give certain information. Below are set forth such parts of Section 20 as concern the application.</p> <p>Who May Register. Every citizen of the United States, having the qualifications of age and residence required in Section Eighteen, shall be entitled to register, provided:</p> <p>He make application to register in his own handwriting, without aid, suggestion, or memorandum, in the presence of the registration officer, stating therein his name, age, date and place of birth, residence and occupation at the time and for one year next preceding, and whether he has previously voted, and if so, the state, county, and precinct in which he voted last.</p> <p>NAME: _____ AGE: _____</p> <p>DATE OF BIRTH: _____ PLACE OF BIRTH: _____</p> <p>ADDRESS: _____</p> <p>OCCUPATION: _____</p> <p>I HAVE LIVED IN VIRGINIA _____ YEARS.</p> <p>I HAVE LIVED IN DANVILLE _____ YEARS.</p> <p>I HAVE LIVED IN THE _____ WARD _____ YEARS.</p> <p>HAVE YOU VOTED BEFORE?</p> <p>IF SO, IN WHAT STATE: _____</p> <p>Date _____ Signature of Applicant _____</p>

spent two hours filling out the form, most of the time consumed in copying a long passage from the U.S. Constitution. Then he signed the oath of allegiance, had a friend vouch for him and attached the required self-addressed envelope to his application. "I was told I would hear from the board if I passed and, of course, I didn't hear from the board. I waited six months before I tried again. . . . I have not heard from them yet."

Phase 3. Alabama shifted to an even

more difficult form in 1964. Its civic-knowledge questions were relatively easy (the number of stars in the American flag, the name of the president, the capital of Alabama), for its caprice lay elsewhere.

Applicants were required to read aloud sections of the Constitution and pronounce *to the satisfaction of the registrar* words like "construed," "enumeration" and "respectively." Furthermore, they had to write with precise spelling such words as

"emolument," "prescribed" and "tranquility."

Phase Four. When U.S. District Court Judge Frank Johnson enjoined the use of this form in 1964, and Congress outlawed oral tests in that same year, Alabama quickly responded with the "citizenship literacy test" of 1964-65. Prospective voters had to copy a passage from the Constitution. Then they had to provide written answers to questions on such constitutional issues as *habeas corpus*, impeachment and *ex post facto* laws as an index of their "reasoning ability." Finally, they had to demonstrate their "civic knowledge" by answering a series of difficult questions.

In 1964, there were no black voters registered in Wilcox or Lowndes County, Alabama, of 11,208 eligible, and barely 23 percent registered statewide, compared to 70.7 percent of the eligible whites.

The Voting Rights Act of 1965 finally halted the use of the literacy test. The act also established a triggering formula: in states or counties where fewer than 50 percent of the voting-age residents were registered or had voted in the 1964 presidential election, and where literacy tests or similar devices were in use, discrimination was assumed.

Originally, the act applied to only seven states under the triggering formula (Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana,

The 1982 Carrollton-to-Washington March is pushing for the Voting Rights Act to be strengthened and renewed.



photo by Joe Pfister



Could You Pass a Literacy Test?

Saint Leo is a small, Catholic liberal arts college in rural Pasco County, Florida, 30 miles north of Tampa. The 1,100 students are mostly from the Northeast (some 500) and from Florida (300), along with a large number from the West Indies (150 — especially from the Bahamas and Jamaica). There are about 20 American black students.

Recently I gave seven students a compilation of 68 questions from the Alabama 1964-1965 voter registration tests. The actual examinations had only four factual-knowledge and four constitutional-interpretation questions apiece — but I frankly wanted to overwhelm my students. Four of them were white and three black, including a young Bahamian.

At first, we spoke of equal opportunity in the U.S. "I think we're progressing," said Jay, a white pre-law junior from Clearwater, Florida. "As people become better educated, prejudice declines." This was the consensus. They knew, of course, about the back-of-the-bus practices and the terrorism of the past. Most were generally aware of the disenfranchising devices: poll taxes, property restrictions, white primaries and the literacy tests.

But the awareness was remote, unfelt. The actual questions startled them. The best score was 31 wrong out of 68 (from a government major). The others scored between 39 and 50 incorrect.

"It's very hard. I don't see how most whites could pass," said Maureen, a white religious education student from Pennsylvania. "It's unfair," everyone felt. "It's 110 percent unfair." Pressed for

elaboration, most had accepted the legitimacy of some kind of examination, but not one so difficult as this.

"Reading and writing, I can see," said John, a white history major from Boston. Perhaps a citizenship test with easier questions. Maybe something on the candidates' platforms. After all, we need knowledgeable voters. Should illiterate people be allowed to vote? "No," said Andrew, a black physical education major from Tampa. "Not the totally illiterate."

I pulled out another test to determine their written literacy. I asked them to prove that they could write by copying the following dictated words: "Separation of powers," "emolument," "tranquillity," "respectively," "enumeration" (all from the U.S. Constitution). Not one spelled them all correctly.

They reconsidered. Any kind of voter examination was dangerous. "You've got college students that have taken it," said Andrew. "Not one has passed it. That should say something itself alone." What chance did the average person have in the face of such barriers? "No matter how 'literate' you are, it's still your right to vote," added Fabian, a psychology student from Nassau, Bahamas. Said Matt, a white Chicago pre-law major: "The one who's taking the test might know more than the one who's giving the test." John added: "It doesn't surprise me that it happened, but it does surprise me that it did exist so long." And Jay summed up: "Whoever is administering the test has control of your rights."

Could the old ways return? How vital is the re-passage of the Voting Rights Act? Theresa, a black social work major from Plant City, Florida, was aroused: "When I took this test, I sat down and I said, 'Oh, my God. If we have to go back to this again, what could happen to us?' . . . More people should take these tests, just to show them how things were. If people don't pull together and stick together, things can always go back to this." □

— James J. Horgan

Mississippi, South Carolina, Virginia and Alaska), as well as parts of four others (40 counties in North Carolina, four in Arizona, one each in Hawaii and Idaho). Extensions of the act in 1970 and 1975 broadened coverage to include parts of 12 other states. Although the key provisions of the act are due to expire in August, 1982, unless extended yet again, Congress in 1975 made the ban on literacy tests nationwide and permanent.

The literacy test has been put to rest. But the nails in its coffin are not firmly in place. As Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach warned Congress in 1965: "Recalcitrance and intransigence on the part of state and local officials can defeat the operation of the most unequivocal civil-rights legislation."

President Reagan's concern for civil rights is at best ambivalent. He has expressed only lukewarm support for the enforcement machinery in the Voting Rights Act. Moreover, he has promoted a feeling of hostility for the federal government, which tends to inhibit forceful national action. "In this present crisis," he said in his inaugural address, "government is not the solution to our problem. Government is the problem." Yet under the shield of the government, black voter registration soared from 2,164,200 in 1964 to 4,254,000 in 1980.

The struggle for political equality today involves fighting subtle techniques like racial gerrymandering and vote-diluting multi-member districting. The fires of white supremacy have been dampened but not extinguished. The literacy test may be confined to the dustbin of history, but it will take a continuing commitment from the federal government and the vigilance of an aroused public to keep other, equally racist techniques from taking its place. □

Dr. James J. Horgan is a professor of history at Saint Leo College in Florida.

FROM IRELAND TO SOUTH CAROLINA THE TRAVELERS

By Andrew Yale / photography by Andrew Yale and Mathias Oppersdorff



THEY WANDERED THE IRISH COUNTRYSIDE FOR centuries, at first on foot, then with carts, later in caravans

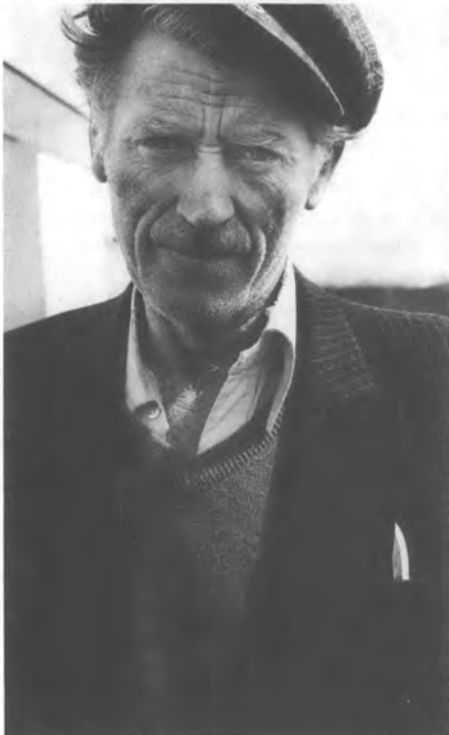
of brightly painted horse-drawn wagons. The Irish call them tinkers. They call themselves Travelers, and they still work with, and trade, metals.



THE TRAVELERS AT MURPHY Village, South Carolina, identify themselves as descendants of the Irish Travelers. One of the most common surnames — Sherlock — is the name of a large Traveler clan from the area around Kilgorgin County, Kerry. And they use a secret language called Shelta, composed of Gaelic, English and artificial words, that was used in Ireland to prevent outsiders from following their exchanges, particularly during a trade.



THE IRISH TRAVELERS WENT FROM HOUSE TO house, offering to make or repair household items such as frying pans or tea kettles. They worked in copper and cast iron, but tin was the metal of choice, being the easiest to work and requiring few tools – hence the nickname, Tinkers. Several families, usually related by marriage, traveled together in a territory or “cut” of about two counties.



THE TRAVELERS

IRELAND

No one knows their origin, when or why they took to the road, and Travelers themselves have no strong tradition about when they started wandering. Some scholars suggest they are descendants of a specialized caste of itinerant metal workers who served the Irish clan chiefs in feudal times.

Whatever their origin, until recently the Travelers were an integral part of the Irish economy. Stores and manufactured goods were rare in rural Ireland. Shopping required a major expedition, sometimes of 40 to 50 miles, to a market town. Livestock dealing was conducted seasonally, primarily at horse and cattle fairs. There was a ready-made economic niche for the Travelers' three skills: tinsmithing, horse dealing and chimney cleaning.

Of these trades, Travelers are most known for tinsmithing. They made mugs, gallon cans, milking vessels, buckets, stewpots, funnels and even fiddles from tin. Horse dealing was also important as tinsmithing. Travelers were expert judges of horse flesh and accomplished horse doctors.

Chimney cleaning was used as a supplemental source of cash, as was the making of small items like brooms, wooden clothes pegs and artificial flowers. The women peddled these items door to door, along with a selection of notions purchased wholesale in larger towns. According to the settled people, peddling was only an excuse for the women to get inside a home so they could pursue two other staples of Traveler life: begging and fortune telling.

Around 1950, the traditional life of the Travelers started to change. In a process still not complete, cars, trucks and tractors have replaced horses. The influx of motor vehicles also brought an increased flow of material goods. With the introduction of plastic, country people started to discard things they had previously saved for the Travelers to mend.

As Travelers sought an economic niche in the new order, the focus of their lives shifted toward the collection of metallic waste which could be converted into cash. Travelers gravitated to areas where the most scrap could be found. A new pattern of life emerged. From camps on the outskirts of cities, Travelers now range over the surrounding area in trucks collecting scrap. They also deal in used cars and auto parts, doctoring old wrecks the way they used to revive sick horses. Their businesses allow Travelers to stay in one place longer, and their camps have become semi-fixed bases.

Near the village of Swords, some five miles from Dublin's center, is a waste area the Travelers have made their own. One can wander down a long, winding lane, through a chaotic arrangement of house trailers, tents and horse-drawn caravans. Heaps of scrap and

derelict cars flank the caravans. Here and there a small hut has been thrown together out of scavenged boards. Barking dogs are tied behind piles of old metal, and goats and horses graze on patches of grass between scrap heaps. Huge pots of food simmer over open fires. A car pokes slowly down the lane, stopping occasionally as the driver inquires if anyone has a transmission for a 1963 Austin for sale. Spanking new vans are parked beside house trailers sporting lace curtains. Children play in small groups beside the cooking fires. Despite the new cars and scrap heaps, the encampment exudes a medieval quality, compounded of woodsmoke, chaos and the huge overshadowing sky.

There is another kind of camp near Dublin where Travelers live in small houses with running water and flush toilets. These camps are part of the government-sponsored effort to house the Travelers — a first step toward "integrating" them into settled society. Some camps have schools for Traveler children, and social workers are assigned to help the "itinerants" adjust to settled life.

It's hard to tell what effect regular schooling and the electronic media will have on the youngest generation, but the Travelers who have chosen to be housed in the government settlement still maintain their cultural identity and socialize with Travelers on the road.

THE TRAVELERS

SOUTH CAROLINA

For as long as anyone can remember, a group of Travelers has gathered in an area near North Augusta, South Carolina, to spend winters in a large tent settlement. When warmer weather came they would pack up and return to the road. While their history in South Carolina remains obscure, it seems certain that their ancestors came over from Ireland some time before the Civil War.

About 25 years ago, the Travelers purchased a tract of land on which 300 families now live in a cluster of trailers known as Murphy Village. Although the Travelers attend church with the "country people," the Murphy Village community is fairly self-sufficient and remains a separate world, with its own concerns and values.

The whole community gathers for the purpose of matchmaking, arranged by the children's parents, at the time of the World Series baseball games. Generations of in-group marriages have narrowed the number of surnames to just seven. Thus, nicknames have become standard: if a man is known as Red Jim, his wife will be Mrs. Red Jim, their children Mary Red Jim and





Pat Red Jim.

Even with the establishment of a permanent settlement, the Murphy Villagers still follow a lifestyle much like that of the Travelers of Ireland. The village serves as home base for small working groups who range over most of the country in their pickup trucks and vans. Each group has a long-standing route to follow and generally an established clientele. Major sources of income now come from house and barn painting and linoleum sales. These low-paying enterprises, coupled with the high cost of travel, mean that the Travelers have to struggle to make ends meet.

Now that entire families no longer take to the road together, the Traveler children have begun to attend school regularly. Their parish priest hopes that education will open other possibilities for the younger generation. As in Ireland, schooling and TV are likely to have a great impact on the future of the Travelers. But their flexibility, their enduring identification with the Irish Travelers and their close-knit extended family, sometimes encompassing as many as five generations, are evidence of a powerful sense of group cohesiveness. Their determination and adaptability should serve them well on whatever road they travel. □

Andrew Yale is a free-lance writer and photographer living in New York.

For further information on the Travelers in Ireland, see *Irish Tinkers* by Janine Weidel (St. Martin's Press) and *To Shorten the Road: Irish Traveler Folktales* by George Gmelch (Humanities Press); on the Travelers in South Carolina, see "Colony of Nomadic Irish Catholics Clings to a Strange Life in the South," (*New York Times*, October 14, 1970).

THE TRAVELERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA CONTINUE TO speak Shelta, reinforcing their sense of belonging to a unique group.





CHILDREN OF TRAVELERS IN IRELAND (above)
and South Carolina carry on the century-old traditions.





THE OTHER PARENT

BY B.G. TATE

Elwood and Dixie Jean were married 12 years before their son was born. Me and Elwood have been friends since first grade so naturally he wanted to name it Theodore after me. Dixie Jean, however, wanted to name it Junior after his daddy. She said it was because she was crazy about Elwood. I think it was because she didn't like me. Me and her had a little romance one time. It didn't work out and ever since she's been kinda hostile.

Now, Elwood is normally the boss in his family, but in this case the best he could get was a compromise. They named the baby Elwood Theodore. That was quite a name for a little fellow, so me and Elwood shortened it some. We called him El for Elwood and Teddy for me, El Teddy.

Dixie Jean said it sounded like a Mexican bull fighter, but that didn't bother us. That's the thing about me and Elwood. We're not prejudiced against any minority group, no matter who they are.

Now Elwood was the valedictorian of our high school class and he really has an intellect. He has some awful deep thoughts. Sometimes I just can't follow him. One night before El Teddy was born he says to me, "Theodore, who do you look like?"

"Well," I said, "I guess I look like my Uncle Marvin."

"Why don't you look like your father?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "But Uncle Marvin's got a boy who favors my dad some. You remember Cousin Bruce?"

"Yeah," he replied, but I could tell he wasn't interested. "You know in my family," he said, "all the men tend to look alike, I look just like my dad. My dad looks just like his dad. We all act alike too. Yessir in my family the genes of the paternal side definitely tend to be predominant. I can hardly wait to see if this child is a boy. It will be a wonderful opportunity to see if the trend carries on."

He then went into a lecture about the factors that influence inheritance. I didn't understand a lot of it but it sounded quite impressive.

When El Teddy was born I understood more of what he meant though. The child looked just like Elwood. He was a great looking boy.

Elwood had been our quarterback in high school. He was All State so he naturally assumed his child would play too. Dixie Jean had been a cheerleader in high school. She could jump high doing cheers. I think that's what attracted Elwood to her. But otherwise she was uncoordinated. In fact she was the least athletic person I have ever known.

I mentioned this fact to Elwood, but he told me not to worry. He said in his family the genes of the male parent would always dominate. He assured me that El Teddy would be a fine athlete. I always do what Elwood says, so I quit worrying.

In the fall of the year when El Teddy was four years old, me and Elwood decided to begin his football education. We had tried to start earlier, but the weather had been damp and Dixie Jean wouldn't let us take him out.

You see, Dixie Jean has this fixation about the weather.

She literally hates anything except bright sunshine. And she told us that Elwood Theodore, as she is inclined to call him, couldn't play football unless the weather was perfect.

Now Elwood is normally the boss in his family. But in this case he took a back seat. I swear, when it comes to that baby, Dixie Jean can be down right domineering.

Anyway we finally got a perfect day and Elwood says, "Theodore, let's go get El Teddy. It'll be a fine opportunity to play football."

So we take the boy and go outside. Elwood stands beside him and I toss him a few passes. He misses the first four or five. I can see Elwood is dejected so I kind of lob one. It's a little high, but by golly, he leaps up and catches it. I throw a few more like that and he jumps and catches them all. We do that for about 30 minutes. Every time I throw where he has to jump, he catches. If I throw a level pass he misses, but I don't throw many so he looks real good. Elwood is grinning like a possum. "Boy's got a good spring," he says. "I saw somebody else jump like that once. I can't remember who it was."

"I can," says I. "He jumps just like Dixie Jean did when she used to lead cheers."

That kinda takes the wind out of Elwood, but he don't say nothing. We start letting El Teddy kick some. He is not too good at it, but he seems to like it, especially when he gets to kick his leg high.

All at once some clouds drift over. There's no rain in em so I don't pay attention. To me the day is still perfect. El Teddy doesn't see it that way though. He starts crying that he wants to go home. We try to quiet him and he just howls louder. Finally we take him in. When we get inside Elwood remarks, "Him and his mother think alike about the weather, don't they?"

I know he's depressed, so I don't say nothing.

Then El Teddy comes out of the bedroom with some pompoms in his hand. He does a yell that sounds something like this:

California oranges, Texas cactus.

Can you do that without any practice?

He jumps real high at the finish. Elwood almost screams.

"Where did you learn that?" he yells.

"I taught it to him," Dixie Jean says.

Elwood throws his pompoms away and then he starts talking about genetics. He says sometimes there are accidents. They are not mutations exactly. It's just that genes that would normally dominate sometimes assume a less important role. Their role is then taken up by another gene, and well, I can't explain it any further. It's like I said. Elwood is a great intellect. And sometimes his thoughts are so deep I just can't follow him. □

B.G. Tate, whose work has appeared in Transatlantic Review, Newsart and several magazines for young adults, is currently employed as a dairy supply salesperson.

Women, Race & Class

by Angela Y. Davis. Random House, 1981. 271 pp. \$13.50.

Americans are notoriously ahistorical. They forget the mistakes and lessons of yesterday almost before the sun sets. *Women, Race and Class* makes it a little less possible for women to absent ourselves from our history. Angela Davis reveals the clay feet on some feminist goddesses simply by presenting their own words. She also provides some communist — and therefore controversial and thought-provoking — analyses of the history of various efforts of American women to alleviate their oppression.

Communist women, black and white working-class women and slave women are all discussed, but it is nineteenth-century middle-class feminists and their great-granddaughters of today who are central to the book. Through them, Davis proves her major premise, that race and class have historically limited the effectiveness of the women's movement and continue to do so even today.

Davis begins with the involvement of the suffragists in the abolition movement. According to Davis, it was through involvement in the antislavery effort that middle-class white women learned the organizing and petitioning skills that were later so crucial to women's fight for the vote.

But she notes that white women's commitment to black people did not extend to the inclusion of black women or their concerns in the 1841 Seneca Convention, the "official" start of the nineteenth-century women's movement.

However, Davis makes it clear that black and working-class white women were seeing to their own affairs. In addition to working to free themselves from slavery, black women — those who were in a position to do so — also spoke out on what they con-



ANGELA DAVIS

photo © 1982 Philippe Halsman

sidered to be the rights and needs of women well before the Seneca Convention. Davis quotes from a letter signed "Mathilda," published in the first black newspaper in America, *Freedom's Journal*, in 1827:

I would address myself to all mothers, and say to them, that while it is necessary to possess a knowledge of pudding-making, something more is requisite. It is their bounden duty to store their daughters' minds with useful learning.

Similarly, as early as the 1820s, white women mill workers had begun to walk off their jobs to protest intolerable working conditions.

While Davis indicates that racism was a problem in the women's movement from its inception, it was over the issue of the vote for black men that these racist attitudes became most apparent.

With the black men, we have no new element in government, but with the education and elevation of women, we have a power that is to develop the Saxon race into a higher and nobler life and thus by the

law of attraction, to lift all races to a more even platform.

That quote from Elizabeth Cady Stanton is a mild example of the racist/classist attitudes and language that Davis reports as being popular in the women's suffrage movement both during and after black men's efforts to get the vote.

Unfortunately, Davis provides very little information on the opinion of black women on the issue of women's suffrage versus black male suffrage. The prevailing opinion of blacks, according to Frederick Douglass (and Angela Davis) was that black male suffrage was the key to releasing black people from the brutality and oppression visited upon them by whites, particularly in the South. Sojourner Truth, on the other hand, thought, "Now [when] there is a great stir about colored men's getting their rights is the time for women to step in and have theirs."

Davis does not quote this particular segment of the speech Sojourner Truth delivered at the 1867 meeting of the Equal Rights Association. Instead, Davis tells us that Sojourner Truth "might possibly" have opposed the idea of the franchise for black men over women in 1867 and implies that by 1869 Sojourner Truth had changed her mind on this issue. As evidence of this change, Davis provides an 1869 quote from Sojourner Truth to the effect that "if you bait the suffrage hook with a woman, you will certainly catch a black man." Davis implies that this "profound warning about the menacing influence of racist ideology" is also an indication of Sojourner Truth's support for black male suffrage over women's suffrage. It is not a convincing argument.

Coursing through this history of women's efforts on their own behalf is Davis's Marxist analysis of the political and economic realities that forged events. While some of the analysis may be hard going for those unfamiliar with or unsympathetic to the communist point of view, the link

REVIEWS

between the development of monopoly capitalism, the need for cheap labor and the systematic repression of women and blacks is well and convincingly made.

In contrast to the opprobrium Davis heaps upon the heads of the capitalist system and certain suffragists is the generous praise she gives those white women who were staunch defenders of black people's cause, Angelina and Sarah Grimke, Prudence Crandall, Lucretia Mott and the many white women who helped teach blacks to read and write after slavery's official end are spoken of with respect. Despite her obvious displeasure at what she considers to be the racist/classist attitudes and strategies of some of the early feminists, Davis also gives them high marks for their later efforts to assist women outside their immediate circle. She applauds the suffragists for airing the concerns and struggles of working-class women's attempts to unionize, even though the suffragist newspaper in which these works

appeared was initially financed and named by a white male Davis describes as a racist.

Davis's treatment of the slave woman is worth special note. In the initial chapter of the book, Davis discusses the slave woman as worker and mate and applauds her strength and independence as "standards for new womanhood." She also provides an analysis of the black slave woman's personality during and after slavery that is a marked departure from the sexist and racist mammy/whore myth so popular among black and white male scholars.

The African slave woman as preserver of the culture, nurturer of the race and fomentor of slave escapes and uprisings is presented as the source from which subsequent generations of black women have drawn the strength necessary to continue to maintain black traditions, assume the role of parents and breadwinners and struggle for black liberation despite oppressive social and economic conditions. It is

unfortunate that Davis felt compelled to muddy this chapter with yet another refutation of the already discredited Moynihan version of black family life and to press an argument of domestic equality among slave women and men without explaining why there appears to be little manifestation of this equality in the present day.

The efforts of middle-class black women to organize themselves around the issue of suffrage and lynching as well as their efforts to form service and volunteer organizations to meet their own and other blacks' needs provides some insights into their sense of what was appropriate social and political activity. The majority of information on black women's activities in *Women, Race and Class* is about the works and ideas of middle-class women. It is unfortunate that the class and caste differentiation practiced among these women is given only passing reference.

Davis's indictment of certain as-

Racism and Oppression in "New South"



EXIT 13

MONTE PILIAWSKY

Exit 13 is an incisive, fully-documented account of racism and academic repression in U.S. universities. The author draws on his experiences at the University of Southern Mississippi (reached by taking Exit 13 off the interstate) in the early 70s to present a case study of what amounts to an academic horror story. As a native of the south, he takes a hard look at USM and finds not the "New South" but a university that is blatantly racist and sexist, where faculty who challenge university policy or the status quo suffer severe recrimination. Yet, as the second half of the book demonstrates, the USM experience is neither aberrant or dated. Racism continues today in all U.S. universities, including the so-called elite institutions. Piliawsky details the racism, sexism, and academic repression that permeate U.S. academic institutions. 250 pp. \$7.50

Exit 13 rips through the curtain of obscurity surrounding the sinister history of one of Mississippi's largest universities. It gives us a devastating account of the administration's incredible involvement in atrocities large and small, from plagiarism and petty harassment to racism and murder.

—Bob Hall, Editor
Southern Exposure

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pects of the present-day women's movement is no less scathing than her presentation of the sorer side of the suffragists' movement. She levels a strong criticism at Susan Brownmiller's use of what Davis considers to be racial stereotypes of the black male in Brownmiller's book, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*. Davis attacks Brownmiller's reliance

on the stereotype of the black male rapist as "unthinking partisanship which borders on racism." Davis goes on to reveal the myth of the black male rapist and his evil sister, the promiscuous black woman, as the paranoid imaginings of guilt-ridden racists.

Throughout the sections on the middle-class women's movement, past

and present, Davis presents a convincing case for the argument that the attitudes, strategies and theories many feminists hold are not only misguided and misinformed but make it nearly impossible for white women to form the necessary coalition with women of color and women of differing classes to defeat their common sociopolitical enemies. It is an argument that white feminists of integrity are obliged to address.

The eugenics movement of the early 1900s and the subsequent birth-control movements are also taken to task for their racist and classist attitudes. Davis's analysis of these groups is underlined by statistics on sterilization among African-American, Native American, Puerto Rican and other non-white poor women which are even more shocking than the mean-spirited rhetoric of some of the eugenics and birth-control advocates.

However, Davis's argument is not without flaws. Her tendency to protect certain groups by limiting the discussion to only those aspects of their history that fit neatly into an evil capitalist conspiracy view of race and class is a problem. For example, Davis gives black women's fear of forced sterilization as the major reason why black women have not been more visible in the abortion-rights movement. While some black women's concern for unwanted sterilization is real and immediate, this does not qualify as a reason not to be involved in the reproductive rights movement. As Davis has pointed out, when differences with white women kept black women out of the mainstream suffrage organizations, black women formed their own groups and went right on fighting for what they believed. If black women are, in the main, silent on the issue of reproductive rights, something other than white women's lack of interest in the sterilization issues must be the cause. Perhaps other factors are involved, such as the conservative black churches' attitude toward reproductive rights and black nationalist cries of genocide.

Similarly, Davis rarely submits communist men and women, white working-class women, black women or black people in general to the kind of close-order critique on the issues



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of race and class tension in their ranks as she does the middle-class women's movement. The exclusion of black branches from the National American Woman Suffrage Association is labeled as a racist and classist act. In contrast, "no women appear to have been associated with the group" is the only comment on the exclusion of all women from the Proletarian League and other precursors to present-day American communism. Davis exonerates a black communist woman who commits the traditionally despised act of passing for white on the premise that miscegenation laws caused her to conceal the fact that she was black. But in another chapter, the suffragists are excoriated for making pact with racists for reasons of expediency. The racism inherent in the early labor movement also gets only passing mention, as do the Communist Party's historical and on-going problems in organizing working-class blacks.

Black men, too, receive somewhat special treatment. Throughout the presentation of the history of the nineteenth-century feminists, Davis reminds us that Frederick Douglass was an early and staunch supporter of women's rights and worked very closely with the white middle-class suffragist movement. But Davis does not present any evidence to indicate that Douglass ever attempted to prevail upon his white women friends and colleagues to integrate either their ranks or to incorporate the needs of black women in their position papers. In fact, at least one of Douglass's biographers indicates that Douglass's preference for white women as companions was possibly as great as his interest in their cause. Douglass's personal interest in white women is a long-held prejudice against him among black women that Davis ignores. The liberal use of quotes

by black men to describe the experiences and events of black women's lives is also disturbing.

According to Davis, not just Douglass but most black men of the time supported the women's movement. However, she does not provide any evidence of such mass support nor does she explain why that support seems to have evaporated in the face of the current-day women's movement.

None of this is meant to detract from the fact that *Women, Race and Class* is an extremely important book. It is important because Angela Davis is right. Race and class are big separators, not just of women, but of the people of the world. If women are serious about the brave new tomorrow, we need to read this book and other books that help us to understand

each other's histories, for somewhere back there, among the myriad crossings of our paths, lies the point of commonality upon which we may be able to build real change in the world. □

by Barbara Neely

Shorts

Rocking the Cradle, by Gillian E. Hanscombe and Jackie Forster. Alyson Publications, 1982. 156 pp. \$5.95.

Rocking the Cradle is one of those welcome books that breaks silences and debunks myths — this time about

GOING OVERBOARD

The Onliest Little Woman in the Offshore Oilfields

Lucy Gwin

"Lucy Gwin's courageous and dazzling writing puts guts and sweep back into our national literature." —Louise Bernikow

Lucy Gwin was 35 years old, with a failed marriage and a failed business behind her, when she decided to run away to sea. As cook on a supply boat in the Gulf Coast offshore oilfields, she soon determined to break rank—and custom—and become a deckhand. This book tells the story of how she did so: of the Cajun boat captain willing to give her a chance; and of her fellow mariners, as moody and dangerous as the sea, who once threw her overboard. With her we encounter the devastating gulf storms, the beautiful boats she loves, the cranes and diesels and daily routines that became life challenges. Brave, startling, affecting, Lucy Gwin's story is one of high seas adventure gone awry.

\$15.95

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Reviewers in this issue:

Liz Kotelle is a librarian in California and a good friend of the Institute for Southern Studies.

Barbara Neely is a staff member of the Institute for Southern Studies.

D.S. is the mother of an eight-year-old and is a lesbian.

lesbians and children. It gives sound information about custody battles, support systems, artificial insemination and more. Although the book was written for a British audience, much of this information is nevertheless relevant to Americans.

Hanscombe and Forster introduce



an occasional "official" study, but for the most part *Rocking the Cradle* uses the words of lesbian mothers, their children, lovers, family and friends to validate that not only can lesbians be mothers, but that we are looking for non-traditional ways to have and raise our children and that we can as often as other women be good, and not so good, mothers. □

by D.S.

Let the Circle be Unbroken, by Mildred Taylor. The Dial Press, 1981. 394 pp. \$11.95.

Let the Circle Be Unbroken examines the underside of the Great Depression from the perspective of a rural Mississippi black family. In writing for adolescents, Taylor realizes that if children are to respond at all to history they must form emotional bonds to the past; her characters are not the faded ghosts of much historical fiction or the cardboard figures found in social studies textbooks — they live and breathe. And through them Taylor gives children a remarkable perspective on the Depression.

Let the Circle Be Unbroken is the third book in Taylor's Logan family trilogy. The other books are *Song of the Trees* and *Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry*, which won the Newberry Award in 1977.

The Logan family, with immense strength of character and integrity, bore, as did the entire rural South, the brunt of Roosevelt's agricultural policies. *Let the Circle Be Unbroken* depicts sharecroppers with bumper crops of cotton forced to plow under acre after acre because of "errors" in acreage allotments, their federal compensation checks going directly to their landlords. Taylor also touches upon the collusion between Agricultural Adjustment officials and the rural landowners, which resulted in a good deal of graft. She shows the first glimmerings of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union (STFU), and, in a striking scene, shows how the white landlords used the issue of race to divide and eventually destroy the STFU. The book also devotes time to an examination of the conditions for laborers, little better than slaves, on the cane plantations of Louisiana. The issue of miscegenation is examined at length when a Logan cousin, the daughter of Mrs. Logan's brother and his white wife, comes to stay for the summer.

Yet history serves only as a backdrop for the lives of the Logans, who together are as spiritually powerful as the essence of the South itself. This is the story of how a group of people caught in the undercurrents of history managed to endure. □

by Liz Kettle

Books on the South

This list consists of books published since March, 1982. Book entries include works up to July, 1982. All books were published in 1982. Dissertations appeared in the Dissertation Abstracts Index between October and December, 1981. All dissertations are dated 1981 unless otherwise noted.

The entries are grouped under several broad categories for your convenience. Mention of a book here does not preclude its being reviewed in a future issue. Unsolicited reviews of publications of general

interest to our readers are welcome. Recent works are preferred.

Copies of the dissertations are available from: Xerox University Microfilms, Dissertation Copies, P.O. Box 1764, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

ECONOMICS, HISTORY AND POLITICS

"An Analysis of Regional Development Policy and Economic Growth in Appalachia 1960-75," by Ajibaye Onaolpo Agubiade. University of Tennessee.

"The Bumpers-Fulbright Senate Race: A Rhetorical Analysis," by Willie Stephen Johnson. Univ. of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

"The Case for Abolition in the Writings of William Wells Brown," by Love Henry Wheelchel, Jr. Duke Univ.

"The City-Building Process: Urbanization in Central and Southern Louisville, 1772-1932," by Carl Edward Kramer. Univ. of Toledo.

"Converging on the Clinch River: The Politics of the U.S. Breeder Reactor Program," by Helena Georgette Tench. Univ. of Connecticut.

"Digging Our Own Graves: Coal Miners and the Struggle Over Black Lung Disease," by Barbara Ellen Smith. Brandeis Univ.

"The Educational Attitudes and Strategies of Black Leadership, 1895-1925: A Documentary History," by Leonard Augustus James. Columbia Univ. Teachers College.

"An Empirical Investigation Into Sentencing and Criminal Behavior in Georgia: 1975-1980," by Obie Clayton, Jr. Emory Univ.

"Factors in Higher Education — Collective Bargaining in Florida and North Carolina," by Allan Taylor Stutts. Univ. of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

Fort Belknap Saga: Indians, Negroes and Anglo-Americans on the Texas Frontier, by Barbara Ledbetter (Burnet, TX: Eakin Pubs.). \$15.95.

Government in Tennessee, by Lee S. Green et al (Knoxville: Univ. of Tennessee Press). \$12.50.

"A History of Black Land-Grant Colleges 1890-1916," by Chester Wilbert Wright. American Univ.

"A History of Jefferson Barracks, 1826-1860," by Byron Bertrand Bauta, Jr. LSU.

A History of Medicine in Alabama, by Howard L. Holley (University: Univ. of Alabama Press). \$35.00.

Independence and Empire: The New South's Cotton Mill Campaign, 1865-1901, by Patrick J. Hearden (DeKalb: Northern Illinois Univ. Press). \$18.50.

"The Indian Policy of Colonial South Carolina, 1670-1763," by David Klearchos Eliades. Univ. of South Carolina.

"Informal Adoptions Among Black Families in the Rural South," by Norma Hynethia Downs Carson. Northwestern Univ.

"An Investigation of the Desegregation Process in the Metropolitan Nashville-

Davidson County Public School System, 1954-1969," by Artie Thomas Pate, Jr. George Peabody College of Teachers.

Islands, Capes and Sounds: The North Carolina Coast, by Thomas J. Schoenbaum (Winston-Salem: John F. Blair). \$16.95.

"Mississippi Private Education: An Historical, Descriptive and Normative Study," by Terry Doyle Carroll. Univ. of Southern Mississippi.

"National Banking in Knoxville, Tennessee, 1864-1913," by James Townsend Cooper. Univ. of Tennessee.

"The National Negro Congress, 1936-1947," by John Baxter Streater. Univ. of Cincinnati.

The New Black Politics: The Search for Political Power, by Michael Preston et al (New York: Longman, Inc.). \$11.95.

The New Religious-Political Right in America, by Samuel S. Hill and Dennis E. Owen (Nashville: Abingdon Press). \$9.95.

Oil Booms: Social Change in Five Texas Towns, by Roger M. Olien and Diana D. Olien (Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press). \$15.95.

"The Origins and Development of the Gentlemanly Ideal in the South: 1607-1865," by Robert Lynn Rainard. LSU.

"The Origins and Development of Public Radio in Tennessee, 1949-1980," by Don Shults Scroggins. Univ. of Tennessee.

"A Phenomenological Analysis of Two Appalachian Coal-Producing Counties," by Kenneth Warren Mirvis. Boston Univ. School of Education.

"A Place to Speak Our Minds: The Southern School for Women Workers," by Mary Evans Frederickson. UNC-Chapel Hill.

"The Political Ideology of Kentucky Coal Producers," by Don Thomas Dugi. Purdue Univ.

"Race, Migration and Southern Land Ownership," by John Randolph Simpson. Ohio State Univ.

"Racism in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Women's Movements: An Appraisal," by Barbara Hilkert Andolson. Vanderbilt Univ.

"The Regional Impact of the Blue Ridge Parkway in Virginia," by Richard Anderson Williams, Jr. VPI.

Regionalism and the South: Selected Papers of Rupert Vance, ed. by John Reed and Daniel J. Sengal (Chapel Hill: UNC Press). \$26.00.

"The Response of Queens College to the Women's Movement," by Cynthia Jeanne Tyran. Duke Univ.

The Ruling Race: A History of American Slaveholders, by James Oakes (New York: A.A. Knopf, Inc.). \$16.95.

Self-Determination and the African-American People, by James Forman (Order from: Open Hand Publishers, 1904 3rd Ave., 5 Securities Bldg., Seattle, WA 98101.)

"The South Carolina Supreme Court," by Barry Edmond Hambricht. Univ. of South Carolina.

Southeastern Frontiers: Europeans, Africans and American Indians, 1513-1840, by James B. O'Donnell, III (Bloomington: Indiana Univ. Press). \$4.95.

Texas' Last Frontier: Fort Stockton and the Trans-Pecos, 1861-1895, by Clayton W. Williams (College Station: Texas A&M Univ.

Press). \$19.50.

"Texas Rangers Along the Rio Grande, 1910-1919," by John Busby McClung. Texas Christian Univ.

Toward A New South? Studies in Post-Civil War Southern Communities, ed. by Orville V. Burton and Robert C. McMath, Jr. (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press). \$29.95.

"The Urbanization of National Forest Policy in the South," by Eli Joseph Giacinto. Univ. of Georgia.

Women in Texas, by Ann Fears et al (Burnet, TX: Eakin Pubs.). \$24.95.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The Arrival of B.B. King: The Authorized Biography, by Charles Sawyer (New York: Da Capo). \$7.95.

Ashbel Smith of Texas: Pioneer, Patriot, Statesman, 1805-1886, by Elizabeth Silverstone (College Station: Texas A&M Univ. Press). \$24.50.

"Benjamin Orr Peers and the Beginnings of the Public School Movement in Kentucky, 1826 to 1842," by Doris Lynn Koch Moore. Univ. of Kentucky.

The Kidwells: A Family Odyssey, by Dwayne E. Walls (Durham, NC: Carolina Academic Press). Write for information.

Lead Me On: Frank Goad Clement and Tennessee Politics, by Lee S. Greene (Knoxville: Univ. of Tennessee Press). \$19.95.

"Moncure Conway: The American Years, 1832-1865," by John Philip D'Entremont. Johns Hopkins Univ.

"Robert E. Lucey: A Texas Paradox," by Samuel Edmond Bronden. Columbia Univ., 1979.

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CULTURAL PERSPECTIVES

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"Folklore in the Life and Work of John Gould Fletcher," by Van Allen Tyson. Univ. of Arkansas.

Holding on to the Land and the Lord: Kinship, Ritual, Land Tenure and Social Policy in the Rural South, ed. by Robert L. Blakeley and Carol B. Stack (Athens: Univ. of Georgia Press). \$5.95.

Hush Child, Can't You Hear the Music?, by Rose Thompson (Athens: Univ. of Georgia Press). \$12.50.

"In Pursuit of Culture: A History of Art Activity in Atlanta, 1847-1926," by Carlyn Gaye Crannell. Emory Univ.

Ozark Folksongs, by Vance Randolph (Champaign: Univ. of Illinois Press). \$14.95.

The Redneck Way of Knowledge: Down-Home Tales, by Blanche Boyd (New York: A.A. Knopf, Inc.). \$10.95.

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Mark Twain and the Limits of Power: Emerson's God in Ruins, by James L. Johnson (Knoxville: Univ. of Tennessee Press). \$18.50.

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"A Study of the Fiction and Essays of Andrew Lytle," by John Sibley Yow. Univ. of Georgia.

"Women's Choices: A Study of the Feminine Characters in the Novels of Eudora Welty," by Frances Beck Foreman. Univ. of South Florida.

A Clarion Call for Liberty

by Helen Keller

Helen Keller, born in Tuscumbia, Alabama, in 1880, is known to millions throughout the world for her triumph over multiple disabilities to learn and communicate in a world of hearing and seeing people. Her struggle and that of her beloved teacher, Anne Sullivan, was popularized in the movie "The Miracle Worker." What is less well-known is her championing of women's suffrage, workers' rights, socialism and anti-militarism. The following is from a speech at the Labor Forum in New York City on December 19, 1915.

The burden of war always falls heaviest on the toilers. They are taught that their masters can do no wrong, and go out in vast numbers to be killed on the battlefield. And what is their reward? If they escape death they come back to face heavy taxation and have their burden of poverty doubled. Through all the ages they have been robbed of the just rewards of their patriotism as they have been of the just reward of their labor.

The only moral virtue of war is that it compels the capitalist system to look itself in the face and admit it is a fraud. It compels the present society to admit that it has no morals it will not sacrifice for gain. During a war, the sanctity of a home, and even of private property is destroyed. Governments do what it is said the "crazy Socialists" would do if in power.

In spite of the historical proof of the futility of war, the United States is preparing to raise a billion dollars and a million soldiers in preparation for war. Behind the active agitators for defense you will find J.P. Morgan & Co., and the capitalists who have invested their money in shrapnel plants and others that turn out implements of murder. They want armaments because they beget war, for these capitalists want to develop new markets for their hideous traffic.

I look upon the whole world as my fatherland, and every war has to me a horror of a family feud. I look upon true patriotism as the brotherhood of man and the service of all to all. The only fighting that saves is the one that helps the world toward liberty, justice and an abundant life for all.

To prepare this nation in the true sense of the word, not for war, but for peace and happiness, the state should

govern every department of industry, health and education in such a way as to maintain the bodies and minds of the people in soundness and efficiency. Then, the nation will be prepared to withstand the demand to fight for a perpetuation of its own slavery at the bidding of a tyrant.

After all, the best preparedness is one that disarms the hostility of other nations and makes friends of them. Nothing is to be gained by the workers from war. They suffer all the miseries, while the rulers reap the rewards. Their wages are not increased, nor their toil made lighter, nor their homes made more comfortable. The army they are supposed to raise can be used to break strikes as well as defend the people.

If the democratic measures of preparedness fall before the advance of a world empire, the worker has nothing to fear. No conqueror can beat down his wages more ruthlessly or oppress him more than his own fellow citizens of the capitalist world are doing. The worker has nothing to lose but his chains, and he has a world to win. He can win it at one stroke from a world empire. We must form a fully equipped, militant international union so that we can take possession of such a world empire.

This great republic is a mockery of freedom as long as you are doomed to dig and sweat to earn a miserable living while the masters enjoy the fruit of your toil. What have you to fight for? National independence? That means the masters' independence. The laws that sent you to jail when you demand better living conditions? The flag? Does it wave over a country where you are free and have a home, or does it rather symbolize a country that meets you with clenched fists when you strike for better wages and shorter hours? Will you fight for your masters' religion which teaches you to obey them even when they tell you to kill one another?

Why don't you make a junk heap of your master's religion, his civilization, his kings and his customs that tend to reduce a man to a brute and God to a monster? Let there go forth a clarion call for liberty. Let the workers form one great world-wide union, and let there be a globe-encircling revolt to gain for the workers true liberty and happiness. □

At Southern Exposure we listen to the voices of many people for guidance and inspiration. We want to recapture in Voices From the Past the indomitable spirit of those who have spoken for human dignity, for egalitarianism and for collective social action. We want to celebrate those ideals, for which many have lived and died. We invite you to listen, to join with these voices which harmonize with our own.

We welcome submissions from our readers for this feature. Send ideas to: Voices From the Past, Southern Exposure, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

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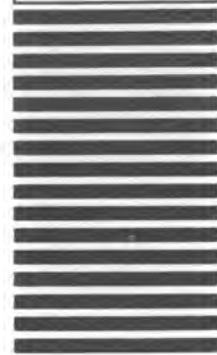
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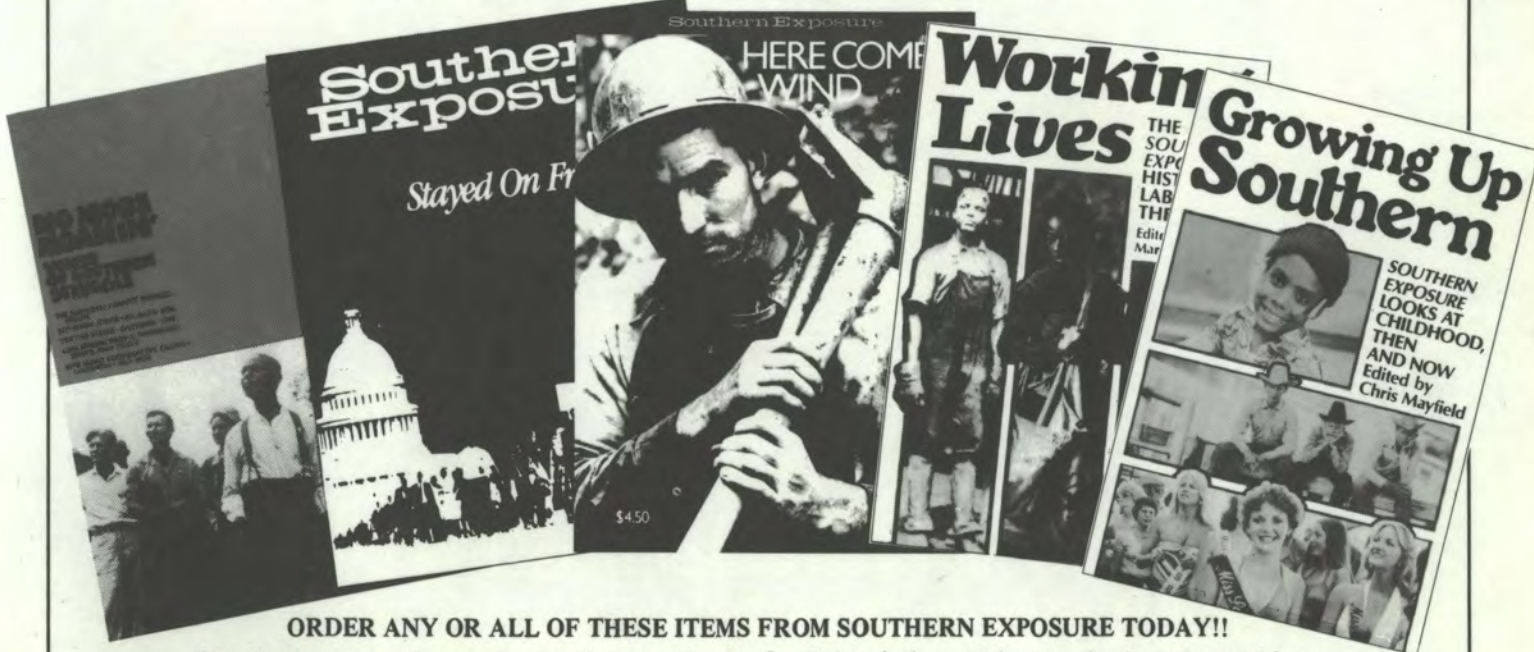
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