Southern Exposure

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

AGENT ORANGE
AGRIBUSINESS
ALBANY MOVEMENT
ANGOLA PRISON
ANTI-KLAN STRATEGIES
ANTI-LYNCHING CAMPAIGN
APOCALYPSE
APPALACHIA
ARCHITECTURE
ARISTOCRACY
ART & POLITICS
ASSEMBLIES
ATHLETES
BANJO
BANKER PONIES
BAPTISTS
BASKETBALL
BATTLE & A BALLAD
BIRDS & BEES
BLACK BUILDERS
BLACK POWER
BLACK WRITERS
BLOOD MONEY
BOLL WEEVIL
BOMBS
BOONDOGGLE
BOYCOTT
BROWN LUNG
CAJUNS & CREOLES
CAMP MEETING
CARPENTER
CHANUKAH
CHARISMA
CHEROKEE
CHICANO
CHURCHES
CITY SLICKER
CIVIL DEFENSE
COALMINING WOMEN
COCA-COLA
COCKFIGHT
COLONIZED SOUTH
CONVERSION
CONVICT LABOR
COONDOG
COUNTER-CULTURE
DAMN DAM
DANVILLE MOVEMENT
DAY CARE
DEATH ROW
DECKHAND
DEPRESSION
DISNEY WORLD
DOMESTICS
DRAFT
EDUCATION
ELECTION
EMANCIPATION
EMMA
ENDANGERED SPECIES
ENGINEERS
FAMILY REUNION
FARMING
FBI
FEMINISM
FISHERS
FORESTS
FREEDOM SCHOOLS
GAMES
GENOCIDE
GRAND OLE OPRY
GREAT GRANDDADDY
GREENSBORO SIT-IN
GREENVILLE
GROUP HOME
GROWING UP GAY
HAZARDOUS WASTE
HEALTH
HOBOES & HARMONICAS
HOOKWORM
HOT SPRINGS
HUNTING
HURRICANE
IMAGES
IMMIGRANTS
IMPROVISATION
INCOME
INDIAN CURES
INDIVIDUALISM
INVESTIGATOR
ISLANDS
JACKSON
JAMAICA
JEWISH CHILDHOOD
JOBS
JOURNEY
JUDGEMENT
JUKERS
JUNETEENTH
KIDNAPPED
KINGSPORT
KU KLUX KLAN
LABOR UNIONS
LAND LOSS
LAND OWNERSHIP
LEARNING
LOBBY
LONGHORNS
LOOMS & LOCKOUTS
MASSACRE
MEDDLING
MENHADEN
MIAMI
MIDWIFE
MIGRANT STREAM
MILITARY MONEY
MINNIE PEARL
MOSQUITO
MOUNTAIN DEVELOPMENT
MOVEMENT
NEGRO BASEBALL LEAGUE
NEIGHBORHOODS
NEW ORLEANS
NEWS MEDIA
NEW SOUTH POLITICS
NONVIOLENCE
NUCLEAR POWER
OIL
OLD REGULAR BAPTISTS
ORAL HISTORY
OREGON INLET
ORGANIZED CRIME
ORGANIZER
OSHA
PAN-AFRICANISM
PEONAGE
POPULISM
PREACHER
PUBLISHING
QUALITY OF LIFE
QUILTING
RAILROAD
RAISING CANE
RED BAITING
REGIONS
RESISTERS
REVIVAL
ROCKABILLY
ROVING PICKET
RUNAWAY
SABOTAGE
SAVANNAH
SHAPE NOTE SINGING
SHARECROPPING
SHELL HOUSING
SIT-DOWN STRIKE
SNOWBALL'S CHANCE
SOCIALIST COMMUNITY
SOYBEANS
SPIES
SPIRIT
STOCK CARS
STRIP MINING
SUFFRAGIST
SUNBELT
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UTILITIES
UTOPIA
VALUES
VIETNAM
VIGILANTE VIOLENCE
VISION
VOTING RIGHTS
WATERCOLORS
WESTERN SWING
WETLANDS
WHEEL OF FORTUNE
WOBBLIES
WOMEN'S LIBERATION
WOODCUTTER
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ZYDECO

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Our Tenth Anniversary

This issue commemorates the tenth anniversary of the birth of *Southern Exposure*. You can tell what kind of magazine we've been by the collection of excerpts gathered here, in alphabetical order, from the more than 700 articles we've published since May, 1973.

Some of the selections are funny. Some are deadly serious.

Some are filled with numbers. Others are the voices of the plain people who populate this region and who speak the plain truth.

In ten years, these articles have taught us a great deal about ourselves, our place on this planet, our past and future, our responsibilities as citizens and as human beings. *Southern Exposure* began quite simply as a means for progressive people across the South to share information so they could think better, act more effectively, and gain a richer sense of their collective identity and mission (see page 176). The lessons and emotions and creativity that people have shared with one another through these pages remain, even after a decade, both inspiring and instructive; and if you are not already a subscriber, we invite you to join us now in this ongoing learning-leading-listening exchange.

In ten years much has changed around us, within our sponsoring organization (the Institute for Southern Studies) and in *Southern Exposure's* own format: we now publish six times a year instead of quarterly, and feature a half dozen regular departments (they appear in abbreviated form at the end of this issue). But much has also stayed the same, including the magazine's essential purpose – and, as we review our history for the symbols of our durability, such modest fixtures as the red truck.

We've never given the red truck a name, nor really paid it much special attention. It just always seemed to be there, almost from *Southern Exposure's* first days, incredibly reliable, serving as a literal connector of people/ideas/action and as a silent witness to the stream of characters and adventures that have made the Institute and the magazine so uncommon.

The red truck has performed more than its share of the grueling chores associated with this business. In the beginning, it hauled tons of magazines home from our first printer in the north Georgia mountains (a Christian cooperative that saved us considerable money, though trucking the heavy loads over 300 miles of hot roads blew out more than one set of back tires). It shuttled Institute organizers into such hot spots as Harlan County and Roanoke Rapids, and carried gangs of protesters to countless picket lines and demonstrations. It squired us in our various disguises to interviews with bankers and businessman-farmers, and to raise money wherever it could be found. The soul of discretion, the red truck escorted more than one staffer on a love-making escapade into the back country. And it went with the first editor of our newspaper column *Facing South* to visit dozens of county weeklies in search of a sale.

The red truck has traveled from San Antonio to New York, Gainesville to Louisville, putting *Southern Exposure* into bookstores that later refused new editions because the old ones hadn't sold well enough. Somehow we've kept making progress, and putting out new issues, and getting by. And through it all, the red truck served as a temporary home for assorted dogs and carted loads of unknown material for wayward visitors, campers and stubborn volunteers who inevitably locked its shift rods in second gear.

Obviously, the red truck's days are numbered. But we hope the energy and spirit of determination that moved this magazine will continue to help *Southern Exposure* make the right connections, issue after issue. In the first dozen or so pages of this anniversary issue, the former editors who created the elan of this place and space do a little recalling of their own. Their words say best what we've been and hope to continue to be in our second decade.

Southern Exposure

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FEATURES

photo by Ben Fowel

DEPARTMENTS

IN THE

BEGINNING

A personal view of* Southern Exposure *'s first 10 years from the people who made it happen

JOE PFISTER INTRODUCTION

When I joined the staff in the spring of 1976, *Southern Exposure* was in the process of moving from the kitchen of Bob and Jackie Hall's home to our first office space in Chapel Hill. Since then we've become experts at moving. It seemed that no sooner had we lugged those outrageously awkward, 75-pound boxes of "No More Moanin'" up the narrow and steep stairs of the Columbia Street office than we were tossing them out a second-story window onto a flatbed truck. And no sooner had we swerved the truck into the parking lot of Kroger Plaza – sending filing cabinets flying about – than we were packing up again to move to Durham. We have been at our present location over three years now, and I can sense that our group of restless itinerants is getting edgy again.

Atlanta, 1973. Seated, more or less: Sue Thrasher, Doyle Niemann, Ginny Boult, Mary Britting, Leah Wise with Samirra, Pam Beardsley, unknown, Dick Hall with Jason; standing: Bob & Jackie Hall, Chet Briggs, Karen Lane, unknown, Gene Guerrero, Stephanie Coffin (of child), Ed Martin, Adelia Hall. Each had a hand in the early *Southern Exposure*.

I once heard Bernice Reagon talk to a group in Albany, Georgia, about the difference between harmony and dissonance. When there is harmony in singing, you work together maintaining a certain distance in pitch from each other. If you get too close to me, I back away and keep my distance. The object in harmony is to have a smooth running unit; the effect can be very soothing, but often not provocative.

Dissonance, however, describes a situation where the music lines are continually running into one another, backing away and coming back again. The effect is unsettling, disturbing; one can feel the vibration throughout the body. It is the same with people, according to Bernice. When things are too harmonious and peaceful, we can be lulled into a false sense of self-satisfaction. But when there is dissonance, different cultures working together, being tuned in to their differences and their common ground, then there is also the potential for sparks, for energy, for movement. It is this energy and movement that we at the Institute for Southern Studies and *Southern Exposure* need to thrive in our second decade.

Much of this energy has come through the Institute, brought by the people who have been the staff for our first 10 years. Always when a new staff person joins us, the chemistry of our small group changes, the collective personality takes on a new quality. And when someone leaves, it is like losing a member of the family.

When we began planning this Tenth Anniversary edition, we decided to ask these former editors to share something about their experience in fashioning this magazine with you, our current readers, to tell you how *Southern Exposure* ruined their careers or saved their souls or nearly put them in the hospital! You can see from the following responses that we are a diverse, energetic – some would say crazy – bunch of people.

One thing we share in common is a disdain for deadlines. "We're a bimonthly now," I pleaded with these former editors. "We can't wait for you forever." Fortunately, all but two (Howard Romaine and Wekesa Madzimoyo) got their responses to us by the absolute final hour.

I have loved having the opportunity to work with all these people and look forward to more years of this madness. Since the following pieces are all by highly trained former staff members, we have put aside the blue pencil, not bothered to double-check the spelling, and left the participles dangling for all to see. You may read them and weep.

Joe Pfister (with guitar) and Pat Bryant entertain as the "Budget-Cut Quartet" (minus two due to cutbacks) at a 1982 Tax Day Forum.

SUE THRASHER

For such an advocate of oral history, I'm unfortunately a prime example of its limitations. I cannot recall the exact sequence of events that led to the formation of the Institute for Southern Studies. What I do remember – sometimes vividly, and sometimes through a glass darkly – are some of the experiences, encounters and impulses that set it in motion.

At least one of the early discussions took place sometime around 1965 in the communications office of SNCC. Julian Bond headed that office, and despite its grim task of chronicling civil-rights violations throughout the South, I remember it as a place for talk and laughter.

Our lives, at the time, were all-consumed by "The Movement." Mississippi was the most obvious front, but we were, after all, creating a "new South." Opportunities for changing the world existed on every college campus and in every community. It was never necessary to question the work that had to be done, and more important, it was never necessary to question the "rightness" of what we were doing. There was an easy confidence and arrogance that came from knowing right from wrong, future from past.

The moment was all too brief. Things began to get complicated by Vietnam and the black rebellions in Northern cities. It began to dawn on us that freedom might not come with the hamburger or even with the ballot. Suddenly the New South began to appear more elusive and more complex. Perhaps it would take longer. Perhaps we needed to know more.

We talked that day in Julian's office about our need to "know more." We needed to know more about this new term, "the system." How it worked. Who it helped, and who it hurt. And who, besides us, wanted to change it. We freely imagined how much better – i.e., more informed, more organized and more directed – "The Movement" would be if it just had a research arm that could supply it with this essential information. I don't think we were naive enough to think we would then proceed to go out and change the world. But we had smartened up enough to know that it might help.

Once the idea of a Southern research institute was planted, it hung around. A good idea with no particular plan of action. Still, the idea was occasionally tossed about with the underlying assumption that one day its time would come. In the meantime Julian was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, and then had to fight like hell to be seated because of his outspoken stand on Vietnam. Howard Romaine helped start one of the better undergound papers in the country, Atlanta's *Great Speckled Bird*. I put in some time out of the South, for more reason than rhyme, choosing the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, DC. Like other Southerners who travel north, my plan was to watch carefully, cull whatever was inappropriate and bring the rest back for application on home turf. As far as I was concerned, this could mean either money or ideas!

photo by Tom Coffin

An Institute for Southern Studies seminar, with Daniel Ellsberg of Pentagon Papers fame, held at our 88 Walton Street office in Atlanta in 1972. An attentive, and hairy, Steve Wise, who covered the occasion for the *Great Speckled Bird*, is shown here with Sue Thrasher and Bob Hall.

In 1969 I came back home. IPS had given me $1,000 and the title of Associate Fellow. I cannot recall ever using the title, but the money allowed me to act as point person for beginning the organizational work on the Institute for Southern Studies. Howard, Julian and I picked up our discussions, located a sympathetic lawyer, and a year later the Institute for Southern Studies opened a small office in downtown Atlanta. By some fortuitous circumstance (in truth, Howard's persistence and cunning) our first public seminar was with Gunnar Myrdal, on his first return trip through the South since writing *The American Dilemma*.

But the pizzazz and prestige bestowed by an international visitor did not change the fact that the Movement we thought of ourselves as serving was breaking into many tiny pieces. We found ourselves in the odd position of trying to produce information that would help people get organized. There was a growing anti-war movement in the South, and we began to focus some of our work on the disproportionate share of military dollars flowing into the region.

For a while we maintained loose ties with the Institute for Policy Studies and the other two new "satellites," the Bay Area Institute (later to become Pacific News Service) and the Cambridge Institute (later the publisher of *Working Papers*). But we were always the poor cousins, and as our work began to center more and more around regional issues, institutional ties reverted to personal friendships. (To this day I am convinced that *I* am the mental image conjured up by Mark Raskin when he hears "The South.")

I can't recall a time along the way when any of us thought we should hang it up, have our heads examined or even seek gainful employment. Paychecks were occasionally missed, but no more often than in other social change organizations. Internally we managed to maintain mutual respect and a sense of humor, without depriving ourselves of the usual screaming matches, frosty silences and bruised egos. We never even came close to sainthood in that regard, but we did

photo by TomCoffin

Sue Thrasher, Jacquelyn Hall and Leah Wise – either at a wedding or perhaps celebrating the relief following the publication of their joint enterprise, "No More Moanin'."

remain friends and believed enough in each other and what we were doing to keep moving ahead.

Around us, things were going to hell in a handbasket. The progressive left had taken a decisive turn toward sectarianism, and we watched several friends march off to a shrill cadence that seemed utterly unreal. Divisions between black and white were often distant, if not downright strained. And the war in Southeast Asia had come home to campuses at Kent State, Ohio, and Jackson State, Mississippi.

For some reason we persisted. Raising money was always hard, but feeling confident about the value of the work was always harder. New staff helped. First Bob Hall, and later Reber Boult and Leah Wise. We kept at the military research; Bob began to develop a corporate research project, and Leah and I, along with Jacquelyn Hall, began to pursue oral history as a means of discovering the hidden history of the South.

The turning point came when Bob decided it was time for us to start a magazine, a research report of sorts, from the Institute. Skeptical of the time, energy and money it would take, I was also mindful that we desperately needed some way to disseminate our work. And, secretly, I was happy for any opportunity for more writing and editing.

In retrospect, I think that without *Southern Exposure* the Institute would not have been able to remain a viable institution. The journal helped give us substance, direction, discipline and, most hated of all, deadlines. It also made us reach out for help. Well-known journalists such as Kirkpatrick Sale, Robert Sherrill, Derek Shearer and Jim Ridgeway all came to our aid that first year with investigative pieces for which they were paid our usual $50 "honorarium."

The first three issues were a pent-up fury of publishing what had been accumulating in our heads and our filing cabinets for the preceding three years – defense spending, energy and utilities, and Southern oral history. Number five was our first "what do we do now" issue and the first indication that we could lighten up and have some fun with this project.

We took turns editing that first year. Leah and I got number three and four. "No More Moanin'" nearly killed us. I have no idea how many months it took to deliver to the printer; I simply know that it took forever. It was our first book-length issue, the first with perfect binding and the first with a slick cover. It was also our first issue without a prominent date ("We can control the numbers; we cannot control the seasons," said Bob.)

But the real importance of "No More Moanin'" was its reflection of our growing consciousness and acknowledgment that "people's words" were research tools as important as the charts, graphs and hard data of earlier issues. Southern "voices" – of struggle, history and culture have continued to be a part of *SE*'s research report on the region, and fortunately in that issue we had the foresight to acknowledge that it was only a beginning:

> The pages that follow are bits and pieces of Southern history – determined in part by our own interest and by our access to people and information ... this issue is ... a beginning born out of stubborn insistence that there is more to Southern history than its mystique and magnolias.

When "No More Moanin'" finally got put to bed, I took off for Nashville. I wanted to do something completely different for a while. Five to six column-inches for the *Great Speckled Bird* was all I had in mind when I did a few interviews on country music. A few months later I was back at the typewriter sweating out (past deadline, of course) the lead article for our next issue, "America's Best Music." We learned to use what we had.

Ten years later *Southern Exposure* is still demonstrating its stubborn insistence that there is more to the South. Its pages have offered up eloquent testimonials about the right and wrong of the region, its future and its past.

When we started the Institute for Southern Studies in 1970, the easy arrogance of earlier years was gone. But we did retain the confidence – the confidence that people who believed enough in something could make it happen. The current staff of *Southern Exposure* has that same confidence – in themselves and their work. That's why it's still here. Lord knows there couldn't possibly be any other reason!

Sue continues her interest in oral history as a staff member of the Highlander Center in New Market, Tennessee. The other co-founder of the Institute, Howard Romaine, is now an attorney in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

LEAH WISE

It is with pride, peppered with many chuckles, that I fondly recall my days at the Institute and the beginnings of *Southern Exposure*. I am almost surprised that those feelings dominate my memories because we also functioned under the not insignificant tension that typically accompanies life/work of struggle. The pride comes from recognition of our clear accomplishments, enhanced certainly by hindsight. It does not simply come from having been on the ground floor of the development of an institute, the beginning of a key regional journal, the tackling of then untouchable issues (such as the military in the South), or the legitimating of oral history, which we understood as the presence of ordinary peoples' voices and struggles in the historical record; it comes also from the fact that we did a lot of work, good work, while facing formidable odds.

Of course, our ignorance and inexperience helped shape those odds. The chuckles are inspired particularly by memories of our self-view which often contrasted sharply with the view others had of us. We were green, serious; pioneers, we imagined. Upstarts, others termed us. Visionaries? I don't think that notion fit our self-concept. We were so serious about the work we thought had to be done, we were simply setting out to do it. The work never assumed for us the quality of a vision. Daring? Yes. But typically, I suppose, we charged ahead without realizing what we were taking on. And because there was always so much more to do than we did, I don't think we recognized our achievements for what they were. But our egos were boosted sufficiently by what I remember us celebrating as little coups.

We were ever conscious of a need to establish our legitimacy in a number of circles. We were small in number (a core of three), in finances, in office space, and we were located right around the corner from the Southern Regional Council – the established castle of reform-oriented social research and the arbiter and conduit of Northern foundation monies for social change projects in the South. So our desire for dignity and respect led to such things as having my very first article co-signed or later my leaving to get "credentialed."

It was not only among funding sources and the more established educational and research organizations (which I must admit we erringly regarded in general as adversaries) that we sought respect, but from the movement community and from one another as well. Though an alternative institution, our budding institute was not free of sexism; more than once Sue Thrasher and I had to contend with an expression of surprise at how good our work was. Nor was I free of the pressure of having to establish and demonstrate how it was principled for me to be working in an integrated context in an era of nationalist and pan-Africanist fervor.

What were some of the coups? Holding the first Institute seminar with Gunnar Myrdal; having the Georgia Power Company lawyers attempt to woo Bob Hall to their side because he so brilliantly managed to become an aggravating thorn in their sides during the rate hearings before the Public Service Commission; receiving an offer from a more reputable institute (and a former boss) to co-publish something after the appearance of "No More Moanin'"; and making an almost flippant plea in the very last moment of an interview with one of the "big foundations" about giving us a small grant to "help get your toe in the door" and actually receiving more than twice our request.

For me, and I suspect for Sue also, "No More Moanin'" loomed the most brilliant feather in our cap. We had succeeded in producing a quality publication that exemplified the kind of history we were trying to explore and often had difficulty explaining to people. (This in a nutshell was the motivation for starting *Southern Exposure* in the first place. We needed a vehicle to disseminate our work, to physically show people what we were talking about, and to be credible.)

"No More Moanin'" was our statement of oral history, a statement of process as much as of content, and it represented a very personal search for us as well. We were quite upfront about our work involving a personal quest. From different perspectives we both were seeking to uncover links to a tradition of struggle that we knew existed but was unfamiliar to us. Discover we did. Links we established.

We experienced some of our most delightful moments in engaging people and their memories, often reviving old hostilities and emotional fervor. Sometimes we felt we were performing a delicate balancing act. In general we developed a fond regard for the folk who shared their lives with us. Because we approached people with eagerness and respect, and because we were inquiring about moments that they remembered as the most meaningful in their lives, we were able to relatively easily establish trust and openness in our interviews.

Of course, our concept of oral history was not widely shared. We were so full of ourselves, of our purpose, of our correctness, that reminders of this reality often struck us quite abruptly. The Oral History Association

photo by Brother Rook

Leah Wise with her daughter Samirra, then 9; she'll be 13 this year. Get ready for the next generation of editors.

meetings never failed to give us a stinging jolt. At the very first one I attended, held in Texas, a blonde, teased-haired, mini-skirted anthropologist boasted of her success in getting a Navajo man to talk to her by getting him drunk first. At another, we found ourselves at a reception bumping shoulders with Dean Rusk. These were our colleagues? We were horrified!

The popularity of oral history soared rapidly in the years to follow, and Ted Rosengarten's *All God's Dangers* insured that our view at least received national exposure. Last month I was surprised to see a copy of "No More Moanin'" displayed in a small library/auditorium during a Black History Month program in a Nashville public school. It sat on the shelf alongside books on Frederick Douglass, Martin Luther King and Harriet Tubman.

The lasting relationships that developed in our work on *Southern Exposure* for me have been its most positive legacy. *Southern Exposure* was very much a collective effort. We relied heavily on friends, out of principle and necessity. We didn't know the term networking then, but from the outset we thought of *Southern Exposure* as a vehicle for informing and connecting those in the region interested in one issue or another. We had a peculiar style of work that on the surface appeared anti-elitist, anti-specialization, pro-self-development and pro-equality. This is because we did everything, from transcribing and janitorial work to editing, lay-out, fundraising and research. We did this partly out of principle (we didn't believe ourselves above menial tasks), partly out of necessity, and partly because we never examined our operation from the perspective of management and efficiency concerns.

At one point, we did ask ourselves what was the Institute's view on the South, of the current issues and trends in the development of the region. We began a study group to try to forge an answer, but abandoned it quickly because some feared the process would lead us down a sectarian road. But, despite the fact that as an Institute we never articulated a cohesive set of theoretical principles and goals, we did operate out of shared assumptions and values that I imagine our movement experience afforded us.

Today? Our working relationships are still active and close. Many of the Atlanta-based Institute crowd find ourselves here in North Carolina, brandishing various organizational titles, but a nucleus nonetheless.

Leah is now the executive director of Southerners for Economic Justice, which began as an Institute off-shoot in 1978.

CHIP HUGHES

When I came to the Institute for Southern Studies in Atlanta during September, 1972, I was a turned-on student radical cutting loose from my yankee suburban past and on the run from my corporate professional future. I had been deeply touched by "the Sixties" and had been moved to sing folk songs, to work with black folks, go to jail for the cause and agitate whenever and wherever. During the summer of '72, picking watermelons at New Communities near Albany, Georgia, had convinced me of the righteousness of the Southern struggle – the internal colony where the contradictions were more clear and the enemy more overt and dastardly.

In October of that year, Nixon paraded triumphantly down Peachtree Street in Atlanta. As we stood sullen amidst the screaming masses, I could feel Nixon and his cronies trying their best to erase the Sixties, just as they erased the incriminating Watergate tapes. They wanted to make us seem like anachronisms of an alien culture and irrelevant to the country that we too deeply cared for and passionately wanted to save.

The next spring, *Southern Exposure* painfully emerged as a direct affront to the diabolical schemes of Tricky Dick and his corporate comrades. They could not continue to rob people of their culture, their past, their values and beliefs – especially not Southerners. They could not instantly rewrite the history books 1984-style. We weren't gonna let them.

It was scary to think that we could write our own history, define the burning social issues of our day, and even begin to make history ourselves. No one *really* knew how to put out a quarterly magazine. We were just driven by the vision of presenting an alternative perception of the South to its people. We knew it was the one that lived on in the sharecroppers' shacks, coal miners' shanties and cotton mill workers' villages.

I'll never forget the day the first issue came out. There was my name up under Bob Hall's on the masthead. I was shocked. I had always perceived of an editor as an aloof, red-pencil heavy who spit out writers and copy with a heartless growl. To Bob, it was a passion, a challenge and an enjoyment. An editor, as Bob and the rest of the staff lived it and came to define it, had to do it all – from the shit work to paste-up to peddling bookstores to losing nights and nights of sleep and normalcy.

Well, eventually I moved on, while Bob and others are downstairs in our building in Durham still pouring out the never-ending special issues of *Southern Exposure*. I fell in love and wanted to make babies and have a family like normal people are supposed to. I was still driven by the marxist visions of my youth – of workers' struggles and movements of the downtrodden for social justice. The search for an indigenous American Revolution has taken me to Harlan County, Kentucky, with the striking miners, to Erwin and Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, where angry mill-workers battle to clean up the mills – and these days to Belle Glade, Florida, and Newton Grove, North Carolina, where freeing the slaves of the plantations of the New South and building a movement among Haitian, Hispanic and black farmworkers have become my current consuming passion.

From the day in August, 1972,

Chip Hughes and Len Stanley with daughter Savannah. Len has also been a co-conspirator in many Institute-related projects.

when I saw an ad in Atlanta's *Great Speckled Bird* ("Low pay, long hours, hard work – call Sue Thrasher and Bob Hall"), while getting high and savoring the watermelon harvest in Albany, Georgia, my life has been changed. The sweat and blood and tears and smiles that flow from the neatly typeset pages of *Southern Exposure* have always been a reflection of the love and caring of the people who put it together. I'm proud to have been a part of it and hope that it will continue to renew itself and the people who cherish it for many decades to come.

Chip is the staff person for the new North Carolina Farmworkers Network, which coordinates the interests of 15 farmworker organizations whose members come to the state annually to work in the fields.

Page McCullough, proof-reader extraordinaire, shares a laugh with Jackie (and Bob?) Hall. Page works on public school problems with the Atlantic Center for Research in Education, and still puts in many hours in the production of each issue of the magazine.

JACQUELYN DOWD HALL

My memories of *Southern Exposure* come in flashes. Years run together, then moments stand out in bright relief. Those images begin with a drizzly day in upstate New York, when Bob Hall and I got married, threw our belongings in the back of a van, and headed south toward home. We chose Atlanta by instinct, the way we did things in those days, because we had family there, had gone to school with Howard Romaine, had kept up with the Southern movement through the *Great Speckled Bird*. Soon Chip Hughes was sleeping on our couch on his way to – or from – the Southwest Georgia Project; then Howard, living in the basement, was pounding out an article on Bob Dylan, or militarism, or both; then came the first marathon struggle to put out an issue of a journal we had decided to call *Southern Exposure*.

Meanwhile I wrestled happily with a classic female dilemma. Related to the Institute by marriage, I wanted to make a contribution, but also to get on with my own work. Sue Thrasher, Leah Wise and I – all historians by training or predilection – launched an oral history project recording the stories of Southern radicals of earlier times.

The scene shifts suddenly to Chapel Hill, where I started teaching women's history at the University of North Carolina and directing the Southern Oral History Program. *Southern Exposure* was based in our living room in those days, a household industry, no separation whatsoever between life and work. It seemed perfectly natural to labor away in my study, writing my first book, while the front of the house buzzed with the purposeful chaos of putting out a journal four times a year. I kept my hand in – editing, cajoling, socializing. I took my turn at a special issue: "Generations," which still gives me pleasure, still expresses a sensibility that guides my work.

Since 1979, my ties to *Southern Exposure* have faded. But they haven't broken. Like so many others, I've pursued life projects begun at the Institute. Next year the Oral History Program will publish a book on the rise of industrial capitalism in the twentieth-century South; I'm still writing and teaching about women, about the past from which the present has come.

The Institute, it seems to me, became an institution, in the best, if sometimes problematic, sense of the word. It has provided a stream of individuals with a way station, a place to learn and test their skills, a means for channeling political conviction into action. In turn, the Institute has been able to harness tremendous energy, put it to use and survive, as individuals move on. Like the present staff, I feel chastened by experience, but proud of the past and excited about the future.

Jacquelyn may also be credited with adding the name Southern Exposure to an original list of two dozen candidates for this magazine's title. The name, borrowed from a muckraking book written by Stetson Kennedy in 1946, won immediate acclaim.

STEVE CUMMINGS

My memories of the early days of *Southern Exposure* are hazy now, consisting chiefly of one or a dozen nights scrambling to meet a deadline or desperately searching for an as yet untapped source of funding. But one person stands out in all my recollections, a figure as imposing as Charlton Heston playing Moses. Indeed I have to resort to religious parallel to adequately describe *Southern Exposure's* first editor, Bob Hall.

Bob Hall combines the innocent guilelessness of a Jesuit with the easy-going laziness of John Calvin. As talkative as a Trappist monk, as tolerant as Torquemada, Bob strove to provide all of us with a work atmosphere that captured the best aspects of the sweat shop and the Spanish Inquisition.

He also strikes me as the single person most responsible for *Southern Exposure's* success. I honestly don't think there would be a magazine

without him, and that would be an enormous shame. Everytime I see a new professionally produced and edited issue I feel more than a spark of personal pride that I was there. I was in the way, perhaps, but I was there, and I hope to be writing more scurrilous libel about Bob Hall for the twentieth anniversary issue.

I am currently a licensed investigator for Pan American Investigations, Inc.

STEPHANIE COFFIN

With the first issue of *Southern Exposure*, I was given the opportunity to define a graphics look and a graphics policy for the layout of the magazine. I can't take singular credit for what emerged in those first issues, because I brought to the magazine a consensus that arose out of an earlier graphic experience on *The Great Speckled Bird*. The *Bird* was a famous underground weekly from Atlanta, Georgia, which thrived during the late 1960s and early '70s, but is no more. The years of lively, often bitter, struggle over the "graphics question" produced principles and understandings which supported the politics of the paper and insured a visual consistency with the content of the paper. It also earned the *Bird* a national reputation for quality photography and layout design.

The *Bird*'s perspective carried over to *Southern Exposure*. Local and regional artists and photographers must be sought out and their work used, even if in some instances other graphics might be superior. As Southern publications, the *Bird* and *Southern Exposure* had a responsibility to display talent from the South, to give Southern artists their first exposure.

Secondly, to be consistent with the progressive views expressed in the magazine, graphics should emphasize the real producers of wealth in this society – the secretaries, farmers, hard hats and other working people. The visual image of people in their natural surroundings or work environments was seen as a weapon against the image of "beautiful people" used to advertise products, the hegemonic image of American culture. The idea was to strengthen the images of our everyday life and to place them in a positive context – to enlarge our visual commonality.

We hoped in addition to expand the concept of illustration, to portray a mood or theme, not necessarily to link a graphic directly to an article, but to feature a visual image independent of any printed word. The image itself was a statement. Finally, we projected a high ratio of graphics-to-print, aiming for a 40/60 ratio. This visual emphasis gave depth and spatial quality to the magazine.

Southern Exposure has had many other graphic directors since the first issues that I worked on. Often they have shown an individual's style, and the issues certainly have varied over the last 10 years. Yet I believe that a consistency with the original graphics policy has been maintained and enhanced. *Southern Exposure* continues to be a pleasure to look at as well as to read.

Stephanie and Tom Coffin with their sons Simon and Zackery in a photograph taken around the time of Stephanie's days (years!) as designer for this magazine. Happy Days!

JIM TRAMEL

I have many memories of being at *Southern Exposure*... mostly very rich ones. Sue and Leah hassling each other over country vs. soul on Sue's portable radio. (When one left the room, the other would change the station.) Writing some of the purplest prose seen in *Southern Exposure* to this day at four a.m. to fill a hole in the book review section. Digging up news distributors in Huntsville and Shreveport and I-can't-remember-where-all-else who were willing to take a chance on this *"Southern What*? Oh...Is it anything like *Southern Living*?"

Driving my Datsun pick-up back from a lake outside Chapel Hill after putting the '74 land issue to bed on a gorgeous October-in-North-Carolina-day. Bob, exhausted, wordless and motionless, stretched out in the back staring up at the sky all the way back into town. Bob on the phone giving me two days to get to Marion, North Carolina, to work on the Harlan County strike. Proofing on the Coffins' front porch on Atlanta summer afternoons, backed by Willie Nelson as plaintive adult... and Simon Coffin as plaintive infant.

But mostly I remember three people, Sue, Bob and Leah, who taught me – probably without knowing it – some things. Things that gave me tools for understanding the history of me and my family. By asking me to coordinate an energy conference the Institute was co-sponsoring in the

Jim Tramel with a bound set of the first volume of *Southern Exposure*.

spring of '73, Sue gave me a chance to learn to see the world from an even clearer class perspective.

From the three of them I learned the importance of uncovering our own true history, and not buying the history of "lies agreed upon." I began to learn how much we as Southerners have been lied about (something my Northern friends can still be slow to understand). I began to understand just how much the poorer we as whites are because of the use of racism to keep us divided white from black... the battles not fought, the culture not experienced, the friends denied.

Through and with these people, I began to understand that "good politics" means at heart simply caring very much about some people, enjoying being with them, and wanting some very specific things to change for them.

In short, I got to be proud of being a working-class Southerner. I came to understand that "Southern" and "radical" do fit together... as wellworn shoes fit.

Since leaving the Institute as a graduate of the Bob Hall School of Corporate Research, I've studied Southern history and economics at the Goddard graduate program in social change. I have worked to bring U.S.-produced goods to some Third World countries which need them. I am a trainer in leadership development for community organizations and labor unions. As key elements of this work I also lead workshops on classism, sexism, anti-semitism and racism. Plus I'm now a graduate student in occupational health at Boston University's School of Public Health.

BILL FINGER

In the fall of 1973, I was living in Washington, DC, unemployed and unsure of my next step. Determined to keep an intellectual, if not physical connection with the South, I plunged into two projects, not sure where either would lead but certain that I would learn from both. I spent mornings at the Library of Congress, researching the life and recordings of the Applachian folk musician Bascom Lamar Lunsford. To get a taste of another side of Washington, I volunteered my afternoons to the National Sharecroppers Fund.

Early in 1974, I returned South, to a new job at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, with a Lunsford manuscript in hand. Beginning its second year of publication with a new base of operations in Chapel Hill, *Southern Exposure* attracted my attention. I saw it as a place that might publish my Lunsford story and that might help me understand my Southern heritage. Both hunches panned out beyond my wildest expectations. The Lunsford article made it into Vol. II, No. 1 – my first published article – and a piece on the National Sharecroppers Fund appeared in the next issue. My writing career had begun. For that alone, I am grateful and somewhat astonished. But the underpinnings of this beginning seem even more important to me.

During my three-year stint at *Southern Exposure*, as one of a small band of editors/writers/volunteers, we focused on research skills and conceptual thinking – around the Halls' dining-room table and at the University of North Carolina's business administration/social sciences library. From painstaking study of census records to the painful attendance at a Brookside miner's funeral in Harlan County, Kentucky, the research required of a *Southern Exposure* editor proved of lasting value. The research experience shaped the editorial milieu more than did the craft. I remember only one brief word on the craft itself from Editor Hall, a casual mention as we drove across town to the typesetter of my tendency to dangle clauses. The content informed the style, not the other way around. I am forever grateful for such a fundamental approach to writing – rare within the editorial profession.

Today, I continue my writing and editing career, thinking content first and then style. That approach has helped to shape my freelance writing and also *N.C. Insight*, the quarterly magazine which I edit for the North Carolina Center for Public Policy Research. Ten years ago, my instincts took me to the Library of Congress and to the National Sharecroppers Fund. But it was *Southern Exposure* that provided an outlet for these instincts, not only by publishing my work but also by providing a framework through which I could understand my past and shape my future.

Bill Finger, Georgia Springer and their daughter, Cora Lee, at a rally for passage of the ERA in Raleigh, North Carolina.

JENNIFER MILLER

Editor's note: We received this note complete with a set of beads.

Dear Institooters,

Here is your share of the wealth.

Everybody in New Orleans, except the shut-ins, got some of the booty this Mardi Gras.

They had to work for it, though. Hours of raised arms, children on shoulders, screaming top of lungs: "Throw me something, mister!" to the endless masked men on their expensive floats in their endless parades. In the good days they threw glass beads but I doubt they threw as many as they do now.

Most amazing about Carnival is not the interminable parades and the people's insatiable appetite for beads from Hong Kong; most amazing are the individual expressions, the creativity, of the costumes walking the streets on Fat Tuesday. Folk work for months preparing, stitching and chuckling. The costumes are not worn, they are swallowed whole and sweated out through pores and one can only wonder about the persona of the second half of that giraffe on St. Charles. No can of dogfood or red crayon or flamingo on Tchoupitoulas can hold a flame, though, to the Queens of the Quarter. The Queen contest among the gays is an extravaganza of art and glitter; with some, it took one person to fill the costume and a handful of others to *support* it – arches, bridges, tunnels, rainbows; heavy stuff. The winners pirouetted on a grandstand above a crush of thousands in one small block and tourists paid to have their pictures taken beside such royalty.

Pictures, in fact, could express all you ever need to know about Mardi Gras here, at least the part of it I was unfortunate enough to spend a full day caught up in. (I hear it's best in neighborhoods, when you see all your lifelong friends at their best.)

I'm doing passing well in investigations; Nicholas is at his peak as a private nose; and Hubba the Cat runs a neighborhood organization of flea-gatherers. We're here to serve should you come this way.

Is it soup yet?

Jennifer was the first editor of Facing South *and an editor for* Southern Exposure. *She hosted our infamous volleyball games. Nicholas is a collie.*

The New Orleans ex-staffers: Jennifer Miller, Clare Jupiter and Pat Bryant.

A TRIBUTE TO GUEST EDITORS

Throughout *Southern Exposure's* history, guest editors have volunteered their talents and vision to produce some of the all-time best editions of this journal. By conceiving, assigning and editing articles for their book-length, theme-oriented issues, each of these gifted individuals entered our world of whirling madness and excruciating routines, and with miraculous consistency, pushed forth yet another marvelous, totally unique book. There was never then, nor is there now, a way to thank them enough for their generosity, wisdom, and plain hard work. To you who were never officially on staff, but who contributed easily as much as we fulltimers to the development of *Southern Exposure*, we sing praises to your names:

Frank Adams, *Just Schools*
Toni Cade Bambara, *Southern Black Utterances Today*
Bob Brinkmeyer, *Festival: Celebrating Southern Literature*
Tony Dunbar, *Still Life: Inside Southern Prisons*
Jacquelyn Dowd Hall, *Generations: Women in the South*
Tobi Lippin, *Working Women*
Stephen March, *Festival: Celebrating Southern Literature*
Tema Okun, *Through the Hoop: Southern Sports*
Tom Schlesinger, *Building South*
Jim Sessions, *On Jordan's Stormy Banks: Southern Religion*
Bill Troy, *On Jordan's Stormy Banks: Southern Religion*
Allen Tullos, *Long Journey Home: Southern Folklife*
Peter Wood, *Through the Hoop: Southern Sports*
Candace Waid, *Generations: Women in the South*

CARY FOWLER

My association with the Institute began as the third issue of *Southern Exposure* ("No More Moanin'") was being mailed to subscribers. Returning to North Carolina from a year of graduate studies in Sweden, I found that the journal had moved from Atlanta to Chapel Hill. I sought it out and found it – in the kitchen of Bob and Jackie Hall's home. As a volunteer I spent many hours in that kitchen. Stuffing, sorting and stamping envelopes, editing book reviews and talking politics were the main fare. And it was there at the kitchen table that Jackie gave me my first painful lessons in writing. Together with Bill Finger, Chip Hughes and the Atlanta staff of Sue Thrasher and Leah Wise, we produced some issues of the journal I am still proud of today. And on the weekends, the Chapel Hill crew teamed up to produce one nasty volleyball team.

I spent my youth involved in politics in Memphis. But my heart was with my grandmother and her farm near Jackson, Tennessee. It never occurred to me that politics and agriculture could mix until we began work on *Southern Exposure*'s "Our Promised Land" issue. By the time it went to press, I had found a calling that felt intellectually, emotionally and politically comfortable. I have worked on agricultural politics ever since.

First, I took a leave of absence from the Institute to co-author *Food First: Beyond the Myth of Scarcity* with Frances Moore Lappe and Joseph Collins. Then in 1978, I joined the staff of the National Sharecroppers Fund/Rural Advancement Fund. I now direct that organization's programs. We are involved in organizing farmers to fight farm foreclosures and in lobbying efforts in Washington and North Carolina on behalf of family farmers. In addition, I am in the final stages of writing a book on the takeover of the seed industry by multinational petrochemical corporations and the danger to agriculture posed by the loss of crop genetic resources.

My leave of absence from the Institute has now lasted eight years with no end in sight. But I wish it well and congratulate it on 10 important and worthwhile years of struggle.

Cary Fowler in the office of the National Sharecroppers Fund in Pittsboro, N.C.

BOB ARNOLD

One thing has not changed since February, 1978, when I left the *Southern Exposure* staff: I'm still working long hours for low pay. During my two-and-a-half-year tenure I learned to do corporate research, develop educational programs for unions, do bookstore accounts, interviews, a little writing, a lot of general research, typesetting and other skills I've probably forgotten. But from that rich range of experience I blew it all and ended up owning a typesetting/graphic arts company.

After two-and-a-half stormy years of rank-and-file organizing in Birmingham – marked by run-ins with the Klan, fights with corrupt union leaders, arrests for union organizing, being red-baited and fined – I lost my job as a welder at Pullman Standard when the plant closed. My wife, Jennifer Gunn, and I purchased a Comp IV phototypesetting unit and set up shop in the back of our house. We bought the equipment to continue publishing anti-Klan and rank-and-file newsletters we had recently started. (Both are published today. And we still do the typesetting).

To pay for the equipment we picked up some commercial accounts. News of our great service and low prices quickly spread, and we've had to move three times in the past two years to accommodate our growth.

Of course, if I had never learned to operate the IBM composer, I wouldn't be working at 10:30 p.m. on Saturday in a vain attempt to meet 40 impossible deadlines. Every night, usually between midnight and two a.m., as I slowly sink to the floor in exhaustion, I take the name of *Southern Exposure* in vain and mutter a special epithet for Joe Pfister, the man who taught me how to typeset. When I get up at five in the morning to face more of the same, my days at *Southern Exposure* are remembered in the same manner.

But the true legacy of days in North Carolina lies elsewhere. My work at *Southern Exposure* gave me an appreciation of the peculiar culture, history and political dynamics of the South, and my exposure to union organizing in the J.P. Stevens campaign still drives me to be involved in rank-and-file movements. These emotions, understandings and commitments are built upon the experimental foundation I formed up "north," working with the Institute. Those two-and-a-half years were exciting, fun and one helluva challenge. The impact they had on the direction my life has taken since then is enormous.

So there it is. Quit writing letters and quit calling me – I wrote it. I've even enclosed $20 for a one-year subscription. Just a small contribution to show I believe in what I did then and support what y'all are doing now.

Nostalgically yours.

SUSAN ANGELL

Images flourish when I hear the name *Southern Exposure*. Constructing the new office in Chapel Hill that was soon without heat. Typesetting late into the night. Volleyball on Sunday at Jennifer's [Miller]. Hot lunches at the Carolina Cafe. The red truck.

Seven years ago, the Institute for Southern Studies was in a transitional stage, where first and second generation staff members re-evaluated our direction. For many of us, understanding how the Institute had begun was an important agenda item. Deciding what the journal should be, what the priorities of the Institute were, and how we would relate to one another were important questions to each of us. We were at the point of translating our individual ideas into a shared, spoken vision that would bind us. As awkward and occasionally painful as this translation was, I think we were straining to grow personally and as a group; we were trying to improve. At the same time, we all enjoyed each other's company and felt a commitment to each other as people.

Susan Angell in Washington, her new home.

Since leaving the Institute in 1978, I have completed law school, and have worked on First Amendment cases and done research for the McNeil/Lehrer television news show. My main interest is in contributing skills to the defense of civil rights. I hope that everyone says that no one ever really leaves *Southern Exposure.* Sharing that experience keeps one close even after a long absence. I feel we can still count on each other. That trust and affection also keeps me in touch with the present staff in spirit, something which makes me quite glad.

STEVE HOFFIUS

I left *Southern Exposure* in May, 1976, for Charleston, South Carolina, thinking it would be the perfect place to greet the Bicentennial. It wasn't bad, and it beats those brutal Durham winters, so I've stayed. Susan Dunn, now an attorney here, and I were married in '76, and had a daughter, Anna Dunn Hoffius, in June, 1981. The best parts of my days are filled with Anna. With two friends, we bought a house in downtown Charleston in 1981.

I've worked at a bookstore and a Johns Island azalea farm. For a year, I worked as a consultant for the Palmetto Alliance, Inc., an anti-nuclear group here, writing their newsletter, fact sheets and helping with funding proposals. I've periodically tried my hand at freelance writing and have regularly run away screaming. I've toyed with various book projects, and am now finishing a novel for 10-to-12-year-olds, a ghost/adventure tale that takes place near here. The South Carolina Sea Grant Consortium now has hold of some of my time, involving various writing, editing and design tasks.

I am proud to announce that I still possess the pen that was presented to me by the staff of *Southern Exposure* at a teary farewell luncheon in 1976. It's the only pen I haven't lost within an hour and a half. It still writes beautifully.

CHRIS WALTERS-BUGBEE

By the time I signed on, late in 1976, *Southern Exposure* had already charged into its fourth year with here-come-a-wind audacity, bearing a special double issue on Labor in the South, while threatening the hard-to-impress with soon-to-be-published closeups on (gasp) Women and (omigod) Religion.

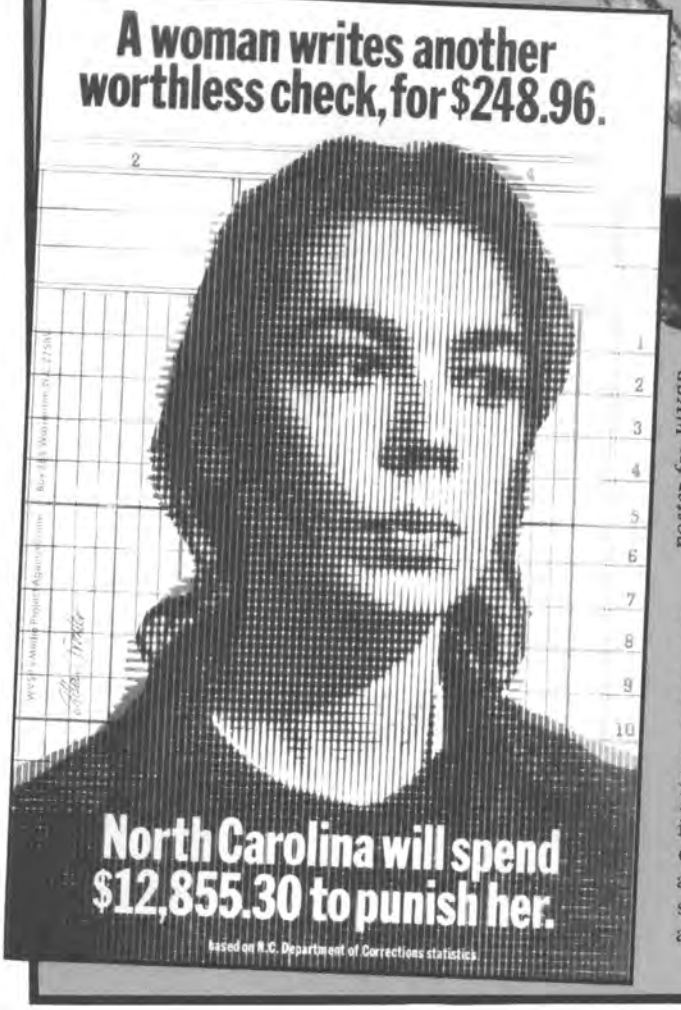
By then, it had already acquired a name either as "a place to go to see and feel and hear real Southerners in all their variety and complexity," or as "the office above the stereo store and behind the sandle-maker," depending on whether you were Robert Coles watching from Harvard Yard, or one of the many who trod those stairs to the offices under the eaves, drawn by the scent of burnt coffee. Back in those days, "nobody was writing about the South the way we did" – a grand and ever-changing crew of irregulars lurching relentlessly from special issue to special issue in search of the big ones – Health, Folklife, Prison, you name it – we covered the waterfront. And we aimed to write the book on it four times a year, counting the double issues. (You were supposed to count the double issues.) More than enough, we promised, and the effort took its toll in staff and guest editors. The magazine continued – even grew – and employees got major medical.

Time passed. The magazine took on new visual confidence with each new designer and is now lovely to look at, a sight for sore eyes, a pleasure to behold. And easier to read. This magazine has always had heart, but it wears its humor more openly and easily nowadays, and that's good. Good humor is hard to come by even in the best of times, yet the magazine has always had more than enough of that rare commodity to share.

I signed on initially to pitch in on the religion issue; I stayed on through seven more issues, until I left to cover the religion beat more regularly as editor of the monthly newspaper published by the Episcopal Diocese of North Carolina. Now I work in Raleigh, and *Southern Exposure* has moved to a two-story brick building in Durham. I don't miss the old offices; I do miss working together. Happy Birthday to us.

Steve Hoffius, Susan Dunn and a most precocious daughter, Anna.

ALLAN TROXLER



poster for WVSP, Warrenton, NC

anti-nuke march, NYC, 1982

photo / Ben Fewel

Since *Southern Exposure*, I'm a few steps further along on an erratic path skirting propaganda and ornament– what's expected of political artists on the one hand, and gay artists on the other. I've been a book designer, janitor, puppetmaker and carpenter. I've found special delight in folkdancing with gay brothers and other outsiders, and the laughter wells up and splashes over. That's when I'm surest about weaving together life, art and politics.

button for NC's first gay rights march

KATHLEEN ZOBEL

Editor's note: We received this note from the Japanese countryside where Kathleen Zobel Ball and her husband and two-year-old daughter are now traveling. They are living in Tokyo for a year.

Today we rode a bus way up into the mountains to visit an ancient (restored) town of incredible beauty. The drive through forests of Japanese cedar and bamboo was such a delight after the constant noise and crowding of Tokyo.

As usual, the people have been so generous it is almost shocking. On the train today a lady saw Daisy eyeing her snacks so treated us to one good thing after another. All we could do was bow and thank her repeatedly. But this kind of spontaneous (extravagant, sometimes) generosity occurs almost daily. And, it seems catching. Several American, German and Canadian new acquaintances back in Tokyo have amazed us with their openness and warmth.

Meanwhile, language study is going very badly – I despair of ever really being able to converse. And reading is even worse. It's really a weird sensation being in a city plastered with signs and understanding nothing. (Restful, in a way, I suppose, until I plunge into a man-hole or pick up a live electrical cable because I didn't read the sign saying, "Warning! Danger!")

Daisy's surviving the chaos quite well – at home she has carved out her little world of play in the park, nursery school two mornings a week, riding her tricycle in the driveway of the university building next door. She's been talking a lot in nonsense syllables – preparation, we think, for Japanese. Travel (sightseeing) is hard on her, though. Why all the fuss over a shrine, ocean, tree or mountain? She glances with cold blue eyes, then turns back to more interesting things, like pebbles in the pathway, or ice cream for sale nearby.

Kathleen was editor of Facing South *and an editor of* Southern Exposure.

Gordon Ball, Kathleen Zobel and Daisy, who looks like the only one troubled by the cold winds of Virginia Beach.

CLARE JUPITER

I visited Chapel Hill in the spring of 1976, mainly to see Duke and the University of North Carolina, where I was trying to get into law school. One evening I attended a meeting of the Institute, which formed my lasting impression of its style: soft voices, long pauses, easy laughter, a laidbackness, the unstated collective ideal.

From time to time over the next two years, I picnicked and partied with my Institute friends, read an occasional article, stuffed an occasional envelope. Shortly before graduation, a job prospect I was counting on fell through. I asked Bob Hall for a job from May until August. He agreed if I would extend it to September; I finally made it back to New Orleans in December.

That brief stint taught me this: little people can do it all. With a shoestring budget and no prior experience, a small bunch of people put out a classy magazine that inspired and encouraged readers, gave them ideas and made waves.

It was an enjoyable time, too. I took long walks, drove through beautiful countryside, met fascinating people and did more fun-reading than ever before. But Chapel Hill was not home; it was in fact a little bit unreal.

Now I'm a lawyer with a small firm in New Orleans handling a varied civil practice. I love it, but I feel I don't really fit in the combative stress-filled world of trial lawyers. The Institute is partly the reason, and I am grateful.

PAT BRYANT

I am currently a field editor for *Southern Exposure* and a staff member of the Southeast Project on Human Needs and Peace. The Southeast Project is currently assisting leaders of the resurgent tenant movement. The work includes bi-monthly peer-group workshops and individual counseling with tenant leaders in Birmingham, Alabama, and in cities between Mobile, Alabama, and New Orleans, Louisiana.

We have begun a process which we hope will help build and make stronger a new movement for justice in the South. That movement would support changing the nation's priorities from racism and militarism to a commitment in housing, health care, full employment, nutrition, education, and other human needs for all.

Our work developing these housing activists and strengthening their network is designed to make them ready for leadership in a new peace movement which is multi-racial. Our work begins partly out of the realization that the U.S. peace movement is not broad enough to force changes in our nation's military priorities. That must come from the kind of movement we called the "Freedom Movement" of the '50s and '60s.

This work started from a project initiated by the Institute when it updated its first issue of *Southern Exposure* on militarism in the South with the publication of "Waging Peace." I enjoyed my full-time work on the staff and my hair started to gray in the final stages of production of "Stayed on Freedom." But I'm still singing!

photo by Mary Ruth Robinson

Pat Bryant, Tom Schlesinger and Al Thompson at a Memphis "Waging Peace" conference.

FRANK HOLYFIELD

Dream, 2 Feb. '83

Setting: Post-nuclear world. I, and apparently a lot of other people, are living in a bank lobby. I am surrounded by a number of creepy and automaton-like characters, with orangy clumped hair (Claribelle clown), like in a grade-B post-nuclear-world movie. Suddenly, a princess enters, borne aloft on a dais. She surveys her surroundings, obviously the center of attention, and then asks: "Well, am I a good dog or a bad dog?"

The automatons shuffle and mutter: "dog...dog...dog..."

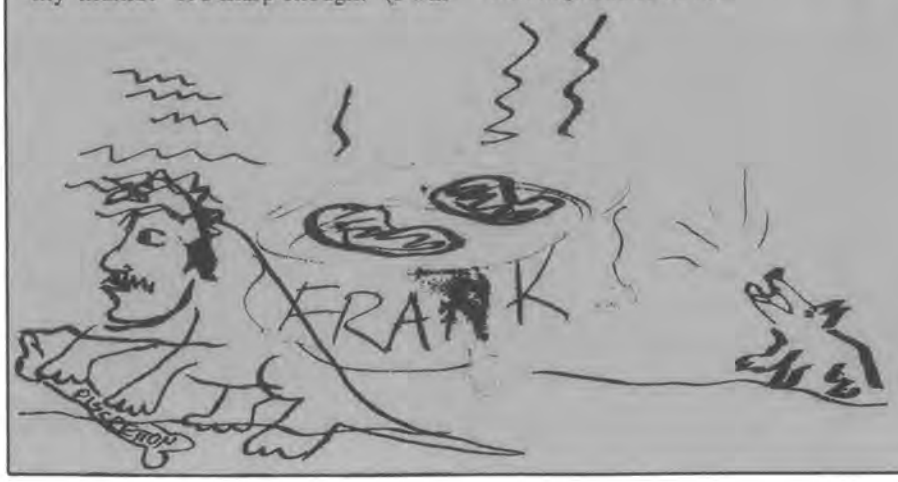
Dream, 3 Feb. '83

I am asleep in my bedroom and my brother is asleep in the same room. I am surreptitiously sharpening a knife (it is kind of comb-shaped, with six blades) with a whet-stone, under the covers. I touch a blade and it cuts my thumb. "It's sharp enough." (I will admit to having eaten a steak before retiring.)

Working at the Institute was a memorable experience for me. However, since leaving, I have been assured that modern psychotherapy will allow me to lead a relatively normal life. You all were, and still are, like a family to me. I am glad to be able to maintain contact through projects like Marc's [Miller] play and just dropping by, in addition to doing the *Facing South* illustrations.

I include a drawing my friend Bob did of me, combining both loved-one and dog motifs, so it seemed appropriate. (It also shows the steaks cooking.)

Frank was the designer of Southern Exposure *for two years and has done all the drawings for* Facing South *since its inception in 1976.*



Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

AGENT ORANGE
AGRIBUSINESS
ALBANY MOVEMENT
ANGOLA PRISON
ANTI-KLAN STRATEGIES
ANTI-LYNCHING CAMPAIGN
APOCALYPSE
APPALACHIA
ARCHITECTURE
ARISTOCRACY
ART & POLITICS
ASSEMBLIES
ATHLETES
BANJO
BANKER PONIES
BAPTISTS
BASKETBALL
BATTLE & A BALLAD
BIRDS & BEES
BLACK BUILDERS
BLACK POWER
BLACK WRITERS
BLOOD MONEY
BOLL WEEVIL
BOMBS
BOONDOGGLE
BOYCOTT
BROWN LUNG
CAJUNS & CREOLES
CAMP MEETING
CARPENTER
CHANUKAH
CHARISMA
CHEROKEE
CHICANO
CHURCHES
CITY SLICKER
CIVIL DEFENSE
COALMINING WOMEN
COCA-COLA
COCKFIGHT
COLONIZED SOUTH
CONVERSION
CONVICT LABOR
COONDOG
COUNTER-CULTURE
DAMN DAM
DANVILLE MOVEMENT
DAY CARE
DEATH ROW
DECKHAND
DEPRESSION
DISNEY WORLD
DOMESTICS
DRAFT
EDUCATION
ELECTION
EMANCIPATION
EMMA
ENDANGERED SPECIES
ENGINEERS
FAMILY REUNION
FARMING
FBI
FEMINISM
FISHERS
FORESTS
FREEDOM SCHOOLS
GAMES
GENOCIDE
GRAND OLE OPRY
GREAT GRANDDADDY
GREENSBORO SIT-IN
GREENVILLE
GROUP HOME
GROWING UP GAY
HAZARDOUS WASTE
HEALTH
HOBOES & HARMONICAS
HOOKWORM
HOT SPRINGS
HUNTING
HURRICANE
IMAGES
IMMIGRANTS
IMPROVISATION
INCOME
INDIAN CURES
INDIVIDUALISM
INVESTIGATOR
ISLANDS
JACKSON
JAMAICA
JEWISH CHILDHOOD
JOBS
JOURNEY
JUDGEMENT
JUKERS
JUNETEENTH
KIDNAPPED
KINGSPORT
KU KLUX KLAN
LABOR UNIONS
LAND LOSS
LAND OWNERSHIP
LEARNING
LOBBY
LONGHORNS
LOOMS & LOCKOUTS
MASSACRE
MEDDLING
MENHADEN
MIAMI
MIDWIFE
MIGRANT STREAM
MILITARY MONEY
MINNIE PEARL
MOSQUITO
MOUNTAIN DEVELOPMENT
MOVEMENT
NEGRO BASEBALL LEAGUE
NEIGHBORHOODS
NEW ORLEANS
NEWS MEDIA
NEW SOUTH POLITICS
NONVIOLENCE
NUCLEAR POWER
OIL
OLD REGULAR BAPTISTS
ORAL HISTORY
OREGON INLET
ORGANIZED CRIME
ORGANIZER
OSHA
PAN-AFRICANISM
PEONAGE
POPULISM
PREACHER
PUBLISHING
QUALITY OF LIFE
QUILTING
RAILROAD
RAISING CANE
RED BAITING
REGIONS
RESISTERS
REVIVAL
ROCKABILLY
ROVING PICKET
RUNAWAY
SABOTAGE
SAVANNAH
SHAPE NOTE SINGING
SHARECROPPING
SHELL HOUSING
SIT-DOWN STRIKE
SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN HELL
SOCIALIST COMMUNITY
SOYBEANS
SPIES
SPIRIT
STOCK CARS
STRIP MINING
SUFFRAGIST
SUNBELT
TAX REVOLT
TENANT FARMER
TELEPHONE WORKER
TEXTILES
THEATRE
TIMBER
TOBACCO
TRAILERS
ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE
UNCLE REMUS
UNDERGROUND PRESS
UNION BUSTERS
URANIUM
URBAN RENEWAL
UTILITIES
UTOPIA
VALUES
VIETNAM
VIGILANTE VIOLENCE
VISION
VOTING RIGHTS
WATERCOLORS
WESTERN SWING
WETLANDS
WHEEL OF FORTUNE
WOBBLIES
WOMEN'S LIBERATION
WOODCUTTER
WORKERS' OWNERSHIP
WRESTLING
WRITING
X-KLANSMAN
X-RATED HUMOR
YESTERDAY
YOUNG VOICES
YOUTH
ZOMBIE
ZORA NEALE HURSTON
ZYDECO

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

EXCERPTS FROM TEN YEARS OF SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

AGENT ORANGE

In January, 1982, 26 Agent Orange victims and their families from Georgia and other Southern states filed suit against the government on behalf of themselves and the approximately 2.4 million American servicemen exposed to Agent Orange between 1962 and 1971. The veterans, many of whom came to the suit through Agent Orange Victims of Atlanta, have demanded that the Veterans Administration stop using powerful mood-altering drugs to treat them, provide adequate medical care, including genetic counseling, and notify veterans of potential health hazards connected with exposure to Agent Orange. They charge the VA with medical malpractice in treating the diseases and illnesses caused by exposure to dioxin.

Lynda Gwaltney's 34-year-old husband Robert was exposed to the herbicide Agent Orange while serving in Vietnam; he died in April, 1980, of a blood cancer usually suffered only by elderly men.

Lynda Gwaltney: As soon as he came back he had a rash on his body. He complained of getting it while he was there. He had lots of complaints about his stomach also. But his psychological problems were what I had to notice most. He would go into depressions. He was paranoid. He kept a little black book on people he thought were trying to do things to him. Before he had been so easy-going, a gentleman. He was raised to be a very calm and loving man.

In about 1976, he discovered he had a knot on his neck. It started off very small and it kept growing and growing and growing. He didn't have hospitalization and put off going to the doctor. Finally he went to the VA. It didn't take them long to figure out he had a type of blood cancer.

Photo courtesy Southeast Asia Resource Center

Four years later, it was like he was 80 years old. He looked like a living skeleton. There is no nightmare that could have been as horrible. In the end, he had no skin because of the radiation treatment, I guess. For his skin to come off under my fingernails and you realize it's your husband. To have him under my fingernails!

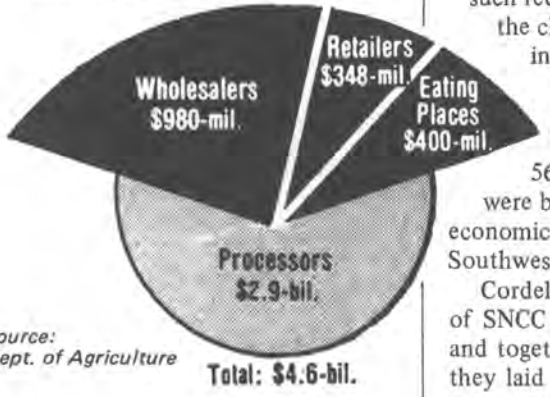
*– Celia Dugger, "Endless War," **Stepping Stones** (1982: X, 2), pp. 48-55.*

AGRIBUSINESS

If a whole dictionary of words existed to describe the structure of U.S. agriculture, the most important word therein would be "concentration." Concentration is what has happened to farming in our lifetime. Six million, eight-hundred thousand farms in 1935 have dwindled to barely 2.7 million today. In 1969 fewer than 52,000 farms, 1.9 percent of all farms, accounted for one-third of total farm sales. To take that a little farther, three-quarters of all farm products came from only one-fifth of all farms.

Concentration in the food industry only begins with the farmer, who, if not a large producer, often works under contractual arrangements with a giant corporation that controls both supply and demand and thus the prices in the farmer's locality. After food leaves the farm it falls into the hands of the processor. Twenty-four (out of 32,000) of these middle-men handle 57 percent of food sales in the U.S. From there the finished product goes to one of a handful of national chain grocery stores in which most of us shop. Few consumers realize that the Hostess Cup Cakes, Wonder Bread and those "old-fashioned, down-home" Gwaltney Meat Products they buy come from ITT. Our turkey comes from Greyhound, our lettuce from Dow Chemical and our tomatoes from Gulf and Western. The multinationals and conglomerates that control food items from your field to your dinner plate have attacked traditional agriculture on all sides. The vertical and contractual integration they represent now encompasses:

FOOD MARKETING PROFITS, 1973



Source: Dept. of Agriculture

51 percent of fresh vegetables
95 percent of processed vegetables
70 percent of potatoes
85 percent of citrus fruits
40 percent of other fruits and nuts
100 percent of sugar cane and sugar beets
80 percent of seed crops
98 percent of fluid-grade milk
40 percent of eggs
97 percent of broilers
54 percent of turkeys

The effect of this brand of concentration on the small family farmer is devastating. As the Agribusiness Accountability Project documents, "Boeing might be an inept potato farmer, but its ability to merge, to vertically integrate, to advertise, to invest huge sums of money and to attract government subsidies is enough to overwhelm real potato farmers in the American Northwest."

– *Bill Finger, Cary Fowler and Chip Hughes, "Special Report on Food, Fuel and Fiber: Agribusiness Gets the Dollar," **Our Promised Land** (1974, II, 2-3), pp. 145-210.*

ALBANY MOVEMENT

In August of 1961, Charles Sherrod, then a recent graduate of Virginia Union University and a leader of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), went to Terrell County, Georgia, to start a voter registration project. The U.S. Justice Department had filed an injunction to stop county officials from segregating the voting and registration process. It was the first such federal action in Georgia. But the climate of fear and repression in "Terrible Terrell" was such that Sherrod decided to move his organizing work to Albany, then a city of 56,000, 40 percent of whom were black. It was the geographic, economic and social center of all of Southwest Georgia.

Cordell Reagon and Charles Jones of SNCC joined Sherrod in Albany and together with local black leaders they laid the groundwork for a mass movement that would capture the imagination of the nation.

Later that year, in a report to SNCC, Sherrod said: "When we first came to Albany, the people were afraid, really afraid. Sometimes we'd walk down the streets and the little kids would call us 'Freedom Riders' and the people walking in the same direction would go across the street from us, because they were afraid; they didn't want to be connected with us any way . . . . Many of the ministers were afraid that their churches would be bombed, that their homes would be stoned. There was fear in the air, and if we were to progress we knew that we must cut through that fear.

Photo by Joe Pfister

We thought and we thought . . . and the students were the answer. We drew young people from the colleges, trade schools, high schools and from the street. They were searching for a meaning in life."

They began holding meetings with the young people in church basements, homes or wherever people would let them meet. They talked about their problems, how they felt, what it meant to be black, how they were denied the rights of citizenship and even the basic human dignities. The SNCC workers talked about non-violent action, possibilities of protests and organizing drives. "Every night," says Sherrod, "we grew larger and larger." They trained themselves in nonviolent tactics as they prepared to challenge segregation in Albany that fall.

– *Joe Pfister, "Twenty Years and Still Marching," **Who Owns Appalachia** (1982: IX, 1), pp. 20-27.*

ANGOLA PRISON

In 1900 the Louisiana Prison Control Board purchased an 8,000-acre farm called "Angola," a name obscurely derived from a Latin word for "place of anguish." Shortly after the farm was purchased, the state established a prison on the site. Later, this purchase was augmented by 10,000 additional acres of land.

By the late 1960s more than 4,000 men were crammed into Angola's facilities, built to hold no more than 2,600. Inmate-on-inmate violence, stabbings, sexual abuse and killings had reached epidemic proportions. Both guards and prisoners feared for their lives. Adequate medical care was lacking. Sanitation hazards existed everywhere: a 20-year-old accumulation of raw sewage under the Main Prison kitchen and dining hall had created an unbelievable stench and rodent problem.

In late 1968, four Angola prisoners filed suit against the state. In 1973, after the U.S. Department of Justice intervened on behalf of the prisoners, Federal Judge E. Gordon West said that conditions at Angola should

Photo by Burt Steele

"shock the conscience of any right-thinking person." In 1975 he declared conditions at Angola to be unconstitutional and prohibited the prison from accepting any more prisoners until the population declined below 2,640. He ordered the state to improve security, medical care and food service; to decentralize the penitentiary by building full facilities elsewhere as well as at Angola; to eliminate fire, sanitation and health hazards; and to desegregate the prison.

Prison reformers, abolitionists and socially concerned public officials hailed the court order, calling it a "godsend," a message from the federal courts that would ultimately bring Louisiana's prison system out of the dark ages.

Their hopes were short-lived. To be sure, some changes occurred at the sprawling prison farm. But today, three years after West's ruling, Angola remains a sewer of degradation – primitive, coercive and dehumanizing. The state's response to the order has been short-sighted and irrational. For example, to reduce Angola's prison population to 2,640, the Department of Corrections began refusing to accept state-sentenced prisoners housed in parish jails. As a result, nearly 2,000 prisoners who would have been transferred to Angola remained instead in crowded, antiquated local jails. Asked about the overcrowded situation, Governor Edwin Edwards callously remarked: "It's not my problem. I don't have any relatives in jail."

*– John Vodicka, "Prison Plantation: The Story of Angola," **Still Life** (1978: VI, 4), pp. 32-38.*

ANTI-KLAN STRATEGIES: I

Brother Yusuf is deeply and creatively involved in the community – or rather his several communities of neighborhood, masjid, restaurant clientele, the music world, the city. He belongs to or holds office in several organizations. He holds tutoring sessions for young musicians, plays at numerous benefits, and hosts a jazz series on a local educational TV station.

His two favorite organizing methods, though, are greeting everyone as "Brother" or "Sister," often with a friendly hug – and his role as broom ambassador. Often, he takes his broom and goes down the streets near his home and business sweeping up trash and talking to neighbors. He figures that continuous exposure to his example will get other people concerned about each other and their community.

Brother Yusuf thinks that the spiritual and moral strengthening of the African-American is the most effective strategy against groups like the Klan:

"The nigger mentality de-africanized the African. They wore sheets because they knew we were scared of spooks. The Klan was invented to scare *niggers*, not *Africans*.

"We've got too many things to be worrying about [to think about]

Photo by Wekesa Madzimoyo

somebody like the Klan that might be meeting in some club talking about what they want to do – just as long as they don't do it.

"The way I fight the Klan is to communicate with my Caucasian brothers and sisters that are reaching out, and create that positive energy, so we can hold hands and roll up our sleeves and do something together. While that mentality that is dying *is* dying, we can be working together to make the tombstone of racism."

*– Interview with Brother Yusuf Salim by Marilyn Roaf, "Set A Positive Example," **Mark of the Beast** (1980: VIII, 2), pp. 44-46.*

ANTI-KLAN STRATEGIES: II

The Klan started by circulating a petition. To gather signatures they set up a table in the county courthouse square in Monroe. The petition stated that Dr. Perry and I should be permanently driven out of Union County because we were members and officials

of the Communist-NAACP. The Klan claimed 3,000 signatures in the first week. In the following week they claimed 3,000 more.

When they discovered that this could not intimidate us, they decided to take direct action. After their rallies they would drive through our community in motorcades and they would honk their horns and fire pistols from the car windows. On one occasion they caught a colored woman on an isolated street corner and they made her dance at pistol point.

Since the city officials wouldn't stop the Klan, we decided to stop the Klan ourselves. We started this action out of the need for defense, because law and order had completely vanished – because there was no such thing as a Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution in Monroe, North Carolina. The local officials refused to enforce law and order and when we turned to federal and state officials to enforce law and order they either refused or ignored our appeals.

So we started arming ourselves. I wrote to the National Rifle Association in Washington, which encourages veterans to keep in shape to defend their native land, and asked for a charter, which we got. In a year we had 60 members. We had bought some guns too, in stores, and later a church in the North raised money and got us better rifles. The Klan discovered we were arming and guarding our community. In the summer of 1957 they made one big attempt to stop us. An armed motorcade attacked Dr. Perry's house, which is situated on the outskirts of the colored community. We shot it out with the Klan and repelled their attack and the Klan didn't have any more stomach for this type of fight. They stopped raiding our community. After this clash the same city officials who said the Klan had a constitutional right to organize met in an emergency session and passed a city ordinance banning the Klan from Monroe without a special permit from the police chief.

*– Robert Williams "1957: Swimming Pool Showdown," **Mark of the Beast** (1980: VIII, 2), pp. 22-24.*

Photo courtesy Charlotte Observer

ANTI-LYNCHING CAMPAIGN

The complicity of a moderate governor, the burning of the courthouse, reprisals against the black community – all brought the Sherman, Texas lynching unusual notoriety. But George Hughes's death typified a deeply rooted tradition of extralegal racial violence.

Unlike other incidents in this bloody record, the Sherman lynching called forth a significant white response. In 1892, a black Memphis woman, Ida B. Wells Barnett, had initiated a one-woman anti-lynching campaign; after 1910, the NAACP carried on the struggle. But the first sign of the impact of this black-led movement on Southern whites came in 1930 when a Texas suffragist named Jessie Daniel Ames, moved by the Hughes lynching, launched a white women's campaign against lynching. Over the next 14 years, members of the Atlanta-based Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching sought to curb mob murder by disassociating the image of the Southern lady from its connotations of female vulnerability and retaliatory violence. They declared:

> *"Lynching is an indefensible crime. Women dare no longer allow themselves to be the cloak behind which those bent upon personal revenge and savagery commit acts of violence and lawlessness in the name of women. We repudiate this disgraceful claim for all time."*

From evangelical women's missionary societies, Ames drew the movement's language and assumptions. From such secular organizations as the League of Women Voters and the Joint Legislative Council, she acquired the campaign's pragmatic, issue-oriented style. Active, policy-making membership consisted at any one time of no more than 300 women. But the Association's claim to represent the viewpoint of the educated, middle-class white women of the South depended on the 109 women's groups which endorsed the anti-lynching campaign and on the 44,000 individuals who signed anti-lynching pledges.

*– Jacquelyn Hall, "Women and Lynching," **Generations** (1976: IV, 4), pp. 52-54.*

Graphic by Allan Troxler

APOCALYPSE

On a normal day in 1903, Pine Bluff, Arkansas, was a city of 22,000 persons, almost equally black and white. Laborers and dirt farmers stood with wealthy landowners and merchants, waiting for the trains to rumble past the tracks on Main Street, clearing their way for a visit to the aptly named Big Store or, perhaps, Wiley Jones's Saloon. Foundries and lumber yards blended their screeches and blasts with the bleating train whistles to create the distinctive cacophony of

a growing, aggressive city.

Friday, May 29, 1903, was not a normal day. Foundries were silent, lumber yards deserted, and railroads carried only outbound passengers.

An estimated eight to 10 thousand residents of Pine Bluff abandoned most of their property and fled to the countryside; they were awaiting the destruction of their city, as prophesied by a sincere young black woman named Ellen Burnett.

In January, 1903, Ellen began feeling apprehensive, as if she were in danger, for no apparent reason. Finally, on May 8, she had her first vision.

"I went into a trance and saw a vision of the city of Pine Bluff being destroyed. I could not tell how it was being done and could see the town only by the vivid flashes of lightning in the darkness that was so deep that I could almost feel it. I saw mothers throw their infants away from them in their frenzy, thinking it was better that they should perish, if by doing so they could get away. And I saw mothers and fathers trample on their children, and the strong trample over the weak in their efforts to get away. Then I thought that I was taken to a place I suppose was heaven, although I did not hear anyone speak its name. I saw a man sitting on a great white throne, and all about me was a great white floor. I heard the man on the throne, who I knew was God, say to another tall man who wore a white robe and was barefooted, but whose face I could not see, to go and weigh the city. And he went and seemed to weigh the city in a great scale, and I heard him report to God that sin and grace were on an equality, and the God said: 'I am a just man, and I will not permit the just to suffer with the unjust.' And then He said to me: 'Go and warn my people to leave the city, and not to stop under six miles from it, for I will destroy the city and all that are therein.' Five nights later I saw great clouds come out of the south and the Lord appeared to me again and told me that He would destroy the city at 5 p.m. on May 29."

*– Robert Moody, "The Lord Selected Me," **Tower of Babel** (1979: VII, 4), pp. 4-10.*

APPALACHIA

Appalachia isn't poor. But its people are. (Per capita income still remains a scant 50 percent of the national average.) The people are poor because they don't own – and scarcely benefit from – the wealth of their region. Large, absentee, corporate property owners do. Increasingly associated with the giant energy conglomerates, it is these property owners who daily cart away the area's riches.

In Appalachia, property is theft.

It is an irony of history that many of the first settlers to come to the mountains around Cumberland Gap were the rebels. Here in Appalachia they found a place to escape the rapid industrialization of England and Europe, and to establish a new way of life free from the exploitative social relations which they had known before. As Jack Weller describes in *Yesterday's People*, some of the settlers came from the Levellers movement in Britain, where they had challenged the power of their English landlords, and came "in rebellion against a form of government that imposed its rules from the top."

But the freedom of the frontier mountains was changed in the late 1800s when coal and iron ore were discovered and were demanded to feed the new wave of industrialization. In the Cumberland Gap area, it was a young Scottish-Canadian capitalist, Alexander Arthur, who foresaw the Gap as an iron, coal and steel center. Backed by capital from Britain's Baring brothers, a company was formed, the American Association, Ltd. It quickly transformed the Yellow Creek Valley of Kentucky into the coal town of Middlesborough, named after its British counterpart.

In the short space of four years (1888-1892), an incredible $20 million of British capital poured into the area. Railroads, furnaces, industries, hotels, streets, lavish halls were built. Thousands of people – many fresh from England, others from the East and South – surged into the region. The town was quickly dubbed "The Magic City of the South," and by 1892 its magic was valued on the British stock exchange at over $40 million. Founding father Alexander Arthur, who came to be known as "Duke of the Cumberlands," proclaimed to a group of investors on November 11, 1890, "This is but a transfer of British business to American soil."

And, indeed, they did acquire soil – an estimated 80,000 acres in the Yellow Creek, Clear Fork and other valleys rich in timber and coal. The most famous historical account of the development of the area, ***Wilderness Road*** by Robert Kincaid, simply says the company acquired the land in a few months. But there is more to the story: residents describe, still with anger, how the agents tricked, threatened or forced the mountaineers to

Photo courtesy Library of Congress/FSA

give up their land. Some people, not knowing or caring about the value to the industrial world of the wealth beneath them, "voluntarily" sold the land for 50 cents or a dollar an acre. An entire mountain – from which Consolidated Coal now supplies Georgia Power over one million tons of coal and the American Association almost $200,000 annually – was reportedly traded to an agent of the company for a hog rifle.

*– John Gaventa, "Property is Theft," **Land and Energy** (1973: I, 2), pp. 42-52.*

ARCHITECTURE

Franchising, and consequently franchise architecture, have taken hold in America with a vengeance.

Today, there are literally hundreds of franchised industries. You can eat in franchises, sleep in them, have your hair done, wash your car, get a new muffler; you can bottle pop in franchises, brew beer, buy a car or the gas to drive it, even do your laundry in a franchise. Just about anything that's done by the average American on a fairly routine basis can be done in a franchise, and usually is.

What is disconcerting about franchise architecture in the context of the South is that as it becomes increasingly ubiquitous, it spreads its blandness freely, creating environments oblivious to local traditions and regional flavor. As franchising continues to tap an unrestrained market in the South, it shrouds much of what is significant and unique in our visual landscape. We are victims of a paradox: while the franchise buildings themselves are harmless enough, their awesome presence invades and weakens the integrity of our Southernness.

Architecture a la McDonald's is an architecture of communication, where building and image and salable product become one in the mind of the consumer. And it is specifically aimed at the high-speed, moving-picture world of the automobile. In the '30s, the owner of an ice cream or dairy stand, for example, might have fabricated his building in the shape of a giant milk bottle or ice cream freezer. The more bizarre the building, the more eye-catching and interesting the experience.

Today, that directness has been abstracted, a fact made necessary by changing social attitudes and made possible by huge chains and national advertising. But the building is still a sign, still a beacon to the motorist. Architecture serves the company's sales force, and marketing professionals still retain an important role in the execution and refinement of a design scheme. Basically, franchise architecture is not designed to please us, it's designed to attract us. The remarkable similarity of franchise design across the country is the result of huge companies aiming for similar markets, and their sheepish reliance on proven-effective materials and

imagery. We are not supposed to like the building, just remember it, and associate it with experiences effortlessly. It's a small task to ask of a building, which is why today's franchise architecture works so well.

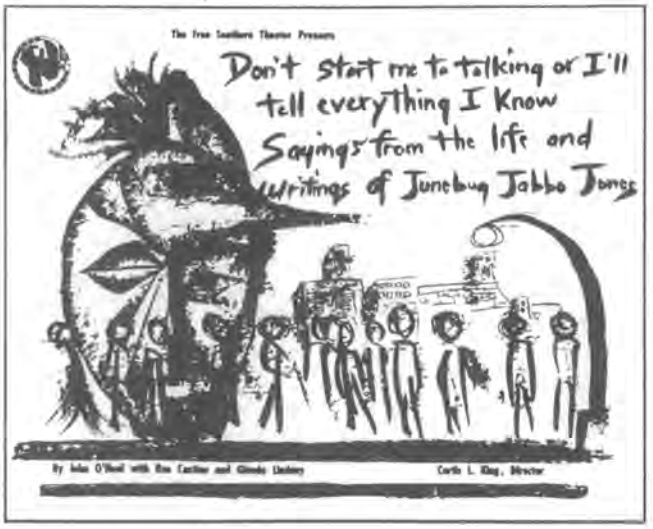
*– Douglas A. Yorke, Jr., "Kentucky Fried Design," **Building South** (1980: VIII, 1), pp. 70-73.*

ARISTOCRACY *From a photographic essay by Lucinda Bunnen entitled "A Gaggle of Georgians," in **Behind Closed Doors** (1979: VII, 1), pp. 71-75.*

Photo by Lucinda Bunnen

ART & POLITICS

We who work in the arts are supported by or limited by the social-political environment in which we work. When the political movement is doing well, many options and possibilities open up for us. Like every progressive political movement, the '60s liberated a great surge of creative energy. Regressive political trends tend to force the creative impulse into isolation. Dread, doom, fear, gloom and themes of sensual and erotic decadence juxtaposed to strident militarism come to the fore. Inevitably, as our Movement lost its orientation, so did most of our artists.



The general trend is especially evident in music. Music was one of the more important organizing tools of the Movement. It was used to inspire, educate, demonstrate, propagate and raise money. Every meeting had to begin and end with a song. The SNCC Freedom Singers became a popular attraction on campuses and in concert halls everywhere. In some cases traditional musicians appeared with the Freedom Singers. More often they traveled with seasoned performers like Pete Seeger and Dick Gregory. In order to structure the relationship between musicians and the Movement, the Folk Music Caravan was organized to produce concerts, festivals and other music activities in the South while continuing to work on fundraising.

The widespread interest in folk music that developed was reflective of the potency of the grassroots social movement. It was a perfect analogy. The power of spontaneous social movement, like the power of music, is more intuitive than rational. To be a part of a group of hundreds or thousands of people, marching together, singing together, united in pursuit of a purpose greater than each, yet valuable to all, is a compelling experience. It is humbling and uplifting to hear the voice of 10,000 people come out when you open your own mouth to sing. Artists who participated in such experiences were always profoundly affected, and it influenced their work. When the Movement was in the press every day, it acted as a magnet to people in the commerical entertainment industry and all other levels of cultural and artistic endeavor. As the Movement lost its orientation and focus, the flow of influence was restored to its reactionary norm. Artists, instead of being drawn into the orbit of the Movement, deserted the people's struggles for the alluring illusions of the Great White Way and Tinsel-Town. The same process that robbed the Movement of its leadership, robbed the people of their artists. In too many cases the leaders, artists and scholars did not simply desert the field of struggle but actually joined the ranks of those who profit from the people's misery.

*– John O'Neal, "Art and the Movement," **Stayed on Freedom** (1981: IX, 1), pp. 80-83.*

ASSEMBLIES

A decade ago, the Virginia Community Development Organization – under the leadership of black attorney Don Anderson – began organizing black people to take more control over their lives. In each county, town and city it penetrated, VCDO started an Assembly – a structure of representative democracy based on the British parliamentary system, through which people make and execute collective decisions. With varying degrees of success, VCDO, also known as the National Association for the Southern Poor, initiated more than 30 Assemblies in southeastern Virginia and northeastern North Carolina; the organization's dream is to spread the idea throughout the Black Belt South. . . .

Members of the Gates County Assembly find the formal structure of the Assembly the most effective vehicle to enable them to help themselves. Again and again, they stress how thoroughly the Assembly has organized the community, how orderly are its processes, how efficiently it has fostered communication, from one end of the county to the other, and within each neighborhood. They credit the Assembly with indirectly boosting the number of black public officials in the county through the momentum of organizing it has generated.

"The Assembly is our backbone," says Reverend James Walton, a semi-retired car mechanic, "because we can probe into so many areas. No matter what problem comes up, there's always somebody in the Assembly who can handle it."

Gates is a rural, agrarian county, with almost no industries except farming and logging. Blacks comprise 53 percent of the population but have had little say in what goes on in the county. There's a quiet pride in Isaac Battle's voice as he describes some of the dents black people have made in the local white power structure since he helped organize the Gates Assembly. "We knew that we had done things in a fragmented sort of way, either through the NAACP or the Gates Citizens Improvement League, and we had never come to grips with the fact that what we were doing was nothing. But in organizing in this [Assembly] fashion, we don't leave out any household, and everybody in the community knows what you are doing."

*– Clare Jupiter, "The Assemblies: A New Power Structure," **Behind Closed Doors** (1979: VII, 1), pp. 27-37.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

ATHLETES

Being an athlete has given me inner peace and has made me in tune to myself and people. Most of all because of athletics, I am a whole person. I am somewhat of a perfectionist, because sports is one of the avenues of mankind that never ceases to strive for excellence.

Athletics has enabled me to accept reality. I can accept the whole and not overlook the unpleasant. Athletics has helped me mentally, physically and morally. Through athletics I have experienced confusion, struggle, pain, failure, anxiety as well as success.

I had the pleasure of experiencing success and failure which I found to be an essential element of communicating with oneself, thus meaning freedom from insecurity.

The girls would tell me how muscular I looked; the boys would tell me how hard I was. As I grew older, I had difficulty with men who were non-athletes; later on I had difficulty dating other athletes because they expected me to idolize them and since I was an athlete too, I didn't think they were so great.

I am the only American female athlete who has placed or been in five Olympic Games with two Olympic Medals. I am truly thankful for such a lovely gift for I am one female athlete who is most richly blessed.

— *Willye White, "Being Two Different People,"* ***Through the Hoop*** *(1979: VII, 2), pp. 66-71.*

Photo by Dick Mauldin

BANJO

We tracked down James Phillips "Dink" Roberts, a banjoist and guitarist some 80 years old in January, 1974. Most of Dink's early memories are housed in oft-repeated anecdotes, one or another of which usually serves to answer any question about the past. Like other forms of folk narrative, these memories possess some constancy of wording and structure in their retelling. Certain characteristics of Dink's speech, its rhythmic cadences and two-fold repetition of phrases, find their way into his songs, and are of a piece with the patterns which crystallized in the country blues.

Dink is a skilled, sometimes inspired, performer and apparently his music once commanded great respect in Alamance County, North Carolina, where he has spent most of his life. He plays finger-style (up-picking) as well as clawhammer banjo and the slide guitar with a pocket knife. His performances are casual; his tunes possess little internal structure, and his verses migrate freely from song to song.

Dink Roberts: I don't know nothing but old pieces. I used to play guitar. I never will forget it. My second wife [Jewel], she bought me a guitar, brand-new guitar, and I never will forget it as long as I live. I said, "Well." And she said, "Now you ain't gonna open it 'til Christmas morning." I said, "You know I know old Santa." She said, "Yeah, but I'm not gonna let you take it out 'til Christmas morning." Well, Burch's Bridge, my brother-in-law lived across over there. Moon shining bright as day. There's two men, white men, and two white women — I'm telling you the God's truth — says "Uncle," says "How about playing that piece you was a coming down the road playing a while ago." I said, "I just got a guitar for Christmas,"

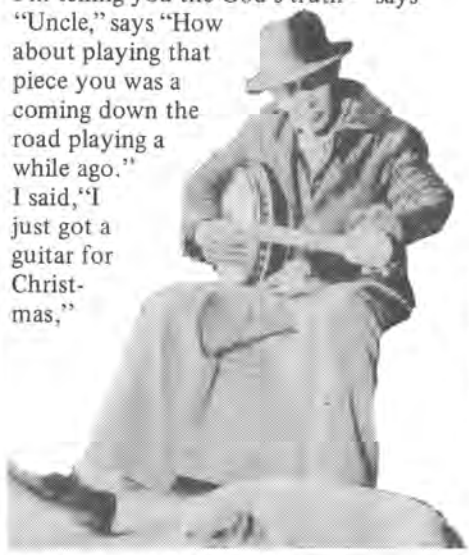


Photo by Leonard Rogoff

and I says, "Old lady didn't want me to take it out 'til Christmas morning." And I said, "Well, you know I know old Santa Claus," like you know. And I was playing "Careless Love." [They] said, "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do if you just play the piece coming down the hill there." And they had liquor and everything. Had a little old paper cup. Say, "Ya have a drink friend?" And I said, "Too much raised to fuse it!" I'm telling you I played two tunes, and they handed me six bucks. That's the truth. I could play then.

— *Cecelia Conway and Tommy Thompson, "Talking Banjo,"* ***America's Best Music*** *(1974: II, 1), pp. 63-66.*

BANKER PONIES

You've heard of the banker ponies? Well, there were not only ponies — there were cows and sheep, too . . . and they just ran loose on the banks; nobody looked after them. This island [Harker's Island, North Caro-

lina] was about 22 miles long, and they would migrate from one end to the other. Well, they'd go up to the north end, and by the time they'd get back, there'd be a little bit more grass, see? That would give it time to grow, and they'd just work back and forth, like that.

One of the most fascinating things: If you'll stop and think about it, a horse can dig. Now, those banker ponies, there was no one to look after them and trim their hoofs. You know, they would grow like a toenail or fingernail. And some of them would curl up, and they would actually split. And they would get sore feet and eventually, sometimes, they would get an infection and die. And occasionally they'd break off and they'd be all right. But anyway, when they'd get thirsty, those horses would start digging right out on the high part of the beach there someplace. And maybe there'd be one here and one here and three or four over there, scattered around, and just like a dog clawing with their front paws, and pretty soon their belly would be on the ground and they'd be down in the hole.

And you'd see him get through, and another one would go down there

Photo by John H. Sheldly, II

and drink his fill. Well, all the time, the horses would drink first; the cows and sheep have split hoofs, so they can't dig, and they'd just stand around and wait. When the horses got through, the cows would start drinking, and then when the cows got through, the sheep would drink. Then they'd migrate on down the beach. And the next day they'd start digging more holes. Well, the wind and the tide and everything would come in and cover them up.

*– John D. Coble, "Banker Ponies," **Coastal Affair** (1982: X, 3), p. 68.*

BAPTISTS

There are almost 11 million Southern Baptist members in the South, in 28,500 churches, served by 44,000 clergy. While their largest numbers are in Texas (almost 2.5 million), their greatest strength in proportion to the total population is in Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and South Carolina, where a third to a half of the people in almost every county are Southern Baptists. They are weakest in West Virginia, although in the last 15 years they have more than doubled their membership and increased contributions in the state by eightfold. There are 245 Southern Baptist churches in Houston, Texas, and 152 in Dallas compared to only 65 in West Virginia. The bulk of the church's wealth is now found in the large city and suburban churches, but more than 60 percent of all members are still in rural churches of less than 200 members.

The Southern Baptists believe in the old Puritan idea that "righteousness has the promise of material prosperity." Since God rewards righteousness, the church has more to do with material prosperity than any other earthly agency. On the other hand, the hungry and poor are not suffering so much from a lack of proper distribution of goods, as a lack of evangelism and the willingness of Christians to share with "those less fortunate." Therefore, the need is not for new laws and social programs; the need is for *revival*!

Southern Baptist schools have absorbed an incredible amount of wealth to train their young. The church has 43 senior colleges and universities, ten junior colleges, four Bible schools, seven academies, and seven seminaries. Three of the seminaries – Southwestern, Southern and New Orleans – are the largest schools belonging to the American Association of Theological Schools. Baylor and Richmond are the two largest Baptist universities with about 10,000 students each. Samford has an enrollment of over 7,000 and Wake Forest over 5,000.

*– Jim Sessions, "A Mighty Fortress," **On Jordan's Stormy Banks** (1976:IV, 3), pp. 88-91.*

Photo by Shultz Studios

BASKETBALL

Eckie Jordan grew up in Pelzer, South Carolina, during the Depression and learned to play basketball because her father and brothers and sisters played. Pelzer was a cotton mill town which, like many other mill towns in North and South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, boasted outstanding men's and women's basketball teams competing in the Southern Textile League.

"You were bred and grew up teething a basketball in that area back then," she says. "We lived at the gym." Eckie remembers clearly that girls received the same encouragement, and financial support, as boys did.

After helping her high school team win the state championship, Eckie went to work in the local mill, playing basketball intermittently during the war years. After World War II, she was recruited by the Chatham Blanketeers of Elkin, North Carolina, a leading textile team. But Eckie had seen Hanes play at cavernous Textile Hall in Greenville, South Carolina, the site of yearly tournaments for both sexes, and went to try out for Hanes instead in 1948. She had been engaged to a sailor who had "jilted" her after the

war, and she was ready to go on to "bigger things."

– *Elva Bishop and Katherine Fulton, "Shooting Stars: The Heyday of Industrial Women's Basketball," **Through the Hoop** (1976: VII, 3), pp. 50-56.*

BATTLE & A BALLAD

From 1924 until 1930 the miners in Wilder and Davidson, in the Cumberland Plateau of Tennessee, were without a union. To get a job, they had to sign a yellow-dog contract, swearing that they would never join a union or go out on strike. Conditions went from bad to worse with two wage decreases in five years.

In 1930 the company tried to cut the miners' wages a third time. The men decided they had to try to organize. And incredibly enough, with no other mine anywhere in Tennessee or East Kentucky organized, they won United Mine Worker contracts with the three companies in the hollow. The union contract prevented the third cut. But in July, 1932, the mines at Davidson and Wilder refused to sign a new contract unless the men would accept the cut in wages which they had earlier fought off. The union members decided to strike. That fall, the mine owners called out the National Guard, and as months passed, they seemed determined to starve the miners into submission.

The miners fought back with everything they had – which wasn't much. Even before the strike, the union had run an "aid truck" around the surrounding farm country, begging for food for the miners. When the strike came, they needed it all the more. Two miners recall the desperate conditions:

We'd been out bumming, and way in the night we was going back through this holler, right between them two mountains, just as dark . . . no light, we didn't have no light. We took sorghum molasses and corn meal (just corn meal now, I'm not talking about cooked), poured it in them molasses and stirred it up – and green onions – and it was pretty doggone good eating, I'll tell you!

I don't know what to tell! [Laughs.] There were some people got hungry. I know sometimes that the last bite we had was cooked and put on the table and eat. No job, no money, nothing. But somehow or another when the next mealtime came, we had something to eat. It weren't no steak and stuff like that.

It had been the union's Policy Committee that originally recommended strike rather than taking a 20 percent cut in wages, and it was the Policy Committee that was responsible for leading the strike.

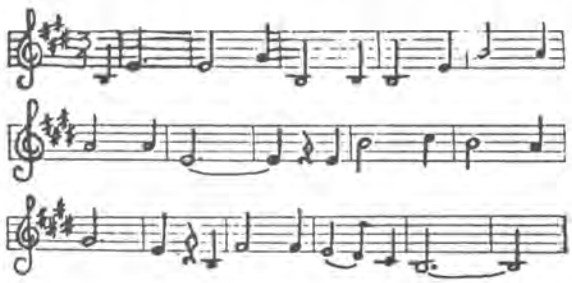
One man, especially, seemed to stand for the spirit of determination among those who still wanted to fight until they won. That man was Barney Graham, the president of the union local at Wilder.

On April 30, 1933, Barney Graham was gunned down by company thugs in the streets of Wilder – shot 11 times and then pistol whipped, just in case the strikers had missed the message.

When Barney was killed that broke the strike. They didn't get scared, they just . . . you know, their leader was gone.

It was lost before they ever killed that man. That man was killed for . . . I don't know why. Because two-thirds of the men were working and the others were just on the verge of starving. Most of them was getting just anything they could find to steal.

THE BALLAD OF BARNEY GRAHAM



On April the thirtieth,
In 1933,
Upon the streets of Wilder
They shot him, brave and free.

They shot my darling father,
He fell upon the ground;
'Twas in the back they shot him;
The blood came streaming down.

They took the pistol handles
And beat him on the head;
The hired gunmen beat him
Till he was cold and dead.

When he left home that morning,
I thought he'd soon return;
But for my darling father
My heart shall ever yearn.

We carried him to the graveyard
And there we lay him down;
To sleep in death for many a year
In the cold and sodden ground.

Although he left the union
He tried so hard to build,
His blood was spilled for justice
And justice guides us still.

– *Fran Ansley & Sue Thrasher, "The Ballad of Barney Graham," Here Come A Wind (1976: IV, 1-2), pp. 136-142.*

Barney Graham was a good man, and he was for the union. He died for the union. He wasn't afraid of anybody. He wasn't a man that got up there and talked and abused someone else. He didn't have too much to say. There's a lot of people that were afraid – the companies were afraid of him, and they hired him killed.

Yeah, they tried Shorty Green. He had plenty of witnesses. He could have proved anything he

wanted to. He proved in court that Barney was standing up fighting when he hit him in the head the last time. Our lawyer told them, "Why, an elephant couldn't have stood up under that." Brains leaking in three places. A .45 bullet going through his lung, besides 10 bullet holes. But it went through. We didn't have no witnesses there at all. Of course the whole thing was set up, the witnesses and everything.

Barney Graham's step-daughter, Della Mae, age 12 at the time, wrote a song about her father's death that became known as "The Ballad of Barney Graham." Like many other struggles of working people, the history of the Davidson-Wilder strike has not been preserved in the official texts; it is remembered primarily because of Della Mae's song.

– Fran Ansley and Brenda Bell, "Davidson-Wilder, 1932: Strikes in the Coal Camps," No More Moanin' (1973: I, 3-4), pp. 113-133.

BIRDS & BEES

My best Sunday School friend, Amy Watters, on a humid summer afternoon between the second and third grade, began my initiation into the terrifying knowledge of sex. Amy's mother, usually at least half crazy, had broken the news to Amy that morning, and Amy had raced over immediately after lunch, figuring that this was something I did not know. She was right.

"So you see," she triumphantly announced (she was just going into first grade and delighted to know something I didn't), "the man sticks his peter in the woman's pee-pee and they have a baby."

I had been dodging cracks in the pavement (step on a crack and you have to get married). I stopped still. I was immediately offended that Amy had said "peter" and "pee-pee," which I knew were dirty words, instead of "wee-wee" for both, like John and I did. Then it struck me what else Amy had said.

"That isn't true," I replied with equal confidence. I knew that a man's wee-wee couldn't fit into a woman's wee-wee, and felt sorry that Amy had such a crazy mother.

"But it is, the man sticks his –"

I stopped her from repeating it again. "*My* momma and daddy don't do that," I said, trying to convince myself that maybe this was just something that affected children whose mothers worked in the sewing factory.

Amy was relentless. "Yes they do, too, my momma says *everybody's* mommas and daddies do."

I had a sudden feeling it was true. My universe teetered near the heart of a vast darkness as I saw millions of daddies, including my own, wee-weeing in millions of mommas instead of in their toilets. I had watched my brother urinate many times, his hand guiding the soft stream of water into the porcelain bowl, although I had to climb onto the lowered seat and hold on tight to keep from falling in. And sometimes at night, especially in the winter, when I was comfortable in my bed, I would dream I was already on the toilet seat, dreaming carefully the entire stumble around the corner of the bed, through the opened door, around the clothes hamper to the chilly toilet – then I would wet the bed, waking up damp and ashamed but also relieved at having avoided the darkened bathroom and the frozen floor. How any of this related to babies, I could not understand. I knew very well, like I knew to say "Yes, Ma'am," and "No, sir," and "Please and thank you," that wee-wee and do-do and toilets went together, and that it was embarrassing and shameful and probably a sin to do it anywhere else, and this had something to do with why we had to wear pants over our seats even in summer heat and why mother had gotten so upset when Kevin White persuaded my little sister to pull down her underpants on the sidewalk, even when she didn't mind. I was humiliated that my parents might do this when they had told me not to, and confused that they would hide it from me, suddenly terrified at living in a world where this happened at least as often as there were children, and even more afraid of what other ugly truths my parents might have concealed. Finally I was not a little upset at God for having arranged things in such a nasty fashion, and later in Sunday School when I heard about the Virgin birth, I saw that God had found the process distasteful also, and had devised for Himself, anyway, a method of getting around it.

So I went around in a panic for all of June, not speaking to my parents except to be polite, and hardly talking to John, either, since I wanted to spare him this knowledge, until I convinced myself that what Amy had revealed must not be that important or true, or my mother would have told me about it. With great relief I forgot about sex for as long as I could. I reverted to my old belief that babies were born because God, and sometimes Jesus, sprinkled star dust out of heaven, like Tinkerbell in *Peter Pan*, and when this dust floated down onto possible mothers, they had babies.

– Mab Segrest, "Delicate Conversations," Growing Up Southern (1980: VIII, 3), pp. 90-91.

BLACK BUILDERS: I

The brick masons came from slavery time. That was handed down from generation to generation and I've handed it down to some of my children. These are the things that I reckon were handed down to us to do, to see that everybody eats.

I done all of it. I was raised into the

Photo by Francis B. Johnston/Tuskegee Institute Archives

trade. My father was a brick mason. My mother's father was a brick mason. My father's father was a full-blood African, and he was a brick mason. He was a slave.

There was a group of people – the nephews, the uncles, the daddies – made up a crew. Some were carpenters, some were finish carpenters, some were plasterers, some were mold makers [for plaster casts in houses], and so forth.

They came up through slavery times. They was masters of it all. The white man didn't do any of that work in those days – it was too heavy, too hard. He didn't like those trades.

The new generation now ain't as proud of their work as the old generation. The older generation were tradesmen – that's from my day back and I'm 70 tomorrow. You take when I first started off, if you put *one brick* in a wall, you'd come back and look at it to see that nothing was wrong with that work, and if it wasn't just right, had a speck or something on it, had to take that brick out in those days. You went home and you worried about that.

– *Ben Fewel, "Masters of It All: An Interview with Ace Jackson,"* ***Building South*** *(1980: VIII, 1), pp. 11-13.*

BLACK BUILDERS: II

In 1925, when Philip Simmons made his decision to take up blacksmithing, there was no shortage of available role models in Charleston, South Carolina. The waterfront district was thick with craftsmen, and included several blacksmith and wheelwright shops. Within one five-block area, four Afro-American ironworkers plied their trade. The tradition of blacks in skilled trades in Charleston goes back to before the 1740s, when slaves regularly hired themselves out as craftsmen. The profits they earned were split with their owners, and some slaves eventually found the means to buy freedom for themselves and their families. The pattern of white patronage of black skill was so entrenched that even after Denmark Vesey's abortive revolution in 1822, which caused Charlestonians to regard all blacks with great fear and suspicion, black craftsmen were still able to earn a respectable living.

Just as it was normal for a boy raised on a farm to do farm chores, so too was it natural for Philip to go into blacksmithing. Although born on Daniel Island and raised by his grandparents, he spent most of the school year across the river in Charleston with his parents; he finally moved to the city permanently at age 13.

Philip Simmons estimates that in the 40 years since he first took a decorative commission, he has turned out more than 200 gates. He has also made balconies, stair rails, window grills and fences. "I've never made anything I didn't like. I take a long time on the drawing, and when the customer likes it I already liked it first. I'm lucky his choice is mine too.

"I build a gate. I build it to last 200 years. If it looks good, you feel good. I build a gate and I just be thinking about 200 years. If you don't you're not an honest craftsman."

– *John Michael Vlach, "Philip Simmons: Charleston Blacksmith,"* ***Who Owns Appalachia*** *(1982: X,1), pp. 14-19.*

BLACK POWER

During the first month after that May, 1966 meeting, Stanley Wise, Stokely Carmichael (elected SNCC chairperson at the meeting) and I traveled across the South visiting SNCC projects. Stokely wanted to get a clear idea of the work people were doing.

Photo by John Michael Vlach

We were in Little Rock, Arkansas, when a lawyer came up and told us that James Meredith had been killed. The news of Meredith's death reminded me of the dull, aching pain that seemed always to be lurking in the pit of my stomach. Even though I'd always believed that Meredith's intention to march across Mississippi in order to prove that blacks didn't have to fear white violence any longer was absurd, I was enraged.

We didn't find out until two hours later that Meredith had not actually been murdered. The pellets from the shotgun, which had been fired from about 50 feet, had only knocked him unconscious. Although he lost a great deal of blood, doctors in the Memphis hospital where he had been taken were predicting that he would recover. Because we were only a few hours' drive from Memphis, we decided to go there the next day.

When we arrived at the hospital the next afternoon, Martin Luther King and CORE's new national director, Floyd McKissick, were visiting Meredith. Stanley, Stokely and I joined them. After saying hello to Meredith and congratulating him on his "good luck," we left with Dr. King and McKissick. Meredith was still very weak. On the way down, we were informed that although initially reluctant, Meredith had agreed that the march should be continued without him. He intended to join it as soon as he recuperated.

Two days later, a planning meeting was held at the Centenary Methodist Church, whose pastor was an ex-SNCC member, the Reverend James Lawson. Participants in the meeting were almost immediately divided by the position taken by Stokely. He argued that the march should de-emphasize white participation, that it should be used to highlight the need for independent black political units, and that the Deacons for Defense, a black group from Louisiana whose members carried guns, should be permitted to join the march.

Roy Wilkins of the NAACP and Whitney Young of the National Urban League were adamantly opposed to Stokely. They wanted to send out a nationwide call to whites; they insisted that the Deacons be excluded and they demanded that we issue a statement pro-

claiming our allegiance to nonviolence.

Dr. King held the deciding vote. Although he favored mass white participation and nonviolence, he was commited to the maintenance of a united front. Despite considerable pressure, Dr. King refused to repudiate Stokely. Wilkins and Young were furious. Realizing that they could not change Stokely's mind, they packed their briefcases and announced that they didn't intend to have anything to do with the march. By the time we held the press conference the next day to announce officially that the march would occur, they were on their way back to New York City.

The march began in a small way. Although SNCC people were dominating the march, Dr. King was enjoying himself immensely. Each day he was out there marching with the rest of us. His nights were spent in the huge circus-like tent. For one of the first times in his career as a civil-rights leader, he was shoulder to shoulder with the troops. Most of his assistants, who generally stationed themselves between him and his admirers, were attending an SCLC staff meeting in Atlanta.

The Deacons for Defense served as our bodyguards. Their job was to keep our people alive. We let them decide the best way to accomplish this. Whenever suspicous whites were observed loitering near the march route, the Deacons would stop them and demand that they state their business. In those areas where there were hills adjacent to the road, they walked the ridges of the hills. We did not permit the news media's criticism of the Deacons' guns to upset us. Everyone realized that without them, our lives would have been much less secure.

We had our first major trouble with the police on June 17, in Greenwood. It began when a contingent of state troopers arbitrarily decided that we could not put up our sleeping tent on the grounds of a black high school. When Stokely attempted to put up the tent anyway, he was arrested. Within minutes, word of his arrest had spread all over town. The rally that night, which was held in a city park, attracted almost 3,000 people – five times the usual number.

Stokely, who'd been released from jail just minutes before the rally began, was the last speaker. He was preceded by McKissick, Dr. King and Willie Ricks. Like the rest of us, they were angry about Stokely's unnecessary arrest. Their speeches were particularly militant. When Stokely moved forward to speak, the crowd greeted him with a huge roar. He acknowledged his reception with a raised arm and clenched fist.

Realizing that he was in his element, with his people, Stokely let it all hang out. "This is the twenty-seventh time I have been arrested – and I ain't going to jail no more!" The crowd exploded into cheers and clapping.

"The only way we gonna stop them white men from whuppin us is to take over. We been saying freedom for six years and we ain't got nothin. What we gonna start saying now is BLACK POWER!"

The crowd was right with him. They picked up his thoughts immediately.

"BLACK POWER!" they roared in unison.

Willie Ricks, who was as good at orchestrating the emotions of a crowd as anyone I have ever seen, sprang into action. Jumping to the platform with Stokely, he yelled to the crowd, "What do you want?"

"BLACK POWER!"

"What do you want?"

"BLACK POWER!!"

"What do you want?"

"BLACK POWER!! BLACK POWER!!! BLACK POWER!!!!"

Everything that happened afterward was a response to that moment. More than anything it assured that the Meredith March Against Fear would go down in history as one of the major turning points in the black liberation struggle. The nation's news media, who latched onto the slogan and embellished it with warnings of an imminent racial cataclysm, smugly waited for the predictable chaotic response.

– *Cleve Sellers, "From Black Consciousness to Black Power,"* ***Stayed on Freedom*** *(1981: IX, 1), pp. 64-67.*

BLACK WRITERS

To read *Native Son* at this juncture of black history is to be in the midst of a people *sans* culture and history, one whose roots are not those stretching back beyond the diaspora, but those which begin and end in a Northern urban setting. Bigger Thomas, the son of migrants, is the true migrant; he is an American creation – a desper-

ately driven man, deprived of that strength which fueled Douglass and Garnet, Sojourner Truth and Harriet Tubman; he is one who has lost all cognizance of a previous history, who has become man alone, existing in an incomprehensible universe, robbed of the knowledge of that culture which served his ancestors.

Thus he is one of the two major paradigms handed down from black writers of the past. Both are creations of a Northern imagination, and both are representative to black and white audiences alike of the twin dichotomies of the black psyche: Bigger Thomas or the Scarlet Creeper: nihilism, overwhelming frustration and anger, or the hip/cool lifestyle of sensationalism and atavism. These are the offerings of the sons and daughters of those who began the great migration. Both are antithetical to black history and culture, yet they are the mainstays in the works of some of our most talented writers, offered in literature, upon stage and screen, as representatives of black men and women, of their hopes and aspirations.

What then of the Southern legacy? What of a set of values which taught a people to endure with dignity? Such offerings, to be sure, are to be found in the works of *some* black writers. Jean Toomer and Zora Hurston are examples. The early part of *Cane* is a testament to the strength and endurance of a people and serves, with the second part, as a fictional example of what happens to a people who have lost a sense of the cultural milieu from which they sprang. The men and women of Zora Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God* exhibit the courage and dedication to survival so much a part of black history, past and present. Such novels were the exceptions, however, not the rule, and they were buried under the popularity of their more sensationalistic contemporaries.

– Addison Gayle, Jr., "Strangers in A Strange Land," ***Southern Black Utterances Today*** *(1975: III, 1), pp. 4-7.*

BLOOD MONEY

This blood rolling down my arm
is from the wounds of a dollar bill
that cut my fingers as I touched it.
The blood runs down my elbows
and drips off into the sand.
Mr. Pittston is kicking dirt over it,
swearing
there are no names written
on that dollar bill.

All this is the result
of thinking too much
about a Law Suit
proving me of
"The Survival Syndrome":
I get money
but none of the dead are resurrected.

– Gail V. Amburgey, "Blood Money," ***Who Owns Appalachia?*** *(X,1), p. 45.*

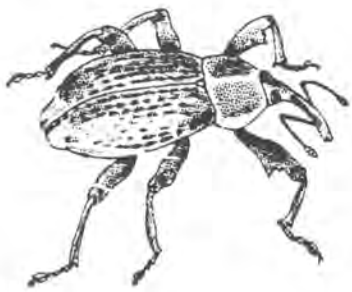
BOLL WEEVIL

1923, I got what the boll weevil let me have – six bales. Boll weevil et up the best part of my crop. Didn't use no poison at that time, just pickin up squares. All you could do was keep them boll weevils from hatchin out and going back up on that cotton. Couldn't kill em.

The boll weevil come into this country in the teens, between 1910 and 1920. Didn't know about a boll weevil when I was a boy comin up. They blowed in here from the western countries. People was bothered with the boll weevil way out there in the state of Texas and other states out there before we was here. I was scared of him to an extent. I soon learnt he'd destroy a cotton crop. Yes, all God's dangers ain't a white man.

When the boll weevil starts in your cotton and go to depositin his eggs in them squares, that's when he'll kill you. Them eggs hatch out there in so many days, up come a young boll weevil. It didn't take em but a short period of time to raise up enough out there in your field, in the spring after your cotton gets up – in a few days, one weevil's got a court of young'uns hatchin. He goin to stay right in there till he's developed enough to come out of that little square, little pod; taint long, taint long, and when he comes out of there he cuts a little hole to come out. Pull the little leaves that's over that little square, pull em back out the way and get to the natural little pod itself.

When I seed I couldn't defeat the boll weevil by pickin up squares, I carried poison out to the field and took me a crocus sack, one of these thin crocus sacks, put my poison in



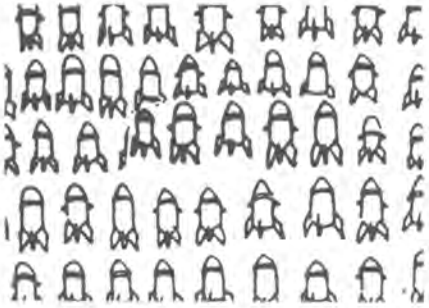
there enough to poison maybe four or five rows and just walk, walk, walk; shake that sack over the cotton and when I'd look back, heap of times, that dust flyin every which way and the breeze blowin, that cotton would be white with dust, behind me. Get to the end, turn around and get right on the next row. Sometimes I'd just dust every other row and the dust would carry over the rows I passed. And I'd wear a mouth piece over my mouth – still that poison would get in my lungs and bother me.

– Theodore Rosengarten, "All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw," ***Our Promised Land*** *(1974: II, 2-3), pp. 22-32.*

BOMBS

From the grasslands of South Carolina to the farmlands of the Texas panhandle and from Florida's Gulf Coast to the Cumberland Mountains of east Tennessee, Southern communities, workers and natural resources are essential to the production of each warhead and bomb in the U.S. nuclear arsenal. For instance, each hydrogen bomb contains a neutron generator which bridges the gap between the bomb's trigger and its fusion explosion. In order to manufacture these generators, the Oak Ridge Y-12 Plant in Tennessee supplies lithium fuel cores to the Savannah River Plant in

South Carolina. There the lithium cores are placed in nuclear reactors. The process produces tritium. The tritium is transported to the Pinellas Plant near St. Petersburg, Florida, where it is fabricated into the neutron generator. The finished component is then sent to the Pantex Plant in Texas for the final assembly of the warhead.



The fission trigger of each nuclear warhead originates with plutonium produced in the reactors of the Savannah River Plant, and uranium 235 components which are machined at the Y-12 Plant in Oak Ridge. The triggers are fabricated at the Rocky Flats Plant near Denver, before they are sent to Pantex for assembly. Fission triggers, fusion fuel and the neutron generator which binds them together are the essential components of a thermonuclear explosion. Each of them is fabricated and assembled in production facilities in the South.

– *Bill Ramsey, "Not the Bombs, Just the Parts,"* ***Tower of Babel*** *(1979: VII, 4), pp. 41-43.*

BOONDOGGLE

Henry Durham used to work for the world's largest private defense contractor – the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Today he thinks Senator William Proxmire hasn't done all he could to punish Lockheed for its $2 billion cost overrun on the C-5A airplane, and he calls the U.S. Comptroller General "a gutless bureaucrat" for issuing a report that "whitewashes" the mismanagement and collusion behind the overrun.

The original $3.7 billion contract which Lockheed won ["everybody knew Boeing's design was better," says Durham, "but Lockheed had Senator Richard Russell"] called for 120 planes designed for moving troops and over-sized cargo quickly to brush-fire wars. At a cost of $5.2 billion, the Air Force is getting 81 planes which have one-fourth the original design's life expectancy, won't be able to use rough runways as called for by their counter-insurgency mission, and are given to losing wheels and engines and wings. The first plane off the gigantic Marietta assembly line was honored in ceremonies by President Johnson and Governor Maddox, but, according to Durham, the plane had so many fake parts, some just made of wood and paper, that it could not fly. It later blew up on the runway.

For most of his 19 years with Lockheed's Marietta division, Henry Durham dutifully served the company. "I even neglected my family and tried to make it up the ladder, you know, to vice president. What was good for Lockheed was good for the world as far as I was concerned." When Lockheed won the C-5A contract, its employment, already the biggest growth factor in the area, mushroomed to 33,000. And in 1969, Durham was promoted to manager of production control activities on the flight line. From this position, Durham learned how waste brought a giant company higher profits.

Photo courtesy U.S. Air Force

"People don't realize how rotten things are on the inside of some of these giant companies or how the federal government supports them," says Durham. "We've got to get the truth about this story out and get people moving."

– *Henry Durham, "Whitewash!"* ***The Military and the South*** *(1973: I, 1), pp. 16-21.*

BOYCOTT

On Friday, December 2, 1955, readers of the *Montgomery Advertiser* who paid close attention to the local crime stories saw this item as they sipped their morning coffee:

NEGRO JAILED HERE FOR "OVERLOOKING" BUS SEGREGATION

Two days later a boldly displayed box appeared on the front page of the *Advertiser*, its headline announcing: "Negro Groups Ready Boycott of City Lines." Joe Azbell, then the paper's city editor, wrote in the first paragraph of the article that a "top-secret meeting of Negro leaders" had been called for Monday evening at the Holt Street Baptist Church. The rest of the article reprinted almost the entire text of a leaflet being distributed by black leaders calling for a one-day boycott of the bus lines.

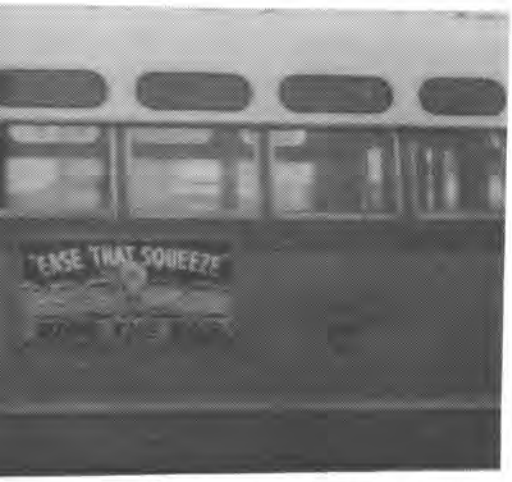
The "top-secret meeting" mentioned in Azbell's article became a mass meeting that launched not only the Montgomery bus boycott, but also the modern Civil Rights Movement and the career of Martin Luther King, Jr., as one of its principal spokespeople.

E.D. Nixon: That [newspaper] story really helped bring the people together. I called the ministers that morning: "Good morning, Reverend Sir, good morning," I said, "Have you read the paper this morning? Have you noticed Joe Azbell's story?" I said, "Take it to church with you, tell the people about it, tell them we want 2,000 people at Holt Street Baptist Church tomorrow night."

If we didn't have 7,500 people out there, we didn't have a soul. We filled up the church, and all out in the streets. That was a mass meeting.

Johnny Carr: They didn't dream people would stay off the buses 381 days. But they did. There was one point where they took all the buses off the street because they weren't making any money.

During the boycott, we formed car pools. At that time they said we were breaking the law if we formed car pools. We had met at churches for rides, but they broke that up. So



then we started meeting at houses. Sometimes I had to get seven or eight people to work in the morning and then we had to get to work ourselves.

The mayor said as soon as the first rainy day came, all the blacks would be back on the buses and glad to get back on. The first day it rained it was a sight to see – people just walking in the rain, the water just dripping off of them, soaked but they just kept walking. And it poured that day, and all of us who had cars drove all over town picking them up.

Virginia Durr: The thing that was so amazing is that it was supported almost 100 percent. I don't think during that whole period of time I saw one black on the bus. I had a woman who came and washed and ironed for me, and I would go to get her in the morning and take her back. The mayor said that the reason the blacks were winning was that the white women of Montgomery would take their maids back and forth. The police were on the watch, and if you drove 26 miles an hour in a 25 zone, you were immediately arrested. But the reaction of most of the women was so funny – they got all mad at the mayor and said, "If the mayor wants to do my washing and ironing and cooking and cleaning and raise my children, let him come out here and do it. No, I'm not going to give her up."

*– Tom Gardner, "Montgomery Bus Boycott: Interviews," **Stayed on Freedom** (1981: IX, 1), pp. 12-21.*

BROWN LUNG

When it was her turn to speak, Linnie Mae Bass cleared her throat and said, "The denim that made blue jeans for you has made brown lung for us. I worked for Burlington Industries for 20 years in the spooling and warping department until I was forced to retire because I couldn't get my breath. I had to come out of the mills 17 years earlier than I should have. Right now my breathing is only 28 percent normal.

"Mill workers are scared. They are scared of losing their jobs. They are even scared to admit that they are sick because I was myself until I knew.

"We never knew about our rights to compensation for an occupational disease. Definitely the companies have never told us about this disease. You cannot trust the company to do their own education of the people. They cannot be trusted to do their own medical tests. Even Dr. [Bud] Imbus, Burlington's famous company doctor, cannot be trusted. It has been the Brown Lung Association and not the company that has been educating the people about this disease."

As she talked, Linnie Mae Bass was oblivious to her photogenic attraction to the cotton industry, but Jerry Armour, a photographer for the National Cotton Council of America, dressed in a synthetic blue jean suit lined in red, white and blue, snapped her picture again and again.

Asked why he had been flown from the Cotton Council's Tennessee headquarters to take pictures of Brown Lung Association members, Armour answered, "To show what we're up against." He added, "We're using stills, color slides and 16-millimeter film. We're going to put together a presentation and show it at the Cotton Growers Association, various board of directors meetings, the National Cotton Council, of course, and to textile manufacturers. We'll probably show it to people like Burlington Industries."

*– Mimi Conway, "Cotton Dust Kills and It's Killing Me," **Sick for Justice** (1978: VI, 2) pp. 29-39.*

Photo by Earl Dotter

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

CAJUNS & CREOLES

The Acadians or Cajuns arrived in Louisiana over a 30-year period after 1765 as exiles from what is now Nova Scotia. Prior to settling in Louisiana, they had been dispersed throughout the American colonies, returned to France (from whence they had come in the early seventeenth century), been imprisoned in England or migrated to the French Caribbean colonies. When the Acadians arrived in New Orleans, the colony had been ceded to Spain. The former farmers and fisherfolk from the cold north became *petits habitants* on levee crest farms along the rivers and bayous of sweltering Louisiana, as well as trappers and fishers in the back swamps and lower coastal marshes.

The 22 parishes of southwest Louisiana are usually referred to as "Acadiana," or "Cajun country." However, not all the people who reside there are Cajuns; not all Cajuns speak French; and not all people of French descent are Cajuns. The Cajuns have, over time, managed to assimilate and acculturate the Anglos, Germans, Italians and Spanish with whom they came into contact, not to mention the French planter aristocracy and black populations.

The Cajuns themselves largely resisted acculturation to mainstream American ways until the last 50 years. In this period, schools, hard surface roads, cars, World War II, the English language media and the Anglo-dominated oil industry expanded the influence of American culture. However, in the face of changing linguistic and social customs, Cajun music continued to be heard. With its roots in the seventeenth-century French dance hall, filtered through the impact of jazz, blues and hillbilly music, Cajun music along with food and festivals often serves to symbolize the romantic cultural revival that French Louisiana is now undergoing.

Alongside and mingling with the Cajuns, the Creole culture of south Louisiana is significant. The term "Creole" has great semantic elasticity and often varies in meaning, depending upon who is talking to whom, about what, or whether it is used as a noun or an adjective. Derived from the Portuguese *criuolo* (meaning "native to a region"), "Creole" originally described the descendants of the European colonial population in the West Indies, Latin America, Louisiana and later the "Creoles of Color." With Anglo-American intrusion into Louisiana, many slaves, as well as free people who did not consider themselves black, looked more to their European heritage than an African heritage to separate themselves from *les americains,* both black and white. Thus, Creole, a term once associated with the "pure" descendants of the European colonists, came also to be linked to people of diverse ancestry and culture: black, Indian, French, Spanish.

Photo by Nick Spitzer

In rural Louisiana many of the Creoles of Color (some of whom held their own slaves) and French slaves mingled with the arriving Cajuns. As a result, some black and lighter people known as *mulatres* are more Cajun than Old World French or Afro-American in their cultural orientation. However, among the rural Afro-French of Louisiana, some retain strong ties to Caribbean culture in speaking "Creole" – a language that can be briefly described as French words within a New World Africanized system of grammar and sound (parallel to the English-based *Gullah* of the Georgia Sea Islands) as well as in "Afro-Caribbean" dress, foodways and musical style. *Zodico* music, for example, reflects a middle ground between Afro-Caribbean rhythm patterns with tonal and repertoire influence from Afro-American music and the melodic sources of Cajun music.

– Nicholas R. Spitzer, "South of the South," Coastal Affair (1982: X, 3), pp. 56-59.

CAMP MEETING

The democratic impulse that had nourished the rise of religious folk music was now being tapped for an even larger social movement. As one historian writes, "The close connection of the Colonial Government, the Established Church and the aristocracy of the Tidewater makes it impossible to treat the (revival) movement as solely religious. It was more than that. It was a protest against religious, social and political privilege – and because education was closely associated with the privileged classes, somewhat too against education."

Revivalists, especially Baptists, were heavily persecuted from 1750 to 1775,

Photo by Al Clayton

but they flourished nonetheless. The influence of their doctrines on the frontier was boundless, and by the dawn of the nineteenth century they had unleashed a storm of religious activity in all but the plantation South.

The revival movement culminated in that amazing phenomenon, the camp meeting – a gathering of hundreds or thousands of people in remote areas for days or weeks of continuous religious observances. It was with the camp meeting that religious folk music took root among the masses of the Southern mountaineers. The first camp meeting was held in Logan County, Kentucky, in 1800. For the next 30 years, common people – mostly black and white farmers – attended these incredibly intense gatherings that centered on the struggle within the participant over her/his feelings of sin and salvation. Preachers vividly described heaven and hell. Songs, prayers, groans and shouts from repentant sinners and the energy released by so many people crowded together made the camp meeting an irresistible force. One observer writes, "at no time was the floor less than half covered. Some lay quiet, unable to move or speak. Some talked but could not move. Some beat the floor with their heels. Some, shrieking in agony, bounded about like a fish out of water. Many lay down and rolled over for hours at a time. Others rushed wildly about over the stumps and benches, then plunged, shouting 'Lost! Lost!' into the forest."

– *Rich Kirby, "And We'll All Sing Together,"* ***On Jordan's Stormy Banks*** *(1976: IV, 3), pp. 4-9.*

CARPENTER

I started out working on a crew of 22, with no other women. It was as good a crew as you could ask for, but I still had a lot of trouble. I remember being very passive. The men who already knew how to compete for wages or place in the company could elbow in, look at the plans and jump on the jobs they wanted. You just cannot be passive.

My attitude was probably my biggest obstacle to learning – I felt like I was always having to prove myself, always trying to make my place. And I felt very unsure of my place. Little insults began to pile up and I began to feel very alone. Right about then a couple of women working in carpentry in this area said we ought to get together with other women in the trades. The group that was formed is still going. It hasn't become a political force, or a dues-paying organization. But it has become a tremendous support for women in the trades. Women shouldn't go it alone if they don't have to. Support from other women can really help you survive. I still have problems with being passed over by more aggressive people. The key word is confidence. I'm finding that a lot of people have no more skill or experience than I do – just more confidence.

Women starting carpentry very often don't have the real basic skills that men take for granted – a kind of coordination, knowing how to use tools, when to be aggressive with a piece of wood or a bolt and when not to, how to use your strength and extend the power you have. The idea that women don't have the strength to do the job is a myth. If you're not strong enough, you find a tool that will make you stronger. Women's physical attributes make them work differently from men, and getting men to cooperate can be a problem. Men will tell you there's only one way to solve a problem – their way. That's just not true. There are many ways to solve problems in carpentry, and women need to keep an open mind to that and never take for granted that you don't know what you're doing.

– *Jackie Strouble, "Women Working,"* ***Building South*** *(1980: VIII, 1), p. 39.*

CHANUKAH

The Jewish kids played in the pasture, a sister and brother in an Alabama town. Soon the sun would set and Chanukah would begin. The dry field grass scratched her legs when, Indian wrestling, she rolled on the ground to break a fall. The incredible blue sky, sunless, chilled the sweat that sank salt into new wounds.

The wrestling became a spat and he left victorious. The girl played on alone, a new game. She pretended the holiday was not her own. She was neuter, no, a Christian, a Gulliver pinned by Jew hammers, Jew strings, and Jew nails, changed for a night to a Jew.

Her parents explained that it wasn't so bad. She had eight days of Christmas, not a sickly one. Eight times the joy! Eight times the gifts! Except when she was ten, and she would only have one gift this year. And eight times the void on the other nights.

"Why is this night different from all others?" She didn't know what to say to the boy who came through the field with a cow. Bovine both, she was terrified. What if he asked another unanswerable question? Like "How come you're not saved?" She lacked the gifts to make herself understood and ran away mutely, leaving him laughing at the shit on her shoes.

Better stay near the house now. The sky was red.

– *Janet Rechtman, "Chanukah, Camp Hill, Alabama,"* ***On Jordan's Stormy Banks*** *(1976: IV, 3), p. 73.*

CHARISMA

From the very beginning of the march, poor blacks along the route were awestruck by Dr. King's presence. They had heard about him, seen him on television, but had never expected to see him in person. As we trekked deeper into the Delta, the people grew less reserved.

The same incredible scene would occur several times each day. The blacks along the way would line the side of the road, waiting in the broiling sun to see him. As we moved closer, they would edge out onto the pave-

ment, peering from under the brims of their starched bonnets and tattered straw hats. As we drew abreast someone would say, "There he is! Martin Luther King!" This would precipitate a rush of 2,000, sometimes as many as 3,000 people. We would have to join arms and form a cordon in order to keep him from being crushed.

It's difficult to explain exactly what he meant to them. He was a symbol of all their hopes for a better life. By being there and showing he really cared, he was helping destroy barriers of fear and insecurity that had been hundreds of years in the making. They trusted him. Most important, he made it possible for them to believe that they *could* overcome.

– *Cleve Sellers, "From Black Consciousness to Black Power,"* ***Stayed on Freedom*** *(1981: IX, 1), pp. 64-67.*

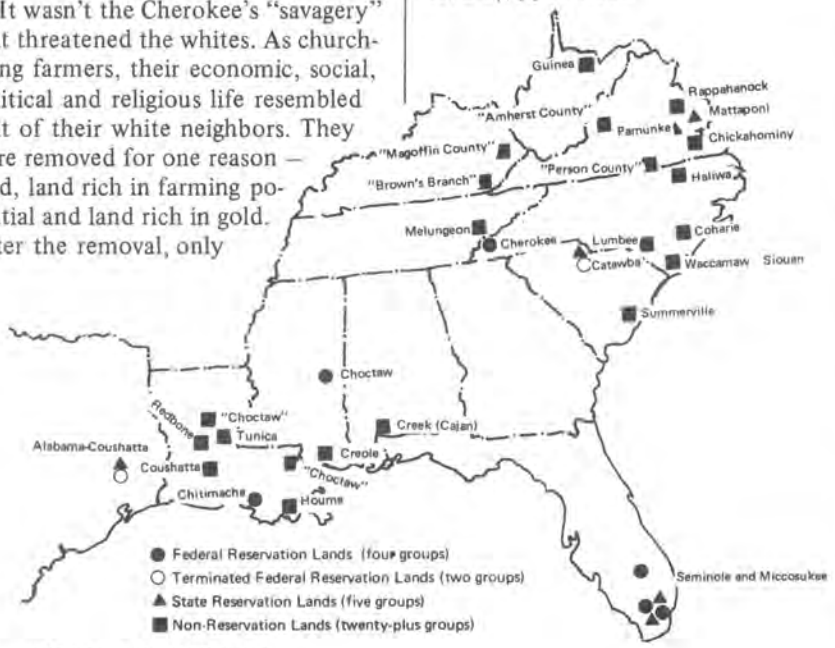
CHEROKEE

Disease and guns were not enough to alienate all southern Indians from their land. In the nineteenth century a new tactic emerged: forced removal. In spite of a successful court battle which outlawed the Cherokee Removal, the Federal government rounded up 16,000 acculturated Cherokees and marched them west to the "Indian Territory" (Oklahoma). Four thousand Cherokees died during the winter of 1838-39 over what has become known as the "Trail of Tears."

It wasn't the Cherokee's "savagery" that threatened the whites. As church-going farmers, their economic, social, political and religious life resembled that of their white neighbors. They were removed for one reason – land, land rich in farming potential and land rich in gold. After the removal, only about 1,000 Cherokees remained in the East, mostly in western North Carolina. They had rejected accommodation, but more important to their survival, their land was of little value to the frontiersmen. When the state of North Carolina auctioned off the mountainous land it confiscated under the removal program, the most interested bidders were the Cherokees themselves – or rather the whites who acted as their agents since North Carolina didn't recognize the rights of Indians to own land.

Within a few weeks of removal, one group of Cherokees in Graham County bought 1,200 acres of their own land through three white men. Other groups, like the Euchella and Tsali bands, moved further into the mountains; but a large number of North Carolina Cherokees were never serious candidates for forced removal. Rather than move from their land after an 1819 treaty, the nearly 400 Oconaluftee or "Quallatown" Indians relinquished their Cherokee status and became North Carolina citizens. The Oconaluftee's land, called the Qualla Boundary, is now the main Cherokee reservation in the eastern United States. But it is unlikely that even their North Carolina citizenship would have protected them from removal if the land had been more suitable for cultivation or contained the gold of northern Georgia.

– *Sharlotte Neely and Walter Williams, "Detour Down the Trail of Tears,"* ***Our Promised Land*** *(1974: II, 2-3), pp. 94-98.*



CHICANO

The "Chicano Movement" which gave birth to La Raza Unida is generally thought of as dating from the mid-'60s. But Chicano historians trace their struggle back to the 1840s, when northern Mexico was made part of the U.S. through conquest. Under the 1848 treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo,

the U.S. acquired what is now New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Colorado, Utah and parts of other states. In return, Mexico received a token payment and a promise that the rights of Mexicans and their descendants within the conquered territory would be respected. (Texas had been annexed by the U.S. earlier, after Anglo settlers revolted.)

The U.S. honored its treaty obligations to the Mexicanos about as well as it honored its treaties with the Indian nations – which is to say not at all. The Mexican citizens in question were themselves either Indians or people of mixed Spanish and Native American descent with mostly Indian culture, except for the Spanish language. Land grants from the Spanish crown, for example, were often held in common by an entire village, in an attempt to translate the native concept of land tenure into a European equivalent.

The U.S. refused to recognize any such communal holdings, and simply confiscated them. Individual holdings were stripped from the Mexicanos by discriminatory taxes, fraud and violence. The Mexicanos soon became a landless laboring class. Along with the economic base, the political machinery passed into Anglo hands.

Armed resistance included social banditry and more politically conscious organizations like Las Gorras

Photo by Susan Nelson

Blancas (White Caps), who cut the barbed wire the Anglos used to enclose their stolen range land. Political parties were formed, including one called La Raza Unida in 1856.

*– Bart Laws, "Raza Unida De Cristal," **Stepping Stones** (1982: X, 2), pp. 67-72.*

CHURCHES: I

The black church still has what the white church has seldom had because it didn't need it – the reputation of being the focal point where political, social, and economic as well as theological issues can be discussed openly. Here I have a free platform. We lay out Angola; we criticize the state legislature for cutting welfare, and with no apologies. In the Presbyterian Church you had to tip softly on some very, very fragile egg shells because some of the folks had the misconception that all welfare folks are lazy and black. But you don't have that here.

I think the black church has been far more political and theological, even when it did not realize it. The spirituals had theological as well as political overtones. The old spiritual "Wade in the Water" had to do with slaves escaping and hitting the water to kill the scent when the dogs came after them. Always there was this feeling that another message was being carried.

What the black preacher was trying to do was deal with the fact that black people had no place where they were called sane, or no place where they had any dignity. I've got women in my congregation who go out five days a week wearing white uniforms, which says they are nobody, but when they dress on Sunday morning and come to Ebenezer, they are dressed to kill, naturally. This is the only place where a nobody can be somebody. It doesn't matter to the people where they work who they are, and the uniform is a sign that they do not belong in that community, that they are only there to serve it. But when they come here, it means something altogether different.

How do you get your dignity? That is what black folks talk about; white folks didn't need to talk about that because, for better or worse, by whatever means necessary, they were able to get some power, and that was power over somebody else. But the struggle of black folks is how to get equality. And that is where *this* church

Graphic by Maxine Miller-Jonnan

has been very meaningful, from the time King supported the bus boycott and Rosa Parks.

*– Joseph Roberts, "A Free Platform," **On Jordan's Stormy Banks**, (1976: IV, 3), pp. 40-44.*

CHURCHES: II

I think the churches today are still relevant; I think there is a need for the institution. On the other hand, I think the church, black and white, is far, far behind. The leadership of the church is out of step. I do feel that in this country, particularly in the urban centers, if we continue to get property and build these fantastic buildings, that the day may well come when the next struggle will not be directed toward the secular institutions, but toward the church.

I think the white church and the black church will remain apart for years to come. The leadership of the black church is perhaps much more socially conscious, much more political, much more involved in the life of the community. I think the black church could do more, but I think the black church is much farther down the road than the white church.

In another sense, particularly in the black Baptist church, I think religion is much more personal. It dominates the lives of people. The whole concept of Jesus, as a brother or king, is much more personal. Whether people are working in the kitchen, or the field or whatever, religion takes on a personal quality.

I don't see a great marriage anytime in the near future between the white church and the black church. You know people say eleven o'clock on Sunday morning is the most segregated hour of the week, and it still is. I think that will be true for years and years to come.

*– John Lewis, "A New Day Begun," **On Jordan's Stormy Banks** (1976: IV, 3), pp. 14-24.*

CITY SLICKER

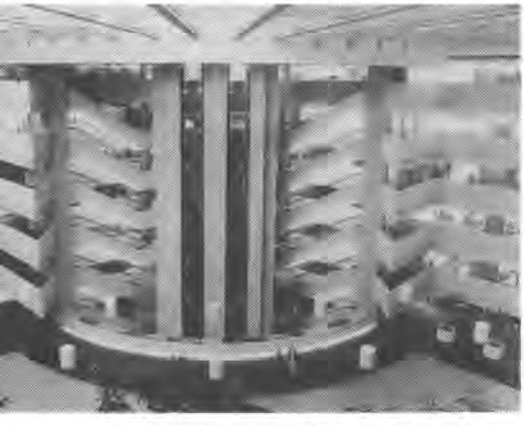
Social reality began to nibble away at the edges of the self-confident vision of Atlanta from the late-'60s on. Rodney Cook, the old-line candidate for mayor in 1969, lost to Sam Massell, nephew of John Portman's partner, Ben Massell. As Atlanta's older commercial interests lost some of their political clout, Portman gained. So did black Atlantans, who by 1969 constituted half the city's population and had

demonstrated in the streets and in many private meetings their displeasure with the old guard's paternalism. Sam Massell won with a black vice-mayor, Maynard Jackson, at his side.

Life began to seem increasingly confusing, even threatening, to the aging elite who had run the city for a half century. The power structure they had known was a social, economic and political union. As Ivan Allen, the last of the old-line mayors, observed:

> *Almost all of us had been born and raised within a mile or two of each other in Atlanta. We had gone to the same schools, to the same churches, to the same summer camps. We had dated the same girls. We had played within our group, partied within our group, and worked within our group.*

The rising entrepreneurial elite, with John Portman and his Regency Hotel as its most obvious symbols, was not socially of this group. But



these young wizards helped the oldtimers ensure the continuing prosperity and peace they desperately wanted for their city. Allen spelled it out:

> *A favorable image means new industry. New industry means more jobs. More jobs means more personal income and spending. More income and spending means a broader tax base for the city, which means more and better city services, which mean happier people, which is what it is all about.*

By the end of the 1960s, the new generation of leadership faced a number of tough decisions about how to keep Atlanta expanding, vital, exciting. Understandably, John Calvin Portman emerged as the architect for its plan of progress, and his Peachtree Center became the image of "America's Next Great City."

*– Larry Keating, "Camelot to Containment," **Building South** (1980: VIII, 1), pp. 77-85.*

CIVIL DEFENSE

When Marilyn Braun came to head the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) program in Greensboro and surrounding Guilford County, North Carolina, four years ago, she also began to think seriously about the "unthinkable." Her thinking was different. She realized the deception, confusion and wastefulness of the current civil defense program. Immediately she set out to uncover the truth and to tell that truth – something which all but a small handful of her peers in civil defense still seem reluctant to do.

She charges that the local civil defense program is unable to offer protection to the people. The people of Greensboro have reacted not with anger but instead quite positively. They want to know the truth, and Marilyn Braun wants to tell it.

Marilyn Braun: We have virtually no information on what the $4.2 billion war planning budget request means – whether they are talking about hardware or people or paper or what. But this money, as I understand it, would go towards crisis relocation planning.

I will give you the official version of the system. This is not our version. Crisis relocation means that risk areas – known targets for nuclear attack – would evacuate into host areas during an increased period of international tension.

We would be asked to evacuate 360,000 people into six surrounding counties. Let's talk about what that assumes. It assumes, number one, that there would be warning time. The estimated need that FEMA states is three-to-10 days' warning time. Let's say that is a fact, although any reasonable person would question that. It then assumes that everyone in Guilford County has the resources and that Guilford County has the supplies to stock up for three-day supplies of food, medical supplies and so on. It then assumes a docile and cooperative public in an unprecedented situation. It assumes that the host county will welcome everyone into their county under unprecedented conditions.

It assumes that there would be congregate care facilities for everybody. There you would wait until there is evidence or warning that a bomb is coming. Then you would dive for a fallout shelter in their county. It assumes that the conditions would be right for you to construct something called an "expedient" shelter. An expedient shelter is basically placing dirt on a building.

*– Ken Hinson, "Duck and Cover," **Waging Peace** (1982: X, 6), pp. 44-48.*

COALMINING WOMEN

Elizabeth Laird: I went in the mines when I was 54. Been there five years. Five years more and I'll get a 10-year pension. That's what I'm planning on. Then I'm going to write my book and buy a kiln and do ceramics.

When I went in the mines, I no longer had to work 16 hours a day, which is what I was working when I went in. Six days a week at the factory, and seven days a week at the diner right down the street. The other eight hours I slept.

If I had a daughter, I would give her an education, but it wouldn't be that bad if she wanted to go in the mines. I would agree to it. I want my children to do what they're best at. Two of my sons are in white-collar jobs. I couldn't stand that. I can't tolerate being dressed up, with my face fixed and my hair fixed. I like to feel free, and when you've got on hose and high heels and makeup, you just can't feel free.

Sandra Bailey: At first I was so ignorant about the mines that I didn't know the danger. It took awhile, maybe three weeks or a month, and then one night I was sitting there thinking while on a break that there must be a thousand ways to kill yourself in a coal mine. To get killed.

Just by touching the trolley wire, just by putting your hand in a belt roller. Just by so many things that you had to constantly guard against. I was lucky that people tried to teach me the safe way to do things. I became more and more interested in safety, and I started studying up at home on pamphlets that the federal inspector would leave around.

I'd see people run through unbolted breaks sometimes, for short cuts, and I would try to tease them into realizing the seriousness of it. I'd say, "You sure did save yourself a lot of steps. We could have been off work tomorrow for your funeral."

I used to take those very same chances. I really did. And I didn't realize the seriousness of it until one night when I was running the scoop and went through an unbolted break, and just as I went through it, it fell in. That really made an impression. So I became more and more safety-conscious, and was on the safety committee at our local, the first female officeholder in the local.

– *Marat Moore, "Coalmining Women," **Working Women** (1981: IX, 4), pp. 42-47.*

COCA-COLA

Selling wholesomeness is what Coca-Cola is all about. The product couldn't be perfected; only the image could be manipulated to make the drink more and more popular. And when it comes to images, Coca-Cola literally wrote the book. A sampling from its in-house pamphlet, *Philosophy of Advertising*: "Only [through advertising] can we gradually 'condition' our customers to a point where they are favorably reminded of the product when they see a simple trademark at the point-of-sale."

By succeeding in that task, the wizards behind Coke have transformed what is essentially colored sugar water into a fountain of wealth, gushing forth more millionaires than any other product in history. They have turned a one-man operation into a multi-billion-dollar corporation that owns orange groves in South Africa, bottles wine in New York State, sells sewage systems in Canada, trains management specialists in Washington, cans protein drinks in South America, peddles bottled water in New England, makes instant coffee in Europe, and ships to 135 countries the magic ingredients of its mainstay product: the Fabulous Coca-Cola.

How the masters at Coke built their empire is a story of the power of men and money to control what you think, to generate a blend of *images* that captivate your *imagination*, that will make you think "Coke" when you see a sign or feel tired or thirsty or a little depressed ("Coke adds life"). It is a story of the most incredible mobilization of human energy for trivial purposes since the construction of the pyramids. . . .

In the early 1900s, Coke's owners realized that promoting the product's virtues as a "headache remedy" or "nerve and brain tonic" limited Coke's sales to people with a specific discomfort. Plenty of people were feeling miserable, but the changing routines of their daily lives demanded a wholly

different remedy. The rise of the assembly line, the big city and cash in the pocket turned self-sufficient people into wageworkers and consumers; and with that transformation came the need for new mechanisms of relief. Populism, evangelical revivals, unionization, socialism, reactionary movements fueled by racism and nativism all experienced a boom in the period from 1880 to 1920. Coca-Cola offered something different. It didn't confront the changes; it made them easier to endure; it projected an image of the good life that came with "the pause that refreshes." For only a nickel, it offered a pleasant escape into a fantasy world of pretty girls, warm friends and wholesome fun.

*– Bob Hall, "Journey to the White House: The Story of Coca-Cola," **Good Times and Growing Pains** (1977: V, 1), pp. 32-44.*

COCKFIGHT

An estimated half-million Americans have some contact with cockfighting each year. Many individuals go to a single fight out of curiosity or attend fights periodically for purposes of gambling. A few are professional gamecock breeders and fighters who ship gamefowl throughout the world and travel thousands of miles annually to attend fights at major pits. The majority, however, are hobbyists who maintain a relatively small number of roosters, perhaps 30 or 40, and fight them once or twice a month during the cockfighting season.

Even for these amateur cockers, the breeding and care of the gamefowl is a major concern. For thousands of years, gamefowl have been selectively bred for aggressiveness and fighting ability.

Although breeders often do not maintain the purity of the strain, they make every effort to keep gamefowl reproductively separate from common domestic strains of chickens. They point out that "gameness" – the elusive quality of bravery that makes a cock continue fighting, even when seriously injured and dying – is of prime importance. If a cock fails to demonstrate this quality, especially if it runs in the pit, it is called a "dunghill," meaning that it is part commercial chicken. Such behavior on the part of the cock is a source of embarrassment to the owner, and there are tales, though unsubstantiated, of the angry owner who wrung the neck of a cowardly cock.

*– Harold Herzog and Pauline Cheek, "Grit and Steel," **Through the Hoop** (1979: VII, 2), pp. 36-40.*

COLONIZED SOUTH

As of 1860, the South was an independent nation. There is little historical logic for why its ruling class should *not* have desired such independence. The historical fights over the "causes" of the Civil War have often missed this important point. Union promised little for the South, while independence promised free trade and a better chance at westward expansion. Northern capital, however, could not tolerate this potential rival; hence the emerging industrial power fought a war for economic and political hegemony over the resources of the continent. The major results of this conflict were to destroy the economic base of an important competing class and to transform the slave population into a peasant class. In Reconstruction and Bourbon Restoration a new economic order was solidified through the creation of a system of agricultural credit which guaranteed that the economic surplus would no longer remain within the region.

The credit system affected both black and white agriculture in the South. The farmer had historically been financed by cotton factors and Southern banks. These sources of credit dried up after the war. In their place emerged the supply merchant, a small entrepreneur, dependent on credit from Northern wholesalers. The merchant-banker put a lien on the black tenant's crop and in many ways took over the supervisory functions of the landlord. Throughout the Black Belt, this class first challenged and then merged with the older ruling class when the latter realized few alternatives were available.

Meanwhile, the high price of cotton after the war attracted many marginal lands into production and encouraged the intensification of the cotton culture among the white yeoman farmers. Where before these farms had been largely self-sufficient, they now needed credit to finance the cash crop. Here too the supply merchant arose to fill the needs of the day. With declining cotton prices, the white farmers of middling and poor classes found themselves increasingly dependent on their former benefactors. This dependence was further intensified by the need to continually replenish the poorer soils that had been called into cotton culture. The upshot of these events was to push the white farmer, as well as the black, into a state of tenancy. By 1910, 50 percent of all Southern farm operators were tenants, as compared to 35 percent in 1880.

*– Joe Persky, "The South: A Colony at Home," **Land and Energy** (1973: I, 2), pp. 14-22.*

CONVERSION

The discussion of "conversion" reflects a concern that the military-industrial sector of the U.S. economy has monopolized the country's resources, while the pressing domestic needs continue to go unmet. But translating this legitimate anxiety into political action has been plagued with difficulty; not the least of reasons for this is the lack of a coherent plan which could combine political and economic considerations into a program of alternative uses for defense money and facilities

for meeting domestic needs.

As should be obvious, the proposals outlined in this article are not a program for complete socialization of the economy or even of all the major corporations. The conversion of military facilities proposed should be viewed as a transitional program aimed at creating a viable public production sector which would demonstrate the potential and possibilities of decentralized, publicly-owned economic activity.

The immediate legitimacy of the program comes from two basic facts: (1) most of the facilities that would be engaged in public production are already government-owned or heavily subsidized by government contracts, primarily through the Pentagon, and (2) most of the areas in which the new production authorities would operate – transportation, housing, shipping, public power – are sectors which have either stagnated under private enterprise or have been largely ignored and underdeveloped. Private enterprise has not provided adequate housing, transportation, shipping or cheap power; our argument is that now it's time to give another approach a chance.

*– Derek Shearer, "Converting the War Machine," **The Military and the South** (1973: I, 1), pp. 33-47.*

CONVICT LABOR

The leasing of state prisoners to private individuals began in 1846 when Alabama leased convicts to plantation owners in order to avoid the expense of operating a penitentiary. By 1872, railroads and coal mines in the District dominated the bidding for the prisoners. Coal mines paid $16 a month, plus room and board, in 1898 for the unrestrained use of convict labor. Over 80 percent of the prisoners were indigent, mostly illiterate, blacks charged with vagrancy or other Jim Crow-related offenses. As the price for convict labor climbed, these leases proved highly profitable to the state treasury. Between 1922 and 1926, 1,150 convict miners produced 1.5 million tons of coal at an estimated market value of $3.5 million. Despite scandals involving bribery, embezzlement and mistreatment of prisoners, the system was not abolished until 1926.

*– Mike Williams and Mitch Menzer, "Southern Steel," **The Future Is Now** (1981: IX, 3), pp. 74-79.*

Photo courtesy Samford University

COON DOG

What's clear every time someone begins talking about their particular dog is this: coon dogs are work dogs. The relationship of owner to dog is a professional one before it's a personal one. The dogs have to perform before they earn affection. If Old Blue quits easily, occasionally tracks a rabbit or possum, or barks at the foot of a tree that is coon-empty – he gets kicked, swatted, cussed at (maybe even shot) and then sold, traded or given away. Barking up an empty tree is called, appropriately, lying. And everybody hates a lying coon dog.

"This feller," John told me, pointing to a grave, "he was a big coon hunter. And he heard about a feller having a monkey who could take his pistol and go up a tree and shoot a coon out, you know. And they'd save cutting the timber and everything. And this feller got awful interested in that monkey, and he called the guy and asked him would he bring his monkey and go coon hunting with him. And he said yeah. So they went, and the dogs treed, and he give his monkey the pistol. He climbed the tree and went up there and POP! Out rolled the coon. They got him and went on, and this feller he was s-o-o-o interested in that monkey. Did he want to sell him? Feller told him he'd sell it to him. He said, 'Will you guarantee that monkey to go up every tree that a dog trees up and shoot the coon out?' Says, 'Yes sir, I'll guarantee you.' Well, he bought him. He went up, went a-coon hunting that night with him, you know, and carried the monkey. And the dog treed, and he handed him his pistol, and up that tree that monkey went. Stayed about

Photo by Marshall Hagler

10 minutes. He come down, walked down with this pistol in his hand, and shot this feller's dog. So this feller called the guy he bought the monkey from and told him. He said, 'That damn monkey!' he said, 'I carried him out and the dog treed.' Said, 'He climbed that tree and went about 10 minutes up there and come down and shot my coon dog.' Other feller said, 'Oh, I forgot to tell you about that.' Said, 'That monkey just hates a damn lying coon dog!'"

*– Jim Salem, "Coon Dog Graveyard," **Through the Hoop** (1979: VII, 2), pp. 27-29.*

COUNTER-CULTURE: I

Beginning with the events of Montgomery in 1955, when the Afro-American community of 50,000 citizens stood as one in a bus boycott, and extending to 1969 with the Vietnam Moratorium, in which an estimated four million people participated, our Movement created a dual authority in the country. There was on the one hand the established authority: the citadels of institutional racism, the masters of war, the apparatus of government – state, local and federal – and those chosen to do the dirty work of suppressing our Movement in defense of the status quo. This established authority acted out a way of life that was rooted in custom and tradition, and dictated by class interests.

The other center of authority was the Civil Rights-Anti-War Movement which represented a continuum of protest activity during the period. This authority, the Movement, represented the people's alternative to the power of institutional racism and colonialist war. The Movement had at its disposal such resources as dedicated organizers who educated and mobilized the aggrieved people; charismatic, grassroots leadership that articulated the goals and the vision that inspired action; performing artists who gave of their time and talent; church choirs, benefit concerts, mass meetings, and literature designed to instruct and enlighten as well as reflect the experiences of the Movement. All of this was held together by an ethos of camaraderie developed in struggle.

*– J. Hunter O'Dell, "Notes on the Movement," **Stayed on Freedom** (1981: IX, 1), pp. 6-11.*

Photo by Bob Clare

COUNTER-CULTURE: II

What took the wind out of our sails was looking on the disarray of the rest of the nation and finding nothing real out there to identify with. Within a year of SSOC's [Southern Student Organizing Committee] demise, SDS [Students for a Democratic Society] itself splintered into several factions and lost its national following. I was too busy with *Kudzu* and things in Mississippi to even say "I told you so." But over the next three years the loss of national organization made itself felt more and more and before it was all over I came to realize that as important as local roots were, they could be rendered worthless by the isolation that the lack of national solidarity imposed on us. Liberation News Service had split down the middle over the counter-culture versus purist politics debate. The cultural faction disappeared into Vermont or somewhere and all that was left was the verbal diarrhea of the New York political heavies.

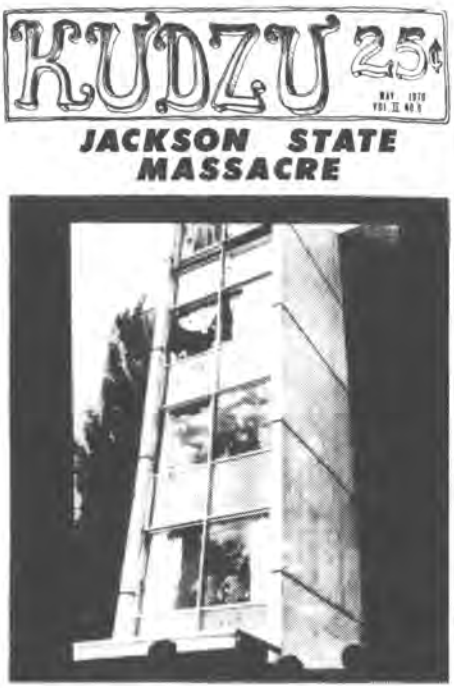
Other underground papers around the country seemed to be moving relentlessly down the trail SDS had blazed of being increasingly obsessed with purist politics and violence fetishism. Meanwhile the whole counter-culture thing became increasingly superficial and reactionary under the onslaught of commercialism and escapism; and if that wasn't enough, people were taking more and more of a depressing turn to the mindless mysticism of religious cults and astrology. The middle ground of sanity disappeared and with it our hopes for the emergence of an effective national Movement. One after another *Kudzu* staff members became frustrated with the isolation of Mississippi and packed up and headed out for parts unknown.

I went to Atlanta to see about working on the *Great Speckled Bird*. Several of the people wanted me to stay there, but when I criticized the *Bird* for losing its once large readership because it wasn't reaching people, some East Coast intellectual who had recently joined the staff called me a

"tailist" for wanting to lower myself to where the people were at. It was the old chauvinism. I was just a bumpkin from the provinces who hadn't read enough Marx and Lenin. These people were just as happy as they could be sitting there being irrelevant and unread; I made plans to leave.

I wanted to take out a full page ad in every Movement paper in the country and say, "Well, what about 'failurism!' Doesn't anybody on the left care that the left's most consistent characteristic in this country is its failure to initiate and sustain real communication with the American working people?!" My experience was that nobody really did care. People cared about establishing their place in history as a Movement leader; they cared about working off their guilt for being middle or upper class by passionately embracing intellectually whatever the Movement's latest trend was; they cared about advancing their intellectual prestige in debates, and any number of the other games the intellectual class occupies itself with. But the American left has rarely been able to see the peculiarities of its own subculture and to transcend those peculiarities to establish communications with another culture, the culture of working-class America.

– *David Doggett, "The* Kudzu *Story," Focus on the Media (1974: II, 4), pp. 86-95.*



Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

DAMN DAMS

Back in Brumley Gap, Virginia, the primary concern [of the local citizens] was keeping Appalachian Power Company [APCO] off the land. By submitting a preliminary application to the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission [FERC] and announcing its intention to study Brumley Gap as a dam site, APCO had started a process that, according to most interpretations of Virginia law, gave it the power to come on the land and make site tests.

On June 11, residents received a letter from the power company, asking permission "to make such surveys and examinations as are necessary to determine if the site is suitable for the possible location of a pumped-storage hydro-electric generating facility." The letter promised "no harmful effect on the property," but warned that unless permission was granted, APCO would exercise its right to enter the land without the owner's permission.

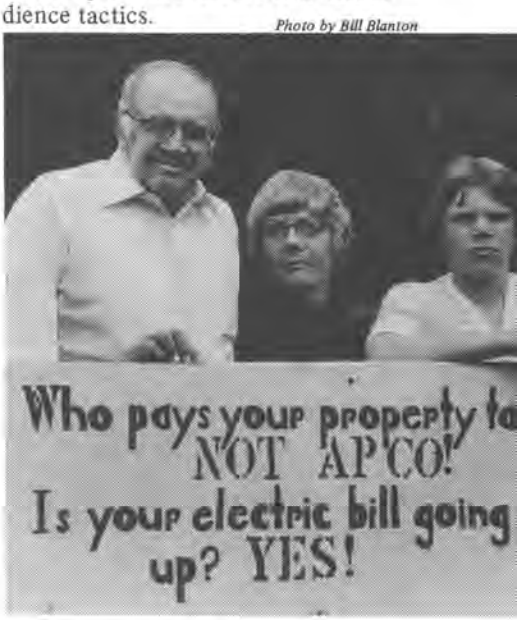
In response, the Brumley Gap citizens got together and sang "We Shall Not Be Moved" while 76-year-old Roby Taylor burned the letters.

APCO wrote again, this time sending the letters by registered mail. All but a few residents refused to accept them.

Tension ran high in the valley. Some of the older residents began to show signs of physical distress, caused, relatives said, by worry over the prospect of having their land disturbed. People talked about greeting APCO with buckshot, and discussed the prospects of going to jail to protect their land. Richard Cartright Austin, a United Presbyterian minister who calls himself an "environmental theologian," told them that if everyone stuck together, "They just might have to build a bigger jail over in Abingdon."

Austin was concerned about two things – first, that violence might occur, and second, that the people would not be prepared to resist APCO effectively. He called for help from the Movement for a New Society, a nonviolence training group which had emerged from the American Friends Service Committee. In August, during the week before APCO would have the legal right to come on the land, Pete Hill and two other trainers came to the valley and began conducting workshops in people's homes. The subject: nonviolent civil disobedience tactics.

Photo by Bill Blanton



APCO took the classes seriously. Two days before the power company was scheduled to begin site testing, sheriff's deputies served warrants on 62 residents.

The papers were served on Saturday

morning, August 11, the first day of the First Annual Brumley Gap Festival. At a rally on the next afternoon, Austin explained the significance of what had happened: "APCO would rather pretend they're up against individuals and try to 'pick us off' one by one. They can't do that now. By going to court, they've recognized that we're together. Now we'll stand together and fight them."

– *Bill Blanton, "Not by a Dam Site," Tower of Babel (1979: VII, 4), pp. 98-107.*

DANVILLE

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 when he said, "The library is housed in the residence of Colonel Summerlin, and served as the last capitol of the Confederacy. With these niggers in it, why, it's blasphemous!"

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 attorneys 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."

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 were all 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.

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.

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. The city council had unanimously passed a new ordinance. All picketing, all demonstrations, all marching were illegal without a permit from the city.

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?

One thing quickly emerged. No one wanted to let the city continue its

Woman Lawyer Is Fined On Contempt Conviction

Danville Judge Sentences 27 for Demonstrations

DANVILLE (AP) — The woman defense lawyer for 27 defendants in the 1963 Danville racial demonstrations was found in contempt of court Tuesday after her clients had been sentenced and fined.

Most of the defendants Tuesday, alleged leaders in the June 1963 demonstrations, were fined $150 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, accusinging her of misleading the court about representing Len Holt, one of Wednesday's defendants who failed to appear.

...the judge for sentencing the defendants to jail.

In a letter mailed Dec. 14, W... Leigh Taylor told Judge Aiken ... that a judge of your caliber could render such an inane decision" in sentencing defendants to jail terms rather than suspending the sentences entirely.

Aiken fined Taylor $50 and sentenced him to 10 days in jail, with eight days suspended.

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.

...denied Aiken's

Judge A. M. Aiken
Contempt Conviction

Miss Ruth Harvey
To Appeal Fine

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 Judge 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.

– Ruth Harvey Charity, Christina Davis and Arthur Kinoy, "The Danville Movement: The People's Law Takes Hold," American Heretic (1982: X, 4), pp. 35-39.

DAY CARE

Toddlers are notoriously hard to deal with. Compared to babies they're big and messy and unruly; compared to older kids, they're still not toilet-trained, can't talk very well and require constant supervision. They're also especially sensitive to change, and most child psychologists say that separation from parents is particularly upsetting during this period – from 15 months to about two-and-a-half years.

The Toddler House in Swansboro offered little to compensate for the difficult separation from home and parents. Although kindly and well-meaning, staff members for the most part lacked the energy to play much with the children. The kids milled around the several crowded rooms, knocking into one another or whining or sucking on their pacifiers with the introverted vacancy of a group of opium eaters.

Every hour or two, the children's diapers were all changed – a horrifying ritual. Every staff member had one rag and a pail of water, and we would move around the rooms like cow punchers through a cattle yard, corraling children and pinning them down then and there on the floor. The one rag was used to wipe all the six or seven bottoms that fell to each person's portion. To my consternation, one lady assiduously wiped the juice and crackers off their faces with the same rag. I reported this practice to the director but later heard that it was still in use.

Since it took a fair amount of time and energy to get all the toddlers' shoes on, they didn't go outside much even in good weather, and hardly at all in the winter. Once they *were* out, the staff took this opportunity for a much-needed break; they sat relaxing by the side of the building and left the children to their own devices.

Who can blame them? One toddler alone is enough to drive its own parents up the wall on occasion. These day-care workers had to contend with a whole houseful of toddlers at their worst: frightened, whiny, confused and demanding. For a wage of around $2.00 an hour, who could reasonably expect anything better, day after day?

When day-care workers are overworked and underpaid, their unhappiness directly and crucially affects the well-being of an even more vulnerable group of people – the children. The miraculous and saving factor is that many day-care workers, regardless of the low pay and demanding and responsible work, do put forth the terrific amount of energy required to do a good job in day care. But their dedication is taken for granted rather than rewarded, except by the love and the healthy development of the children they serve. And the children, of course, do not sit on the board of directors and do not allocate funds or set wage guidelines.

No one can deny the growing need for day-care services; my purpose in this article is to speak of the realities as I've seen them from *inside* the day-care experience. I believe that we should take heed against jumping onto day care as a bandwagon, advocating the wholesale proliferation of day-care centers as a simple answer to a complex problem – without at the same time giving close consideration to the *kinds* of day-care services we need and want.

The key as I see it is a combination of strong professional leadership and energetic community control. Ideally, the two parties would struggle together to hammer out a program both professionally sound and sensitive to the needs of the particular families involved. Some of the issues that would arise are questions of part-time or full-time care, type of discipline used, whether the emphasis would be on school readiness or on cooperative playing.

Crucial to the success of this program would be the emphasis on day-care "systems" rather than just centers. Centers should not be the only model or option for day care. They can work well, especially for older kids, and especially if half-day use is encouraged for as many parents as can manage it. A day-care center should serve its traditional functions while, in addition, providing after-school care for older children. It could serve also as an information exchange center, encouraging parents to share child-care services as much as possible.

The center could coordinate and supervise the informal network of day-care home operators and could even function as a kind of home base for them: where they could come to observe methods of dealing with a particular age or type of child; where they could bring their groups of children periodically for a story hour or a dance lesson. The center could encourage retired people in the com-

munity to become more involved with their younger neighbors by working a few hours a week in the center or by keeping, say, one baby in their home part-time. Families would be enabled to extend themselves further into the community while at the same time to assert more control over their own lives. This involvement could be as valuable in a dreary suburb as in an urban ghetto.

– Chris Mayfield, "Living With Day Care," Growing Up Southern (1980: VIII, 3), pp. 22-33.

DEATH ROW

Doug McCray: When John Spenkelink was executed, I felt as if the entire country had failed him. The entire country had failed a warm, loving human being who cared for others. Society out there does not realize that they could have prevented John's execution. John wanted to live. He just couldn't understand it all. I would talk to John, sometimes all night long. He just could not understand why they were going through all of these motions just to have him executed.

And I sit back there and I watch the guys and I say to myself, "Now, how could they sentence this guy to death, or this guy." You take Arthur Goode back there. Society and even a great number of prisoners here think that he is the worst human being alive and are wishing he would be executed. But, shucks, the guy is a human being! And that in itself makes him special. He's a product of God. He's one of God's children. We are all God's children. So how can man say he should die?

My next-door cellmate is black, 24 and illiterate. I do all his reading and writing. Anyway the guy received a letter from a concerned citizen. The writer called him a human being. The guy made me read that particular sentence over and over and over. The thought of someone calling him a human being made all the difference.

I remember when I was younger I would read in the paper about a guy being executed. The only thing I could say was "poor guy." But being here has made me acutely aware of a great many things that I actually took for granted out there, one being human

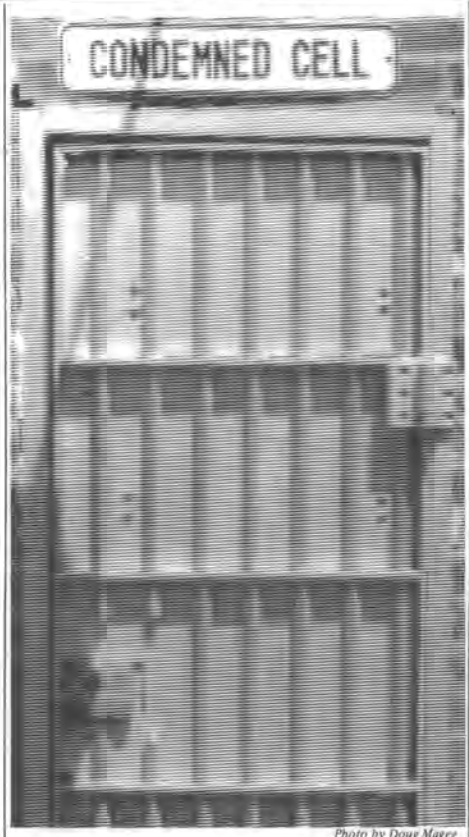


Photo by Doug Magee

life. That is the most special thing that anyone can possess. And only God can take that.

Death row is simply psychological brutality. You question your dignity, self-worth and intelligence. A reporter asked me how long I had been on death row. When I responded by saying 28 years she thought I'd lost my senses. From my vantage point, such as it is, it's easy to see how black people are born with death sentences.

– Doug Magee, "Barely Living," Winter's Promise (1980: VIII, 4), pp. 56-66.

DECKHAND

I told Guste I'd been thinking about quitting cooking to work on deck for real. Deckhands had more interesting work to do, more loose time to learn things than the cook did. Here I'd landed myself the least exciting job on the boat, an indoor job. No sooner would I start a piloting lesson than it was time to make supper. My beloved volunteer night watches ended not in soft sleep but in tense preparations for breakfast. Guste himself had told me that decking was probably too heavy a job for a woman. Still, I wanted to try.

After supper, we went back to the deck for more line practice. This time Guste hauled a three-inch-diameter line from our offside stern bitt and dropped it at my feet. I could only just lift its awkward 40-inch loop. "I don't see how I can throw *this*," I whined.

Guste shrugged. "Try and see how she do."

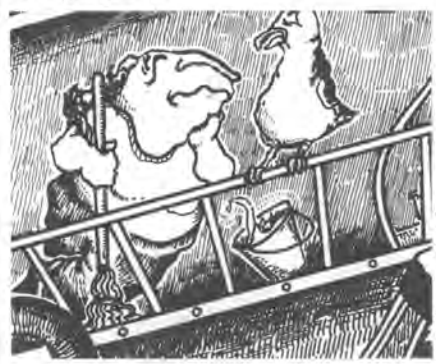
On my first attempt to hurl the thing, it dropped on the deck just paces from my feet. *Thud.*

"Yo'll do him," Guste said. Then he excused himself to go ashore for what he called "a bit lapp" (tr.: beer). Once he was out of sight I nearly put the line back up on the bitt. I could always *say* I'd tried. But then I saw two faces at the wheelhouse windows, our two deckhands watching me.

Can a woman do it? They didn't think so. I couldn't have borne their being right about that.

So I tried. And I rested. And I tried again. My muscles shrieked and my ears sang in agony. Once I managed to hook the bitt by its horn. But I just couldn't seem to get the damned line high enough off the deck.

And then a feeling of entrancement settled over me, some kind of magic second wind that took me beyond my trying, trying, trying. The line that I'd cursed just minutes before was suddenly whistling over my head, circling the bitt, catching with a satisfying *snap!*



Graphic by Beth Epstein

I tested this crazy magic; was it repeatable? Yes, and easier every time. My back straightened, found a balance point. My shoulders loosened. I could feel, actually feel, the power of my own leverage working for me. Here I was doing the lasso act that was the mark of a real deckhand, when back home I'd been a failure at Frisbee. Magic indeed.

– Lucy Gwin, "Going Overboard," Coastal Affair (1982: X, 3), pp. 64-67.

DEPRESSION

In the face of persistent unemployment and repeated crop failures, victims of the Depression besieged public personalities with individual requests for jobs and relief. Letters commenting on economic conditions and urgent pleas for help were addressed not only to public officials, but also to corporate executives, journalists and Hollywood stars.

Hundreds of Southerners confided their problems to Mildred Seydell, an Atlanta newspaper columnist. Throughout the '30s she wrote a daily advice column which commented on a variety of topics from manners to morals, entertainment to politics. She encouraged correspondence from her readers and occasionally printed excerpts from their letters in the *Georgian.*

Before it was commonly acknowledged that the nation was undergoing a depression, workers who lost their jobs in 1930 and '31 blamed themselves for their misfortunes. One unemployed Atlantan confided:

> *I am a complete failure. I have failed in everything I have undertaken. I have loved and lost. I have studied for years and accomplished nothing. I have given to others and I am hopelessly in debt. There are times when I feel like giving up in despair – it seems I belong to the race of men who don't fit in . . .*
>
> *Yours truly, a nobody.*

*– Julia Kirk Blackwelder, "Letters from the Great Depression," **Passing Glances** (1978: VI, 3), pp. 73-77.*

DISNEY WORLD

Just who actually conceived of Disney World, the mammoth entertainment complex destined to be *ten times* the size of Disneyland, will probably never really be known. Disney mythology officially maintains that all wisdom flowed from the head of Big Walt. Insiders speculate that Walt's brother Roy was the main man of the Florida project.

Whatever the origin, the simple facts remain that Disney spent roughly $400 million on the 27,400 acres that will eventually comprise not only the Magic Kingdom and its resort hotel (property of U.S. Steel Corporation), but an entire very-upper-middle-class "Experimental Community of Tomorrow" and, as ecology-minded Disney P.R. men will proudly (and it must be said, correctly) point out, a 7,500 acre green belt of woods and scrubland. Another simple, indisputable fact is that tourism became the single greatest component of the central Florida economy by the introduction of Disney World. A rather insane form of tourism, to be sure, dependent neither on history (the Dade Battlefield Museum on the site of the greatest Indian victory east of the Mississippi goes relatively unvisited for some reason), nor scenery (Disney World visitors rarely venture into the wild green belt), nor climate (air conditioning is a must in every building).

The weird truth is that Disney World is an attraction simply because *it is famous.* Years and years of family entertainment pouring forth from Disney studios has left its dent on the American psyche. A trip to Disney World is an American hegira, and not just for straight middle-agers. Indeed, Disney World makes a real effort to attract the hip young marrieds with a kid or two, not to mention the Mickey Mouse shirt-bedecked teenager, and often it succeeds.

It succeeds because almost all Americans are hooked on *entertainment,* whether they be the old folks watching hour after hour of TV or young kids absorbing hour after hour of abuse from second- and third-rate rock groups. Whether you use Marxist or metaphysical terms, the analysis is, logically enough, the same. Americans are so profoundly alienated from creativity, community and realization, that they must be told when to have a good time. "You are now on *vacation.* You are going to a vacation resort. You will have a *Good Time.*"

*– Steve Cummings, "Florida: Love It or Sell It," **Land and Energy** (1973: I, 2), pp. 23-28.*

DOMESTICS

The major historical event in any account of household workers is the great wave of immigration which has carried black women from the rural South to urban centers in the North for close to 100 years. When Reconstruction ended in 1877 and Jim Crow laws were passed throughout the South, the paternalistic mood of race relations was replaced by increasing violence and terror. To young blacks experiencing cruelty, poverty and the treadmill of agricultural labor, the North appeared to be something different. It promised greater racial tolerance, expanding industry with peripheral jobs for unskilled black workers, and a growing middle class which sought unskilled poor for domestic service.

From 1880 to 1900, the black population of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois nearly dou-

bled from 235,000 to 411,000. This growth rate continued in the next 20 years, due largely to massive immigration from the South. Between 1910 and 1920, the percentage of blacks in Alabama, Louisiana, Delaware, Tennessee and Mississippi decreased, and the rate of increase in other Southern states was rarely higher than 15 percent. In contrast, the black population rose in New York by 47.9 percent and in Michigan by 251 percent. In that decade alone, the number of Southern-born blacks in the North jumped from 415,000 to 737,000.

Throughout the first half of the twentieth century, black women came North in greater numbers than men – five women for every four men – and 59 percent found jobs. Often they were exploited by employment agents who traveled the South offering blacks transportation and a guaranteed job on their arrival in Northern cities. Naive young women became, in effect, indentured servants by accepting terms of service that gave them "Justice's Tickets" to the North. They filed aboard steamships that took them up the Atlantic Coast, and were segregated uncomfortably in steerage quarters along with luggage and white travelers' pets.

The vast majority of these women found employment as private household workers. By 1910, New York had one of the highest percentages of working black women in the nation (only five states in the agricultural South had a higher percentage); and four out of five of the women were involved in domestic service.

*– Robert Hamburger, "A Stranger in the House," **Good Times and Growing Pains** (1977: V,1), pp. 22-31.*

DRAFT

In another sense, I think the antiwar movement begins to reflect the racism of the country. When the sons and daughters of the wealthier class in America began to talk about the draft more or less as an inconvenience to them and started hooking up with the draft, all the government did with that antidraft, antiwar movement was move it into the poor communities of America, particularly in the black community. The thing that finally woke me up was that I suddenly looked around me in 1965 and discovered not one person who had gone to high school and junior high school with me was around. If they had not been killed in Vietnam, they were on their way, with the few exceptions who had gone into the drug thing and were in prison. And that was sort of a shocking thing. I'm saying there was no real antidraft movement. All they did was move the draft from the white community into the black-American, Chicano community, wherever there was not enough of a political clout to raise those issues.

My position is that the draft is genocide in the black community because it very clearly takes the very best, the most skilled, the most articulate, the most useful black men. It is not accidental. The people whom the Army instructors might teach some skills to they don't want. It's the people who clearly might be of use in terms of liberation struggles of black people who they drafted.

*– Walter Collins, "On the Military," **The Military and the South** (1973: I, 1), pp. 6-15.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

EDUCATION

Accept for the moment the fact that public schools will never be perfect learning environments. Accept also the fact that, despite all the voices raised against them, and despite all the financial chaos, they are here to stay. Now draw up a list of observations or principles or truths – say, five or six – that could be used as yardsticks to measure how any given public school is doing, or how far it has to go, given the potentials and limitations that exist within that institutional framework.

I present a checklist here, realizing that most of these principles are old truths "rediscovered" again and again, but realizing also that most schools still have a long way to go toward implementing them, and so they bear repeating. The 950-pupil consolidated public high school in which I teach, for example, has not, and undoubtedly will not, move wholesale to translate a list like this into action. However, after 14 years of continuous, daily trial-and-error and observation inside the public-school system, I know that these principles *can* be recognized in that system, and I believe that *the extent* to which they have been recognized and acted upon by any public school is the extent to which that institution is becoming truly and sensitively responsive to the needs of the students and the communities it serves.

1. Every detail in the physical environment of a school, no matter how small, matters and contributes in a cumulative way to the overall tone. . . .

2. Students must be allowed a measure of control over that environment, and a degree of decision-making responsibility within it. . . .

– *Eliot Wigginton, "Is Your School Doing Its Job?" **Who Owns Appalachia** (1982: X, 1), pp. 53-59.*

ELECTION

In the first half of this century an alternative economy grew up in the black community of Durham, North Carolina – an economy centered on several financial institutions, including Mechanics and Farmers Bank and North Carolina Mutual, the world's largest black-owned insurance company. Durham is ringed with white suburbs just outside the city school district; the city itself is now 47 percent black (35 percent of the registered voters). The black community has long had a powerful political organization, but only recently has it had numerous allies among the city's white voters.

Until 1977, the 13-member Durham city council was almost exclusively composed of white men from the city's white business establishment with two or three blacks and women. This council held great power over the lives of Durham's citizens, and it wielded that power for the benefit of commercial developers. The city poured millions of urban renewal dollars into the razing of black neighborhoods and the displacement of 100 small black-owned businesses in the city's historic Hayti section. The council allocated federal and city tax dollars in a disastrous attempt to revitalize a dying downtown retail district through cosmetic changes and parking garage construction. At the same time, ironically, the city and state slammed through the first legs of the East-West Expressway, displacing thousands of black residents who formerly shopped downtown and forcing them into housing projects far from downtown stores.

The city council elections of 1977 unexpectedly turned local politics inside-out. In that year progressive candidates ran for six council seats and the mayor's office. White neighborhood organizations, fed up with suburban development interests and the assault on in-town neighborhoods, joined with the highly organized black voters of the Durham Committee on the Affairs of Black People to elect five new council members, creating a slim progressive majority of seven on the council. The new council majority started slowly, but before too long it had passed the city's first affirmative action hiring program. Then came housing code enforcement with teeth in it, the paving of dirt roads in neighborhoods, the diversion of federal funds from public works boondoggles to neighborhood reconstruction and attempts to improve the city's public transportation service.

– *Steve Schewel, "Pocketbooks and Neighborhoods," **Stepping Stones** (1982: X, 2), pp. 21-26.*

EMANCIPATION

In thousands of individual and collective actions black men and women persistently experimented with freedom, tentatively creating its forms and content. In Washington, Georgia, one young white woman complained to her diary that with the coming of freedom and the military occupation forces, several of the most dependable and apparently subservient black folk, among them house servants, had radically changed (or revealed) their character. Eliza Andrews cited one man who had been known to them all as kindly Uncle Lewis. Now, she reported, "Uncle Lewis, the pious, the honored, the venerated, gets his poor old head turned with false notions of freedom and independence, runs off to the Yankees with a pack of lies against his mistress, and sets up a claim to part of her land!"

There were many resurrections, many former cripples now rowing toward freedom, many "uncles" seeing visions of justice in the lands of their "nieces." But the price could be high, for almost every black act of assertion was seen by whites – in a sense, accurately – as "insubordination" and "insolence." In Savannah a delegation of black people from surrounding rural areas called on Chief Justice Salmon Chase, who was making a Southern tour that spring, and complained that "their old masters were abusing them, were whipping those who said they thought they were free." In Alabama, Chase's party heard of black people in the rural sections who had come into Montgomery "with their ears cut off by their former masters, in punishment for their assertion of their freedom." Such practices were common in many parts of the South, especially the rural districts, and often the news came from persons who spoke for friends and relatives who could not come, men and women who had lost their lives in those early movements toward hope.

– Vincent Harding, "The Challenge of the Children," Who Owns Appalachia (1982: X, 1), pp. 70-78.

EMMA

Emma McCloud, a member of the Gudger family of Alabama, was the subject of a chapter in James Agee's book on the Depression, Let Us Now Praise Famous Men. *She was 18 when that book appeared in 1936. In 1979,* Southern Exposure *published an excerpt from Agee's book, as well as a long interview that gives Emma's own story.*

I give up everything when I went to having children. I just wrapped my life around them five kids. Now don't misunderstand me. I growed very close to Lutie and we had a lot of good times together. With his tongue, he was real good to me, and I know he loved me and the children with all his heart, but the only thing was if he couldn't find a job like he wanted, he just wouldn't have one. If he couldn't make good money, he just wouldn't work. I worked for 50 cents a day and put bread in their mouths and he wouldn't do it. He would work and play. He would make a waterwheel down in the ditch somewhere. Now honest to God, I worked for 50 cents a day and that wasn't by the hour, that was from sun till sun. Fifty cents to put bread in those kids' mouths. I've worked a lot of days and I'd go home toting a four-pound bucket of lard. That's what I'd be paid for a day's work.

Then Lutie got the rehabilitation. They called it bull farming, but he got a mule instead of a bull. When he got that mule and cow and some pigs and chickens, I was the happiest woman around. This rehab was a Roosevelt thing. He was the only president I ever knew that done anything. He was the only one that I knowed that I seen what he done.

That year I planted the cotton seed with my hands and Lutie covered them. Sonny was borned the twentieth of April and believe it or not I chopped cotton. I could see the house and I would call to Mildred and tell her what to do. When Sonny got to crying hard, I would tell her how to pick him up and bring him on the porch and rock him. Then every once in a while I would run to the house and feed and dry him and then go back to work. It was hard, but I done it and got by. That fall we lost everything.

So the next thing, Lutie went to Mobile and went to work at the shipyard. He was a guard there. I won't never forget – he sent me $30 one time. The rest of the time he always got robbed. He was always getting

Harper's Weekly, 1864

robbed. So then it was back to stay with his mother, Mrs. McCloud. We went, me and the children.

I worked in the field all I could. Then they transferred Lutie up here to the Northeastern Hospital, still a guard. We moved to the old CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] camp at Cookstown. That year, the twenty-third of August, Sister [Patricia] came to us. A big 10-pound girl. Lutie was a guard at the gate of the hospital. He dressed like a million dollars, and my children went to school barefooted. He had all his shiny buttons, and when I had to go up town – I didn't go unless I had to – I borrowed a dress to wear.

– *Bradford Jenkins, "So I Sung to Myself," **Behind Closed Doors** (1979: VII, 1), pp. 18-26.*

ENDANGERED SPECIES

I was addressing a crowd of environmentalists at the Cousteau Institute, and I told them that we have given up on trying to protect the shrimp and the crab because we have become the new endangered species. The black native population of these islands is now endangered and we don't have too much time to protect oysters, fish and crab.

They thought it made a lot of sense. A couple of people in the class said that we are just one example of many throughout the world. Developers just come in and roll over them and change their culture, change their way of life, destroy the environment, and therefore the culture has to be changed.

There is another part of this that you must realize. A lot of people see us as some people who were brought to these islands to pick cotton and even though we now own property, we've got no right to these islands whatsoever because we were brought over here as slaves. So they think anything that happens to us now as a result of development is justified. We're looking at it from a different side. We're looking at it as human beings having our rightful positions on this island. They don't see it that way.

I've been struggling over the past eight years to keep a family coalition going so that we could show that within a family, we can do something just by cooperating and developing land or buying land. We have pooled our resources to invest in some land on the island. We hope that in the future we'll be able to develop it into something that is compatible and needed in the community and, at the same time, provide an income for either us or our children.

That's what all our foreparents did. That's how black land ever got here – how black land ownership ever came about – is by people like my grandparents getting up early in the morning, working the field to buy land. Land was precious and it's going to be precious again because we ain't gonna have any.

– *Vernie Singleton, "We Are An Endangered Species: An Interview with Emory Campbell," **Coastal Affair** (1982: X, 3). pp. 37-39.*

ENGINEERS

Each year Congress appropriates billions of dollars for navigation, flood control, water supply and other water resource projects constructed by the Army Corps of Engineers and three other major agencies – the Soil and Conservation Service in the Department of Agriculture, the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) in the Interior Department and the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA). With a workforce of 30,000 people, offices in all 50 states and an annual budget exceeding $3.8 billion, the Corps is the oldest and the largest of the water resource agencies. Dating back to the days of the founding fathers, the Corps was responsible primarily for navigation until the mid-1930s when Congress broadened its scope to include flood control, hydropower, recreation, irrigation, municipal and industrial water supplies, and fish and wildlife enhancement. The Corps operates in the Department of the Army, and the top Corps official is the Undersecretary of the Army for Civil Works.

The South corners more than its share of water resource projects. In fiscal year 1979, the Corps received 74 percent of the $2.2 billion allocated to active construction projects of the BLM, TVA and the Corps. Of this amount, less than $204 million, or 9.3 percent, went to 16 Northeast and Midwest states, while Alabama and Mississippi alone received $214 million. Fiscal year 1980 appropriations reflect the same prevalence of Southern projects. The total civil works budget for the Corps in 1980 is $2.8 billion, and over $1 billion of this, or 36 percent, is earmarked for the 11 Southern states. Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Florida and Georgia ranked among the top 10 states receiving the most in Corps funds. Moreover, of the 10 largest Corps projects now under construction throughout the country, the first seven are located in the South. The South is, in effect, awash in Corps projects. From South Carolina to Texas, from Florida to Kentucky, the Engineers tinker with rivers and streams in a massive earth-moving effort that never ceases.

Water pork has a Southern flavor because Southern congressmen are the cooks, according to environmental lobbyists who have worked on Capitol Hill for many years. Southerners control the pursestrings in the congressional system for mandating water projects.

– *David Dyar Massey, "Over a Barrel," **Building South** (1980: VIII, 1), pp. 92-100.*

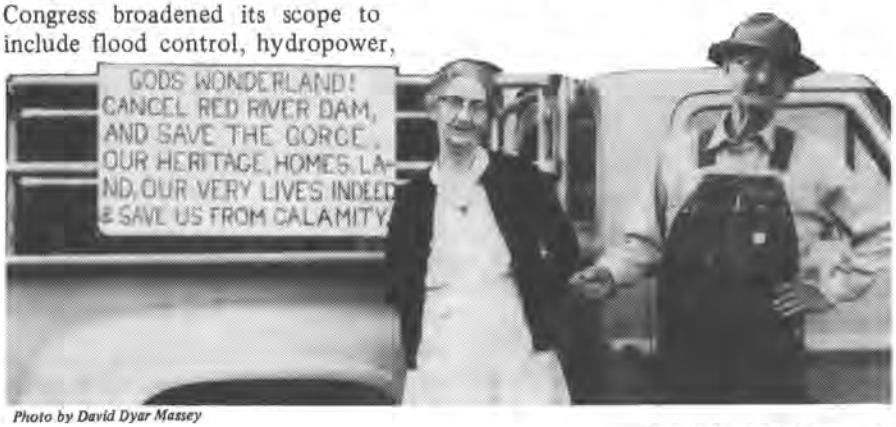


Photo by David Dyar Massey

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

FAMILY REUNION

On a day in May, I went back with the ones who'd been gone a long time, back to their old home on Clinch Mountain, in Virginia's Blue Ridge. For 30 years some of them had been gone and the changes had come and changed again, until only the land was left the same. The old house was there after 66 years, but the log house, the place where the first Davenport children were born in 1881, was in ruins.

My cousin owns the place now. He loves it and will take good care of it. It's a beautiful spot. Walnut, apple and cherry trees grow all over, the wild oranges form a hedge along the back yard, the rose bushes bloom profusely against a backdrop of green.

They came, the children of Randolph Davenport, their families and a few close friends. They recounted childhood memories. They touched again the weathered wood of the buildings that had sheltered them. Many of the memories were bittersweet: the corn fields, the grain fields, ring of hoe against the rocks, sweep of scythe through the grain. They went hungry and cold there on the mountain; life was often harsh and rending. And they courted and married and moved away from the long hours, the copperheads and the lone bird calling mournfully in the sweet spring afternoons.

For the young people – the children and grandchildren of those who once lived here – this was a day to talk of jobs and children, sickness and health. The children laughed again in the mountain sunshine. They picked cherries, smelled the roses, ran in the grass and the dust and prowled through the old house, never really understanding its history or its meaning in the lives of their elders.

*– Colleen Davenport Taylor, "Reunion," **Growing Up Southern** (1980: VIII, 3), pp. 116-117.*

Photo by Bill Blanton

FARMING

Small farmers like Jim Grady and Charles Pascal have many common problems, such as credit, land and marketing. Rural banks are conservative lenders; small farmers like Grady and Pascal often don't have the high collateral necessary to qualify for commercial loans. The Farmers Home Administration (FmHA), which was established to provide credit for farmers who could not qualify for other credit, has been guilty of "creaming." As FmHA's mandate required it to help farmers who could benefit from its loans, it has helped whites more than blacks and the affluent more than the poorer farmers.

The agricultural marketplace which buys and sells the small farmer's crops is a closed system. Federal agricultural programs determine the quantity and prices of many crops, and these programs have often discriminated against small farmers. Because small farmers like Pascal and Grady are usually poor, relatively uneducated and unorganized, they are also fair game for the large shippers and processors that control many agricultural markets.

As agribusiness giants like Holly Farms, Stokely van Camp and Ralston Purina continue to grow, small farmers like Jim Grady and Charles Pascal are rapidly becoming an extinct species. However, it may surprise the average American accustomed to believing that "bigger is better" that, according to the USDA, most of the economies associated with size in farming are achieved by the "modern and fully mechanized one-man or two-man operation."

Corporate farming is known to be inefficient, says economist Eric Thor of the USDA:

> *There is plenty of data to show that large corporations have higher production costs and get lower yields than do farms where the operator is a part owner. The real risk in a hired manager is that he can't make decisions very well. . . . He knows that if he makes a bad decision he might get fired, so he waits for someone higher up to approve it. Sometimes it's too late.*

Like any other business, farming has its own economies of scale, and they happen to favor the family farm. But, because of the economic power and political influence of corporations,

public policies favor agribusiness. Tax policies enable wealthy investors to benefit from "hobby farming," which encourages the growth of corporate farming. Public funds for agricultural research have also been channeled into projects which help large-scale farm operations while doing little to aid the small farmer.

*– Robert Bildner, "Southern Farms: A Vanishing Breed," **Our Promised Land** (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 72-79.*

FBI

What should your organization do if it's suddenly faced with a couple of FBI agents at the door or a subpoena from a federal grand jury? *Southern Exposure* asked Federation of Southern Cooperatives Executive Director Charles Prejean and FSC Training Center Director John Zippert for some of the lessons they learned in the course of their 16-month ordeal. Here's part of the list.

(1) Anticipate an Attack. "If you stand up for your rights in America and have some success in changing people's lives, you are going to suffer some abuse from the power structure," says Zippert. "Call it an occupational hazard. I have learned to be very careful in my public and professional responsibilities, in handling money, travel vouchers, taxes, everything – because I knew this would happen again."

(4) Designate Staff Duties. "Knowing that we were innocent, we decided to isolate a few staff members to the defense work and insist that the majority continue their primary responsibilities as agricultural specialists or credit union specialists or whatever," says Prejean.

(6) Build National Support. Prejean explains: "We recognized at the outset that we would have been blown out of the water if we had contained the problem in its parochial context. We knew the deck was still stacked against us in Epes, Alabama; and we knew that in isolated communities grand jury and FBI powers are often used to intimidate, harass and eliminate dissidents."

(9) Use National Intelligence-Abuse Specialists Carefully. "The national organizations that specialize in grand jury abuses were helpful, but some of them were inclined to view our case as part of a general threat to constitutional protections. Given this view, it was felt a refusal to cooperate would best dramatize the severity of that threat. We considered that action, but only as a part of the full range of options that would best represent the principles of our organization. We did not want to be tricked into being seen as anarchists."

*– "Ten Ways to Beat the FBI," **Prevailing Voices** (1982: X, 5), pp. 54-56.*

FEMINISM

White women's presence inevitably heightened the sexual tension which runs as a constant current through racist culture. Sexual relationships did not become a serious problem for the Civil Rights Movement, however, until interracial sex became a widespread phenomenon in local communities in the summer of 1964. The same Mississippi summer project that opened new horizons to hundreds of women simultaneously induced serious strains within the Movement itself. Accounts of what happened vary according to the perspectives of the observer.

A black woman pointed out that white women would "do all the shit work and do it in a feminine kind of way while [black women] . . . were out in the streets battling with the cops. So it did something to what [our] femininity was about. We became amazons, less than and more than women at the same time."

A white woman, asked whether she experienced any hostility from black women, responded, "Oh, tons and tons! I was very, very afraid of black women, very afraid."

Soon after the 1964 summer project, black women in SNCC sharply confronted male leadership. They charged that they could not develop relationships with the black men because the men did not have to be responsible to them as long as they could turn to involvement with white women.

Black women's anger and demands constituted one part of an intricate maze of tensions and struggles that were in the process of transforming the Civil Rights Movement. SNCC had grown from a small band of 16 to a swollen staff of 180, of whom 50 percent were white. The earlier dream of a beloved community was dead. The vision of freedom lay crushed under the weight of intransigent racism, disillusion with electoral politics and nonviolence, and differences of race, class and culture within the Movement itself. Within the rising spirit of black nationalism, the anger of black women toward white women was only one element.

In this context, Ruby Doris Smith Robinson, one of the most powerful black women in SNCC, is said to have written a paper on the position of women in SNCC. If a copy exists, I have yet to find it. Those I have interviewed who heard it delivered at a conference or later read it have hazy and contradictory memories. Nevertheless this paper has been cited frequently in the literature of contemporary feminism as the earliest example of "women's consciousness" within the new left.

Robinson died of cancer in 1968, and we may never know her own assessment of her feelings and intentions. We do know, however, that tales of her memo generated feminist echoes in the minds of many. And Stokely Carmichael's reputed response that "the only position for women in SNCC is prone" stirred up even more.

In the fall of 1965, Mary King and Casey Hayden spent several days of long discussions in the mountains of

Photo by Donna Bennight

Virginia. Both these white women were on their way out of the Movement, though they were not fully conscious of that fact. Finally they decided to write a "kind of memo" addressed to "a number of other women in the peace and freedom movements." In it they argued that women, like blacks, "seem to be caught in a common-law caste system that operates, sometimes subtly, forcing them to work around or outside hierarchical structures of power which may exclude them. Women seem to be placed in the same position of assumed subordination in personal situations, too. It is a caste system which, at its worst, uses and exploits women."

Hayden and King set the precedent of contrasting the Movement's egalitarian ideals with the replications of sex roles within it. They noted the ways in which women's position in society determined women's roles in the Movement – like cleaning houses, doing secretarial work, and refraining from active or public leadership. At the same time, they observed, "having learned from the Movement to think radically about the personal worth and abilities of people whose role in society had gone unchallenged before, a lot of women in the Movement have begun trying to apply these lessons to their own relations with men."

*– Sara Evans, "Women's Consciousness and the Southern Black Movement," **Generations** (1976: IV, 4), pp. 10-18.*

FISHERS

In general, the men of Florida's Cortez Island fished and the women worked at home, but there were many times when the women were out on the water as much as the men. That was especially true during scalloping season. There are many women in Cortez who scalloped every day during the summer, for 30 years in some cases, and by so doing brought home sizable contributions to the family's income.

Armed with an old No. 2 washtub and a wooden scallop box – a square box with a sheet of plate glass in the bottom so they could see scallops beneath the shallow water – the women would pole out to the "kitchen" in old skiffs or little rowboats. They'd wade around in waist-deep water, pushing their scallop box in front of them, looking through the glass bottom, and dragging the washtub behind them on a short rope. When they'd spot a scallop buried in the sand, they'd dip down, grab it and flip it into the washtub. Hours later they'd pole back to Cortez with a couple of washtubs full of scallops and then sit hunched over a tub for hours more, opening the scallops, cutting out the meat, cleaning it and packing it in quart jars. They would sell the scallops to fish dealers or to restaurants at the going price.

*– Ben Green, "If We'd Stuck Together," **Coastal Affair** (1982: X, 3), pp. 69-76.*

FORESTS

The largest single landowner in Appalachia is neither a coal/oil company, a land or timber corporation, nor an electric utility. It is the United States government, through the U.S. Forest Service. Most of the national forests lying east of the Mississippi River are concentrated in Appalachia; they include an area larger than the states of Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island combined.

On the local level, the amount of national forest land in many counties in the Southern mountains is staggering. Within the Appalachian areas of West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina and Georgia, there are 37 counties where the Forest Service owns 20 percent or more of the land. In 14 counties, more than 40 percent of the land is in national forests.

What makes this so astonishing is that the people of Appalachia are the ones who actually pay for these national forests. As federal property, the nearly 5,400,000 acres of national forests in Southern Appalachia are exempt from state, county and city taxes. While it is difficult to estimate the exact extent of the tax loss, it is probable that, based on average values for land and effective tax rates in the counties involved, the Appalachian national forests cost local governments

nearly $10 million a year in lost tax revenues – revenues that would go to support schools, roads, health programs, welfare and other public services.

*– Si Kahn, "The Government's Private Forests," **Our Promised Land** (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 132-144.*

FREEDOM SCHOOLS

It was a hot morning in early July when the freedom schools, the *temple of questions*, opened.

That date – July 7, 1964 – will be cursed by the power structure of Mississippi and celebrated by the lovers of human dignity as the point of the beginning of the end – the end and the downfall of the empire of Mississippi, the political subdivision, the state that exhibits best the worst found anywhere in America.

As the overly scrubbed, intensely alert and eager students poured into the churches, lodge halls, storefronts, sheds and open fields that served as school facilities, both teachers and students trembled with the excitement of one taking his first trip to the moon. From the beginning, the schools were a challenge to the insistent principle that everyone had talked about so much: flexibility.

Where the initial plans had been for only the tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades, one found sitting in the infor-

mal circles youngsters with the smooth black faces and wondering eyes of the impish ages of nine and 10 who were mere fifth-graders. Flexibility. And there just behind teen-age boys – with slender, cotton-picking muscles – were sets of gnarled hands and the care-chiseled faces of grandmothers, some of whom said they thought they were in the seventies (birth records for the old are almost nonexistent). Flexibility.

Where Tom Wahman and Staughton Lynd had thought that there would be only 20 or so schools to be planned for, 50 of them had sprouted before the end of the summer. Where a mere 1,000 students had been hoped for, 3,000 eventually came.

To meet all these changes and challenges, flexibility became the rigid rule. The first-name basis between students and teachers, the obvious sincerity, and the informality of the classroom situation all contributed to the breaking of any barriers that existed and enhanced the learning situation: if there were chairs, they were arranged in circles rather than rows; no one was required to participate in any classroom activity while in class; to go to the toilet or outhouse, one did not need to raise a hand to get permission; not disturbing others was the only consideration requested of the students.

And, most important of all, the teachers asked the students questions and the students talked; the students could and did say what they thought to be important, and no idea was ridiculed or forbidden – an immeasurably traumatic joy for the souls of young black folk.

– *Len Holt, "Freedom Schools,"* ***Stayed on Freedom*** *(1981: IX, 1), pp. 42-45.*

Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

GAMES

I used to take care of the kids every day when I was small. My mother and them would be out in the field around the house, and I would take them out in the yard, and we'd play in the dirt, and we'd make frog houses. You ever heard of frog houses? You dig a hole in the dirt, and you put your foot in there and pat it round your foot with your hand til it gets firm, pull your foot out, and there would be a little house. Frogs would hop in it at night and sometimes we found frogs in there.

Well, I'd be showing the kids that. And then we'd make mud cakes. Sometimes if my mother and them was far enough off, I would take a piece of tin and two bricks and put that tin over them two bricks and make up a little fire under there, and that would be my stove. We'd cook pancakes – steal meal or flour from the kitchen and cook pancakes and eat them. And I'd get up in the chinaberries and make chains out of them for the kids with a thread and needle.

When we's old enough, we worked in the field. Sometime we'd work for a white man up there not too far from us – his name was Garret. We picked cotton for him sometime. Hoe all day long for 50 cents! Sometime we'd turn that into syrup, a gallon of syrup to carry home.

We wouldn't hardly work but for one or two days out in nobody's field at a time because we had plenty to do of our own. But by July the Fourth, we'd mostly be finished up in the field hoeing, and then we'd have a big day because we'd be finished with our biggest work until time come then for us to pick cotton. On the Fourth of July was the only time there would be something around like a ballgame, because we didn't have no recreation or no 'musement parks, but we didn't get to go nohow cause my father didn't let us go. We'd work half a day, and then we'd be looking forward to that homemade ice cream when we got through working. We'd go downtown and buy us a block of ice and wrap it up in wool and carry it home in the wagon and bury it in the dirt to keep it from melting so fast so we could make ice cream. And we'd make lemonade, and my mother would cook a cake and have chicken. It'd be good. That was the Fourth of July.

– *Thordis Simonsen & Sara Brooks, "You May Plow Here,"* ***Growing Up Southern*** *(1980: VIII, 3), pp. 50-61.*

GENOCIDE

With U.S. policy in Vietnam, the American commitment to violence has become a commitment to genocide. In meeting the new requirements demanded by imperialism and neo-colonialism, the skills of intimidation have developed into skills of liquidation. The primary purpose of American involvement in the Vietnam War, other than the desire to secure a Pacific line of defense to encircle China, is its admonitory value: to defeat a people's war in order to discourage similar struggles elsewhere where the U.S. has direct, substantial interests.

Because a people's war is grounded in the support of the populace (which provides the guerrilla armies with food, shelter, invisibility and troops), its opponents see the people as *the enemy*. To defeat the guerrillas means destroying their base – the people. Thus, genocide (as defined by the Geneva

Convention of December 9, 1948) has emerged as the effective anti-guerrilla strategy. In other colonial situations, the direct economic interests of the colonial power serve to temper the impulse toward extermination. This is not the case in Vietnam. In fact extermination of the Vietnamese provided the optimal example to Latin America (especially), Africa and Asia that the revolutionaries may be valiant – but they will also all be dead!

The recent withdrawal of the U.S. presence from Vietnam does not signal a withdrawal from the commitment to genocide. Rather, the current policy toward negotiations and peace arose out of the contradictions and complexities of the war situation. First, Vietnamese intelligence and heroism did manage to limit the effects of the genocidal plan. Second, the war proved too costly to the American domestic scene. Even so, the wave of bombings that took place before the final announcement of the cease-fire was a demonstration of the commitment and will to exterminate.

– *Julian Bond and Leah Wise, "Violence and Genocide," **The Military and the South** (1973: I, 1), pp. 2-5.*

GRAND OLE OPRY

I grew up listening to Minnie Pearl's "Howdy" and knew in my mind what her hat with the dangling price tag looked like long before I saw her in person. Back then she had a bantering sidekick named Rod Brasfield who came from Hohenwald, Tennessee, and talked about the "Snip, Snap and Bite Cafe." We used to pass through Hohenwald on the way to the big city of Nashville, and I'd always crane my neck to see the inconspicuous storefront cafe that I considered a major landmark.

Eventually, I came to believe that country music was *hillbilly*; i.e., redneck, unsophisticated and, most of all, unpopular. It was roughly about the same time I figured out that my ticket off that West Tennessee farm was a college degree.

I made it off the farm, got a relatively useless degree and turned my attention to politics and Bob Dylan. Lately, though, I've been discovering that a lot of the things I have given up are coming back in style – like farms, Jesus and country music. My memories of farm life are not the kind that lead me to stand in line for the back-to-the-land movement, and I still have a hard time separating Jesus from his institutional structures. But lately I've been returning to country music like a homing pigeon.

Me and thousands of others. Far from being hillbilly, country music is now the in thing. Rock stars like Leon Russell (Hank Wilson) and John Fogerty are producing country albums; bluegrass festivals are overrun with longhairs; and country has come to the Las Vegas strip and Max's Kansas City in New York.

The ascension of country music to such prominent status has been a long, slow climb. . . .

In 1902, C.A. Craig invested in an insurance company on the theory that "unlimited success " could be attained by "offering insurance to the lower classes, many with little or no formal education." Years later, his brother Edward, who was also one of the original founders of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company, lobbied to begin a radio station because the publicity "the company would gain by use of the radio would help the company's field men sell insurance to the listeners." The new station was christened WSM – for We Shield Millions – and began operations in 1925.

In keeping with its intention to sell insurance to the lower classes, WSM used the Grand Ole Opry as its prime weapon. According to the National Life Corporate Fact Book, "The Opry is probably the most unconventional sales promotion tool ever used by any insurance company. WSM's radio combination of low frequency and 50,000 watts of clear channel enables it to beam the Opry and the National Life and Accident name every Saturday night into more than 30 states comprising the American heartland. The following week National Life and Accident agents are out knocking on doors identifying their company as 'the one that puts on the Grand Ole Opry.'" The fact book goes on to say that company officials regard it as a "tremendously valuable sales tool."

– *Sue Thrasher, "Country Music – From Hillbilly to Hank Wilson," **America's Best Music** (1974: II, 1), pp. 3-16.*

GREAT GRANDDADDY

Jackie Robinson, Jackie Robinson," he always would say, his anger sharpening his memory for the story. "Why is all I ever hear Jackie Robinson?"

"He broke the color line in baseball, Big Granddaddy," I would say, playing the straight man. This was before the old Negro League and the exploits of men like Cool Papa Bell, Satchel Paige, Josh Gibson, Sam Jethroe and Buck Leonard had been resurrected from the obscurity of neglected black history, so I would add: "He was the first colored man to play professional baseball."

"No he weren't," Big Granddaddy would say indignantly. "I remember back in eighteen and sixty-four at Fort Po'laski at Savannah. We played baseball there and it sho' was professional."

His story begun, he would lean back in his rocking chair in the evening coolness of the big front porch. I would sit Indian-style at his feet and

Graphic by Allan Troxler

watch as his still-nimble fingers rolled a cigarette from some of his Prince Albert Tobacco. Big Granddaddy William was a small man, and his hands looked delicate as they handled the cigarette. They were bony and veined, and the skin on them was like wet wax paper wrapped around raw chicken.

While he prepared to smoke, I pictured Fort Pulaski, the scene of his story. There really is such a place; my class went there on a field trip once. It sits on the marshy Georgia coast where it unsuccessfully guarded the entrance to the state's most important port during the Civil War.

My classmates thought the place was dead, like the rest of history, and that it would have been better off buried and forgotten so they wouldn't have to write reports on it for homework. But for me it was alive. My great-grandfather's stories made it so. I could imagine him standing guard atop the parapet or marching on the parade ground with members of his all-black regiment or walking, torch in hand, through the fort's dark storage tunnels.

But most vividly of all I could visualize the baseball game.

*– John Head, "Great Granddaddy vs. Jackie Robinson," **Through the Hoop** (1979: VII, 3), pp. 15-18.*

GREENSBORO SIT-IN

In the fall of 1959, the three Greensboro natives – Ezell Blair, Jr., David Richmond and Franklin McCain – were freshmen at North Carolina A&T where they were joined by Joseph McNeill from Wilmington, North Carolina. The students read an anthology with selections from W.E.B. DuBois, Ralph Bunche and Toussaint L'Ouverture among others. The course work led to numerous late night discussions about blacks in America. In that same fall and winter, the group began a series of conversations with Ralph Johns, a white clothing store owner who had long supported the NAACP and been committed to the idea of some form of demonstrations against segregated public facilities. And one of the students worked in the library with Eula Hudgins, an A&T graduate who in 1948 had participated in freedom rides to test the desegregation of the interstate bus system.

The resolve to act crystallized in late January. In December, McNeill had returned from a trip to New York, angered because he could not get food service at the Greensboro Trailways Bus Terminal. The late night discussions took on a new focus, and on Sunday, January 31, Ezell Blair, Jr., came home and asked his parents if they would be embarrassed if he got in trouble. "Why?" his parents wondered. "Because," he said, "tomorrow we're going to do something that will shake up this town." The next day the four friends – nervous, fearful, but determined – took their historic journey to Woolworth's.

Almost immediately, the students knew they were not alone in their struggle. On the following day, 23 men and four women students sat in at Woolworth's. Wednesday, students occupied 63 out of 66 seats at the lunch counter. By Thursday, three women from the white Woman's College had joined the sit-in. Nearly 300 students participated in the protest on Friday; this time Ku Klux Klan members disrupted the protest with violence. Finally, on Saturday, hundreds of students, including the A&T football team, descended on the downtown area to

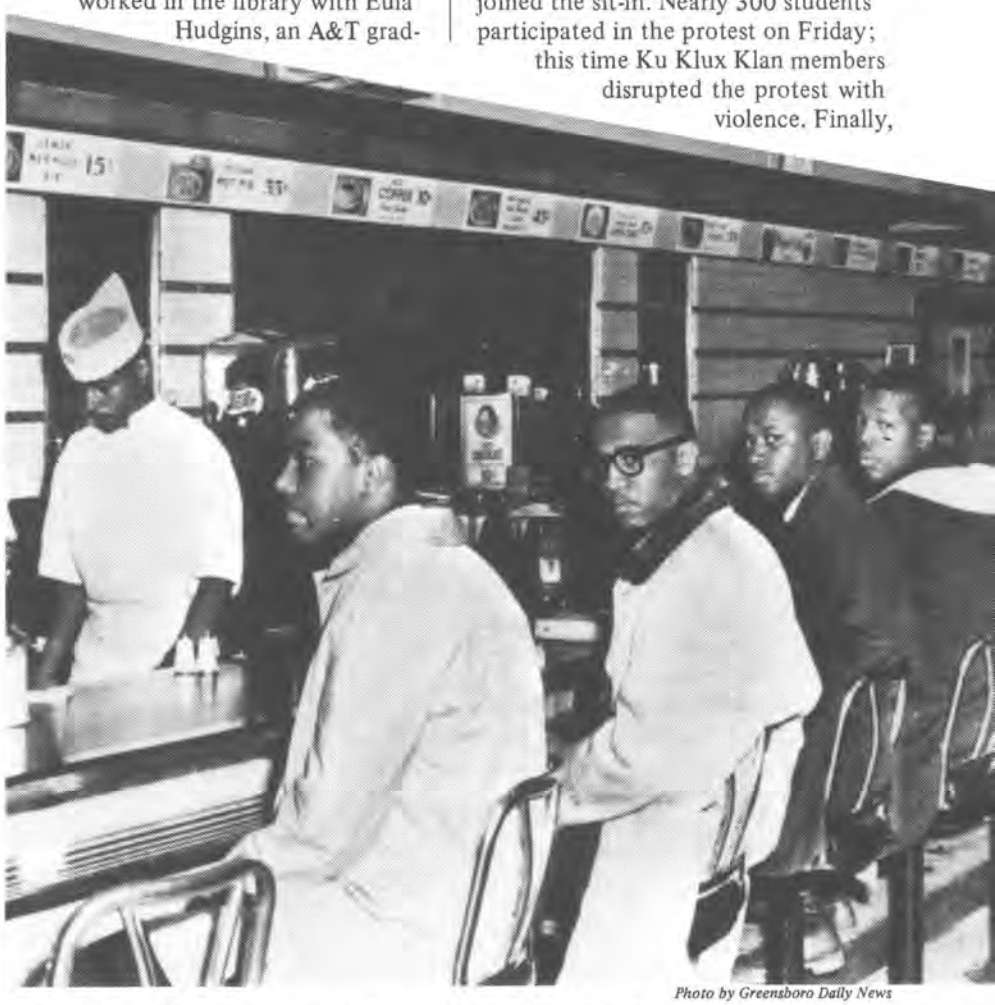


Photo by Greensboro Daily News

continue the protest and resist white intimidation. When the A&T student body held a mass meeting on Saturday night to vote on a proposal for a two-week moratorium on the sit-ins, more than 1,600 students participated.

– *William Chafe, "The Greensboro Sit-ins," Passing Glances (1978: VI, 3), pp. 78-87.*

GREENVILLE, SC

One of the principal tactics in maintaining control while expanding the circle of power involves letting in only your friends. For Greenville's elite, this strategy has meant blocking the entrance of companies into the area that are not aggressively anti-union.

Photo courtesy Greenville County Library

"There's a long history of local interests, textile interests, encouraging or discouraging new industry," recalls E.D. Sloan, Jr., a Greenville road construction magnate. "The mills that were here controlled the water commission. . . . The water commission would say, 'I'm sorry, we don't have enough water.' It was the prerogative of the good old boys in the courtroom."

Many in Greenville remember a time in the '30s, for example, when the Manhattan Clothing Shop tried to open a plant in Greenville. Manhattan had a "closed shop" contract and likely would have opened a unionized plant. The good ole boys in the courtroom quickly mobilized to keep it out altogether.

Recently, the most highly publicized example of screening a prospective business followed Philip Morris's 1977 announcement that it had bought an option on land near Greenville as a possible site for a $100 million plant that would employ an estimated 2,500 workers. Several bankers were anxious to have Philip Morris, with its huge payroll and purchasing power, come into the area. But some of the biggest names in Greenville business, and in South Carolina politics, made known their opposition to Philip Morris on the basis of its contract with the Tobacco Workers Union in its North Carolina plants. The heavy guns came out blasting.

"It would be like inviting the devil into the dining room," says Sloan. "I told one of those bankers, "Let's run those bastards off; somebody else will come.'"

"It was going to be a large plant," anti-union lawyer Robert Thompson recalls. "My objection was that they were coming here and not giving employees a free choice. The industrial climate of South Carolina is based on non-unionization. If Philip Morris were here with unionized workers and families, this would no longer be a non-union community."

– *Cliff Sloan and Bob Hall, "It's Good to Be Home in Greenville. . . . It's Better If You Hate Unions," Behind Closed Doors (1979: VII, 1), pp. 82-93.*

GROUP HOME

Kids are brought here for a variety of reasons: some have been beaten by their mother or father, some could not be controlled by their families, many are from a series of foster families that didn't work out, and others have spent time in institutions, even mental hospitals. Neither the kids nor I know if they will remain in our comfortable three-bedroom home for a few days or for the full 90 days allowed. Plans are made somewhere "out there" for their next placement, whether in still another foster family, an institution or, slim chance, back with their rehabilitated family or relatives.

Donna, Rick and Jeff and I sat on the porch at dusk. Donna had a date coming at 7:00; the boys and I waited with her. She said, "If we go someplace without a clock, I'll tell him to drive me to the Kwik Pik to see what time it is."

"If she's late, she won't be able to go out no more, will she?" Jeff asked. He's younger, and seems to have a crush on Donna. He watches her when she's talking, but looks away when she turns to him. An impossible spark: even if Donna didn't already have a boyfriend, the rules posted on the living room wall constantly remind them, "There will be no Sex in the Home."

"Unless she has a good reason," I said.

"Like, if I get a flat tire?"

"Something like that." They're always pressing me to see how far they can go.

"What if I was five minutes late, or 10?"

"You should try to be on time," I said. "But I wouldn't start worrying about you after only five minutes. You could stop somewhere and call me if –"

"Worry about me?" Donna interrupted, and she laughed. The boys laughed. "Why would you worry about me?"

"Well, I might be scared that something had happened to you, like a car wreck."

"Tell the truth, now," Donna said, suddenly serious, "why would you care if I was killed in a car wreck?"

(Of course, I didn't want her to die, but how could she know – or I know – that my easy sentiment was truly for her and not for "unfortunate children" in general?)

The boys watched, waiting. Donna stared at me in bitter triumph, thought she had me on the spot.

(We'd spent two days together – no major quarrels, I'd nagged them as little as possible about the chores, we'd driven 40 miles to a state park lake, one of the few places where swimming is free for these kids. All in all, it hadn't been a bad couple of days.)

I said, "For the same reason you

wouldn't like to hear that I was killed in a car wreck."

She nodded, but Jeff wanted Donna to say more: "*Would* you care if she died?"

"Of course!" she exploded, already satisfied with my reply and impatient with the younger boy. She leaned forward, looked up and down the street. "He's late . . . and we only have a few hours."

*– Jennifer Miller, "Living in Someone Else's Home," **Growing Up Southern** (1980: VIII, 3), pp. 65-75.*

GROWING UP GAY

At puberty I struggled to be faithful to my church's condemnation of homosexual behavior by denying my sexuality altogether, except for frantic autoeroticism and its attendant same-sex fantasies, which kept my secret ever before me. Had I been straight, the dynamics would have been the same but the institutions of courtships, dating, the family, etc., would have counterbalanced the internalized guilt over masturbation. As it was, so effective was the restraint which I accepted that by the time I was 28 I could count on my eight fingers my personal experience of orgasm with other persons.

At prep school, I buried myself in work and won the award for "Unselfish service." And I often spent long hours staring off Chattanooga's Missionary Ridge, wondering about a previous winner of the award who had committed suicide, so the student rumors went, because he feared exposure for homosexuality. When a student (one I thought least like the stereotype of gays that we circulated) was summarily sent home for having required a younger student to perform fellatio on him, the events warned me of the risks of ever acting out my own sexuality. I minimized all personal contact except the most institutionalized, and had my touch only by serving as the campus athletic trainer, torturing myself with the unreciprocal physical rubbings of all my heroes. Growing up gay in a military school was a formidable challenge.

*– Louie Crew, "Just As I Am," **Good Times and Growing Pains** (1977: V, 1), pp. 59-65.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

HAZARDOUS WASTE

Every state in the South has been the scene of harrowing episodes caused by chemical waste disposal, and new ones come to light every day. Most of the blame for these atrocities must fall on the corporations which produce these lethal wastes. An estimated 90 percent of our hazardous wastes have been disposed of illegally or improperly by companies mostly interested in saving a few dollars on disposal costs.

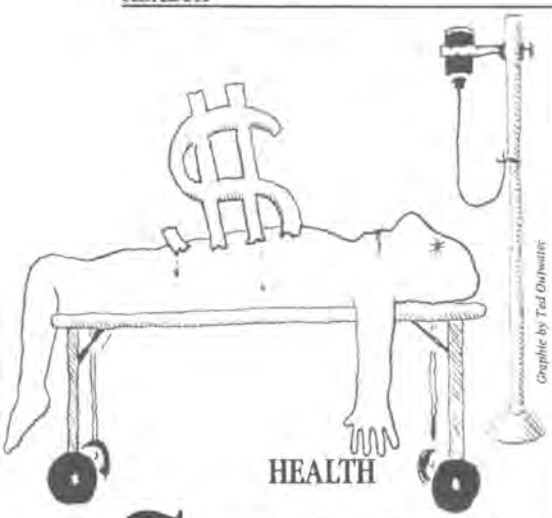
The all-out drive for industrial expansion in the South continues to compromise government policies toward hazardous waste. For instance, while North Carolina governor Jim Hunt launched a vigorous campaign to bring the micro-electronics industry – and its chemical problems – to the state, he was also steering an improved but obviously flawed waste management act through the General Assembly. A comparison of Southern laws with those in states like New Jersey which have labored to overcome their legacy of chemical nightmares shows just how weak an approach the South has taken.

States have largely focused on only one tack for "solving" their waste problems: burying them in landfills and hoping they'll go away. This approach also applies to low-level radioactive wastes, which are also viewed as a "crisis" problem by most state governments. But land-filled wastes will not stay buried forever: they *will* leak, *will* enter the water supply, *will* endanger the health of people living around the landfill.

Alternatives like recycling reusable materials, neutralizing the most deadly wastes or even curtailing their production are viewed skeptically by most industry and government officials because to do so would reportedly be too expensive. So state governments are pursuing landfill programs that only defer the payment of the high costs until the time when leakage from these new waste dumps creates a new generation of Love Canals.

*– "Get In There and Fight," a section of case studies edited by Jim Overton, **The Future Is Now** (1981: IX, 3), pp. 26-47.*

Photo by Steve Nussenblatt



Graphic by Ted Dubuffet

HEALTH

Since the 1940s the federal government, foundations and private enterprise have poured billions of dollars into programs intended to increase the availability of quality health care. Nevertheless, the South is still the nation's sickest region. The massive infusion of money has increased corporate profits in the health care industry far more than it has improved quality and quantity of medical service. Statistics show that the disparity between public care and private profits is still greatest in the South, as it was thirty years ago.

For example the South has:

- the fewest number of doctors and medical professionals per capita *and* the "prime market" and home base for the largest, fastest growing medical care corporations in America;
- the highest rate of work-related disease, injury and disability *and* the least protection by low-cost group insurance plans;
- the lowest life expectancy rate in the country, *and* highest out-of-pocket per capita dollar volume of purchases from private drug companies;
- the worst availability of outpatient service and preventive-care departments *and* the highest portion of its hospital beds controlled by privately-owned, for-profit corporations;
- the least coverage by insurance, *and* the highest per capita premium paid for services received;
- the lowest proportion of elderly people receiving adequate medical care, *and* the highest portion of nursing homes controlled by private, for-profit companies.

– Marc Miller, "Dying for Dollars," ***Sick for Justice*** *(1978: VI, 2), pp. 105-114.*

HOBOES & HARMONICAS

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

The first time I caught a freight train I was 10 year old. Rode it from Spartanburg to Columbia, South Carolina. Just warming up, gettin used to it. Then I run away again, down to Lockhart. They hid me in a mill. I worked for them three days, til I was about dead – too young for that job.

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

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

Photo by Tom Davenport

I was up in Detroit, come from out over in Canada. I caught a train to Buffalo, New York. You know how cold it is around Detroit and Lake Erie. After I got 50 or 75 miles, I was stiff as a board, like to froze to death. My God, it was like an icebox. When I got into the railroad yard in Buffalo, I couldn't move. Couldn't shut my mouth. Brakeman come around and I hollered "Affffaggh." Tips of my ears busted, fingernails come off. They carried me to the hospital and I stayed there three weeks.

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

SONG

You look at me, you look at a man
that was born for hard luck.
I was born on the thirteenth day,
on Friday, bad luck day.
I was born the last month of the year.
I was born the last week in the month.
I was born the last day in the week.
I was born the last hour in the day.
I was born the last minute in the hour.
I was born the last second of the
minute.
I come near not gettin here at all.

To show you that I am in hard luck,
If I go up the street walking fast,
I run over something.
If I go up there walking slow, something runs over me.
I'm in such hard luck, if I'm sitting
down, I'm in everybody's way.
I'm in such hard luck that if it's raining soup at this very minute,
Everybody would be standing there

with a spoon, why, I'd have a fork.
I'm in such hard luck that if my daddy was to die,
They'd make a mistake and bury me.
I'm in such hard luck,
If I was to die, they'd make me walk to the cemetery.
I was born for hard luck.

*– Allen Tullos, "Born for Hard Luck," **Facing South** (1975: III, 4), pp. 40-45.*

HOG KILLING *See the photographic essay by Jackson Hill, "Hog Killing at the Rowlands," **Passing Glances** (1978: VI, 3), pp. 50-53.*

Photo by Stephen March

HOOKWORM

Throughout the nineteenth century the Southern clay eater, that convenient fool of travelers' accounts, journalists' sensations and physicians' observations, resisted a bellyful of hardship which might have convinced a weaker creature to seek extinction. Confined for generations to the sandiest and most barren portions of the South's soil, where they were said to feed upon cornmeal and hog meat, the clay eaters became legendary for ignorance, filth, laziness and immorality. Despised by blacks for their shiftlessness and lamented by whites as degenerate descendants of almost pure Anglo-Saxon stock, these "poor whites" nonetheless managed to fatten the pages and nourish the careers of those writers remembered today as local colorists. In *Georgia Scenes*, for example, the antebellum humorist Augustus Baldwin Longstreet offers the character "Ransy Sniffle."

> Now there happened to reside in the county, just alluded to, a little fellow, by the name of Ransy Sniffle: a sprout of Richmond, who, in his earlier days, had fed copiously upon red clay and blackberries. This diet had given to Ransy a complexion that a corpse would have disdained to own, and an abdominal rotundity that was quite unprepossessing. Long spells of the fever and ague, too, in Ransy's youth, had conspired with clay and blackberries, to throw him quite out of the order of nature. His shoulders were fleshless and elevated; his arms, hands, fingers and feet, were lengthened out of all proportion to the rest of his frame. His joints were large, and his limbs small; as for flesh, he could not with propriety be said to have any.

By the start of the twentieth century, long after the Georgia clay had swallowed Longstreet, Ransy Sniffle and his kin remained. They had survived, perhaps had even been oblivious to the war, Reconstruction, Redemption and the collapse of agrarian revolt. These were mere trials for what lay ahead. For they had never met so meddlesome or so persistent an invader as "The Uplift." Nor did the schoolhouse of Progress allow truants.

One day in 1908, Ransy Sniffle propped himself against the station-house wall of a small railroad town somewhere in the South. In the smoking car of a passing train, three members of President Theodore Roosevelt's Commission on Country Life sat speculating on what one of them called "this land of forgotten men and forgotten women." Henry Wallace, an Iowan unacquainted with crackers and sandhillers, noticed Ransy first. "What on earth is that?"

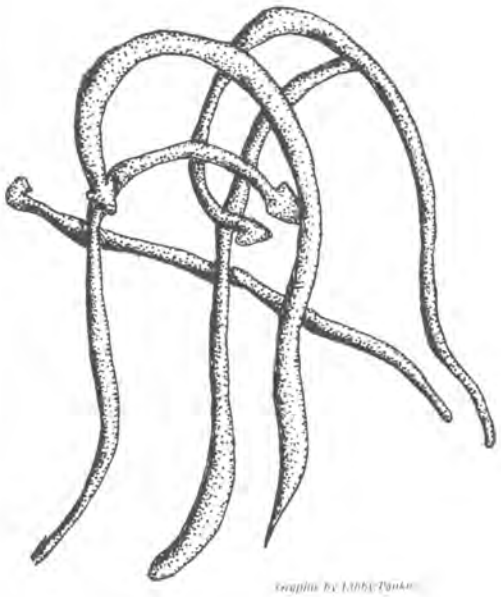
"That," said Walter Page, journalist and social reformer, "is a so-called 'poor white.'"

"If he represents Southern farm labor," Wallace replied, "the South is in poor luck."

Then Dr. C.W. Stiles startled both Page and Wallace. "That man is a dirt-eater. His condition is due to hookworm infection; he can be cured at a cost of about 50 cents for drugs, and in a few weeks' time he can be turned into a useful man."

Within weeks after this train ride revelation, Walter Page arranged for Stiles to tell his hookworm story to Frederick Gates, a former Baptist minister who was now the chief adviser in the philanthropies of John D. Rockefeller. Within months, the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission for the Eradication of Hookworm Disease was formed with one million dollars of Rockefeller money promised for five years' work. So began, in 1909, a campaign to transform Ransy Sniffle into a full-bodied participant in an industrializing New South.

*– Allen Tullos, "The Great Hookworm Crusade," **Sick for Justice** (1978: VI, 2), pp. 40-49.*



Graphic by Libby Phillips

HOT SPRINGS

Now the White Sulphur Springs are part of a large health complex where guests – paying up to $140 a day for double accommodations and two meals – can purchase an hour treatment that might include a mineral springs bath, sauna, massage, steam and scotch spray for $15.

The springs, still used for medicinal purposes, are almost inseparable from the resort that took them over. They have become just another feature, listed in the same breath with the series of indoor-outdoor tennis courts or the championship golf course.

One must travel elsewhere, to Warm Springs, Virginia, for instance, to find springs open to the public. There the springs are run in a way not dissimilar to practices of a century ago. Rubber and elastic bathing suits are forbidden (the minerals in the water destroy them), and male and female customers are strictly separated. Men sit in the nude on one side, water to their necks, holding onto ropes lest the tublike sensations put them to sleep and they drown. Women, dressed in Mother Hubbard romper suits, sit clinging to ropes in a nearby pool.

I am told that some mountain thermal springs are still unspoiled and undeveloped; I would love to believe that. Somewhere up there is a bubbling pool, just waiting for you or me, staggering out of the forest, tired and depressed, and it will slowly and miraculously soothe our troubles away. I haven't found it yet.

*– Steve Hoffius, "Healing Waters," **Sick for Justice** (1978: VI, 2), pp. 54-58.*

HUNTING

Bears that live in Southern Appalachia are all black bears. Jerald Cogdill told us, "The average weight of the bears we kill is 200 to 250 pounds. A lot of people see one, you know, and their eyes get big and then the bear gets big too." The female will go to den in November or December if she has enough fat stored up to last her through the winter. If not, she'll generally keep hunting, sometimes being forced to eat bark in the worst part of the winter. The male does not go to den, but keeps prowling. "In bad weather," Bear Hunter said, "he'll crawl under something or another – under a tree or a limb or something. Or if they ain't nothing for him to get under, he'll break laurel and ivy like a hog and make him a bed. Maybe lay two or three days and get up and go on.

"But the female always goes to den when she's fat enough. Her cubs are born there in February and March. The mother will go out during these first spring months to get water and food, but she usually doesn't bring the cubs out until up in April when it's warm enough for them to follow." By hunting season, the cub is usually ready to take care of itself and weighs about 50 pounds."

Jerald Cogdill is one of a number of bear hunters that represents a bridge between old and new hunting techniques. He and his partners begin scouting for signs two weeks before the season opens in the fall, and return home in the evenings since most of them have to be at work the next morning. When the season opens, they head for the most likely spot they have found, put out their standers and bring in their dogs.

"And we use radios. With a radio, you can tell a man which way the bear's going; and the man that's like the stander up here, why, if it's going through yonder, he'll be listening on his radio and he might come back down here to where we turned loose at and get a vehicle and go around and cut that bear off."

*– Jeff Fears, "Just Everybody's Not A Bear Hunter," **Through the Hoop** (1979: VII, 2), pp. 20-26.*

Graphic by Allan Troxler

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

HURRICANE

The next insurrection [hurricane] we had here in this country [South Carolina Sea Islands] was the storm of '93. I was a boy nearly 12 years old then. It was on a Sunday and the day was foggy. There was fog everywhere. I was alone there at my cousin's house. Then the fog began to get heavier and heavier, and it began to fog-rain. I was in the house looking out when it started to windstorm, Ohhhh! Ooooh! Ooooooooooooh! And it started to rain steadily.

There I was, all by myself. I looked out and I thought how I was far away from home and nobody knew where I was because nobody had sent me there. I jumped out of that house and ran flat out across the hill in the place they call Scott's. I got to the pond that is in the middle of that hill and all the pine trees were bending down to the ground. When I got to the woods, all the trees had their heads low down to the ground. I got through that place, I *fled* through that place.

When I got out on the other side, the storm was there, the full storm, wind after wind. The old man had a corn house on the far side of the yard and I got into that and I looked out and that was a *rain!* I looked across to see our house but the rain was so thick, I couldn't see across the yard. I looked back down, and in that short time that I was looking across the yard, the water had risen waist deep around me. Water had come on that last flow of wind. I made ready to strike out for the house. A flow of wind came, then went on by, and the storm ceased for one roll. I leaped out of there, and the water was already almost up to my neck, salt water. I got to the house however I could, crawled up against it, "Knock, knock, knock."

My old man opened the door. "Where you come from?" and he shut it again as quick as he could, but the water was running through. I couldn't see anything. I was almost drowned.

*– Sam Gadsden with Nick Lindsay, "Stories From Edisto Island," **Coastal Affair** (1982: X, 3), pp. 27-32.*

IMAGES

Libraries, bookstores, art galleries and movie theaters are saturated with distorted images of black women: respected and domineering servants; dynamic and creative whores; castrating wives and mothers; tragic mulattoes; cold and bitchy professionals;

Graphic by Luckous Hightower

and liberated militants. These images of black women may be seen as stereotypes (or even prototypes as, for example, in the case of Faulkner's Dilsey), but their worth to black people in search of serious, positive, realistic images of themselves is almost useless.

Our use and understanding of the word "positive" implies that such things as emotional range and diverse manifestations of humanity within one character are necessary. Characters such as Eva in Toni Morrison's novel *Sula*, Janie in Zora Neal Hurston's classic *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, and Vyry in Margaret Walker's *Jubilee* defy those insecure critics who would lump them together in a one-dimensional category. These women are bigger than that. They are part of a tradition which has been ignored for political, economic and psychosocial reasons. It has never been this country's intent to suggest that non-white peoples (especially black people) are human; to create or even allow for the production of literature which gives a human image of the carriers of the culture (black women) would be incongruent with the larger aims of this society.

*– Roseann P. Bell and Beverly G. Sheftall, "Images of Black Women," **Southern Black Utterances Today** (1975: III, 1), pp. 62-63.*

IMMIGRANTS

Many of the early skilled workers in Birmingham were immigrants – primarily from Great Britain, France and Germany – who were attracted by jobs for men who knew how to build furnaces, make iron and mine coal. Later they were joined by Poles, Prussians and Italians, who, around the turn of the century, assumed somewhat less skilled jobs. For example, in 1895, "puddlers" in Gate City, Alabama, stirred molten iron in 500- to 600-pound lots.

Skilled workers naturally led the way in wages. The few furnace masters received $4 to $5 per day, and some got bonuses for iron produced over a quota. Common laborers around the furnaces, including iron carriers, were paid $1.20 per day in 1900.

*– Mike Williams and Mitch Menzer, "Southern Steel," **The Future Is Now** (1981: IX, 3), pp. 74-79.*

IMPROVISATION

The Afro-American musical process – a spiritualized interaction/happening between musicians first and then audience – utilizes particular features that characterize any number of aspects of our culture besides music: call and response, repetition, polyrhythms and polymeters, metronome sense and collective improvisation. The readiness of the musician to engage in the process depends on what went down in practice and prior performances. He/she practices to develop instrumental prowess/knowledge and the listening faculty.

We "practice" with or without our instruments, with or without music being played, in order to develop a particular listening ability: the ability to hear sound on the inside, from the inside, as well as from the outside. This in turn sharpens the anticipatory faculty – the ability to know/hear/guess where your fellow musicians are going. It enables us to retrieve from the inside the storehouse of sounds, riffs, relationships, harmonic textures *and* it summons up things never heard before. Armstrong, Fatha Hines, Tatum *et al* have all talked about trying to reproduce some statement, some sound, some performance in the head. Frequently, they reached it and/or discovered other new things in the attempt.

Collective improvisation is both the goal and the path of our music-making tradition. It is the essence of Afro-American performance: the interaction of the soloist and the group, the interaction of the group and the audience. As a technique, an ideal and an occasion, collective improvisation offers the participants the opportunity for self-identity through self-expression within the context of the group.

Contrasting any Afro-American performance steeped in the African tradition of collectivism with the performance of Afro-American musicians in a European context would yield more in terms of understanding how endemic collective improvisation is in our music. The music of Nathaniel Dett, William Dawson and William Grant Still, for example, which utilize so many European forms and approaches do not result in the realization of collective improvisation and therefore do not feel familiar or conjure up collective memory images, despite their integration of such Afro-American features as melodies. Parker, Coltrane, Tyner and numerous others who were trained in, or trained themselves in, the European classical tradition, opted for another route. Rather than subsume the Afro-American in the European, they simply dealt with European sources as some among many.

– *Ojeda Penn, "Black Music: How It Does What It Does,"* ***Southern Black Utterances Today*** *(1975: III, 1), pp. 22-24.*

INCOME

There may yet be truth in Henry Grady's prediction about "the steady shifting of the greatest industrial centers from the North to the more favored regions of the South." From this perspective, it is not hard to see why today's New South boosters take pride in the region's increasing share of national wealth. Had they been concerned with the relative distribution of resources and income *within* the South, however, the story might be different. By focusing on comparisons of the whole region with the whole nation, and on aggregate data lumping together various classes of income groups, the modern Henry Gradys can find encouragement in such general indicators of prosperity

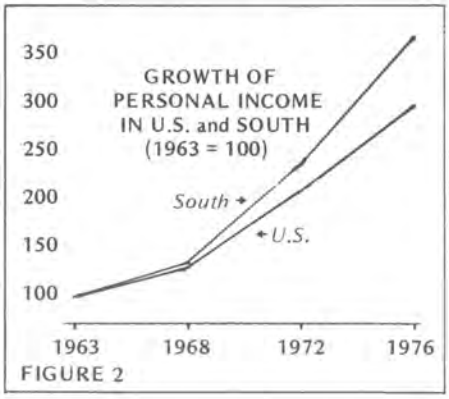


FIGURE 2

as the rapid growth of the South's *total* income and industrial output *relative to the nation's*. But like previous generations, they consistently underestimate ingrained disparities *within* the region and the nation between black and white, poor and rich, worker and investor.

Thus, while it is important to point out that the average Southerner's income has grown from 84 percent of his or her national counterpart in 1970 to 88 percent in 1975, it is equally significant that the number of people in the nation and the 13-state South who live in poverty barely declined during the same period. (In 1975, 10,783,000 Southerners lived below the poverty line, compared with 11,355,000 in 1969.) And while the majority of Southerners now live in urban areas and have jobs in an economy nearly as diversified as the nation's, the unemployment rate remains about twice as high for blacks as for whites and the income gap between the richest 5 percent of the population and the rest of the South remains unchanged.

– *Bob Hall and Bob Williams, "Case Study: Who's Getting Rich in the New South," **Passing Glances** (1978: VI, 3), pp. 92-96.*

INDIAN CURES

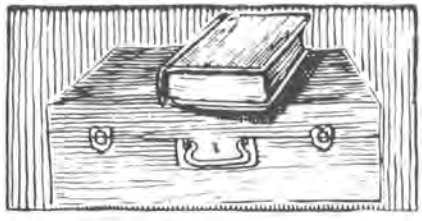
John Brickell stated that the natives cultivated special gardens of medicinal herbs, "that upon all Occasions they might be provided with these vegetables that are proper for the Indian Distempers, or any other use they might have occasion to make of them."

In 1725, Alexander Long recorded being cured by "the greatest herbalist that ever I saw in all my life" while among the Cherokee. During the same decade Le Page du Pratz, a Frenchman who lived among the Natchez in Louisiana told of a crippling and persistent pain in his thigh. White physicians in New Orleans bled him, suggested aromatic baths, and advised him that he should return to France "to drink the waters." But his field hands urged him to consult the Natchez, "who, they said, did surprizing cures, of which they told me many instances, confirmed by creditable people." When the Indians prescribed the application of a simple poultice, he was up and about within eight days, and the pain never returned.

From this point on, du Pratz was deeply respectful of Indian medical knowledge and conscious of European ignorance. Of several field plants he wrote, "The native physicians know more of its virtues than we do in France." And in describing the so-called copalm tree, he stated, "I shall not undertake to particularize all the virtues of this Sweet-Gum or Liquid-

Ambar, not having learned all of them from the natives of the country, who would be no less surprised to find that we used it only as a varnish, than they were to see our surgeons bleed their patients."

Not long after his first sickness, du Pratz developed an eye infection, and a Paris-trained surgeon in Louisiana advised him it would be "necessary to use the fire for it." Before the French-



man consented to the crude technique of cauterizing, he was visited by the friendly Natchez chief. "The Great Sun observed I had a swelling in my eye," du Pratz recalled, "and asked me what was the matter with it. I shewed it to him, and told him that in order to cure it, I must have fire put to it; but that I had some difficulty to comply, as I dreaded the consequences of such an operation." Without replying, the chief summoned his doctor, who examined the eye and cured it perfectly in a matter of days. "It is easy from this relation to understand what dextrous physicians the natives of Louisiana are," du Pratz concluded. "I have seen them perform surprising cures on Frenchmen."

– *Peter Wood, "People's Medicine in the Early South," **Sick for Justice** (1978: VI, 2), pp. 50-53.*

INDIVIDUALISM

In his description of the Southern character, W.J. Cash emphasized the rigid adherence of all classes in the region to "the old brutal individualistic doctrine that every man was, in economics at any rate, absolutely responsible for himself, and that whatever he got in this world was exactly what he deserved."

Closely related to the white Southern worker's fierce individualism, according to Cash, is his extremely personalized view of the world: the certainty that any difficulty he faces is attributable purely to the meanness of the individual immediately confronting him. Cash felt that this personalization sprang from a lack of detachment, a nearly complete inability to stand back and analyze the social and economic forces affecting one's life – an inability, Cash might have added, to develop a sustained class consciousness.

When combined with individualism and personalization, private violence diverts Southern workers from considering an organized response to corporate injustices. "Historically, white Southerners do not think in terms of group problem-solving beyond the family," says Scott Hoyman, Southern regional director for the Textile Workers Union of America (TWUA). "They're more inclined to think, 'If the boss doesn't treat me right either I'll quit or I'll meet him outside the plant on Saturday night and beat the hell out of him.' This is changing today," continues Hoyman, who has been organizing Southern workers for 25 years, "but it's a starting point we can't afford to forget."

Cash was less equivocal: Southerners, he asserted, make bad union men. Their impetuous militance has triggered numerous spontaneous walkouts, but these have had "the character of unstudied mass action rather than of unionism"; they lack the consistency, discipline and long-range commitment which build permanent

Photo courtesy Library of Congress

unions. "The Southern worker," wrote Cash, "is an impatient figure when it comes to paying dues to a union, wants to see swift and spectacular results, and is likely to fall away if he doesn't get them."

Despite his insightful descriptions, Cash's conclusions may be dated. He correctly identifies the chief characteristics of white working men, but he casts them in the negative context of the South's resistance to social change. I would argue that many of the traits, including individualism and personalization, are essentially neutral, rather than inherently evil or anti-union. In fact, the best hope for unionism in the region may come from an appeal which joins the traditional values of the South – from stubbornness to personalization to a friendly openhandedness – with the progressive qualities of organized labor. At a time when gigantic impersonal corporations employ an increasing portion of the workforce, Southerners may have a special capacity for grasping the seeming paradox that lies at the core of trade unionism: a wage-earner's individuality is best asserted and protected through collectivity.

– Ed McConville "Will He or Won't He?" ***Here Come A Wind*** *(1976: IV, 1-2), pp. 129-131.*

INVESTIGATOR

The first thing to do is get your mind in the right framework. People too often think that researching a company is either beyond their capability or it's simply too dull to endure. It doesn't have to be either. First, take on the perspective of "investigating" or "gathering intelligence" rather than the static attitude often conveyed by "research." You are looking for information that is critical to an action/education strategy, not to fill up another book. As with most *detective* work, two basic ingredients for success are persistence and luck – and since you can't depend on the luck, you'll have to rely on your own tenacity.

You should try to balance your counter-intelligence operation between study of written materials and personal interviews. In most cases, an interview with someone who knows the events surrounding a situation will put your information in its proper context.

Ask the local newspaper's business reporter which executive might be most informative (not simply talkative) to a student. Go around the Public Relations gabbers to the operating vice presidents, personnel officers and branch managers. Companies respond more freely if they think they're not being singled out and that information is required for a cumulative picture of the industry, not to publicly embarrass their firm.

Prepare your questions a day in advance of the interview, if not sooner, and think of what the answers might be so you can anticipate various follow-up questions. Once you start thinking concretely about interviewing Mr. X, more questions will come to your mind. In the interview, act interested, informed (but not cocky), anxious to learn more and unthreatening – except for a few questions that may elicit surprising responses or simply be dismissed by the executive as naive (e.g., "but why do you want to own all that property?") and some that mildly challenge his statements (e.g., "but I thought most of your growth in electric demand came from industry"). The major point is to *listen carefully* and gently move with the interviewee through deeper layers of questioning.

– Bob Hall, "Investigating Your Local Utility," ***Land and Energy*** *(1973: I, 2), pp. 61-67.*

ISLANDS

The intense demand to build and rebuild on barrier islands strongly colors government policy decisions about their future development or protection. Despite education regarding the hazards, despite direct experience with major storms, the rapid rate of development on the islands continues virtually unabated – at the current pace, the portions of the barrier islands that are developable will be consumed by 1995. According to an April, 1981, inventory taken by the Interior Department, about 460,000 acres remain neither developed nor protected from future development by statute or deed. Texas and Louisiana account for two-thirds of this acreage.

Public acquisition of the still-undeveloped barrier islands is the surest yet most controversial way we have to protect them. Though denounced as being too expensive, the cost of buying the remaining barrier islands is about one-fifth the cost of the federal share of these islands' development: subsidized roads, bridges, water supply systems, waste-water treatment plants, erosion control as well as disaster relief and flood insurance. Public acquisition is also the surest way to protect natural values and remove particularly dynamic areas from the recurring cycle of development and disaster relief.

– Crane Miller, "Castles in the Sand," ***Coastal Affair*** *(1982: X, 3), pp. 44-48.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

JACKSON, MS

Students by the score dropped by after classes or during the evenings to talk, sometimes about sociology, but usually about racism. In John and Eldri Salter, they found sympathetic listeners, advocates and abolitionists. Coming to trust Salter, the students introduced him to Medgar Evers, long the target of the unofficial hate of the White Citizens Council and the Klan and of official abuse by Jackson's police. He was the seasoned, indefatigable, unflinching president of the NAACP in Mississippi. In a matter of weeks, this alliance between Salter and Evers would set Jackson on its ear, a political fusion such as Paul Goodman once described would be required for change to occur in America: "a creative synthesis of the individual ethical insights of the great religious leaders and the collective social concern of the great revolutionists."

As "Never" buttons became commonplace in downtown Jackson, "Now" buttons were sported in equal, if not larger, numbers on the fringes of downtown where blacks had been segregated. "[O]ur Youth Council met," Salter writes, "usually in someone's home in North Jackson. . . . A dozen or so attended initially, but we began to pick up a few members here and there. The climate of fear was strong, though, among the youth and especially their parents, and out of that an apparent apathy had developed." To overcome this fear, and to evolve confidence, individually and collectively, Salter got the students to survey every black neighborhood in Jackson, asking folks such "touchy" questions as their names and addresses, if they were registered to vote, if they would permit their children to attend an integrated school should the day ever come or if they would join in a suit to open the schools to every child.

– *Frank Adams, "Review of John Salter's* ***Jackson,*** *" Who Owns Appalachia? (1982: X, 1), pp. 80-82.*

JAMAICA

Florida has 300,000 acres of sugar cane fields, with an annual harvest valued at $350 million. For over 30 years, that cane has been cut by legions of Jamaican and other West Indian workers because the sugar corporations – such as United States Sugar and Gulf & Western – find this labor force "fast, cheap and legal."

Before doing any work, each Jamaican cane cutter signs a contract with the sugar corporations relinquishing nearly all civil and human rights. The Jamaican Council of Churches has reported that the cane cutters in Florida are treated like slaves. So have legal services attorneys; so have newspaper reporters; so have the Jamaicans themselves. As far back as 1951, the President's (Truman) Commission on Migratory Labor focused on the lack of "official vigilance for the protection of living and working standards of alien farm laborers."

But in 1980, the federal government, acting through the Department of Labor and the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS), apparently condones these conditions; in fact, these agencies participate in the perpetuation of the "captive labor" system. Also, for the first time this year, the federal government is recruiting Haitian refugees to work in the cane, under the same contract as the Jamaicans.

The INS stipulates that each Jamaican laborer can work for just one employer, at one location, for a specified time, at a predetermined wage. The workers cannot negotiate for themselves nor are there any substantive grievance procedures. The Jamaicans are housed in enormous barracks, miles from any of the small agricultural towns in the area, surrounded by barbed wire fences and the Everglades' treacherous channels.

Even though their wage is ostensibly set by the federal government, Jamaican cane cutters are paid what-

ever they can get. They work at the whim of the bossman, who takes his orders from the corporations. No visitors – not even relatives – can enter the "labor camps," as they are called, and the workers can leave only with an authorization. Lawyers are routinely refused entry to the camps to see their clients, and American pastors are denied access to minister to members of their faiths.

The cane cutters accept all these conditions because, as one man said, "We are Jamaicans working in the U.S." When a Jamaican doesn't abide by one of the rules, he is "cashiered," deported. As one cane cutter explained with deep bitterness, "It is better to be exploited than to lose the opportunity to come back next year."

– *Steven Petrow, "Sugar Cane Slavery." Part of "Lost in the Stream," by Alma Blount, Martin Gonzalez and Steven Petrow,* ***Winter's Promise*** *(1980: VIII, 4), pp. 67-76.*

JEWISH CHILDHOOD

Lacking roots, aliens must learn to live by their wits. Fortunately, Southern women are raised with a truly horrifying set of skills – the ability to get exactly what they want through the most devious means available. It could be something in the water supply. And fortunately, Jews are raised with an unquestionable instinct for

survival. It must be something in the pastrami.

1955: A picky eater, I tried desperately with the few words at my seven-year-old command to describe ham to my mother. We never had it at home, in Lenoir, North Carolina, but we got it at school and I lived for it – this wondrous, exotic, salty meat.

1959: At the age of 11 my best friend Marsha told me I'd be real popular if I'd learn how to dance and roll my hair. I did both.

1960: Daddy forbade me to take the New Testament Bible class that was part of the junior high curriculum, so I stayed in homeroom and mastered yet-to-be-uttered words like eleemosynary and pterodactyl for local spelling bees. I began to savor the prospect of being a heathen. With not a prayer for salvation.

1968: I chose to major in Comparative Religion.

1958-1964: We drove all the way to Charlotte (about 90 miles away) every Sunday for Sunday school. My father was determined to inject his offspring with some Jewishness in that Southern Bapdismal wilderness. I

suspect I was a stranger creature to those city Jews than I was at home. I was certainly more interested in boys than in Hebrew, but since I didn't live in Charlotte I was mostly excluded from the social whirl. An alien, albeit in Weejuns, Villagers and circle pins.

1964-66: Now there was a Jewish Center in Hickory (only about 20 miles away) and we had to go to Sabbath services. Every Friday night. Of course, Friday night is THE high school football night which is THE social event of the week and I missed almost every game. I began to get hateful.

1980: I still don't understand the first thing about football.

1966-1970: I always believed that "life" would not begin until I made my escape from the xenophobic South. So I headed North to Baltimore. But my Long Island Jewish Princess roommate thought she would DIE every time I said something intelligent with a Southern accent. She was shocked to find that I had a working knowledge of water faucets and also knew enough about electricity to recognize a wall outlet.

1970: Homesick, I longed for North Carolina. Homesick, I came home.

1974: Dear Ruby, I can't make it to Chapel Hill this weekend. I'm not feeling well. Maggie isn't doing well either. One side is completely paralyzed and she can't talk plain. Well, that's the way we're all going to go. Your father and I don't have many years to go either. Love, Mom.

*– Ruby Lerner, "Lacking Roots," **Growing Up Southern** (1980: VIII, 3), pp. 9-11.*

JOBS

Another revealing fact is that more than half of Southern married women in the labor force have children under age 18. Actually, according to 1979 U.S. Department of Labor figures, women with children under age 18 – those with the heaviest workload – are slightly more likely to be working than women with children over age 18.

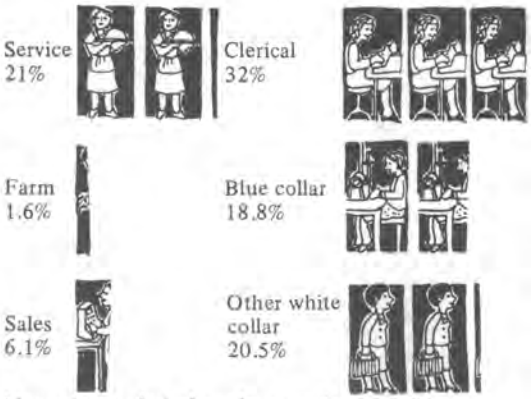
Myth: Women now do the same jobs men do. Under affirmative action programs, women, especially black women, take jobs from men.

Fact: Seventy-nine percent of Southern working women still work in four low-paid, traditionally female occupations: clerical, service, sales and manufacturing.

"Women's work" and "men's work" are still very distinct in the South and in the rest of the nation as well. Only a few Southern women work at jobs once considered to be for white males only. Table 6 illustrates that, despite the myth that women have replaced men because of affirmative action,

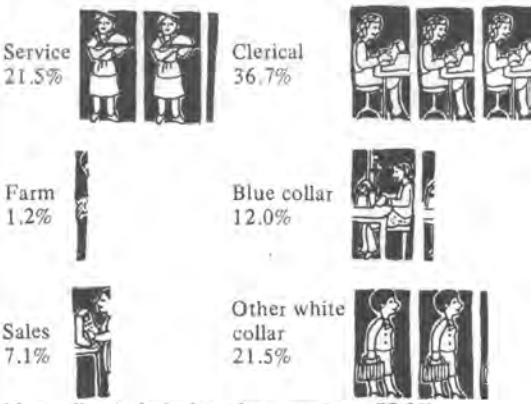
Table 6: Occupational Distribution of Southern Working Women (1978)

SOUTHERN WOMEN:



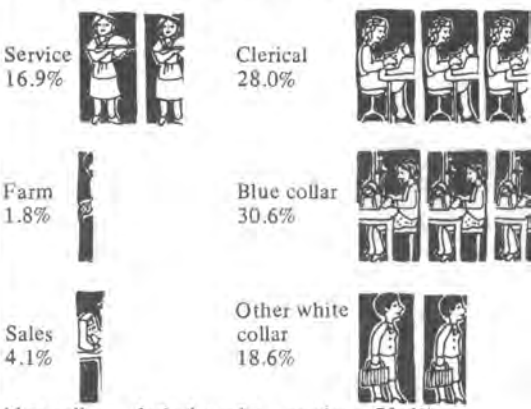
blue collar + clerical + sales + service = 79.4%

TEXAS WOMEN:



blue collar + clerical + sales + service = 77.3%

NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN:



blue collar + clerical + sales + service = 79.6%

Source: U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Report 571, 1

53 percent of Southern female workers in 1978 held clerical or service jobs in domestic or food service areas. These jobs, along with blue-collar jobs, are not only low-paying, they offer little or no opportunity for advancement.

In 1975, when the national ratio of women's to men's earnings was 59 cents to one dollar, Southern black women earned 46.8 cents to Southern white men's one dollar. In some states, like Louisiana, Georgia and Alabama, the figures were even lower – 38 cents, 44 cents and 45 cents, respectively. In 1977, black women nationally earned 59.3 cents for every one dollar earned by white men. These figures tell only part of the story. In 1978, the unemployment rate for Southern black women was 15.9 percent. For black men, the figure was 8.7 percent, 6.0 percent for white women and only 3.5 percent for white men. Furthermore, these figures do not account for those people who were too discouraged to seek work actively – most likely blacks and women!

Contrary to the myths, the average Southern working woman is neither single, nor is she the professional "career girl." She is a full-time worker in a traditionally low-paying woman's job. She probably is, or has been, married, works to hold the family together and keep it out of poverty and genuinely has little hope for career advancement. She may likely be a single parent bearing the full economic burden for her family. She is the backbone of the Southern economy, providing the low-paying labor to keep its businesses and factories running. She is the backbone of Southern families, in both the economic and nurturing capacities. The average Southern working woman works two full-time jobs and is not appropriately rewarded for either.

Despite her labor inside and outside the home, the Southern working woman remains one of the most expendable, least rewarded and least recognized contributors to the Southern economy and way of life. Her lowly economic status is a reflection of women's secondary status in society as a whole. If she is to gain the rights and privileges enjoyed by men, she must be better compensated for *all* she does.

– *Betsy Mahoney, "The Facts Behind the Myths,"* ***Working Women*** *(1981: IX, 4), pp. 5-9.*

JOURNEY

The Institute for Southern Studies staff asked if I would take out six months to travel the South as a reporter for the Institute's then-new syndicated weekly column, *Facing South.* Captive to Southern fondness for poking about the region and to that larger American myth about freedom deriving from travel, I claimed the job.

The Institute's charge dictated that I'd see the rural South, not too much of the Interstate/urbanized South. Places like Ville Platte, Louisiana; Ink, Arkansas; Ripley, Mississippi; Pickens, South Carolina; and Fincastle, Virginia. The blessings of this constraint came vividly to mind when my path intersected an Interstate cloverleaf in Georgia – typically crammed with service stations, motels and fast food franchises. Over the door of one eatery hung a banner proclaiming "Join the Fun – Eat and Run." All told, I logged nearly 28,000 miles between May and October, 1977.

I kept an eye out for the little things. Graffiti, for example. In the restroom of a Charlottesville, Virginia, vegetarian restaurant, I found: "Mother made me a homosexual." Below, in another's writing: "Fantastic! If I bought her the yarn, would she make me one?"

At the truck stops or cafeterias, in the state or national parks where I usually slept, or in the fetid motels, I encountered a diverse group of people trying to get along, trying to make some sense out of the political and economic forces buffeting their lives, and trying to be other than the gussied-up impersonations of themselves portrayed on prime-time TV.

In Stearns, Kentucky, I found myself amidst over a hundred angry striking coal miners, sticks and clubs in hand waiting for state police to try to break their picket line. They had shut down a Blue Diamond Company mine 18 months earlier, protesting dangerous working conditions. Democrats, you'd assume, in the tradition of John L. Lewis and all the advocates of equality for the working man.

As we talked, I learned most of them voted Republican. They paid lip service to the need for a revival of the Ku Klux Klan. Shortly after, they were set upon by nearly 200 helmeted, well-protected state police. After a swift and bloody fight, 80 miners were arrested, the largest number of United Mine Workers ever jailed at a single picket line confrontation.

At Gulf State Park, east of Mobile, I talked with an engaging young dancer. On stage, his gift for ballet was obvious. He had balance and grace, and a practiced sureness of movement during each of a variety of complex roles, modern and classical. His easy confidence offstage belied his origins in a tiny Alabama cotton mill village – a community, he said, still uncertain if it should be delightedly proud or mutely ashamed to have spawned a male dancer.

Obviously, the images of the South during the mid-'70s were skewed by the region's past. There may be a Sunbelt, but I found no typical Sunbelter for easy stereotyping.

– *Frank Adams, "Adams's Journey,"* ***Passing Glances*** *(1978: VI, 3), pp. 18-25.*

JUDGEMENT

My past is past to me. It's like a distant nightmare that I don't want to relive ever again. I am a new Joan Little. At one point, I looked at myself as being almost a tramp on the street, someone that had no future or no meaning in life. If I were to pass away, I would of felt like I was just another corpse that was making room for somebody else that was coming into the world that could do something meaningful. Now, I see that regardless of what you are or who you are or what you might be – even a wino in the street has a purpose. That person who stands

out in the street corner has a reason for standing out in the street corner.

Basically, I think this society has come to the point wherein they are too hard, too harsh and definitely

too judgmental against their own kind. They've stopped looking into what they're doing and looking into someone else's backyard. Besides I can't even begin to look in somebody else's backyard because I haven't raked up my own. You know, my own experiences have taught me a lot, and I feel that at 22 years old, I have matured enough to say that my experiences have been those of a woman in her forties.

*– Joan Little with Rebecca Ranson, "I Am Joan," **Packaging the New South** (1978: VI, 1), pp. 42-47.*

JUKERS

"This place is a little more secured than Central Prison," the guard joked as we arrived at Craggy Prison unit in the mountains – a unit that had been condemned 10 to 15 years ago but was still being used. At that time, the system was holding 4,000 more prisoners than it was built to hold.

I was assigned to "A" Dorm where, although in the mountains, I still knew a good number of the population. The first ones to talk with me were the jukers. "Now Stowe, you just wasn't satisfied with that 'candy bit' that you had the first time. I've told you and told you but you just wouldn't listen! Well, you'll *feel* that 'brand new' 15 years that you haven't even woke up to yet," one of the jukers preached.

"Yeah, they tricked you into these mountains," another one claims.

"Hey man, not me, I'm just waiting to be transferred," I explains.

"Yeah, well I had been waiting for seven months!" the first juker said. "I'm putting the icing on the cake now. Before you leave here, you've got to borrow an axe, find the stone to sharpen it on, cut the wood, resharpen the axe, wait for the wooden stove to warm up after you've made the fire, hustle up the ingredients, make sure you got the right amount of yeast to make it rise properly, take it out the oven, let it cool off, put the icing on it, cut the cake to test it, offer the right person a piece and if they like it, then you'll be able to leave after you clean up the mess!"

All the time knowing that they were right, I went on to say, "Well, I know something that y'all don't." All I knew was that I wasn't going to quit trying.

"Hey Stowe, ain't no use you trying to fool yourself, we're just telling you the truth! Them people the ones who tricked you into these mountains," the jukers reply. "We hope you do make it out of the mountains soon, but I'm not going to wait on you. I've seen a many leave here, and my cake is almost baked."

Actually, the jukers are usually a so-called friend of yours. The majority of the time, the things that they be saying is true. It's just a part of the "breaking in." And it also serves to set your mind to a very active line of thinking, toward reality.

*– Jimmy Stowe, "Portraits from Craggy," **Still Life** (1978: VI, 4), pp. 39-41.*

JUNETEENTH

The Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, did not have any effect in Texas because so little of the state was occupied by Northern troops. When Lee surrendered in April, 1865, most Texas plantations were still intact, and a quarter-million black people were working as slaves. It was not until June 19, 1865 – when General George Granger arrived with Yankee troops in Galveston and issued his own emancipation decree – that slaves were actually freed in Texas. June 19 – Juneteenth – therefore became the day of celebration.

"It was just a happy, getting-together day," says a retired teacher who grew up in a community of black landowners some 60 years ago. "We'd be farming and everybody would try to get the land clean by the nineteenth. If I had my crop cleaned out and you didn't have yours cleaned, I would come over and try to get yours cleaned out, too. We all worked for that day: to have the crops cleaned to take that holiday. We'd get together and buy a beef, or maybe someone would throw in a beef or part of a hog. Then we'd get together to barbecue it. The women would fix baskets, salads, cakes and pies. And we'd all meet at a special place. There would be soda water and ice cream. We'd make our own ice cream. And we would have ball games, horse races, goose-neck pullings and some kind of music at night. Wouldn't have sermons or spirituals; it was just a joyful day."

*– Wendy Watriss, "Celebrate Freedom," **Good Times and Growing Pains** (1977: V, 1), pp. 80-87.*

Photo by Watriss/Baldwin

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

KIDNAPPED

A story written in the Depression by an eight-year-old:
Once upon a time, there was a little girl whose name was Annie Milson. This little girl lived in Althea, Georgia. Now one day Annie was walking towards town down a road which led by the cruel people's house. A woman was leaning out of a window and when Annie went past the window, the woman reached out and picked her (Annie, I mean, of course!) up! She took her into a large room where there was nothing in the world but some old chests and a few shelves on which were some bottles.

Over to one of the chests she went and took out an old torn-up dress and put it on top of the chest. Then she took a bottle from one of the shelves and started towards Annie! Now of course you have decided that the woman was crazy, but she wasn't. The woman (whose name was Mrs. Higgens) said to Annie, "Come here, you brat." Annie obeyed. She was too frightened to do otherwise. Mrs. Higgens undressed her and poured something that stung from the bottle onto her head. She then dressed her in that awful dress and led her to the door!

Illustration by Leslie Udry

Poor Annie! She had been snatched into a strange house by a strange woman. Mrs. Higgens opened the door and led her through it. There in the other room (which was also very large) were many sinks, towels and safes. On each sink were many dishes, some soap and a rag. Mrs. Higgens rang a bell and a lot of little girls (who like Annie had been grabbed from the street) came running in and looked at Annie with pitying eyes. One of the girls came over to Annie and told her this: "Mrs. Higgens gives us a certain length of time to wash, dry and put away all these dishes, and if we aren't through when she comes in, we are whipped with that buggy whip you see over there on the wall. Come with me."

*– Dorothy Williams, "Annie Milson's Adventure," **Growing Up Southern** (1980: VIII, 3), pp. 110-111.*

KINGSPORT, TN

In spite of increased awareness of environmental health hazards, there is little public concern expressed in Kingsport. Residents are understandably reluctant to criticize the industries which put bread on their tables. As the local newspaper comments, Kingsport "smells like money."

But there are hidden costs behind that smell. Workers and local residents have to pay their own doctor bills, and the neighboring rural counties, downwind and downstream, are also affected by the city's pollution. In the surrounding area the rate of babies born with abnormalities is more than twice the state average.

In the chemical industry world, Tennessee Eastman ranks high in the amount spent on new control devices, but little is known about the actual harmful effects of the materials used. And Eastman employees are not told the real (generic) name of the chemicals they handle. The wife of one worker told how, even after a week's holiday away from Kingsport and numerous baths and showers, her husband's skin still smelled of acid – but neither she nor he knows what kind of acid. The 1970 Occupational Safety and Health Act might have given employees the "right to know," but it has not been inter-

preted in this way. Now a national campaign is being waged by public interest health groups to get this right recognized in OSHA regulations. Meanwhile, workers at Tennessee Eastman deal with "number 9123," or with chemicals under their trade names.

*– Kingsport Study Group, "Smells Like Money," **Sick for Justice** (1978: VI, 2), pp. 59-67.*

KU KLUX KLAN

We see a resurgence of the Klan today because again we are in a period of social and economic turmoil. But this time it's worse than at any other period in our history. We are living at a time when our society is really falling apart. Our economy is in deep trouble, there are not enough jobs for our young people, our cities are decaying, our school systems are deteriorating, the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, more and more people are having to struggle just to survive. It has become quite obvious that the people who are running our society are simply not willing – and perhaps not able – to make the fundamental changes necessary to make this society function to meet the needs of its people. And if you are running a society that is not working, and you are not willing to change, you have only one other choice: you've got to find ways to keep people under control.

You've got to explain to large sections of the population why they are having problems, and that explanation has to preclude their looking for and finding the real reasons. In other words, you have to create a scapegoat mentality among the majority group in the population. And if you do that successfully, you create the basis for something we've never had before in this country – a *mass* fascist movement. And once you have a mass fascist movement, you are on your way to something else we've never really had (except, to a certain extent, in the South before the Civil Rights Movement): a police state.

Because of the racism that undergirds our society, the potential scapegoat is built in: black and other minority people. If we understand all this, we understand *why* the Klan is growing again today. The cause of the problem is *not* a few criminal individuals who don sheets and hoods and set out to kill. These people are dangerous and they've got to be stopped. But they are an effect, not the cause.

The cause of our problems lies with the people in high places who are creating a scapegoat mentality among this nation's white people. It's the powerful people – from the halls of Congress to the board rooms of big corporations – who are telling white people, for example, that if taxes are eating up their paychecks it's not because of our bloated military budget but because too many government programs benefit blacks and other minorities; that young white people are unemployed because blacks are getting all the jobs; that crime in the streets is caused by black people. *That* message from powerful propagators is creating the climate in which the Klan grows today; that's what is laying the basis for a mass fascist movement in the 1980s.

But that movement does not *have* to grow. It is fully possible instead to build in the 1980s a people's movement that deals with real problems and has the strength to turn this country around in the next decade. But to do that, we've got to fight not only the Klan but the Klan mentality, the ideology that undergirds the Klan.

*– Anne Braden, "Lessons From A History of Struggle," **Mark of the Beast** (1980: VIII, 2), pp. 56-61.*

Photo by Russ Smith

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

LABOR UNIONS

Early labor strength in Louisiana lay in the very craft distinction that prevented many CIO successes in the 1920s. Company-sponsored unions such as the Independent White, and the Independent Colored Longshoremen's Association were common. With certain important exceptions like the timber workers in the north and west, most union activity in the state has concentrated in the urban areas of Shreveport, Lake Charles, Baton Rouge and New Orleans. Since the New Orleans port supports an estimated 60 percent of the city's economy, labor activity along the docks has traditionally been critical to the fate of unions.

From the days of the elite cotton stowers and stevedores, labor organizations on the docks have been weakened by segregated locals. Affiliation in the 1930s with the International Longshoremen's associations proved no exception, leading to the white local 1418 and black 1419. In 1973, however, 1,800 longshore workers walked out in a wildcat strike, protesting nonpayment of royalties into the union pension fund. The rank-and-file movement continued when three members of local 1419 brought suit against their own local, the white local and others for racial discrimination.

In other activities within the city, the American Federation of Teachers and the National Education Association recently merged, giving teachers benefits beyond the capabilities of a professional association. As increasing numbers find service occupations – now 16,000 – more unionizing efforts can be expected in this area.

– *State Profiles: Labor Unions and Employment Patterns, Here Come A Wind (1976: IV, 1-2), pp. 170-204.*

LAND LOSS

Historically, the black community in America has been a community closely attached to the land. By 1910, non-whites, principally blacks, were operating 890,000 farms, of which 218,000 were run by full and part owners and 670,000 by tenants. The black population of the U.S. at that time was 9.8 million. Without the benefit of a Homestead Act and oftentimes in the face of hostility and violence, blacks had managed to become the full or part owners of more than 15 million acres of land.

The year 1910, however, represented the peak year of black land ownership in the U.S., and the trend since that time has been steadily downward so that by 1969, with the national black population at 22.4 million, the agricultural census could find less than six million acres fully or partly owned by blacks – representing 79,000 owner-operated farms. About 17,000 farms were being operated by black tenant farmers.

It is also worth noting that only about one acre in six of the wholly-owned black land was under cultivation (as compared with one in four and one half of white owned land). Realistically, then, the black community has largely cut its ties to the land, and a high percentage of the land which it does still retain is not being used for growing crops and in large measure probably constitutes a short-run economic burden to the black community (a burden not only in terms of tax or mortgage payments, but in terms of the foregone opportunity to utilize this wealth in some immediately productive activity).

To evaluate the importance of owning land solely by economic criteria is to approach the topic with too narrow a perspective. Rather, land ownership should be viewed as a vehicle for human development, as well as an instrument for economic development. In the rural South, studies indicate that land ownership by blacks correlates with characteristics generally regarded as worthy of encouragement within the black community. Land-owning blacks have proved to be more likely to register and to vote, more likely to participate in civil-rights actions and more likely to run for office than are non-landowners. In effect, land ownership in the rural South confers on blacks a measure of independence, of security and dignity and perhaps even of power, which is of crucial importance to the elevation of the status of the black community generally.

– *Emergency Land Fund, "Black Land Loss," **Our Promised Land** (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 112-121.*

LAND OWNERSHIP

The power of absentee corporate landowners to affect the economic future of local communities is still massive. The situation is most severe in the coal counties of Appalachia, where half the land surface is corporately owned and 72 percent is absentee-owned.

In Logan County, West Virginia, 11 corporations own nearly everything. Roscoe Spence, who edited the weekly paper there for more than 30 years, sums things up: "By controlling land, they controlled the jobs; by controlling jobs, they control the payroll; by controlling the payroll, they once could control where people bought; by controlling where people bought,

they could control profit on earnings. It was a stacked-up thing. The effect of it is that people who control the land control everything."

Land ownership patterns also worsen the problems that come with the booms and busts of the coal industry. Good times bring greater demands for nonexistent housing and for services dependent on already-strained county budgets. In bad times, few non-coal jobs are available, use of the land for survival – even tilling the hillsides – is limited for most people, and moving away is the only real choice for many. In the coal counties surveyed, in fact, there is a strong connection between corporate ownership and outmigration in the 1960s, a period of coal decline: the greater the degree of corporate ownership of a county, the greater the percentage of the population who left.

– *"Who Owns Appalachia?" **Who Owns Appalachia?** (1982: X, 1), pp. 32-52.*

LEARNING

My father was a sharecropper who had never known education. He was sure that all the problems he suffered and the things that he was not able to give his family were the result of not being educated. And in a time when it was mandatory that all members of a household who were old enough to chop or pick cotton be in the field by the order of the plantation owner, my younger sister and brother and myself went to the school.

My father carried his gun to the field wrapped in a cotton sack and laid it under the cotton to enforce that decision. And when men drove by and said, "Will, where are your children?" he said, "They are in school." I didn't understand when I was young the courage it must have taken for him to say that and to back it up. I understand now that was why we had to move so frequently, why we couldn't stay on the plantation until we grew up. And that was a big dream: to grow up on the same plantation and not to be the new kid on the plantation or the new kid in the little one-room school.

I decided that part of my father's reasoning was correct when I was 13 years old, that the reason black people on plantations were so poor was because they didn't have the education to keep records. They really didn't keep account of how much they owed a man, how much the cotton sold for and how much they should get for their part. So I decided when we moved to a new plantation that we were going to do something different this year with the crop. I would keep records because my father had been sending me to school so I could help us do better. He bought me a blue composition book, and with my little learning I got in these country schools, one-room church places, I learned how to set out a set of bookkeeping records. I put down all the little things that we got, and Daddy cooperated by telling me.

Beginning in March, you get a "furnish," a little amount of money from the owner of the plantation and you get that for six months. That is to help you with food and stuff until the cotton crop comes in and you start to harvest. Well, I put down all the things that we got that whole year.

We knew we had to give the man half of all the bales we picked. Cotton sold for a good price that year – 40 cents a pound. We added up all the extra pounds; bales are generally figured at 500 pounds a bale, but there were some bales that weighed 600 pounds. All this extra money the white man usually just takes. We figured up plantation expenses because that is the catch-all – when you paid everything else and there was nothing else they could legitimately add to your debt, they added plantation expenses. When all this division and multiplication and subtraction was over, by my set of books our share should have been $4,000, and we should have at least gotten $1,000. I did know there was no fairness in this system.

Well, settling day finally came and my father had to go up to the house for the settlement. This is in December. I went off to school, but all day long I was anxious to know what was happening at this house when my father pulled out his set of figures and gave them to the man and said, "Now listen, you have to deal with me honestly because here is what I owe you, here is what the cotton sold for, here is my part."

I don't know what really happened that day. I don't even know if my father brought out this composition book with all my figures neatly entered. But what we cleared out of that crop – *and this is the first time we had ever cleared any money* – was not the $1,000 that I thought we would clear, but $200, which was just a token. It wasn't what we were due, but it had a lot to do with "coming of age" in the sense of how little control black people have over their lives.

– *L.C. Dorsey, "Harder Times Than These," **Who Owns Appalachia?** (1982: X, 1), pp. 28-31.*

LOBBY

Even before a Georgia Power lobbyist sets foot inside the legislature, much energy – and millions of dollars – go to create a climate favorable to the company. Georgia Power spends over four million dollars each year in public relations and advertising, more than any other utility in the country, according to an Environmental Action Foundation study. Donations to civic

Graphic by Allan Traxler

clubs, schools and charities approached a half-million dollars in 1978. Recipients include such groups as the Atlanta Area Boy Scouts and the Mount Vernon Christian Academy.

In recent years, the company has given increasing attention to propaganda designed for school children. In Macon, for example, a course on energy for ninth graders was introduced after a Georgia Power representative went to the Board of Education with "hordes of material" on electricity aimed at students. The company

continues to provide free "educational materials" including films, slide shows and games, as well as "resource people" who give talks to the children at no cost to the school.

Georgia Power's programs to influence adult leaders are equally sophisticated. It maintains a list of 3,000 "movers and shakers" across the state who are informed regularly about the company's plans. Company vice president George Edwards told the *Wall Street Journal*, "We try to contact everyone on the list at least twice a year. It's important that they know what we're doing because we need their support."

Georgia Power continues to make bankers happy with its policy of maintaining deposits in many banks across the state and drawing on them for loans. As it turns out, a 1975 study revealed that 20 legislators were directors of banks which loan money to Georgia Power.

*– Betsy Mahoney, "Power to Rule the Roost," **Tower of Babel** (1979: VII, 4), pp. 68-71.*

LOCKOUTS & LOOMS

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

It was a turbulent time, and within the space of a few years the rapid expansion of Piedmont manufacturers transformed the stepchild of the New England mills into the backbone of Southern industrialization. From the peak of the post-war surge in 1923 to 1933, New England lost 40 percent of its mills and the capacity of the newer, lower-waged Southern industry increased five-fold. In the next four decades, the textile industry became the largest employer in the South,

the creator of countless fortunes and the biggest obstacle to organized labor.

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

*– Bill Finger, "Looms, Loans and Lockouts," **Facing South** (1976: III, 4), pp. 54-65.*

LONGHORNS

Thanksgiving day, 1938. The Traditional Game against the "other" state university, the Aggies of Texas A&M. It is important that you understand about "the Tradition." The Tradition was that the Aggies never won in Austin, home of the Texas Longhorns. Not since Memorial Stadium was built and dedicated, in a game against the Aggies, way back in 1924. Now then, when you are eight years old, that is some Tradition! The Aggies never won in Austin. Never!

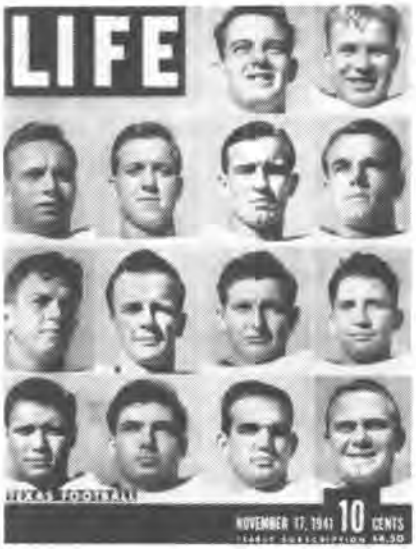
But they sure were favored in 1938 because, as everybody knew, that year the Longhorns couldn't beat *anybody*.

For a losing team, you'd be surprised how good the Texas Longhorns played. The Southwest Conference was real big in those days, of course. When SMU played TCU, the winner got to go to the Rose Bowl and the loser went to the Sugar Bowl. Well, everybody said the Longhorns had a starting lineup that could play anybody in the country, including SMU and TCU. We didn't have any substitutes, though. We could hold everybody to 0-0 through the half, or even the third quarter, and then our boys would get tired and the other team would score. We lost a lot of games that way.

That was the situation when we came down to the Traditional Game against the Aggies in Austin in 1938. Burt and Rexito and I were in the 25-cent Knot Hole Gang section, in the end zone, and we saw it all. That stadium was packed. Forty thousand people. And Texas played inspired football. They drove down to the Aggie five-yard line. They drove down to the eight. They drove down to the six.

But they couldn't score.

In the second half, Texas was just as inspired. The Longhorns stopped the Aggies cold, but they still couldn't manage to score. One of the troubles was the reverse to Puett. We had this player in the backfield named Puett. He only carried the ball on a reverse, which was not often. Most times he



didn't even get back to the line of scrimmage. They'd just see that old reverse coming and they would clobber poor Puett.

Well, late in the game, we made one last drive down to their 10 yard line. The fullback made two. Then the tailback made five. I remember it exactly. I felt pretty good because we were down on the three yard line, and we had two more plays to buck it over. One to get it right down to the goal line and another to buck it over. I remember thinking that while standing there (believe me, we were all standing!) in the Knot Hole Gang section.

You know what happened? On third down, they gave the ball to Puett on a reverse. He started to swing outside like he always did, but then he cut right upfield. I could see the hole from the end zone. When he got to the line of scrimmage, he just dove. High. He was three feet in the air, his body all strung out parallel to the ground. Touchdown! There's a newspaper picture of that, Puett soaring high with that Aggie goal line right under him! It was in every paper in Texas the next day.

*– Lawrence Goodwyn, "Wonder and Glory in Another Century," **Through the Hoop** (1979: VII, 2), pp. 42-47.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

MASSACRE

On November 3, 1979, cameras from four television stations recorded in awesome detail the killing in Greensboro, North Carolina, of five communist demonstrators by members of the Ku Klux Klan and Nazi Party. It was not the first confrontation between Nazis, Klansmen and members of the Communist Workers Party (CWP). In the spring and early summer of 1979, the Federated Knights of the KKK began holding public meetings at which they showed the film "Birth of a Nation" and attempted to recruit new members. A few protesters — members of the Revolutionary Communist Party — came to one of the public meetings in Winston-Salem, but it wasn't until the Klan took the film to a community center in China Grove that protesters arrived in force.

On Sunday, July 8, members and supporters of the CWP (which then called itself the Worker's Viewpoint Organization, or WVO), arrived at the community center about an hour before the film showing was scheduled to begin. The tiny China Grove police force was also early. The counter-demonstrators outnumbered and outflanked the Klansmen gathering outside the center; pressing forward while the police tried to keep the groups separate, they succeeded, as they later put it, in driving "these scum Klansmen off the lawn of the China Grove Community Center."

"What made a difference in China Grove," boasted WVO leaders, "was the mighty force of militant, armed and organized fighters, fighting in the people's interest. WE AFFIRM THE CORRECTNESS OF HOW TO FIGHT THE KLAN AS SHOWN BY CHINA GROVE!!!" The WVO's desire to outdo the rival Revolutionary Communist Party, which also sought to build its reputation in the area through militant rhetoric and direct action, may have further blinded the WVO. Their perceived victory at China Grove was heady stuff, and, with a false sense of bravado they decided to dare the Klan to confront them again.

On October 4, WVO leaders publicly announced a "Death to the Klan" march and conference in Greensboro.

On or about October 10, Ed Dawson, a long-time Klan member and informant for the FBI and Greensboro police department, was contacted by the department and asked to "find out" what the Klan planned to do about the WVO rally.

On October 20, Virgil Griffin and his Invisible Empire of the KKK held a march at the Lincoln County Fairgrounds. After a rally, Griffin convened a meeting with about 90 people; the featured speaker was none other than Ed Dawson. The purpose of the meeting was to recruit people to confront the "Death to the Klan" march.

Dawson told us: "And at the speech I explained everything that was going on in Greensboro. I didn't add, I didn't take anything away. That they were going through the schools and throwing red paint, that there was signs posted, and this, that and the other thing. I gave maybe a 20-minute speech on the goodies that was going on and I asked for a show of hands, how many people was coming [to challenge the WVO]. Eighty hands went up in the air!"

*— Liz Wheaton, "The Third of November," **The Future Is Now** (1981: IX, 3), pp. 55-67.*

MEDDLING

The state and federal governments were making more frequent contacts with rural farmers in the early years of this century. Clearly, their objectives were to stimulate rural production and bring the farmer out of his insulated community. Small farmers consistently opposed interference in rural Independence County; and their resistance often erupted into violence. Such was the response to the enforcement of federal cattle-dipping and stock laws.

To rid cattle of fever-carrying ticks, farmers were required, by law, to drive their cattle to the dipping vats. With the scarcity of roads, this was a considerable inconvenience to many farmers. To compound the farmer's reluctance, vat solutions were sometimes too strong and cattle died. Owens and Lola Fetzer of Independence County, Arkansas, recalled the importance of cattle to farmers and the farmers' anger at interference with their source of livelihood:

Owens Fetzer: The fever tick killed our cattle here and they started dippin long around 1915. Well, they dipped those cattle in this solution, and some of it, they got it too strong and they killed some cattle. Well, that created lots of trouble around here. They felt that they was killin their cattle and they objected. But it was a mistake; the government didn't.

Lola Fetzer: People depended on their cows for milk and butter.

Owens Fetzer: And there was quite a opposition to it. However, you see, we was under federal quarantine. We couldn't ship cattle to St. Louis or anyplace, only after November.

The enactment of stock laws also brought quick and violent reaction from countryside farmers. The laws insisted that farmers fence in their cattle, in a move to protect crops and gardens from the trampling of hungry animals. Fencing in cattle was time consuming and expensive; moreover, if a farmer did not have a stream

or pond on his property, where would his cattle get water unless he terraced his farm and dug a pond?

Lola Fetzer: Another thing that brought on trouble was the stock laws. When, a long time after we moved here, our cows run outside and maybe they'd come up in the evenin and maybe they wouldn't. But then they had the stock law, and we thought that that was just terrible. You had to keep your stock up and feed them, once you fenced them in.

Owens Fetzer: This dippin, they killed a man up there. He's a government. Shot him. Because they felt like people, you see, when they get in their minds that you're imposing on them, naturally they get desperate. And they couldn't see it any other way. I can't recall exactly when they started this dippin. But I do remember a man losing his life.

I don't think they had anything against the government, but they didn't have much faith in politicians. They thought they was bein imposed on. And they didn't think about startin a rebellion or anything like that, you know. But they said, "You're tryin to run me over." Thought they was against them. It wasn't the government, but the government's agents.

– William Spier, "We Was All Poor Then," Our Promised Land (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 80-90.

MENHADEN

You got to be a bee to get the sweet out of a blossom and a trained menhadener to get these fish out of the ocean. Carib, he kept shooting us signals to halt or come in closer. Signaled with his oar upside down, blade up to the sun. That meant the fish sounding, going under. Anything can cause them to go down, a motor sound, trouble with the big fish under water that may be eating on them, even a wrong move by the dry-boat man.

About now you begin to feel the heat. You can't move much or easy in those purse boats. It's hot summer to begin with. The sun is going to hit you directly, and the rays that hit the water, they'll jump at you. The bunt pullers, they're all muscled men, cordy wrists and bulging forearms, knotty shoulders. So that there's sweat crying through their skins already even before the work begins.

Carib stood up, gave us the come-

Graphic by Jacob Rogers

ahead sign with his hands and wrists. "Here they pla-a-a-a-y!" In a few seconds our purse boats got up by him till he motioned us to separate. "Let your net go!"

– Earl Conrad, "Gulf Stream North," Coastal Affair (1982: X, 3), pp. 16-21.

MIAMI, FL

For decades the workers on Henry M. Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway (FEC) had reason to hate their work. They built bridges and track through the marshes of eastern Florida – dirty, dangerous, disease-ridden work. They took the track into the ocean, clear out to Key West, in one of the most remarkable feats in railroad history. Hundreds were killed in the process. And when it was finished, the employees of the line watched their railroad slump, watched it head toward bankruptcy.

The Florida East Coast Railway was born before the turn of the century when Flagler, already wealthy from his work in oil with John D. Rockefeller, headed South for a vacation. He first visited Florida in 1883 at the age of 53. He became enchanted with St. Augustine and reasoned that other Northerners would find it equally appealing once it was more accessible. Flagler built the massive Ponce de Leon Hotel, then made certain that travelers would be able to reach it without trouble. He bought up the existing railroad trackage, contracted for the South's first large steel railroad bridge to be built across the St. Johns River and modernized the line. It was a relatively safe investment, and it paid off.

Flagler then turned his sights to the beaches and swamps further south. He brought his railroad to New Smyrna Beach in 1892, Cocoa in 1893, Fort Pierce and West Palm Beach in 1894. The construction crews brought an immense amount of business with them, and they provided the opportunity for even more. Wherever the railroad went, small towns blossomed into cities. Everyone along the state's east coast watched Flagler's plans carefully, eager to see where he would build next.

Mrs. Julia D. Tuttle, who owned 644 acres of land on the north side of the Miami River, was among those watching. She flooded Flagler with letters encouraging him to bring his railroad to her land. He refused. She traveled to Jacksonville twice to convince him; still he refused. Yet she persevered, and when the severe freeze of 1894-95 struck, destroying an estimated $100 million worth of fruit and vegetables as far south as Palm Beach, she sent him a bouquet of orange blossoms. This time he responded positively, when he realized the security from severe weather which the citrus groves enjoyed in south Florida. He visited Mrs. Tuttle and agreed to build his railroad to her land and help construct a city in exchange for a large amount of free acreage. They called the place Miami.

– Steve Hoffius, "The Seagoing Railroad," Good Times and Growing Pains (1977: V, 1), pp. 50-52.

MIDWIFE

I was the first midwife in my family. My mother died before I was 14 years old. So there had never been nobody in my family been a midwife before; I was the first. And I loved the job – I don't care what nobody says, I loved doing it.

Photo by Chris Walters-Bugbee

I just always wanted to do something. I used to say I wanted to be a schoolteacher. Couldn't make that. But I got this, and I did it for 32 years. Over 600 children, and I didn't lose a mother in 32 years, though I did carry one or two to the hospital.

I began when we were living on a place owned by one of the doctors in town. And living there, I always went with him to assist when the babies would come, and so I learned a lot. There was a bunch of us living there, and they would need to get somebody – you know, you always need to get somebody to help you when a person is having a baby. Well, I was always the woman they could get – I could stand it. Really, I had a better nerve. You know you can't deliver a baby if you ain't got no nerve. So that has a lot to do with it.

After I was certified by the state, I kept up with my babies after they were born. I got a book which has their names and the dates of their birth, and I keep it near and look over it from time to time.

We had to fill in the birth certificates, put the names in and the date, the mother and the father, their names, and get that or mail it to the Health Department. And I had to sign it. Most of the time the people had a name already, cause we couldn't turn in the birth certificate without it. But I tell you the truth, some of them babies I couldn't get the names while I was out there, so I'd name the babies good enough on the certificates, and the people would say okay later when I told them.

– Gussie Jackson with Chris Walters-Bugbee, "And None of Them Left-Handed," Good Times and Growing Pains (1977: V, 1), pp. 4-12.

MIGRANT STREAM

Somewhere between 1.5 and 1.6 million migrant and seasonal workers harvest farm products in 42 states. This number does not include short-term, imported farmworkers who are shipped into a given area by landowners and then returned to their native land under conditions monitored by the U.S. Government. For example, some 9,000 West Indians travel by chartered plane each year to spend up to six months cutting sugar cane in South Florida.

All these workers, whatever their color or native origin, have one thing in common: they work in the fields, with little power over their day-to-day fate, because they have found no other options, because the alternatives they face are even worse – starvation, crime and ultimately jail, living in a mental institution, abandoning their families. . . .

Worker: I got involved with this here crew when they picked me up at the Mission, "Daily Bread." That's where they pick everybody up.

This was in Orlando, Florida. Everybody goes to Daily Bread to eat at lunchtime. It's a free meal. This is where they come and ask you: "Well, do you need a job? We're going to pick peaches, pick oranges or crop tobacco. We'll take care of your wine habits, or your cigarettes, whatever you need, we've got it – three meals a day and a nice place to sleep. You want some wine now?"

When a man is down and out, when he has no transportation to get himself back and forth to a regular job, and there's no proper bus system to get him back and forth, then he's kind of stuck. So he's willing to take any kind of a job he can get, if there's a roof over his head and three meals a day. Even though it's only minimum wage, he don't care, he just wants to work, he wants to eat and wants a roof over his head. He don't want to end up in jail every other week, drunk.

So he wants to work. But his hands are tied because he don't have transportation. So he's willing to do anything: crop tobacco, pick peaches, anything, pick cabbages, tomatoes, anything, he'll go from one to the other. That's the way people get on the migrant stream. They're down and out, that's how they usually start.

But you see what they do: they get you started, and they keep you broke. You get in the hole and you don't get out. You're flat broke. You can't get to the store, you're too far away from the store unless they ride you there, or you take

a chance hitchhiking – and then another guy is just going to pick you up and hijack you and take you to his camp, that happens all the time. Or the cops will pick you up if you're hitchhiking – you just ain't supposed to leave that camp!

– *Alma Blount, Martin Gonzalez and Steven Petrow, "Lost in the Stream,"* ***Winter's Promise*** *(1980: VIII, 4), pp. 67-76.*

MILITARY MONEY

While the health of many Floridians will suffer with federal budget cuts, the state's military contractors are growing increasingly hardy. In one year, from fiscal 1980 to '81, Florida corporations increased their share of military contracts from $2.2 billion to $3.3 billion, a 50 percent leap. The state now ranks eighth in the nation in military contract dollars.

In 1981, United Technologies gleaned the largest share of the Pentagon pork – almost $900 million. The money goes largely to the company's Pratt and Whitney division, manufacturing gas turbine jet engines in West Palm Beach. Two $2.1 million Pratt and Whitney engines equip each F-15 Eagle, a superjet that will launch "a variety of missiles and bombs at supersonic speeds."

The number two company, Martin-Marietta Aerospace, plays a leading role in the economy of Orlando and the rest of Orange County. The city's largest employer, it receives about a fifth of Florida's total Department of Defense (DoD) contract dollars, taking in over a half billion dollars in 1981. The 5,400 Martin employees in Orlando, coupled with another 14,000 DoD personnel in the area's military bases, constitute a sizable presence in a city of 128,000. The sophistication of Martin-Marietta's military products – day/night fire control for the army's Advanced Attack Helicopter and canisters and transport/launchers for the army's Patriot air defense missile – requires a pool of technical talent readily found among the remnants of the space program in nearby Brevard County.

Three of Florida's top 10 military contractors do business in Brevard County, home of Cape Canaveral. The Harris Corporation, with 10,000 employees in several cities across the state, received a $4.7 million order for computers from the army in 1981. It now runs neck-and-neck with Martin-Marietta as the biggest industrial employer in the state. Also doing business in Brevard County are Cadillac Gage Company, which makes armored cars, and Pan American Airways, which operates the Eastern Test Range and the Air Force Eastern Space and Missile Center.

Florida also hosts 57 military installations and it gets the second largest share of DoD military pay among the states. Former First District Representative Bob Sikes, who chaired the House Appropriations Committee on Military Construction from 1965 to 1977, gets the credit for making the Florida panhandle home of two sprawling bases: Eglin Air Force Base (the nation's largest air base at 486,946 acres) and the Pensacola Naval Air Station; 37,000 people, one-third of the state's DoD employees, work at these two bases.

– *"State Profiles: Defense Spending and Human Needs,"* ***Waging Peace*** *(1982: X, 6), pp. 69-108.*

MINNIE PEARL

After graduating from Ward-Belmont, I went back home to Centerville and taught for two years. Worst time in my life. I knew I had something, but I didn't know what to do with it. There was a company down in Atlanta that had been sending coaches around putting on amateur plays and stuff, and I saw that as a way out for awhile. I worked there for six years. I went around all over the country, and that is how I got involved with Minnie Pearl.

I went to a place in north Alabama and stayed with a lady and her husband and son. It was in the winter of 1936, and I was down on my luck. I thought she was one of the funniest

WSM photo

women – I still do – I ever met in my life. And I came away talking about her and imitating her and telling her jokes. They weren't jokes; the things she told were just funny, they weren't things she would have to make up. I had to advertise my play at the different towns that I went, so I would do an imitation of her.

I traveled mostly in the country; these shows that I put on were country musical comedies. I had put on a play in Aiken, South Carolina, for the Pilots Club, and they asked me to come back for their convention in a couple of months and do "this silly thing that you do." They said they would give me $25 and my expenses. That was just enormous, so I said, "Why certainly, I will do it."

I had an old boyfriend over in that area, and I thought I could kill two birds with one stone. So I came back, and that was the first time I appeared professionally as Minnie Pearl, the first time I ever put her in costume. It was 1938. I went down to a salvage store and bought a sleazy, old cheap yellow organdy dress and a pair of old white shoes and a pair of white cotton stockings and an old hat and put some flowers on it – no price tag, that didn't come till later.

I appeared that night in the ballroom of the Highland Park Hotel, which was a very swank hotel. I walked down through the crowd and they didn't know anymore than a jackrabbit who I was or what I was doing, but the rapport was there. I walked down through the crowd, and I was speaking just like an old country girl that had come in by mistake. They were just . . . you know . . . they didn't have any idea what I was doing.

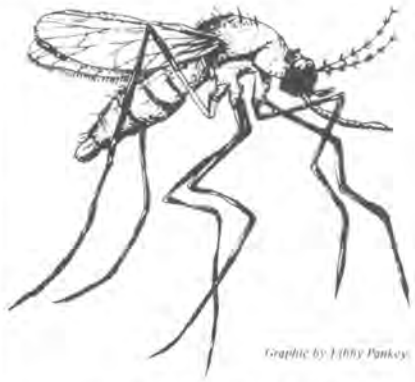
But anyway, they laughed pretty good that night. I used a few stories about Grinders Switch. I told them about brother, and I used several jokes about my feller. My feller has always been tantamount. He is very important to establish the gag of my unattractiveness. I came away from there that night with a prescience. . . . I'm not saying a light shone and a voice said this is where you are going or anything like that, but it was being borne in on me gradually.

– Sue Thrasher, "The Woman Behind Minnie Pearl," Focus on the Media (1975: II, 4), pp. 32-40.

MOSQUITO

Thousands of lives have been lost and millions of dollars spent on mosquito control in the South, although endemic malaria ended almost 30 years ago. Actually, malaria was not even native to the Western Hemisphere. European colonists brought a mild form with them and, unwittingly, spread the "fever and agues" by impounding water for rice and indigo cultivation, and for millponds. By the late 1700s, all low-lying areas in the Southeast were highly malarious.

It was through the African slave trade that a particularly virulent form of malaria came to the South,



Graphic by Libby Pankey

yet Africans were less likely to suffer from the disease than whites. Unaware that the sickle-cell trait, common among West Africans, conveys a heightened resistance to the parasite that causes the disease, planters did notice the Africans' resistance and promptly added it to their list of reasons why blacks "deserved" to be slaves on coastal plantations.

Throughout the nineteenth century, marshes were drained in campaigns to end the disease. The city of Savannah, for instance, spent $70,000 in 1817 to drain nearby wetlands. But not until 1897 did scientists prove the suspected link between marsh-breeding mosquitoes and the troublesome fever.

Today, many states rely on repeated chemical treatments to kill adult mosquitoes; ground fogging and aerial spraying of insecticides, mostly malathion, are common practice. All told, mosquito control efforts cost the U.S. over $70 million annually.

– Cindy Allen and Larry Bostian, "Marsh Fever," Coastal Affair (1982: X, 3), p. 82.

MOUNTAIN DEVELOPMENT

Connestee Falls, and dozens of new developments like it in the North Carolina Blue Ridge, may be an "Un-City" – uncrowded, unhurried, unpolluted – to some folks, but to the farmers of the mountains, it is an intrusion, the kind of intrusion that has driven the price of marginal farm and timber land from a low of $100 an acre to a whopping $1,000 an acre in a half-decade. Rough, undeveloped land in Macon County, N.C., goes for as high as $5,000 per acre, and near the second-home center of Highlands, it reaches $20,000 if water and sewers are available. In Madison County, which has few developments, land is already selling for $1,000 an acre, "and that's for straight up-and-down land," says one resident. A three-quarter-acre lot in highly developed Watauga County can go for $6,000 and still be considered "a darn good buy." With land prices – and the commensurate property taxes – so high, it's easy to see how the dream of a mountain farmer to have at least one son stay home to till the soil has changed to the nightmare that he may not even be able to maintain the farm for his own retirement.

Only a few miles further down the Blue Ridge Parkway in Carroll County – the county that one observer says "has best preserved all those things that make up the Appalachian cul-

ture" – another firm is building, of all things, a ski resort. The headline in the Carroll *News* on December 8, 1972, proclaimed, "Cascade Mountain – New Way of Life," and continued, "First there was Beech, then Sugar, and now Cascade. Yes, Cascade Mountain Resort will have one of the finest ski slopes in southwestern Virginia." As one of its "many features" the ski resort will have an "Olympic Village" with a lodge and motel named "Liebenschuen," and, of course, a country store.

Thanks to such developments, the price of farm land in Carroll County is far beyond the means of farmers to buy it. An eighty-acre farm in Carroll, for example, was recently offered for public auction – something that mountaineers have traditionally done when there are several heirs to a farm and the community is in need of a social event. The hope has always been that one of the family or a close neighbor would "buy the old homeplace." This farm was privately offered by the heirs to a local man for $7,500, a figure that he considered excessive and rejected. At the public auction, flooded by land speculators and professionals from North Carolina in search of a "second home," the farm brought $20,000. A few weeks later one-half of it was subdivided and sold for $40,000 – $40,000 for a hillside that once grossed only a crop of wheat sufficient for the family's bread, pasture for four cows for the family's milk, and a few cord of pulpwood to be sold to "put the kids in school."

– *Jim Branscome and Peggy Matthews, "Selling the Mountains,"* ***Our Promised Land*** *(1974: II, 2-3), pp. 122-129.*

MOVEMENT: I

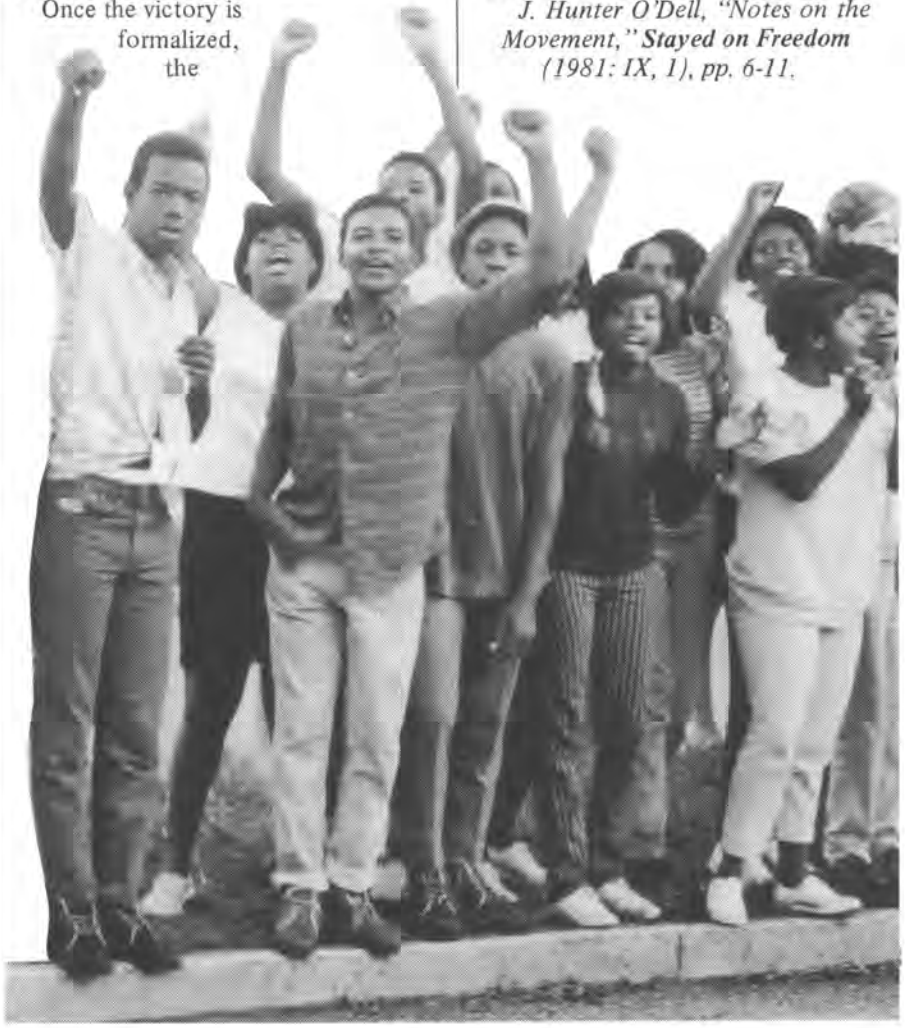
In the years between Montgomery and the Vietnam Moratorium, the authority of the people's Movement in this country was expressed in thousands of individual actions and hundreds of local demonstrations in cities across the land where citizens singled out targets for disciplined, collective action. The authority of this Movement sprang from the best traditions of the Negro church, organized labor and populist radicalism, and its spirit was reflected and continually revived in the musical themes of that period: "This Little Light of Mine," "All We Are Saying Is Give Peace a Chance," "We Shall Not Be Moved" and the most famous, "We Shall Overcome."

The civil-rights laws of the 1960s were passed after the fact. They did not create change; rather, the struggle for expanded democracy, participated in by tens of thousands of our fellow citizens, produced a body of legislation which confirmed the effectiveness of that struggle. The laws were a crystallized form of expressing the new reality that people would no longer abide by the rules and mores of racial segregation. Segregation was in fact abolished by the power of the Civil Rights Movement. A movement, whether of reform or revolution, always struggles for a legislative manifestation of its victory because that establishes a new code of conduct in relation to the old order of things. It confirms that change has been accepted and that the particular struggle for democracy has been victorious.

Once the victory is formalized, the movement must regroup around the definition of the next stage of mass democracy and move on to its fulfillment. The opposition will inevitably attempt to trap the movement into preoccupying itself with implementing victories that have been codified into law. Indeed, the law is often written in such a way as to encourage this entrapment. And since the Movement's activists are often experiencing a degree of exhaustion, the tendency to focus on emphasizing that which has been won is even stronger because it is a form of reprieve.

The decade of the 1970s has found the Movement caught up in just such an eddy in which motion is devoid of clear direction; we have become preoccupied by the rituals of the technician-intelligentsia and have shifted responsibility for social change to them, substituting their busy-ness for mass-movement organizing. Yet only the latter can provide the driving force for the achievement of greater democracy.

J. Hunter O'Dell, "Notes on the Movement," ***Stayed on Freedom*** *(1981: IX, 1), pp. 6-11.*



Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

MOVEMENT: II

The Movement was not the product of a concept or program of social change. It was a spontaneous response to intolerable conditions. A great many people were mad enough to act simultaneously. It was the greatest strength and the greatest weakness at the same time. No single decapitating blow could stop it. But, as every good street-fighter knows, if you go into a fight mad, you'll probably lose. There's no guarantee that good thinking will win the fight, but it's almost certain that bad thinking will lose it.

It could not be said that our Movement was distinguished by the quality of its thought. It was dominated by philosophic chaos! That condition was probably one of the main reasons that the pragmatists were able to carry the day, pragmatism being as close as you can get to having no philosophy at all while maintaining a semblance of rationality. In profane exaggeration of the idea of democracy, anybody who didn't already know a philosophy that would suit his or her fancy was prompted to invent a new one.

In this philosophical disorder, Movement leadership – caught in a compelling sense of urgency – was defenseless before the aggressive inadequacies of pragmatism. By the spring of 1963, a coalition of national civil-rights organizations held more power than had ever been achieved by a group of black persons in America. The best among them were awed by the power and carried it with a certain virginal innocence. But, as is often the case with virgins, the confrontation came. On one hand they faced formidable political, economic and police sanctions; on the other hand, they saw what appeared to be unlimited access to government resources.

– John O'Neal, "Art and the Movement," Stayed on Freedom (1981: IX, 1), pp. 80-83.

Photo by Larry Songy

NAACP

South Carolina legislators were angered with some regularity in the early 1950s by court decisions against segregated facilities and by the demands of blacks for equality. The Supreme Court's *Brown v. Board of Education* decision on what the legislators called Black Monday (May 17, 1954) was the final blow. So offended were they that in assembly they declared membership in the NAACP – National Association for the Advancement of Colored People – a criminal act sufficient to cause dismissal as a public school teacher.

Septima Clark taught on Johns Island and in several other towns in South Carolina, including her hometown of Charleston. She took courses in South and North Carolina colleges and eventually earned her master's. And she belonged to the NAACP.

Clark first heard of the organization in early 1917 when a Presbyterian gathering brought a number of preachers to Johns Island. Many were members. They described the group's importance, and what it might do for the island. ("We had a sheriff who shot people down for no good reason, so we needed help," recalls Clark.) She quickly joined the Charleston chapter and worked on a number of issues, including gathering signatures to support the notion of black women teaching in the black public schools (only mulattoes were then allowed as teachers) and the right of black teachers to the same pay as that received by white teachers. When Septima Clark was fired by the state in 1956, school officials did not point to the work she had done with the NAACP, but simply to the fact that she admitted being a member. Clark and other teachers from Charleston and Clarendon Counties immediatedly contacted the NAACP, which took their case to court. In the midst of the trial, Clark explains, "The judge announced, 'We don't know all

the facts, and we'll dismiss the case for another month, and then the lawyers can bring us in new briefs!' The next day the legislature was called in," and it changed the wording of the law so it simply required that teachers "list their affiliations."

– Steve Hoffius, "I Expect I'll Get A Plaque," Jusr Schools (1979: VII, 2), pp. 74-76.

NEGRO BASEBALL LEAGUE

If you was a ballplayer and you could get the job done, you might not have that prettiness in it. So many Negro ballplayers had their own style of doing things. You might not think it was pretty, it wasn't all alike. Now they teach you to get there in time, make it look like this, make it look sweet. You see em now jumping all up in the air on a double play in practice. That ain't

worth a dime. You losing a cut second to get yourself in a position to jump. You taking something away from your arm even if you got a strong arm.

I could hit a ball in the direction – talk about hit-and-run hitters, I was so sure of myself I could wait – I'm looking at the pitcher, the ball, the second baseman, the shortstop – to see which one was going to cover. I could wait that long, see which one was going to cover, then hit to the hole. But I didn't have a chance to do that in organized ball because they got signals, they tell you. On my own in Negro baseball I could wait for my own instinct as to where to hit the ball. Our game was always "run and hit," "run and bunt." I could bunt. I could drag bunt every once in a while when I'd catch the third baseman back, and get a hit.

Whites wasn't calling it organized ball, but we had discipline. Your team would cuss you out for not bunting if the bunt was on; they'd embarrass you. You had to make the plays. White ballplayers would have one expression and black ballplayers have another, but they talking about the same thing. Take a white ballplayer, he be keeping his eyes on the ball, but we be "reading the hops." See?

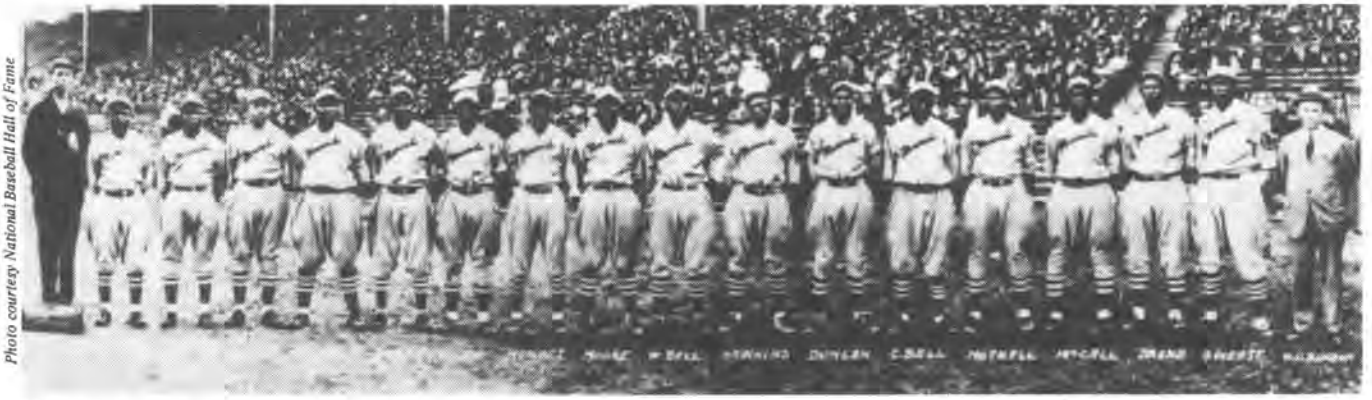


Photo courtesy National Baseball Hall of Fame

The black man was throwing the slider, but we didn't call it a slider; called it a funky pitch, a horse-shit curve. We didn't have an expression about no slider.

– *"Reading the Hops," Interview with Lorenzo Piper Davis by Theodore Rosengarten, Long Journey Home (1977: V, 2-3), pp. 62-77.*

NEIGHBORHOODS: I

The primary social unit requiring support and development is the neighborhood, made up of individuals and families who know each other and who are interested in local needs. Much American city planning, by being singularly concerned with the male adult's pursuit of economic and industrial ends, has been openly hostile to the neighborhood – by laying out the standard gridiron block plan in disregard of topography, scenic or historic values, by running wide streets through residential areas, and by not providing space for parks, gardens, recreational, cultural and civic purposes. Unfortunately, too, in the South and elsewhere, neighborhood organizing has often taken to promoting racism and class prejudice.

Yet the neighborhood can become a basic political unit lobbying city and regional government for its rights of community power – in determining whether high-rise developments will be allowed, in fighting highway planning that would fragment its unity, in establishing nearby health centers and in sending representatives to larger bodies of government to speak its interests. If the mobility of Americans slows, as it already seems to be doing, individuals will likely become more settled in their neighborhoods and able to concern themselves with local affairs. Active citizenship cannot be left to a few professional citizens like Ralph Nader. The neighborhood ought to be the training ground for larger public participation.

– *Allen Tullos, "Plans for the New South," Our Promised Land (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 91-93.*

NEIGHBORHOODS: II

One of the first of the new wave of homebuyers was Martha Dunigan, an artist in her thirties with three daughters, four ducks and a dog. The 84-year-old rambling Victorian mansion she bought in September, 1974, sits high on a hill overlooking West End Boulevard in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Although today she is surrounded by the busy sound of carpenters working on houses on all sides of her property, the scene was quite different three years ago. Condemned housing dotted the view. A grocery store that fronted for a "drink house" sat just around the corner. It was not a proper neighborhood for a woman with young children. But Dunigan took the risk.

Most of the people that started moving into the neighborhood soon after the city approved the plans for rehabilitation were slightly younger than Martha Dunigan, and as a group displayed a sense of adventure and tolerance that many homebuyers lack. Not many typical middle-class suburbanites would agree with Bright Larkin, who moved into the neighborhood in June, 1975, with his wife, Connie, and their two children: "The ethnic mixture adds something to a neighborhood. Variety is always nice. The racial mixture here may keep some people from moving in, but I'm not sure they'd be assets to the neighborhood anyway."

Crystal Towers has never been and shows no signs of becoming a pristine experiment. "One misconception is that we're just restoring old homes," says Jon DeVries. "There is an image that 'here's another restoration project

like Old Salem.' Our concern is not restoration but rehabilitation of housing regardless of when it was built in order to have quality housing available for people who want to live here. We are equally concerned with the house built in 1890 as we are with the brick duplex built in 1950."

What kept that egalitarian flavor in the neighborhood was new development. This might be considered the second part of the neighborhood's story, and it is the part that separates the neighborhood most drastically from other neighborhood associations in this city and elsewhere. Other groups have put all their energies into keeping such places as the increasingly affluent West End or Atlanta's Inman Park true to one sort of identity or another, but Crystal Towers has tried for the broadest possible mix of residents, from homeowners to people needing public housing assistance.

*– Malcolm Jones, "People, Place, Persistence," **Good Times and Growing Pains** (1977: V, 1), pp. 66-74.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA

Economic inequity is not the only distinction between blacks and whites in New Orleans. We must begin to view the descendants of freedmen as a people who inherit not only the horrible legacy of slavery, but the strong positive legacy of African cultural retentions, especially in music, dress, the various racial societies, dance, cooking, parades, funerals and the joy of something we might call the theater of the street. To some extent these qualities exist in all large black communities of the South, but they are even more so in New Orleans. The gaity, the love of life that whites (and many blacks) perceive on the faces of blacks here, particularly during cultural celebrations, is often misinterpreted as a sort of mindless contentedness, as if the people had not the sense (or cause) to be angry.

It is my feeling, however, that this attitude toward life is a cultural strength that makes it possible for people to survive the hard times despite their frustrations – though white New Orleans, especially some of the younger enthusiasts of black music and culture, usually sees black culture as devoid of political and community consciousness in the same way their elders thought the beatific look on the faces of black musicians was due to their own "tolerance," the kindness and indulgence of the ruling class. Culture, music, parades, funerals – all of it – as it operates among black people in New Orleans *never* eschews political or economic considerations, however much these aspects may be suppressed. On the contrary, culture can be the very instrument that best conveys the political and economic interests of the people, though it has not been generally viewed this way.

The appeal of culture is why so many blacks remain in New Orleans, or return, seemingly against all economic reason. "It's a good town," many will tell you. "Can't make no money, but no other place like it." Then they will talk about the good

times: the music, red beans and rice, the parties, gumbo and what happened at carnival, or the mystery and intractable perversity of the place, the rains, the family histories of entangled bloodlines, then the music again.

All of this means that full black political strength in New Orleans must begin to include people with lifestyles and interests at odds with middle-class America: the second-liners, the people who walk the unemployment lines, the people who were born in and have never left the projects, the welfare mothers and the welfare children, the people who wash dishes in the famous Quarter restaurants, the people who live in rundown New Orleans housing – the people to whom the vote now means nothing. They are the *cynical ones*, and for good reasons. Most of the nonparticipants, the non-voters, feel that politics is "white folks' business."

*– Tom Dent, "Power to the Parade," **Behind Closed Doors** (1979; VII, 1), pp. 64-68.*

NEWS MEDIA

Back in the 1930s, outsiders buying up newspapers were an oddity. Col. Frank B. Shutts, owner of the *Miami Herald*, thought he made a killing when he sold his paper for $3 million to John S. Knight and Associates of Akron, Ohio. But Knight turned out to be the smarter capitalist. His *Miami Herald*, valued in excess of $75 million, now anchors a media empire containing 16 newspapers (11 in the South), plus partial ownership of a television station in Ohio and eight radio stations. Another Ohio investor, James M. Cox, began expanding into the South in the late 1930s with his purchase of the *Atlanta Journal*. The well-respected Cox acquired the nickname "governor" after his term in Ohio's mansion, but he was not above employing a common practice to increase his control of an area's media: he bought out his competitor, the Hearst chain's *Atlanta Georgian*, and simply shut down their presses. Then in 1952 he bought the *Atlanta Constitution*, and through the affiliated Cox Broadcasting Company, now owns an Atlanta television and AM-FM radio combination. From its Atlanta headquarters, the intricate Cox conglomerate now controls 12 newspapers (10 in the South), five television and nine radio stations, plus a sprawling cable TV interest, a technical book publishing company, and a movie production outfit (makers of "Willard" and "Walking Tall").

The statistics for the top 10 metropolitan areas in the South dramatize this pattern of concentration: in eight of the 10 cities, a newspaper and television station are jointly owned; groups control 29 of the 43 TV stations and 13 of the 18 papers in the areas; only

two dailies – the *St. Petersburg Times* and *Houston Chronicle* – have no other newspaper or television interests, and the *Chronicle* hardly qualifies as a small outfit. It's owned by the Houston Endowment, described by

one investigator as a "tightly held corporate force" with "a majority interest in twenty-five [corporations], including a half-dozen banks, three hotels, several downtown office buildings, real estate, and the Mayfair House Hotel on Park Avenue, New York."

*– Bruce MacMurdo, "Who Owns the Media," **Focus on the Media** (1974: II, 4), pp. 51-61.*

NEW SOUTH POLITICS

The New South of today, like the original New South of the 1880s, depends for its growth on finance capital and rapid commercial and industrial expansion. During the post-Reconstruction era, the capital influx came from New England and the Mid-Atlantic. Today the capital comes from the North, the West, all parts of the world and from the South itself. Since the late 1960s, economists and corporate leaders alike have commented upon the "booster" character of the South's modern economy. From 1960 to 1976, personal per capita income increased from $1,707 to $5,198, while industrial output of Southern factories leaped from $25.8 billion to $54.0 billion.

Coinciding with the rapid expansion of commerce and industry in the New South have been a process of agrarian underdevelopment and the proletarianization of rural blacks. The small towns and villages of the picturesque, rural South lose their former share of the economic market to the massive metropolitan powers of Atlanta, Memphis, Birmingham, Houston, Charlotte and New Orleans. Rural life becomes increasingly dependent on the economic, political and cultural initiatives of the metropolis. Agricultural employment steadily declines, the vital class of small farm owners erodes and black land ownership disappears.

The high rate of industrialization, the destruction of the independent black farming class and the underdeveloped consciousness of labor in the South directly contributed to the conservative character of the New South's black politicians. The proletarianization process has isolated black religious and traditional community leaders whose base was the farmer and farmhand.

The new urban-based leaders have largely ignored the position of a new class of black workers in the region's political economy. Under this leadership, the attention the Movement placed on the narrow political struggle for integration and equal opportunity obscured the more fundamental economic and social problems operating in the black South until it was too late.

Martin Luther King may have recognized these truths as he struggled to help the organization of black sanitation workers in Memphis. But even today, the black leaders of the New South have yet to grasp the new position of black laborers in the region's political economy, and they have yet to confront the racist mechanisms that thwart the development of a new progressive base among black and white workers in the region. Instead, they have allied with the employers who "provide jobs" for the displaced agrarian population and, in exchange for token favors, have helped them manipulate government power – with everything from right-to-work laws to the regulation of branch banking – for the capitalists' interests.

The entrance of blacks into Southern politics coincides with the expansion of state institutional forms. Southern governments during previous New South periods were seldom more than petty courthouse committees of Black Belt plantation owners and/or the lawyers of industry.

But the New South of the '70s has experienced an astonishing growth in state bureaucracies which itself manifests key elements and contradictions within the region's political economy. The rapid underdevelopment of the rural South required new state-sponsored welfare agencies. And the rapid industrialization of the urban centers and influx of a new first-generation working class called for state government intervention similar to the New Deal programs of the '30s.

Even as conservative a politician as George Wallace resorted to big govern-

Donna Bennight

ment policies to balance the demands of industrial developers, old-line county politicians and black integrationists: the class interests of all these groups were reconciled through an expanding network of government services. During his administration, Wallace supervised the construction of 15 trade schools, 14 junior colleges and the largest highway expansion program in the state's history. The state bureaucracy tripled in size under his administration; the proportion of Alabama residents employed in public welfare programs, about 34 percent, reached

the second highest in the nation.

The reformed state governments of the New South are now dominated by a group of white moderates who bring new management techniques to the massive state bureaucracies and who project a "progressive" image of the state's democratic policy-making apparatus and services to blacks and the poor. This new breed of Southern politicians – led by Terry Sanford of North Carolina, Jimmy Carter of Georgia, Dale Bumpers of Arkansas, Edwin Edwards of Louisiana, John West of South Carolina, William Walker of Mississippi – has been especially adroit at defining for the citizenry a new rationale for state power.

Within this context, a new generation of opportunistic black politicians has been elevated to powerful positions due to their clientele relationships with the regional bourgeois interests. The challenge of the Movement has given way to compromise. The black middle class and segments of the white ruling class provided critical financial support to constitutional reformers like King, Andrew Young and Jesse Jackson of SCLC, James Farmer and Floyd McKissick of CORE, and John Lewis of SNCC. But as the political struggle gained major successes, radicals like Malcolm X, James Forman and others in SNCC, and theoreticians like James Boggs pointed the way toward social revolution – a frightening spectre of permanent struggle and cultural transformation which neither the black nor white establishment could accept. The popular, massive struggles in the streets died down gradually as the political system granted certain concessions – and after many important black radicals were imprisoned, bought out or assassinated.

– *Manning Marable, "The Post-Movement Reaction," **Behind Closed Doors** (1979: VII, 1), pp. 60-63.*

NONVIOLENCE

In the winter of 1960, the nation was mesmerized by a group of young black college students in Nashville, Tennessee, who appeared at a segregated lunch counter one Saturday afternoon and asked to be served. All that spring, they filled the jails and the nation with their freedom songs, sparking similar actions and demonstrations across the South. Although an earlier sit-in had been held in Greensboro, North Carolina, on February 1, 1960, it was the small coterie of Nashville students who gave impetus to the concept of nonviolent direct action and who continued through the next years to provide critical leadership to SNCC, SCLC, CORE and the Movement in cities throughout the nation.

John Lewis: The Movement during that period, in my estimation, was the finest example, if you want to refer to it, of Christian love. Sometimes we'd sit for two or three hours. We'd have out books and we'd just sit quietly, doing our homework. Then someone might walk up and hit us or spit on us or do something, but it was very quiet. When I look back on that particular period in Nashville, the discipline, the dedication and the commitment to nonviolence was unbelievable.

Two or three times a week we would go and sit in. And then one particular day – it must have been leap year, because I think it was February 29, 1960, a Saturday morning – we met in Kelly's Church, and Will Campbell came to the meeting to tell us he had received information that the police would have us arrested and would let all types of violence occur. Kelly came to the church and warned us, but we said we had to go. We were afraid, but we felt that we had to bear witness.

Marion Barry: This was the first time a number of us had ever been arrested. We had talked about going to jail and about making sacrifices, some things being necessary. I didn't feel frightened. The only thing was that we were all packed in and we didn't like that.

The night we got out, that Saturday night, we had an all-night meeting with the lawyers. We said we wanted to go back to jail and stay in. The NAACP lawyers said, "Don't do that. That's not right. We're going to appeal it. Just get out." So we finally said, "We're going to do it with or without you. We'll go down and plead our case."

We didn't want to pay the city any money. Second, we figured that being in jail would be a dramatization of what was going on and that just in the little time that we had been in on Saturday, the community had come forth and put up about $50,000 worth of bonds to get us out that Saturday night. This was significant for Nashville.

So on Monday night we went down and everybody pleaded not guilty.

– *"The Nashville Sit-Ins," **Stayed On Freedom** (1981: IX, 1), pp. 30-33.*

NUCLEAR POWER

The 1956 Southern Governors Conference organized the country's first regional nuclear promotion agency, successively called the Southern Regional Advisory Council on Nuclear Energy, the Southern Interstate Nuclear Board and now the Southern States Energy Board. Private industry and the federal government responded to the lure of financial incentives and the muscle of Southern congressmen by opening military-related facilities in the region. By the middle 1950s, Southern utilities began pooling their resources to boost the commercial uses of nuclear power. The nuclear equipment industry soon followed, opening

new factories in the region to produce the building blocks essential for nuclear reactors – turbine generators, pressurizers, steam generators, fabricated fuel.

With the welcome mat still out, it was only logical that the tail end of the nuclear fuel cycle – radioactive waste – also made the South its home. In 1962, the Nuclear Engineering Company opened a commercial low-level waste dump in Maxey Flats, Kentucky. Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas officials, with the Southern Interstate Nuclear Board, encouraged the federal government to store high-level wastes in their states' salt domes. In 1970, Chem-Nuclear Systems opened a low-level dump in Barnwell, South Carolina. And Allied General Nuclear Services began constructing the world's largest commercial fuel reprocessing facility, also in Barnwell.

Recent revelations of leaks and inadequate plans for long-term storage of wastes have produced the first cracks in the Southern tower of power. As South Carolina governor Richard Riley says, "All it takes to make a pro-nuclear governor anti-nuclear is to propose putting a waste dump in his backyard." Louisiana has banned high-level waste disposal in the state, and North Carolina officially told the federal government to look elsewhere for disposal sites.

But the promise of jobs and threat of blackouts still work on most Southern politicians. "I have said repeatedly that I support the use of conventional nuclear reactors as an important source of electrical energy," says Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander. "In light of our reliance on an abundant supply of electrical energy, I see no alternative to the use of nuclear power production."

– Jim Overton, "Introduction," Tower of Babel (1979: VII, 4), pp. 25-26.

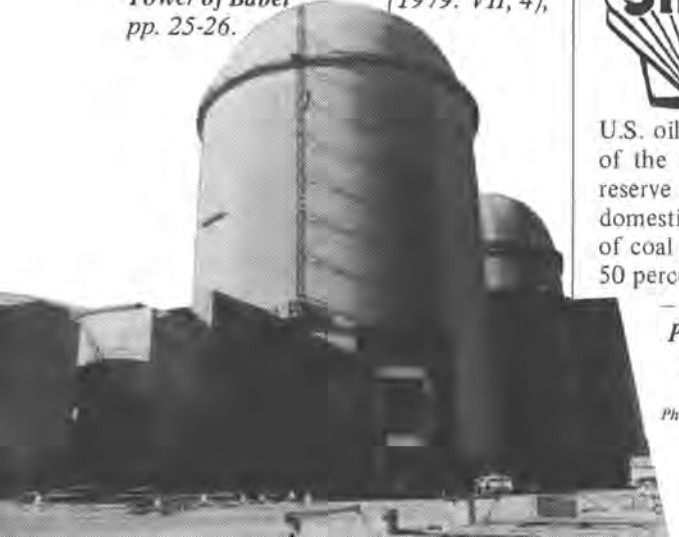


Photo by Watriss/Baldwin

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

OIL

Although hundreds of companies are involved in the petroleum industry, only seven companies account for 63 percent of the total crude oil production in the capitalist world. Three of these seven companies are controlled directly by the Rockefeller family – Exxon, Mobil and Standard Oil of California (they own more than 10 percent of the stock in each of these corporations). In fact, many of the largest oil companies are spin-offs from John D. Rockefeller's old Standard Oil of New Jersey empire, which was broken up by the Sherman Anti-trust Act, and Rockefeller interests still heavily influence decisions at Atlantic-Richfield, Continental Oil and Texaco.

With the old Rockefeller empire as a base, the oil companies have consolidated and expanded their stranglehold on the world's energy resources during the past 60 years. The top 15 companies now account for approximately 84 percent of the U.S. oil refining capacity, 72 percent of the natural gas production and reserve ownership, 30 percent of domestic coal reserves, 20 percent of coal production capacity and over 50 percent of uranium reserves.

– "Oil Tightens Its Grip," Our Promised Land (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 158-163.

OLD REGULAR BAPTISTS

The Old Regular Baptists' belief in the great magnitude and responsibility of being a church member and the importance of the individual's decision to receive God into his total life outweighs their desire to swell the ranks of the church. There is no pressure from church members to stimulate others in the community to join. There are no revivals and no membership drives; no undue influence is brought on family and friends. My great grandfather, J.C. Swindall, was moderator of the Union Association of Southwest Virginia and East Kentucky for 42 years, yet only three of his nine children joined the church and they did so only after they were married with families of their own.

After each meeting, the closing minister opens the church for new members. Any person who has reached the "age of accountability," usually 14 or 15, may come forward and express his or her desire to join the church. Usually the prospective member will relate how he or she has come to this decision. It is obvious that the deliberation has been careful and long and, in many cases, related to a personal religious experience.

Any dissent from a church member can keep the prospective member from being received into the church. However, the person who raised the question must be prepared to defend his or her reservations with church doctrine. There is usually no question of acceptance, and a time and place is set for baptism.

The Old Regulars baptize by total immersion, usually in a stream or river near a church. One of the more inter-

Graphic by Jacob Roquet

esting by-products of strip mining in Appalachia is the difficulty the church now has in finding unpolluted streams or rivers for their baptisms.

*– Ron Short, "The Old Regular Baptist Church," **On Jordan's Stormy Banks** (1976: IV, 3), pp. 60-65.*

ORAL HISTORY

In his introduction to *These Are Our Lives*, W.T. Couch wrote, "With all our talk about democracy, it seems not inappropriate to let the people speak for themselves." Published over 30 years ago, this collection by the Federal Writers Project remains one of the more remarkable accounts of the Depression and its effects on the lives of tenants, sharecroppers, mill workers, service workers and relief clerks. Although the history of that period is contained elsewhere in numerous books, articles and scholarly dissertations, *These Are Our Lives* and the complementary *Hard Times* by Studs Terkel, published many years later, stand out because the history they record is recreated through people rather than institutions and events.

Illustration by Miles Stryker

This issue of *Southern Exposure* is devoted entirely to history. It is not the kind of history that is found in text books or definitive theoretical works. It represents a search for that part of Southern history which is too often ignored or distorted, the history of people fighting for the right to lead decent and productive lives. Many of the articles are based on oral interviews with people who were active participants in the struggles they describe – ordinary men and women who knew intimately the hardship of race and class oppression, and who fought hard against it. We believe it is appropriate that these people speak for themselves.

*– "Introduction to the Issue," **No More Moanin'** (1973: I, 3-4), p. i.*

OREGON INLET

Oregon Inlet is the only sea-to-sound pass for almost 100 miles of Outer Banks, the only break from Cape Henry, Virginia, south to Cape Hatteras. Pounding surf and ripping tidal currents make this inlet the most dynamic on the entire East Coast. As part of the larger migrating barrier island system, Oregon Inlet is constantly changing, shoaling in its boat channel as it moves southward, and making navigation risky.

How to make Oregon Inlet safe for travelers without hindering its essential natural movement is the subject of considerable debate, with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and most ocean-going commercial fishers on one side, and geologists, marine scientists and the U.S. Interior Department on the other. The Corps believes a system of mile-long jetties would stabilize the inlet and minimize the continuous dredging now required to keep the channel open. The other side, pointing to a body of knowledge about the behavior of inlets and islands, contends the jetties would do more harm than good, and might even increase navigational hazards through the inlet.

*– Orrin H. Pilkey, Jr., and William J. Neal, "The Folly of Stabilizing Oregon Inlet," **Coastal Affair** (1982: X, 3), pp. 10-12.*

ORGANIZED CRIME

By 1935, Tampa was a growing urban community with a population of some 100,000 people. Its port was particularly active, exporting citrus and phosphates. Tampa's main business was cigar-making, which produced a net profit of $273,000 on almost $10,000,000 in sales during 1935. However, Tampa's richest source of profits may well have been gambling. In a 1935 study of this well-organized but illegal business, the Junior Chamber of Commerce estimated that the numbers racket, known locally as "bolita," took in over $1,000,000 a month and employed approximately 1,000 people. Exposing what it branded "Our Biggest Business," the *Tampa Tribune* reported that the peak load on the local telephone service came around nine o'clock in the evening when the players called to find out the lucky number for the day. Syndicates which controlled Tampa's gambling allegedly insured a steady flow of illicit profits by paying local authorities for protection. As a result, public office could prove highly rewarding, and Tampa politics degenerated into battles to determine which faction would win access to the graft. Although difficult to document, this view of Tampa was widely held.

The 1935 municipal primary revealed Tampa politics at its worst. Since the so-called "White Municipal Party" had long governed the city, victory in the primary was tantamount to election. In 1935, two political factions fought for control of Tampa's city government. The primary resulted in victory for the incumbent Robert E. Lee Chancey administration, but at a heavy price. Two men were shot, and over 50 people were arrested for stuffing ballot boxes.

–Robert Ingalls, "The Murder of Joseph Shoemaker, Mark of the Beast (1980: VIII, 2), pp. 16-20.

ORGANIZER

Ron Chisom: We taught basic organizing, and we set up meetings, but we made sure that the officers were involved and coordinated every detail. We showed them how to produce a leaflet and distribute it. We taught them how to get reaction from the people and feel them out. We instructed members not to be negative about the community because that's your strength. I don't care how bad they are, if you can't get them out to a meeting or whatever, it means that you don't have the skills, but you shouldn't fault the community. The community is always smarter than you. They know more than you, they see more than you, and they can hear more than you. You have a lot to learn, you have to stick that into your head.

We had training programs periodically. We talked to a lot of them on the phone long distance from New Orleans. I had to soothe them sometimes, the men and women. I would have to spank them sometimes, take a ride with them and walk with them. After the elected officials would leave our meetings, I would let them know exactly what they did wrong and right. Everybody would be critiqued. That went on for months and months.

Each time it happened it blew my mind: folk who wouldn't speak up in the meetings were now raising their hands so that we had to almost sit them down. They were ready now to go to the Parish Commission Council. I wanted them to shake their fingers in [Chalin] Perez's face. I wanted them to invite him to the meetings and jump on him.

They did all of that and finally planned a public demonstration, the first protest demonstration by blacks in the parish's history. Think about the first time you demonstrated. Some of us do it all the time, so it is just a normal thing with us. I saw 75 people who for the first time in their lives – husbands, wives and children – were really excited. Then people started getting off work. In a little while there were 200 people marching around the courthouse chanting, "We're fired up! Ain't gonna take it no more!" You could see the emotions coming out of these people. After we had stayed the time that we had planned, I said, "Let's go now." They just looked at me and kept chanting, "We're fired up! Ain't gonna take it no more!" So I left them alone until they could get it off their chests.

– Pat Bryant, "A Long Time Coming," Coastal Affair (1982: X, 3), pp. 83-89.

OSHA

Next time you open a bag of Fritos or a pack of cigarettes, think about Marvin Gaddy. Marvin has worked in Olin Corporation's Film Division for over 20 years making cellophane wrapping for just about any product you can imagine. He can't see as well as he used to and still gets those nightmares every once in a while. He's watched the lives of many men change after they came off that second floor. Some got eaten up with tumors and cancer. For some, it got so bad that they took their own lives. Others were luckier and got out with only minor nerve problems to remind them of what it was like up there.

The second floor is in the Chemical Building at Olin's Film Division near Brevard, North Carolina, on the edge of the Pisgah National Forest. Built in 1951, the Film Division produces viscose, which is extruded, solidified and dried to form cellophane.

"A lot of people would leave," says Marvin. "The younger ones would come in there, work a few days and then they'd invar-

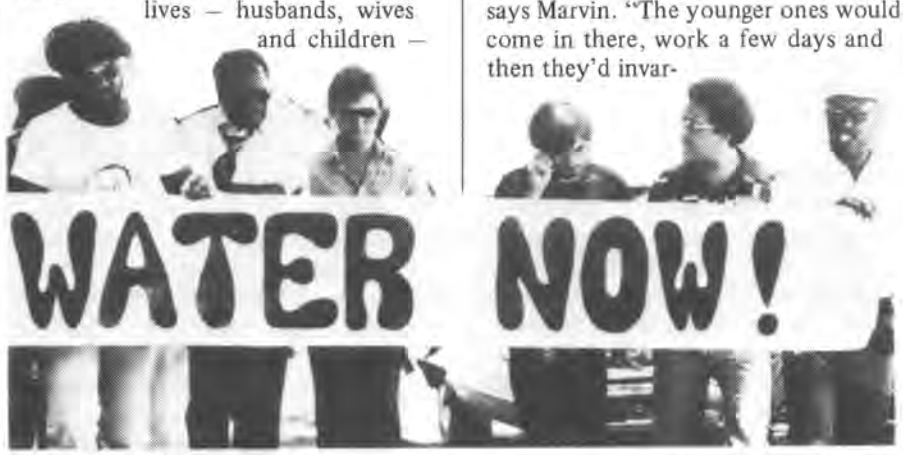


Photo by Anne Braden

iably get a big whiff of carbon disulfide. People would act real unusual, get headaches and think they were getting the flu. After a few overdoses, the nightmares would start coming on them. We'd go in and tell the company, 'Dammit, you'd better do something about this stuff.' They'd tell us to get the hell out – 'We don't need you. If you don't enjoy your job, then go home.' Course we didn't have a union back then. And we didn't have Jimmy Reese rummaging through their trashcans and filing all those grievances and complaints."

James Reese is a maintenance worker at the Olin plant and chairman of the union safety committee for Local 1971 of the United Paperworkers International Union. Each morning, James rises at 4:30 a.m. to greet the day with an hour of playing his organ. From then on, he's like a human dynamo. In the past five years, James Reese has used the union safety committee to help fellow workers investigate numerous toxic substances: asbestos, carbon disulfide, formaldehyde, tetrahydrofuran, flax dust, noise, radiation, methyl bromide.

OSHA has become more than another law or bureaucratic agency for them. It is a tool they can use to take matters into their own hands, a weapon they can hold to the company's head to force them to clean up unhealthy conditions. "I can just talk about getting an inspector in here and the company man will about go to shaking, trying to get things straightened out," says Reese. "Of course, it wasn't always that way around here."

– *Chip Hughes and Len Stanley, "OSHA: Dynamite for Workers," Here Come A Wind (1976: IV, 1-2), pp. 75-82.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

PAN-AFRICANISM

The first wave of Pan-Africanism is summed up in the Pan-African conference called by Sylvester Williams in 1901. It was a reaction on the part of articulate blacks of the diaspora to the carving up and conquest of Africa that had been unleashed by the Belgian intrusion into the Congo and the subsequent Berlin partition. It was a lonely protest, almost futile. W.E.B. DuBois attended and was its secretary. The time was not propitious for another invocation of the spirit of Pan-Africanism until after the First World War, the first great cataclysm of Western imperialism. DuBois, then acting upon two decades of close observation, thought it possible to motivate some tentative steps toward African political independence in the context of Western statism by influencing the treaty makers to apply the Wilsonian principle of self-determination to Africa, which was of course not at all envisioned in President Wilson's proposals. The effort – idealism combating realism – was not successful. The Pan-African Congress of 1919 was a bold and grand gesture. The succeeding three Congresses had less and less reverberation.

It does violence to a history of Pan-Africanism not to place Marcus Garvey in its full framework. The United Negro Improvement Association was another Pan-African venture, one based on mass feeling rather than on political awareness. It was another thrust from the diaspora in an attempt, more specific and passionate than that of Du Bois, to give utterance to black dignity despoiled first by slavery, then by colonialism. It was nevertheless a reactionary movement, seeking not to change the institutions of imperialistic capitalism, but merely to appropriate them from white hands to black hands. Garvey was a visionary, but never a revolutionary.

– *Richard A. Long, "Pan-Africanism: A Re-evaluation," Southern Black Utterances Today (1975: III, 1), pp. 88-90.*

Graphic by Lucious Hightower

PEONAGE

Over at Earle, Arkansas, in the early '30s, there was a plantation man that was also a deputy sheriff and he needed some work done on his farm, so he got around and arrested, I believe, 11 members of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and threw them in jail. When

they had their trial, the judge turned them over to him then to work out their fines, and he put them out on his plantation under guard, and had them working out there. We found out about it and we got some pictures by a man crawling around through cotton rows. We brought charges against them in the Department of Justice.

The department sent two lawyers down to Memphis to check. Well, old Preacher had got scared enough that he'd turned all these people loose. When these department investigators came down there, they said, "Now we will not go into Arkansas to make any investigation, but if you can get some of those people and bring them here to Memphis, we'll question them." So I went to Earle and ran across one or two of the fellows that had been enslaved. They gathered up others, and they had about seven of them around my car, telling me about what had been done and all that, and here came a deputy sheriff. His name was Graham, he rammed his car up close to mine, jumped out, grabbed a .38 out of his holster, slammed it down across the door into my ribs, and said, "What the goddamned hell are you doing over here?" Well, I knew I had to tell him something, so I said, "Well, I'm over here getting the evidence that's gonna send you and Paul Preacher and a few more of you to the penitentiary for the rest of your lives." I said, "The FBI knows exactly where I am. They know exactly when to expect me back in Memphis, and if I'm not there, they're gonna find out why." He jerked the gun down, slammed it back in his holster, and said, "All right." He got back in his car and pulled out.

Well, when that happened, all of these fellows that had been around talking with me just disappeared except for three. We saw a car go down the road toward Memphis that was loaded with a half dozen men with rifles and so on. One of these guys said, "They're going down to waylay us." Then I said, "Do you know of a way that we can go that will take us back to highway 70?" One of them said, "Yes, I know. We'll have to go through one man's wash lot." I had that old Hudson that I'd bought. Well, I opened it up and we went. We really expected that they would try to block me at West Memphis, but they didn't. So I got the men over there and the Department of Justice men asked them enough questions to get enough for an indictment and we got Paul Preacher indicted and convicted of peonage.

– J.R. Butler interviewed by Sue Thrasher and Leah Wise, "The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union," No More Moanin' (1973: I, 3-4), pp. 5-37.

POPULISM

Beginning in the spring of 1976, when the nomination of Jimmy Carter first became a distinct possibility, and extending through the ensuing campaign and into the first hundred days of the Carter presidency, a fairly uncommon ideological question intruded into mainstream politics: "Is he a populist?"

The question was asked with great longing by some, with considerable anxiety by others, but, in either case, the possibility of presidential "populism" acquired, for awhile, a fair amount of notoriety. In fact, the inquiry by all parties was misdirected from the outset and reveals more about the erosion of the democratic environment in America than it does about the maneuvering room available to a president elected within the constraints imposed by that environment.

Photo by Lucinda Bunnen

The confirming evidence for this assessment comes not so much from presidential actions as it does from a clear understanding of what historical "Populism" actually embraced and what modern "liberalism" does not embrace. Populism was a mass movement of some millions of people over a score of states scattered across the South and West. It was autonomously based – that is to say, it was grounded in an institution that offered specific political goals in the name of the people who comprised the institution.

Ideologically, Populism represented a critical analysis of the particular structure of finance capitalism at a time when the captains of industry and finance were in the process of defining the future ground rules for social, economic and political conduct of twentieth-century Americans. Populists regarded these ground rules not only as inherently undemocratic and exploitative, but corrosively restrictive of popular democracy itself. However, since they lost their struggle to place a number of curbs on the spreading power of the corporate state, modern politics has necessarily operated within the much narrower perspectives that Populists worked to avoid.

One consequence of our constricted modern view is that we have been unable to understand the original Populists. However, in terms of Jimmy Carter, one point is clear. Though Populists strenuously attempted to hold their political spokesmen to the support of the structural economic goals of their movement, they had far too sophisticated an understanding of authentic democratic politics to place their hopes for such fidelity in the politicians themselves. "The people" themselves, organized and politically informed through their own actions in their own movement, were to provide the necessary guarantee that any political problem inherent in the infidelity of candidates would take care of itself.

– Lawrence Goodwyn, "Jimmy Carter and Populism," Good Times and Growing Pains (1977: V, 1), pp. 45-46.

PREACHER

One man, and a Southerner at that, has done more than any other single individual or organization to recast the image of evangelism into a form more acceptable to modern America. Though firmly rooted in the hell-fire and damnation school of Southern fundamentalism, William Franklin (Billy) Graham, Jr. has exchanged the shirtsleeves and histrionics of the "Hot Gospeler" for the tailored business suit and toned-down eloquence of a religious moderate and political conservative.

Yet Billy Graham has hardly renounced his heritage. In fact, the organizational techniques and sophisticated public relations methods em-

Photo by Carter Tomassi

ployed by Graham and the association that bears his name (The Billy Graham Evangelistic Association) stand as proof of the huge debt which he owes to the rich legacy of evangelical preachers who preceded him.

Mass revivalism on a national and international scale was a highly developed exercise by the time Graham had spiritually come of age. Even before he was born, Reuben A. Torrey, successor to noted evangelist Dwight L. Moody, had successfully concluded a four-year campaign which packed the largest public facilities available in China, Australia, India and the British Isles, and netted 102,000 converts to Christianity in the process.

Billy Graham's crusades today are masterpieces in the application of the latest techniques in public relations and organization. . . . His roots are in Southern fundamentalism, but Graham has built upon that foundation a vast smooth-running corporation that can adapt to the changing social and political climate of the American status quo. In so doing, he has gained something his evangelical forebears never possessed: respectability – and a carefully calculated business plan for his own organization's survival.

– *Bob Arnold, "Billy Graham, Superstar," **On Jordan's Stormy Banks** (1976: IV, 3), pp. 76-82.*

PUBLICITY

Bernie Aronson: We used both public relations and organizing, keeping both sides strong. That was essential. In Harlan County, the traditional organizing work continued, keeping the picket lines up, dealing with the courts and the law, keeping the mine closed, keeping spirits up, doing community work. Then coupled with that, we had the Duke Power rate fight campaign. Neither substituted or diluted from one another. The campaign outside was an extension of the miners' base in Harlan. It translated their power into something that the company could feel. It also helped to keep morale up in Harlan at the same time that it generated national publicity. They would come to Charlotte and meet with people and see people they didn't even know saying, "We're with you." They saw their press; they got a sense of their own power, that Duke Power couldn't sit back, but was vulnerable.

Darrell Deaton: I would say the publicity played the biggest part in winning the contract. We got so much publicity; that kept the men kind of interested. It built morale up, made them want to do things they probably wouldn't have done. If it had been a low key thing, with no publicity, it would have been hard to win, I guess. Normally, people in small towns and in counties can't get away with too much like you can in these cities, like a lot of demonstrations and things that would not be tolerated in a place like this. But this thing got so much publicity that it turned the tables, you might say. Instead of all the pressure being on us, the company had to watch out what it did. It was put on the defensive, and anything it did could be blown up.

It did get hot when we picketed at Highsplint, Eastover's other mine there in Harlan. We had it shut down for awhile. That's where the scabs from Brookside was working. Tempers did get pretty hot there. That's when Lawrence Jones got shot. One of the bosses from Brookside who knew Lawrence, he lived near him, he shot him down. And he died. That brought things to a climax. Things were building then, and I think Arnold Miller and Carl Horn were already meeting, but that got them down to business. That's when Duke signed the contract.

Bernie Aronson: The shooting was in a way proof that our strategy was right. Miners have been killed in organizing drives for 40 years in Harlan County, but this time it was different. Had not there been a year of organizing, of publicity and pressure tactics, of bringing the strike to North and South Carolina, had not all that happened, the death of Lawrence Jones would have been just one more miner killed, and nobody would have heard of it. But Duke felt it was one more level of pressure that they would feel

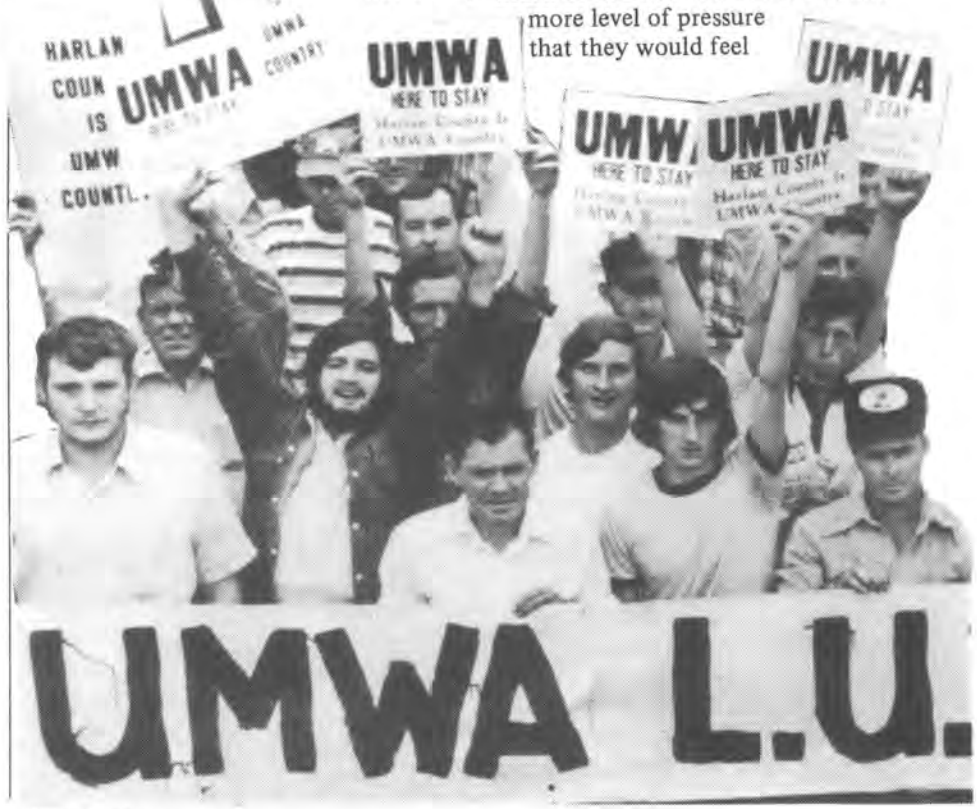


Photo by Earl Dotter

directly. They were told by the UMW that we would bring Lawrence Jones's casket to their doorstep in Charlotte. And bring the miners with it, and hold a national ceremony there. It would be another escalation of pressure.

No single event turned Duke Power. They saw constant escalation, a series of events, from pickets to intervenors at their rate increase requests, then interference in their stock sales, then increasingly bad publicity and damage to their image and demands on their time to answer more and more of the charges, then the pickets moving on their other mines, then there were lawsuits threatened from stockholders. They knew they had to step in and settle it.

– Tom Bethell and Bob Hall, "1974; Contract at Brookside," Here Come A Wind (1976: IV, 1-2), pp. 114-123.

PUBLISHING

Writers, like hoboes, are mavericks by and large: a bit at odds with society in one way or another, unconventional in their hearts and minds, whatever their clothes, job, income or style of living might suggest. Fairly early, I realized that when you publish, you don't just publish the work, you publish the writer. You don't just go through someone else's orchard picking the best specimens; you feed the tree, you prune, you worry over the harvest; and only then, when all you've worked toward matures, do you get involved in selling the fruit, persuading other people that this writer is going to be important to their lives.

I loved magazine publishing because I could encourage, reinforce and get out the word about a large number of new writers. As I go along, though, I find book publishing even more rewarding. I take the most satisfaction in finding and helping the most gifted, keeping them flourishing and helping to allay their cynicism, bitterness and despair. If a book doesn't get published fairly soon after it is written – and I'm assuming it's a good book – something happens to the writer. He or she can get very bitter.

– Judy Hogan, "Flying Against the Wind," Festival (1981: IX, 2), pp. 92-96.

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

QUALITY OF LIFE

Anyone who has travelled over the state highways and county roads of the South knows that just a few miles beyond the city's concrete sprawl lies much that is beautiful and life-renewing. A Saturday afternoon's trip through the middle-sized and small towns uncovers social opportunities and neighborly gatherings – picnics, barbecues, parks with usable playgrounds, tree-lined streets, gardens, musicians on porches. These towns which seem so out of modern fashion, slower paced, and "unprogressive" can nevertheless call up memories and longings which beckon us to stop and stay.

Appealing as it seems, an escape into the hinterland is, with few exceptions, a near-sighted act of too selfish purpose. Little comes from fleeing the collapsing cities in order to exploit the countryside, carrying in the migration the misconceptions which have led us to repeat in Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis and Charlotte the excesses of cities in the Northeast and West Coast. The best qualities of both urban and rural life can be combined in the South's regions in a pattern of symbiosis, beneficial to both partners, if we are willing to struggle and persevere.

As recently as 1949, when Lewis Mumford visited and lectured in North Carolina, he described a state in agrarian and industrial balance, with its population for the most part still rural or to be found in cities of less than a hundred thousand. Whether or not that balance was to be preserved was up to the state's and the South's people. The forces of destructive urbanization were at work – manufacturing operations seeking cheap labor and low taxes, real estate agents promoting inflated land values and rents, politicians bargaining natural resources in trade for prestige and power. What couldn't be sold – natural beauty, quiet, clean air and water – was being given away.

Mumford saw that within a generation if the people of our region did not control these forces, then "the South will be wealthier in all things that money can buy, and poorer in all things that are beyond price and purchase: neighborly association, friendly intercourse, home life, intimate contact with nature, the spiritual values that cannot be mechanized, standardized or wholly institutionalized." Perhaps even Mumford has been surprised at how fast the disintegration occurred and how thoroughly it has soaked into every level of life.

– Allen Tullos, "Plans For A New South," Our Promised Land (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 91-93.

QUILTING

Bedcovers were the first true art form in America. Books corroborate this claim for quilts, but they also tend to dwell on patterns used in various regions instead of the particular tastes and talents of the individual artists. Any quilting woman knows that she takes pride in being *different* from her neighbor. In country stores where quilts are being sold, women are often heard to exclaim how they would have done that Wild Goose Chase pattern, for example, with a simpler border or fancier stitches or less green. Neighbors may share patterns; they may exchange scraps of materials. But each quilt is an individual creation. Each says something about the maker's life.

A quilt is two layers of cloth filled with cotton, polyester or wool, with the three layers stitched in a pattern that keeps the filling in place. In the past, sewing the layers together (quilting) was often a collective process, requiring that the participating women be friendly, of course, and most of all that their stitches be consistently tight and neat.

The advent of an age of cheap blankets and insulated houses eliminated the necessity of quilt-making for many women. But in wooden houses in the country, some women still make quilts to keep their families warm. But women with "tight" houses make them, too. Maudie Gilbert and her sisters, Mary and Martha, live with their families up on Sandy Ridge, near Campton, Kentucky – mountainous country with icy winter winds. Maudie, Mary and Martha get together sometimes to do their quilting. Mostly they quilt on their own, though, because Maudie says they do so much talking when they get together that they don't get much done. "You know how sisters

Photo by Rob Amberg

are when they've always been close."

Maudie says she'd "rather quilt than eat, almost. After the kids get gone to school, I sit right down and start to quilt, and usually it's eleven or twelve o'clock before I even look up. Because, you know, I get so interested in it, just like you really get interested in working a puzzle or something you love, and want to see how it's going to turn out; that's how I am about my quilting. It doesn't seem possible, but it's true."

– *Jennifer Miller, "Quilting Women," Generations (1976: IV, 4), pp. 24-28.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

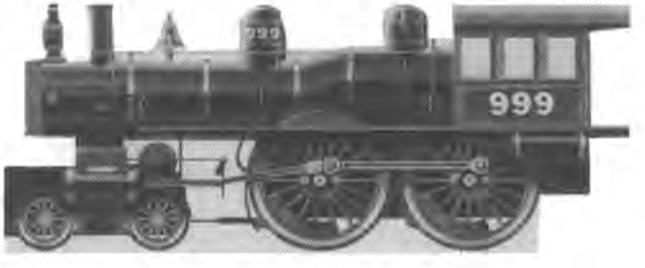
RAILROAD

When the train roared into town we stopped our business and took note. This was especially true when steam engines pulled the cars, before they were replaced by diesels. The first locomotives rushed out of the fields and swamps all glistening black and silver, clouds of steam rising from dozens of unseen valves, bells clanging, conductors shouting, leaving behind a thick trail of smoke to mark their passage. People from far away burst into town on those trains, and rode right out again; men sat atop tons of magnificent machinery, controlling it with powerful tugs and pushes, their massive arms shining in sweat, shouting to each other over the churning of the engine, the rhythmic gasps proclaiming its need to move on. It was mystery and adventure and sexuality and freedom all bolted together; it was power and money, a ticket to pursue your fantasies: *everything you've ever wanted is out there at the end of the line, climb aboard, climb aboard.* For many towns it was the closest thing to x-rated movies. And at first, it didn't even matter that only a few could afford it. It was there, that was enough. . . .

Southern businessmen were among the first in the country to recognize the railroad's economic potential as a prop for their sagging business fortunes. "The Best Friend of Charleston," the first locomotive built in America for regular service, was the means by which Charleston merchants sought to end the decline of their port city with its limited river access. Charleston needed something to compete with Savannah's river transport system, something which could bring merchandise to the ocean from inland textile and lumber mills and take supplies to the growing towns of the Piedmont and mountains. For lack of a river, Charleston built a railroad.

"The Best Friend of Charleston," however, suffered an early demise. From the time of its initial run on Christmas morning in 1830, the train operated regularly for only six months before its fireman grew irritated at the screechy sound pouring from the engine's safety valve. The train had been stopped to allow the passengers a chance to rest, and the fireman wanted to relax as well. He tied the steam valve open. The sound ceased. The engine exploded.

But "The Best Friend" had already proved to be a popular means of transportation, both for passengers and for local businesses. The train was rebuilt, and renamed "The Phoenix." The railroad had served its primary purpose by reviving Charleston business, and it provided excitement for the people of the Low Country as well. One of the passengers on the first run of "The Best Friend" later wrote that the train "flew on the wings of the wind at the speed of 15 to 25 miles per hour, annihilating time



and space and leaving all the world behind."

*– Steve Hoffius, "Railroad Fever," **Good Times and Growing Pains** (1977: V, 1), pp. 47-58.*

RAISING CANE

In south Louisiana hundreds of small communities of black farm workers are located far back in the sugar cane fields where once stood the slave quarters of antebellum sugar cane plantations. With poor housing, health problems and income at about $5,000 per year for a family of six, the modern plantation system is thinly veiled behind what writer Patsy Sims aptly described as a "cane curtain." When asked, "Isn't this just like slavery?" one plantation owner responded, "Yes, but it works!"

The Southern Mutual Help Association is a small but vigorous group of ex-farmworkers and others working out of Jeanerette, Louisiana. Since SMHA was first organized in 1969, the emphasis has been on getting the workers involved in helping themselves. A majority of the staff and volunteers are those farmworkers considered most expendable in the sugar cane plantation system: women workers.

Two-thirds of all sugar cane workers are women, but as mechanization brings cutbacks in work to the cane fields, women workers are the first to be replaced. As one ex-farmworker commented, "There isn't much you can do because even if a woman works as hard as a man at planting and harvesting times, the bossman is still not likely to let the woman drive a tractor or other machinery."

A second reason why women workers are more likely to become involved in working to change the plantation system also has to do with the "rules" of the system. A woman worker is never considered head of the household. The house she lives in on the plantation must be held by her husband, her son or her father – even though she works on the plantation. Women workers, therefore, can leave the plantation to work while still being able to live in plantation housing; if a man leaves to find work off of the plantation, the family must move. SMHA realizes this and offers several programs designed to attract women workers to the association and to encourage them to move into the world beyond the cane brakes.

A third reason was given by Sister Ann Catherine Bizalion: "Women seem to have the need to make changes more often than men," she said. "Maybe it's because they are closer to the changes of the earth. Probably it's because they are *not* as close to the bossman. They are not as fearful of him."

*– Carolyn Portier, "Raising Cane," **Working Women** (1981: IX, 4), pp. 77-83.*

RED BAITING

The historic 1964 Freedom Summer brought 1,000 young people from across the nation to Mississippi to work in the Civil Rights Movement. During that summer, I never set foot in the state of Mississippi.

This was not because I was not active in the Civil Rights Movement. I was working all through the South and had been in and out of Mississippi many times. But I stayed away that summer at the request of good friends in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), the main mover in Mississippi. It was a friendly request: "Help us by staying away," they said, and I did.

This illustrates an aspect of the Freedom Movement of the '50s and '60s so far almost totally ignored by historians: the war that was waged to keep anyone suspected of being "radical," and thereby any radical ideas, out. It was a war initiated from the highest levels in this country, with assistance from within the Movement itself.

Thus there was a category of people who lived and worked on what I call "the fringes of the Movement," never quite accepted and sometimes viewed as more dangerous than the segregationists. In my own case, the problem was in part my connection with the organization I worked for, the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), a descendant of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare (SCHW), which had been organized in 1938 to attack economic problems in the poverty-stricken South, and which quickly became a civil-rights organization also, because it could not deal with economic issues without confronting segregation. It was a coalition – of church people, unionists, students *and* Communists, which in 1938 did not seem unusual. Its program could only be described as reformist: support for Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal programs, labor's right to organize, an end to racial discrimination.

Its label as a "red menace" came from attacks by various governmental investigating committees that roamed the land calling efforts for social change subversive. SCHW was a first major target of the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), also organized in 1938, under Representative Martin Dies of Texas.

SCHW, and later SCEF, were not the only groups attacked this way. The National Lawyers Guild, also dating back to the '30s, was another. So was Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tennessee. Probably the most high-powered attack was aimed at Jack O'Dell, staff member of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) and one of the best organizers and fundraisers that organization had. He had been called before HUAC in Atlanta in 1958. It was John Kennedy himself who took Martin Luther King, Jr., aside during a White House conference and told him SCLC had to get rid of O'Dell.

Overall, these attacks did weaken

the Movement. One notable result was to scare away many white Southerners who might have participated. It was hard to convince blacks that their striving for freedom was a subversive plot, but many whites who could withstand economic pressure and physical danger were frightened by being called traitors to their country.

These attacks also meant the new Movement developed with no direct links to its predecessor movements. Without doubt, it was impoverished by that fact. For example, between 1937 and 1949, the Southern Negro Youth Congress (SNYC) had mobilized thousands of people, including workers it helped organize into unions. But it was a long time before anyone in SNCC even knew that just a decade before there had been a youth organization in the South with virtually the same initials as its own. Paul Robeson, spiritual leader of earlier struggles, sang across the South for trade unions and people's rallies in the '40s, but he never sang for the new student movement: by the early '60s he was in exile, and even if he had not been, it is doubtful he would have been invited. (It was only after some struggle that SNCC decided to invite Pete Seeger – who had been attacked by HUAC – South to sing in the early '60s.) Also in exile was Dr. W.E.B. DuBois, one of the great moral giants of all time, who just 15 years before had inspired a SNYC conference of 1,000 people in Columbia, South Carolina, with his "Behold the Land" speech, urging young people to stay in the South and transform it.

The demands of the new Freedom Movement, although troublesome to Southern segregationists, ultimately could be absorbed by the society as it was. The real danger to those in power was the possibility that this Movement would turn to questions of economic justice and a new world view and make demands that would require basic changes in economic and political structures.

That's where I think we who were under the witch-hunting attacks came in. All of our organizations had roots in a period when the varied issues were seen as related. That made us potentially a threat – that, and the idea of black-white unity for change, which we *were* advocating.

*– Anne Braden, "A View from the Fringes," **Stayed on Freedom** (1981: IX, 1), pp. 68-73.*

REGIONS

In his *Southern Regions of the United States* (1936), Howard Odum was careful to say, as we should be, that regionalism differs from sectionalism in that the region is developed not to be isolated from the rest of the nation or world but to contribute those particular successes of its smaller society to the universal population, adopting in turn valuable contributions from other regions. The South, certainly by the time of Thomas Jefferson, began producing many distinctive creations which today can be seen in musical forms, handicrafts, agriculture, political thought, architecture, cooking, literature and much more. Many of these developments, most recently the Civil Rights Movement, continue to have worthwhile influences in regions far from the South. Even our historic mistakes and sins offer much to learn from.

Politically the region can become an important force for decentralization, claiming the power to make more of its own decisions, yet maintaining a constitutional framework of civil liberties and equality of opportunity. A strong regional life promotes variety, the counterforce to mass machine culture. Little theatres, traveling lectures, concerts by folk performers, magazines, newspapers and electronic media that don't ooze with the fashions of New York, Washington or Los Angeles – all are the signs of a healthy region, one which encourages the young to contribute their talents and the old to join in the rituals of renewed vitality.

*– Allen Tullos, "Plans for the New South," **Our Promised Land** (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 91-93.*

Photo by Joe Rudis

RESISTERS

Jimmy J. had a *good* case for conscientious objector recognition, but his draft board had never granted such recognition to anyone, and they weren't about to start doing so with him.

Jimmy asked only for the right to serve his country in a way compatible with his faith, which meant service in some non-military, non-combatant way, but such things as truth and justice, or even legality, didn't matter much to the court that heard his case. And so he went to prison for 18 months, despite the fact that his draft board had been the first to violate the law by denying him recognition as a conscientious objector.

In February of 1973, I was arrested myself for a very different kind of violation of the draft law. That same week, a good friend named Chuck,

the son of a career marine, was tried and convicted of the exact same offense for which I was arrested. My own arrest was, in fact, connected with the government's burning desire to get Chuck. In the early 1970s, he helped to establish a small organization called N.C. Resistance, the goals of which were to promote both draft and war tax resistance throughout North Carolina. By February, 1973, he had become enough of a thorn in the government's side that the U.S. attorney's office badly wanted him put away.

Chuck appealed his conviction, and my case was put on hold until his was resolved. Two months later, Jimmy J. was released from the Petersburg Federal Reformatory in Virginia. I knew that, if convicted, I would be likely to serve my time in the same prison. I learned from a mutual friend where Jimmy J. was living, and for two weeks I tried calling him. Someone else always answered, always took a message, always promised to have him call back. He never did.

Weeks went by, and then I saw Jimmy J. I was on my way into the little Quaker meeting that I attended in those days when he came out the front door.

He knew, of course, that I had been trying to reach him, but he had been unable to allow that. He had been released from prison after serving 18 months of a three-year sentence. As a condition of his parole, Jimmy J. had to do certain things, and avoid doing others. He had to do them for the remaining 18 months of his original sentence. If he violated any of those conditions, even if he had only one day remaining of his original three-year sentence, he could be returned to prison to complete the *full* term; in his case, another 18 months!

One of the conditions of his parole was that he was never to have *any* contact with two specific individuals – Chuck and me.

I couldn't believe what Jimmy J. was telling me. I gulped, "You mean, we were specifically mentioned, by name?" Nodding, he replied, "By name." My disbelief deepened as Jimmy J. continued his story.

Knowing how persistent I can be, he had had a talk with his parole officer about the problem, and had been granted special permission to have one conversation with me, in person, to explain his distancing himself from me. "And, Jeral, this is that one conversation. Anything you wanted to say to me, or ask me, do it now."

*– Jeral Mooneyham, "A Fine Old Tradition," **Waging Peace** (1982: X, 6), pp. 52-56.*

REVIVAL

In spite of all Aunt Helen's efforts, Mary Lou never darkened the church door until her daddy died. Then she went to the funeral, of course, which was real simple and real short. There wasn't much you could read out of the Bible that would apply to Harold Stoles. Mary Lou took on so at the cemetery that two men had to help get her back in the car. Nobody else carried on like that, of course. It was bound to be a relief for Aunt Helen. Now she could open the drapes and air out that room where he'd been for so long.

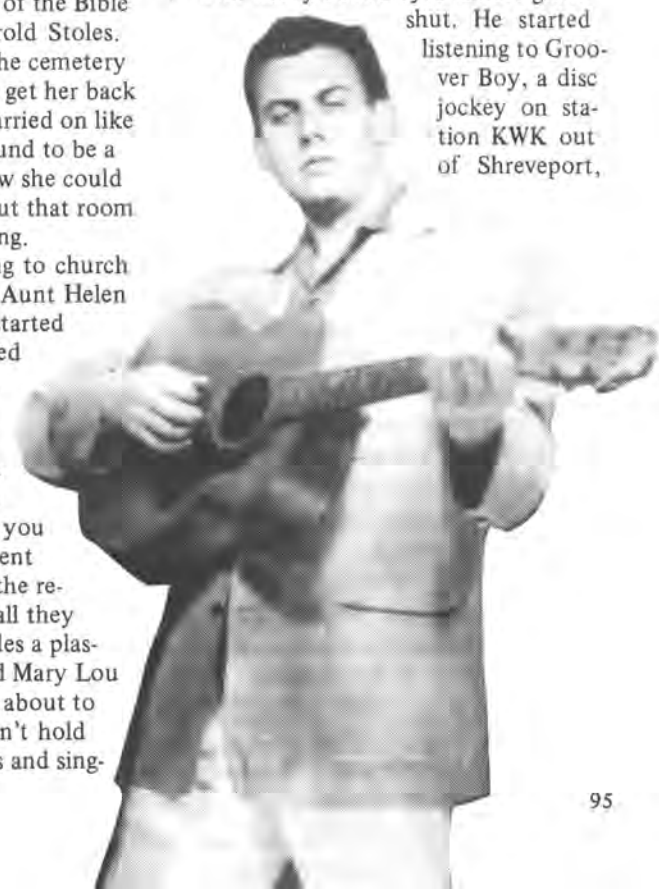
Mary Lou started going to church after that, which tickled Aunt Helen to death until Mary Lou started going too much, when Fred Lee Sampson, Evangelist, and the Singing Triplets came to town. Fred Lee Sampson set up a big tent and then he set up a little tent behind that one, but you couldn't go in that little tent unless you were saved at the revival. I don't know what all they had in the little tent besides a plastic pool for baptizing, and Mary Lou never would say. I wasn't about to find out for myself. I don't hold much with electric guitars and singing triplets and that sort of thing. I've been saved since I was 10 years old.

The second week of the revival, Fred Lee Sampson had somebody build him a big plyboard cross to put in the big tent, and he drilled all these holes in it and screwed little colored Christmas lights in every hole and put up everybody's name under one of the holes. If you got saved or rededicated your life, you got to screw in your little light every time you went to the revival after that. Mary Lou was real religious from then on until she went to college, especially in the summers. Aunt Helen said Mary Lou was making a spectacle of herself. She used to make Mary Lou promise not to rededicate her life any more or she wouldn't let her go to the revival, but Mary Lou did it anyway.

*– Lee Smith, "Paralyzed," **Generations: Women in the South** (1977: IV, 4), pp. 36-42.*

ROCKABILLY

Sleepy Labeef was the tenth of 10 children and was nicknamed at an early age, on his first day of school, as a matter of fact, because – here he pulls out a frayed picture showing a six-year-old with heavy-lidded eyes almost glued shut. He started listening to Groover Boy, a disc jockey on station KWK out of Shreveport,



who played a mixture of hillbilly boogie and rhythm'n'blues and, according to Sleepy, developed the Bo Diddley beat years before it actually became popular, with his radio theme song, "Hambone." He listened to Lefty Frizzell also, who was broadcasting on KELD in nearby El Dorado in the early '40s (when Lefty himself was only 13 or 14), injecting a lot of blues into his performance.

Unlike most rockabilly singers, Sleepy does not cite black music per se as being the preeminent influence on his work. He feels strongly, however, that rock'n'roll, black and white, came primarily from the church, and indeed that is both where he started out singing (United Pentecostal) and where he lists his strongest influences: Vernie McGee, a guitar-playing deacon, and the Reverend E.F. Cannon, pastor of his Norphlet Church. He also cites Martha Carson, whose "Satisfied" became a white gospel standard.

But above all it was Sister Rosetta Tharpe, the great black gospel singer (she originated "This Train," among other classic gospel numbers), who he feels provided the bedrock for rock'n'roll. Jerry Lee Lewis, he is positive, derived his piano style from Sister Rosetta's blithely bluesy guitar work. . . .

Everywhere Sleepy goes, he has what he calls his "following." It changes from venue to venue, but it takes in all ages and all walks of life, from police officers or wealthy business people to college students, truckers, Swedish rockabilly fanatics and Navy personnel.

Sleepy is as great a performer as I've ever seen, and when you see the way that people respond to his music, you wonder why, and if, rockabilly ever went away. Sleepy has a theory on that – "I didn't ever see it change. The people were still digging it, and the musicians liked it, but the big companies figured it was a fad and they took it away from the kids."

– Peter Guralnick, "There's Good Rockin' Tonight," The Future Is Now (1981: IX, 3), pp. 68-72.

ROVING PICKET

To facilitate the creation of new locals in 1931 in Harlan County, Kentucky, W.B. Jones developed his own group of 12 to 16 organizers who moved in pairs behind the scenes, working through leaders in the various non-union camps. "You had guys going everywhere," said Chester Poore. "Finally they went down into Bell County. We're exactly like a damn octopus. We used to get into anything that opened." Avoiding the harassment of company guards was only part of the problem. The new union had to challenge directly the power of the coal operators by showing potential recruits how strong it was. To accomplish this goal, Jones decided on the tactic of highly visible, yet completely legal, mass marches.

Photo courtesy Library of Congress/FSA

Word spread along the Clover Fork, often through a network of relatives, as to the time of the march. Union members and their wives gathered in Evarts before starting up or down the road. Generally, the destination was a particular coal camp where new members received their obligation after a rally. At times, Harlan Town was the target, with marchers passing through coal camps all the way down Clover Fork before gathering at the county courthouse to hear speeches by Jones and others.

Thus, the marches served as a roving picket line that, while not breaking the law, demonstrated strength and built enthusiasm among the isolated camps. "Just keep moving, that's the idea," instructed Poore. "You ain't blocking nobody, you ain't interfering with a damned soul." To set up individual picket lines at each mine would have been ineffective and demoralizing. But the sight of 2,000 miners marching behind Jones and his organizers riding in an open car with the American flag, brought many men into the organization who, otherwise trapped in the loneliness of the company camp, would never have joined the rebel union."

– Bill Bishop, "1931: The Battle of Evarts," Here Come a Wind (1976: IV, 1-2), pp. 92-101.

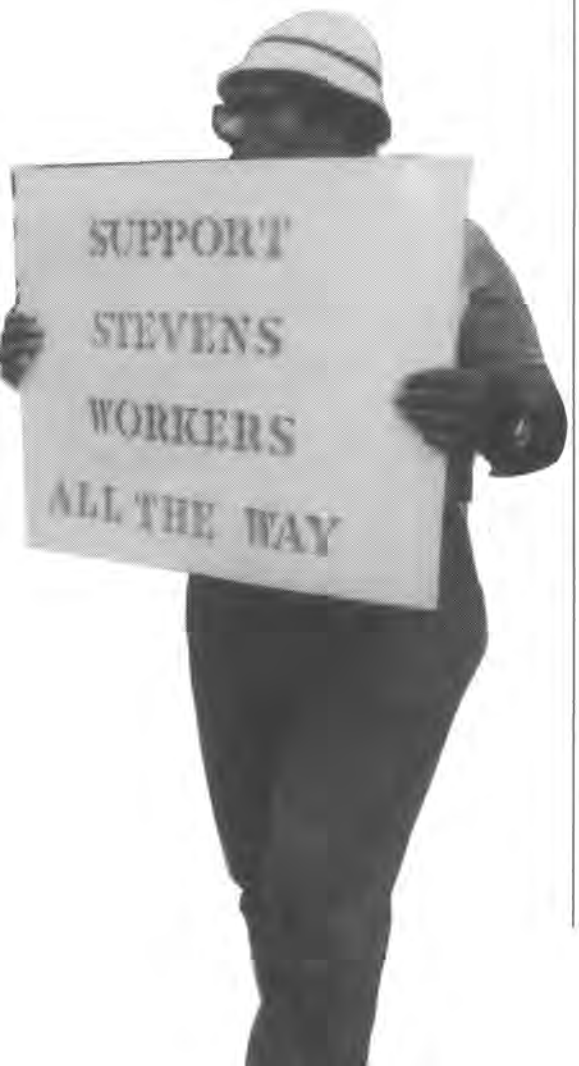
RUNAWAY

The year 1946 proved to be a critical one for the growing Stevens empire. Nathaniel Stevens had run the New England mills quite well, adding four new mills in his 40 years of running the company. But when he died in 1946, no single heir seemed capable of managing the New England mills or settling the huge tax debt on Nat's estate. At the same time, the Stevenses at the New York commission house needed capital to buy their own chain of Southern mills. They knew the normal postwar burst of consumer spending would mean profits for the textile companies that could integrate manufacturing and merchandising operations, and thereby respond quickly to changes in market demands.

One other factor contributed strongly to their interest in moving South. In 1940, the CIO singled out M.T. Stevens & Sons as a focal point in their drive to organize the woolen and worsted industry. The general shortage of workers during World War II helped the campaign move forward swiftly; the Stowe Mill voted in the union in 1940. By 1945, five of the family's 10 New England mills were unionized and the others seemed ready to follow.

So in 1946, the two sides of the Stevens family decided to reunite and join a group of Southern mill owners for one of the biggest textile mergers in history. In a transaction valued at $50 million, M.T. Stevens & Sons, J.P. Stevens & Co., and eight Southern textile firms (all clients of the Stevens commission house) merged under the name of J.P. Stevens & Co., Inc., with Robert Stevens as chairman and J.P., Jr., as president.

– *Jim Overton, Bob Arnold and Bob Hall, "The Story of J.P. Stevens," **Packaging the New South** (1978: VI, 1), pp. 52-63.*



Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

SABOTAGE

Walking the thin line between "sharing information" and "gathering intelligence" has become a refined skill for agents of the U.S. Justice Department's Community Relations Service (CRS). In cases of marches or rallies, this often means calling activists known to the CRS and asking them if they are going to participate. The experience of receiving a sudden phone call from an official of some mysterious government agency can be quite chilling – an effect which CRS agents deny they exploit.

During the weeks preceding the February 2, 1980, march, CRS agents also spread divisive rumors about the people and organizations involved in the rally. During a four-hour interview in Atlanta on January 8, 1980, agent Robert Ensley's phone rang repeatedly with questions about what Ensley thought was going on in Greensboro at the time. One call in particular confirmed what many people had already suspected: Ensley was actively spreading rumors designed to chill support for the upcoming march. The caller was not identified, but Ensley's part of this phone call was recorded:

> *"Hello, I'm doing fine." He listens intently, taking notes on his pad, and responds, "Um hum, um hum." Finally, "Well, this is about as much as we have heard. Exactly what the SCLC has more or less determined is that they would not participate. The NAACP also."*

While the SCLC had indeed expressed some doubts about the march, they were mainly concerned about the perceived lack of support from Greensboro ministers. And at the time of the phone call, the organization was in the process of organizing a meeting to talk things over with the ministers. SCLC remained a co-sponsor of the February 2nd Mobilization and participated fully. Moreover, contrary to the "information" Ensley had handed out, the Greensboro branch of the NAACP had, in fact, endorsed the February 2 action.

This incident might conceivably appear to have been an innocuous mis-

Photo by Chip Berlet

take, except for one very striking set of coincidences. On the same day that Ensley answered this phone call, two television stations broadcast the statement that the SCLC and the NAACP had pulled out of the march. Steve Leeolou – a reporter at WTVD in Durham, North Carolina – said he got his information from a high-level official in Greensboro's city hall. He describes this official as a "good source" who had always proven accurate before. The station later corrected this misinformation, but the damage was already done. Once again, Ensley had succeeded in planting seeds of mistrust and division among the various allies working together for a meaningful response to the menace of the Klan and the racist right wing.

– *Pat Bryant, "Justice vs. the Movement," **Mark of the Beast** (1980: VIII, 2), pp. 31-39.*

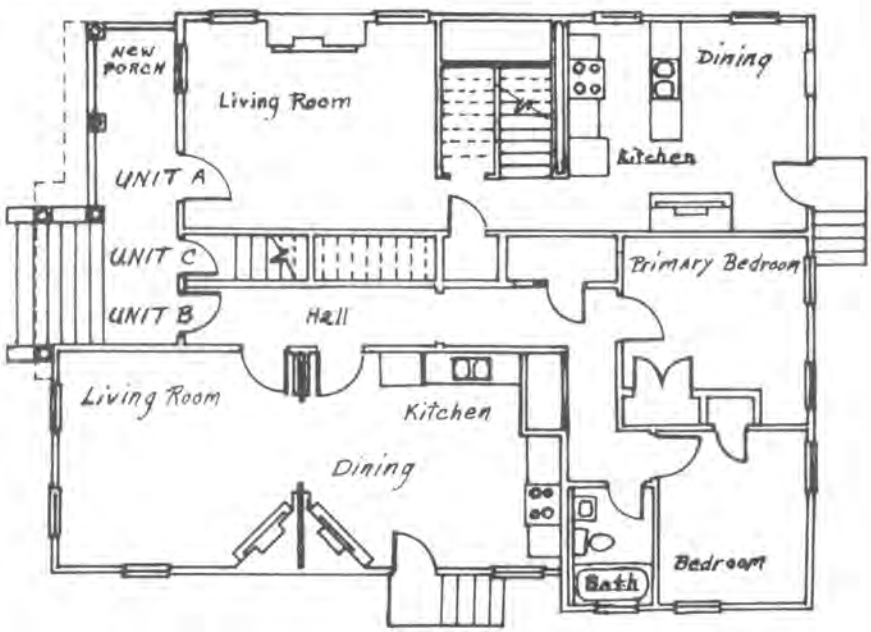
SAVANNAH, GA

From the first, Savannah Landmark's efforts to preserve the character of the Victorian District have rested on a carefully cultivated reputation for sound fiscal management that has enabled it to acquire and steadily expand private and public financial support. Loans to purchase properties have been extended by local banks, especially the minority-owned Carver State Bank, and by the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Administrative and program development funds have come from private grants and federal sources as diverse as the National Endowment for the Arts and the Department of Housing and Urban Development's Innovative Projects program. Federally supported CETA workers, as many as possible recruited from the Victorian District, supply about three-quarters of the construction force.

While Landmark's work is indisputably exceptional, serious unanswered questions about its methods and future do exist. The doubts trace back to Landmark's origin and makeup. . . .

Problems and doubts notwithstanding, a few things about Savannah Landmark remain clear. It unquestionably goes a long way toward providing decent, affordable housing to low-income persons on a nondisplacing basis. That the $13 to $15 million project offers them an opportunity to inhabit historic inner-city housing at a time when such properties are being gobbled up by monied private interests is an added strength. And that Landmark's energies are directed at some level to "transforming from do-gooder to community-based organization," as Loy Veal insists, indicates further room for growth.

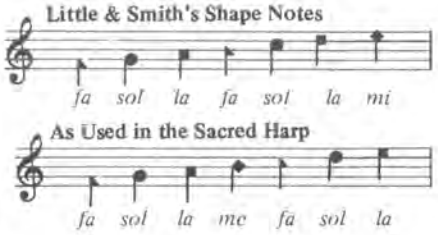
– *Barry Jacobs, "Savannah Landmark," **Building South** (1980: VIII, 1), pp. 48-54.*



SHAPE-NOTE SINGING

It was here on the New England frontier, outside the cities where music was controlled by the wealthy, the educated and the church, that folk music took its first root in America. Singing schools, conducted by itinerant masters and held in taverns, quickly grew up to satisfy people's desire to learn religious music. They taught the notes of the scale by an Elizabethan system of "solmization" in which the seven-note scale is rendered FA-SOL-LA-SOL-LA-MI. Singers could learn tunes by these syllables before singing the words.

Then around 1798, two innovators named Little and Smith found a new way of putting music on paper. They took the four syllables FA-SOL-LA-MI and gave each a separate shape on the musical clef:



Shape-note singing will no doubt rank as America's great contribution to the teaching of music. It simplified the notes and their relationship to each other, allowing the old singing masters to teach music to people whom the city-bred musicians considered hopeless. The system quickly won acceptance and its influence continues to the present day, especially in the South.

The music centers in the East were less friendly. They disdained the new works of the self-educated, shape-note song writers, forcing them to develop their own publishing institutions. The new music drew heavily on folk tunes and the democratic spirit of post-Revolution America; the tunes were lively, strong and popular. Harmony was introduced, making the music all the more unconventional to the Puritan critics.

– *Rich Kirby, "And We'll All Sing Together," **On Jordan's Stormy Banks** (1976: IV, 3), pp. 4-9.*

SHARECROPPER

Three types of farming arrangements prevailed in the early 1900s, all carried over from older arrangements that existed in antebellum years. Tenant farming involved a man who would supply his own machinery, seed and general equipment and would rent a parcel of another man's land for either cash or share rent. Under a second type, sharecropping, the individual would supply only his labor and would receive a smaller portion of the harvest. Sharecropping appeared more commonly in the black plantation areas to the east and southeast than in predominantly white Independence County, Arkansas.

The third form was individual family farming; a man owned his own property and supplied his own labor and materials. For small farmers who lacked the capital to invest in more advanced farm implements, cotton farming remained labor intensive, with a strong reliance on the extended family and local labor during planting and harvesting seasons.

"No matter how poor yer was," John Ellis said, "they was always people that was poorer."

He recalls that often a sharecropper might be kinfolk, perhaps a son just starting off on his own. Sometimes these small farms resembled communal farms, with several families of kinfolk working one farm and living in separate dwellings. Rural communities actually grew in this manner, and, at the same time, widened the boundaries of the local economy.

Personal ties expanded and encouraged farmers to engage in services outside the subsistence farm. The cash crop, cotton, was important in that it circulated cash within the local economy, alongside traded items. It also served to add new commodities to the countryside experience. But at this time, cash was scarce, and a farmer could not depend on it for what he needed; other forms of value exchange developed. For example, sharecropping or paying rent and debts with a share of one's crop rather than cash, accounted for over a thousand farm operations in the county in 1910.

Compared to his neighbors, Hugh Moore's father was quite successful:

He usually would have someone working with him or for him [a sharecropper]. He spent most of his time – except when harvesting the crops – buying cattle, horses, or trading, and he would have someone hired or in the hills. We had a man live who made what we call a sharecrop with us. And we would furnish the seed and fertilizer and the team and the machinery and everything else, and had a man who was an old bachelor and four sisters, and they would work the crop, and we'd split the proceeds. Pop would get up at four o'clock in the morning, and he'd get in usually in the summertime after dark.

By having a sharecrop tenant "working for or with him," Hugh Moore's father freed himself to expand into cattle and stallion breeding and trading with his neighbors, without sacrificing the cash income gained from a cotton crop. This local enterprise is very important in that it served to perpetuate a partially insulated economy, one not dependent on services or commodities produced outside the area of comfortable movement. Of all that the Moore farm produced – cotton, corn, wheat, cattle, horses, mules and hogs – only the cotton was destined for markets outside the rural countryside.

– *William Spier, "We Was All Poor Then," **Our Promised Land** (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 80-90.*

Photo by George Mitchell

SHELL HOUSING

Jim Walter was 23, newly married and a Navy veteran earning $50 a week hauling fruit from Florida to New York when he spotted an ad in the Sunday *Tampa Tribune* one morning in 1946. "NICE little unfinished houses to be moved. $895. 9410 11th St. SS." To Walter, who was living in a $50-a-month apartment and looking for his own home, the ad was appealing. After looking the house over, he borrowed $400 from his father and bought it. But instead of finishing the house, he sold it three days later for $300 profit and decided this was a more interesting and lucrative way to make a living than hauling oranges and grapefruits.

The builder of the original frame house was O.L. Davenport, also in his twenties, and Walter talked him into a partnership. Each put up $800 in capital and then they built two shell houses as samples and opened up for business. "I'll never forget that Sunday if I live to be a million," Walter says. He and Davenport stood in the doorways of their shell models and looked at the cars lined up the block, and inside they sat on nail kegs and talked things over with customers. By night-

fall they had sold 27 houses for $1,000 cash each. Thus was born the shell house industry.

Walter and Davenport started at the right time, in the post-war housing boom of the late '40s. Though VA and FHA financing was unavailable for unfinished houses, the government's post-war promotion of private home

Photo by Natalie Hubbard

ownership through the Housing Act of 1949 and other measures helped create a homebuying climate in which Walter thrived. Walter reasoned correctly that thousands of young veterans like himself were eager to buy their own homes and were willing to invest sweat to replace the money they didn't have. His houses also had intrinsic appeal to the working poor, people who were comfortable with tools and used to hard labor; they could use their lots for security and get four-year mortgages with no down payments for as little as $2,000.

*– Randall Williams, "Billion Dollar Shell Game," **Building South** (1980: VIII, 1), pp. 86-91.*

SIT-DOWN STRIKE

The drive to organize the employees of the mighty General Motors Corporation culminated in the historic Flint sit-down of early 1937, but it began in a small branch assembly plant on the outskirts of Atlanta on November in the Lakewood plant in 1933 in the form of an AFL "federal" local, but in common with so many of those hybrid unions which accompanied the National Recovery Act, the organization seemed doomed to impotence by its fatal insistence on craft division.

The need for organization remained and the form presented itself in the creation of the CIO by dissident AFL unions in 1935. Centered around John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers, a variety of fledgling unions quickly spread tender organizational roots throughout the country, and Atlanta's Lakewood plant joined the United Automobile Workers (UAW) as Local 34. In truth, only a handful of union faithfuls had joined the local before November, 1936; but the participation of the entire work force in the strike showed that hearts, if not wallets, were in the right place.

Charlie Gillman: The strike lasted about three or four months. The thing about it is, with the conditions we had, if we didn't accomplish anything else, we established bargaining rights with the company. The first little contract we had just says that they will bargain for the members alone. And, of course, that didn't work very well. As we organized over in the other plant, why of course we changed the contract.

The union tended to bring the people together and give them a little pride. You know, so many people were just barely existing and not making enough even to eat on. They were losing some of their pride – the pride that people usually have to do better for their family, to have security, and to know that they will come in the next morning and go to work. That alone was worth the strike, if nothing else has been accomplished.

Claude Smith: I'm the guy that went and got permission to close the line down. The foreman, he walked up to the line and said, "Smith, if you push that button you're gonna lose your seniority." I said "To hell with it." I pushed the button, and that stopped the line, the first line that was stopped, General Motors Strike, 1936-37.

That was in the cushion department. I was steward in the cushion department. The issue was over the union button. My foreman told two of the boys that was wearing buttons that if they didn't pull the buttons off they would have to go to the office and be fired. They came to me and asked me what to do about it.

We stayed in the plant that night, all night, and we left the next morning about 9 or 10 o'clock. Our wives had formed an auxiliary and brought breakfast to us. We formed two lines for their protection – they was going to keep them out – so we just went down and made a walkway for them.

Tom Starling: We had some dissidents outside that tried to get petitions signed; they would go around and try to get employees to sign petitions to go back to work. The company was able to get some people to do that. But we kept pretty close check on them and the company didn't get those petitions, we got them. We would catch them out with a petition and we would take the petition away from them, and tell them they better not show up around here any more, and they wouldn't, they wouldn't come back.

Harvey Pike: Then we would go have a talk with those people whose

Photo by Charlie Gillman

name was on that petition, we'd explain to them that that was totally ineffective.

Charlie Gillman: There's one thing that's different today among people, than it was then. Back in those days after we formed the union, anything that happened in the plant that was an infringement on the rights of any worker, we represented them, although some of them did not belong. If it affected one person then it was a problem for everybody in that plant. Whereas today, practically anybody that works for a living, even members of the union, don't want anyone to bother them. If something is done that affects Joe over here, so long as it doesn't affect Jim here, well, that is all right. That feeling has gone through the whole community, not just the labor unions.

– Neill Herring and Sue Thrasher, "UAW Sit-down Strike: Atlanta, 1936," No More Moanin' (1973: I, 3-4), pp. 63-83.

SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN HELL

For the hopeful and naive soldiers who promised their families a speedy victory and a hasty return home, the Civil War proved a sobering nightmare. The bloodshed, on a scale previously unknown to Americans, was terrifying and constant. Only winter camp allowed the armies of the North and the South a desperately needed retreat from the carnage, a chance to rest and reorganize. But each year, commanding officers faced the difficult task of maintaining morale, asserting discipline and promoting physical fitness among their exhausted and homesick men. As a result, "sport of all kinds became the order of the day" during winter camps.

Predictably, spectator sports like horse racing and cockfighting had broad appeal. But nothing suited the needs of winter soldiers better than spontaneous mass activities which could be regularized as interest spread. Rabbit chases, for example, became extremely popular and were eventually conducted under established rules. By far the most novel and remarkable winter camp activity, especially for soldiers from the deep South, were huge snowball fights. Snow added to the discomforts of winter, but whenever the snow was right for packing, a battle was inevitable. Contests began spontaneously. A New York soldier recorded such an instance. A group of soldiers "who were the most belligerent" piled out of their tents one morning and for no apparent reason started to shell the company street next to them. Other soldiers retaliated and soon the whole camp was in an uproar.

The massive snowball battles of 1862-63 created problems for the Confederate high command. Not only did the battles obliterate military discipline, but soldiers frequently got hurt. After one particularly disruptive battle in early January, 1863, General Longstreet decided that snowball battles would have to stop. General Lee issued a similar order a month later.

Perhaps the largest single snowball fight in the entire war, if not in all history, occurred less than a month after Lee's order. It began in Stonewall Jackson's corps, spread quickly into Longstreet's camp, and before it ended most of the soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia had participated. The fray started casually enough in the morning, with only a few soldiers involved. But by noon four brigades were at each other's throats. In the afternoon the cavalry got into the act, and finally a fifth brigade entered the fight. As one observer noted, "Never did any cause inspire its champions with more excitement, zeal, exertion and courage."

Finally, just as the sun was setting, the valiant Stonewall Brigade, which had been instrumental in starting all the trouble, succeeded in driving the enemy into their tents. It was estimated that the battle had involved over 24,000 soldiers, spread across an area of 10 square miles. While the scale of this contest appears unprecedented, skirmishes which engaged 6,000 to 10,000 men became almost commonplace.

*– Lawrence W. Fielding, "A Snowball's Chance," **Through the Hoop** (1979: VII, 2), pp. 11-13.*

SOCIALIST COMMUNITY

Llano began as a concrete experiment in the use of socialist principles in forming a society at a time when there was not yet one socialist country. It was still three and one-half years before the Russian October Revolution, an experiment which colonists felt was the dawn of a new day. Slogans and phrases used by the colony in advertising itself to workers and socialists of the time describe their intent. "Production for use instead of profit" was most popular. Others were: "Things socially used and socially needed must be socially owned." "All men are brothers regardless of race, creed or color." "Interdependence instead of independence."

In October, 1917, the 200 most dedicated colonists moved to the old lumber town of Stables, Louisiana, two miles south of Leesville in Vernon Parish, and renamed the town "New-llano." The 20,000 acres of land there had been cut-over by the Gulf Lumber Company before being sold to the colony for $125,000. The community grew steadily and in January, 1918, there were 300 colonists, including a

group of 25 socialist families from Texas. But hard times soon came, the Texas families went back to Texas taking a share of the property including most of the farm implements, and the colony was left with only the most dedicated 15 families by the fall of 1918.

During the period from 1918 to 1924, a time of hardship followed by gradual growth, there were constant efforts to develop a method for directing the workings of the colony. At the same time there were struggles between individuals for leadership. The outcome of these struggles, which established one strong figure as the director and decision-maker of the colony, has been interpreted both as the reason for the success of the colony and as the cause of its eventual failure.

Even though the colony began to dilute its socialist orientation, there was a Workers' Study Club organized as late as 1933 to discuss Marxism and Soviet socialism. In addition, a conscientious objectors' union, with 115 members, organized at the colony in 1928, and the Llano press was a center for publication of pacifist literature.

*– Bill Murrah, "Llano Cooperative Colony," **No More Moanin'** (1974: I:3-4), pp. 87-104.*

SOYBEANS

The soybean is the preeminent achievement of twentieth-century agriculture, a raw material with synthetic potentials far surpassing those of timber, cotton or peanuts – potentials surpassed only by petroleum. The waxy beans are crushed and dissolved in hexane, a petroleum-based solvent, to yield up two magically useful basic products: soy oil and soy meal.

Soy oil makes up three-fourths of all American salad and cooking oils, and similar proportions of our margarine, mayonnaise and shortening. Soy oil has helped create the post-war explosion of franchised quick service restaurants through its use as a cooking oil for frozen French fried potatos, potato chips, pizzas, donuts, fried chicken and other "convenience" foods. The chemical industry uses soy oils in soaps, detergents, drying agents, paints and printing inks. And soy substitutes are becoming increasingly competitive for the production of such petroleum-based products as explosives, drugs and toilet goods.

The explosion in uses for soy oil has, of necessity, created an explosion in the quantities of soy meal left squeezed behind it. Soy meal makes an excellent animal feed, and, in fact, soybeans turned up in two-thirds of all high protein feeds in 1970, including 91 percent of all hog feeds and 92 percent of all poultry feeds. Soy meal has also been found to make a chemically well-disguisable *people* feed, and therein lies the source of the soybean's growing socio-political threat, a threat integral to its South coast context.

Soybeans can control both the source of supply of meat, milk, poultry and eggs through feedstocks *and* competitive imitations of those products or "analogs" made directly from the meal without any animal aid. Soy concentrates are used in baby foods; health foods; processed meats, meat loaf and frankfurters; imitation bacon strips and bits; pork, beef and chicken-flavored chunks; and imitation mushrooms, bell pepper bits and other items. These materials, heavily doctored with color and flavor chemical additives, are found in a growing variety of frozen pot pies and TV dinners, hamburger extender products, whipped dessert toppings, coffee whiteners, and cheese and milk products.

Ninety percent of the 1972 soybean crop came from 18 Mississippi River Valley states. (The South Atlantic coastal plains of Virginia, Georgia, North and South Carolina produced the bulk of the remainder.) Some four out of every 11 bushels of beans produced in this country are exported, and the Mississippi River Valley's water transportation infrastructure has made the port of New Orleans into the world's largest soybean collection and export terminal. Soybean sales are the number one source of foreign exchange in this country's international trade, and the Mississippi Valley corporations cashing in on this phenomenon have moved dangerously close to vertical integration of our food supply in much the same way that the oil companies have vertically integrated our energy supply.

*– Bill Rushton, "South Coast Conspiracy," **Our Promised Land** (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 4-21.*

SPIES

The Mississippi State Sovereignty Commission never claimed to be impartial. Not only did it never investigate the ultra-right, it actually contributed large sums of money – $193,500 over a four-year period – to the White Citizens' Councils. Over the years a number of Citizens' Council members

served on the Sovereignty Commission, and one legislator who served on the Commission, Tommy A. Horne of Meridian, had been arrested in the '60s in connection with the 1964 Ku Klux Klan murders of three civil-rights workers in Neshoba County – Chaney, Goodman and Schwerner.

At its height the Sovereignty Commission claimed it had files on 250 organizations and 10,000 individuals. During the summer of 1964, the Sovereignty Commission was trying to counterattack the Freedom Summer civil-rights workers. As usual, red-baiting was considered the most effective approach. Newspaper stories inspired by the commission appeared in the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger*, including a pair of stories late that summer, headed "Freedom Group Linked to Communist Fronts." Their appearance coincided with the Freedom Democratic Party challenge to the state's regular delegation to the Democratic national convention in Atlantic City.

The Sovereignty Commission also claims credit for getting the presidents of two private black colleges fired. They intervened in the election for the editor of the Ole Miss student paper and smeared one of the candidates, Billy Barton, as a "liberal" – a false charge as it turned out. They tried to prevent the federal government from giving money to programs where Movement militants held influence. They worked with officials at the University of Southern Mississippi to prevent the ACLU from establishing a chapter there.

But exploiting internal differences was the main approach, just as it was for the FBI. A couple of years ago, I taped an interview with Erle Johnston, who is now in retirement, about his years with the Sovereignty Commission. He bragged to me that civil-rights groups often fought each other, and that sometimes one would involve itself with the Sovereignty Commission in the course of its factional maneuvering – "very under the table," he said.

– Ken Lawrence with Ashaki Binta, "Mississippi Spies," The Future Is Now (1981: IX, 3), pp. 82-86.

SPIRIT

"If it is not of the spirit, it is not Indian." The grandfathers have said so. "Speak of the spirit in symbols or in silence. Only listening ears will hear." The grandmothers have said so. I ask you to remember.

I have listened to my blood, to my mother and her father, who are of Cherokee descent, and to the silent voice of the mountains. This is what they taught me:

All are related in spirit; each has a part in the whole – be reverent. Keep your body, mind and soul as one. Understand nature and live in harmony with it. Remember that life moves in a circle: past, present and future are one; death is part of life; the spirit never dies. God is a spirit.

This way of thought is my still-center, my inner force. It shapes my life and work. In 1945, my family moved from Knoxville to Oak Ridge, Tennessee. I was nine years old, just the right age to absorb the rhythms of the atomic frontier. Life in Oak Ridge revolved around an invisible power – the atom. My friends and I accepted it as a matter of course. My cousin, who was visiting from West Virginia, could not. (Her father was in the coal business.)

"What does your daddy do?" she asked me.

"Something with the atom. He's not allowed to talk about it."

"Have you ever seen an atom?"

"No."

"Have you ever touched one?"

"No."

"Then you can't be sure it's real."

"That's crazy. Atoms are everywhere, in everything."

"I don't believe in atoms," she said.

But the atom is real. The spirit is real. They are intangible, unifying forces. I knew it in my childhood, roaming the woods around the house. And I know it now as I try to form my life and work into a harmonic balance.

Every day I am reminded that this wholistic approach is not the American way, which is in the Western tradition based on the ancient Greek dichotomy of body and soul. That dichotomy is now subdivided into so many categories, specialties and labels that life sometimes seems insupportable. American culture is a tapestry cut into fragments. Some writers describe the fragments. Others, like myself, try to find a way of weaving them together again.

My way is through the Cherokee connection, which is fused with elements of Appalachia and the atom. It is a spiritual connection. In the South there is the tradition of concern with the spirit: among both blacks and whites it rests solidly in orthodox religion; among some blacks it is more wholistic, reaching back to African roots. Nevertheless, it is wiser in the South, as elsewhere, to speak of the spirit as the grandmothers advised, in symbols and in silence.

– Marilou Bonham-Thompson, "The Cherokee Connection," Festival (1981: IX, 2), pp. 46-48.

STOCK CARS

As far as Raymond Williams was concerned, racing a NASCAR Grand National stock car was a magnificent and beautiful idea, and a fast way to get rich. Rushing down concrete-walled straightaways bordered by the blur of cheering thousands, taking off through the steep-banked black asphalt turns, rising quickly as if to meet the sun's glare halfway. Always turning left, left, on oval tracks from Daytona Beach, Florida, to Ontario, California.

Boring holes through the air with a 4,000-pound thunder machine. Williams lived for those injections of life at 200 miles per hour. Beeeeoooowwwwww!

Williams does his racing now from memory. It's not that he smashed through a guard rail on one of the Grand National tracks. Instead, his "mistake" was attempting to organize "The Independent 250 Stock Car Race." It was the first, last and only outlaw stock car race involving established Grand National independent drivers.

The true drama of the "Independent 250" was not in the contest of men and their machines. The real challenge was in stepping out from under the sanction of NASCAR and its all-powerful founder and head, Bill France. "People thought the drivers would be afraid to run because of reprisals from NASCAR," recalls Williams. In light of NASCAR's history, the "Independent 250" seemed an outrageous folly.

– *Jonathan Ingram, "The Battle of the Independents," **Through the Hoop** (1979: VII, 3), pp. 92-99.*

STORIES

In the back room that Gran'paw Charlie built on when he and Mammy moved in, in Luke's bed, Bucky, sticking his feet straight up under the sheet, asked, "Tell me a story, Lucius?"

The room's only window was open, the honeysuckle-laden air came through the latched screen door.

"Once upon a time . . . there was a mouse! And his name – was – Mighty Mouse!" Lucius announced dramatically, and paused, as Bucky, thrilled, kicked his feet rapidly, his body shuddering with delight. "The end."

Bucky whined. "Tellll it, Lucius."

"One morning Laurel and Hardy woke up. . . . The end."

Bucky whimpered. "Looooo-shus!"

Somebody in Mammy's room pounded on the wall. "Lucius, you all shut up in yonder!"

"Mammy, make Lucius tell me a story!"

"You all pipe down now, or I'll come in there with Gran'paw Charlie's belt."

"Momma!" yelled Bucky. "What's you and Daddy whispering about?"

"We'll put it in a milk bottle and give it to you in the morning."

"In the old days of the West," whispered Lucius, "lived a Mexican prince, and when it got dark, he turned into . . . Zor-ro! . . . The end."

Bucky growled and kicked.

"Okay, Bucky, I'm going to *tell* this one. The moon was shining bright on the prairie and coyotes were howling on one of the buttes above Tombstone, when a lone rider appeared on top of another butte, like a shadow, against the big, big moon. And reckon who it was?"

"Zorro?"

"No."

"The Durango Kid?"

"No. It was – Buck Jones!"

"Oh, boy!"

Anticipating Bucky's reaction made Lucius giggle. "The end."

Bucky let out a loud, body-wracking, throbbing cry-whine.

"I said, You'uns hersh!" yelled Mammy. "I got your momma squabbling with Fred in the living room and you all raising a ruckus in yonder."

"Get under the sheet," Bucky whispered in Lucius' ear, his breath smelling of stale blow gum.

Lucius pulled the sheet over their heads.

"'While the Sea Remains,'" Lucius announced, and whispered some background music. "The Adventures of Sam Gulliver."

"Oh, boy, you gonna tell the rest of it?"

"Remember somebody shot him in the belly."

"And he woke up in a dungeon on this ship."

"Yeah, and for weeks the only person he sees is this doctor. Well, the doctor wouldn't answer any of his questions about Jonathan Crockett or the little man or the Indian in the cave, and he got so he was madder'n hell, so when his belly got healed, he got hungry for the smell of the ocean, being a sailor, so he called in one of the guards that stood outside his door. And all of a sudden the door jars open and this great big monster steps in, his eyes bloodshot with hate, a dagger in his hand ready to make sliced baloney out of Sam's neck. Sam sees a chain and grabs it and slams it into the big guy's chest and a swift kick in the jaw finished it."

"Then what did the *other* guy do?"

"He come charging in wearing these brass knucks, and Sam threw him over his shoulder. He locked the door, then strolled down the deck just like he was one of the crew."

"And then he dived off and swum back home."

"No, too far out, so he decided to take his chances when they docked, if

he lived till then. So he goes into the mess hall and starts talking to this little French cook. 'Say, where we bound?' 'Africa.' Then the cook turns around and his mouth falls open. 'You a sailor on board, ain't cha?' 'Yeah, why?' 'What cha got that bandage on for? You're Wyatt Thorp. Get the hell out of here, you son of a bitch, or I keel you!'"

"Shhhh," said Bucky.

Lucius listened with Bucky under the sheet, then peeled it down to hear more clearly the yelling in the kitchen. Something crashed against the wall.

"Irene, that better not be one of *my* dishes!" yelled Mammy, from the bedroom.

"I have dishes too, Mother! *Some* things in this house are mine, you know."

"*Too* many things! I wish you'd take what's yours and move it out of my sight!"

"Don't worry. I'd do it tonight if I had even a cardboard box to move *in*to."

"Till then, you'uns hush that racket. I got to open that cafe at the crack of dawn. Thanks to Fred and poor little Luke," she began to cry, "they's peace in all Europe and Asia, too, but not two minutes a whirl at 702 Holston Street."

Bucky started whining. An ache in his throat, Lucius said, "Stop that bellering, and listen," and pulled the sheet over their heads and patted Bucky's shoulder.

"So, Sam just stood there, wondering who the hell Wyatt Thorp was, and why the cook called him that. The little French cook must have thought he was dangerous because he came at him with a butcher knife. But ol' Sam grabbed his wrist and slid his arm around his neck and twisted his arm behind his back. 'Say, what gives, Buster?' Sam asks.

"It seems like every time he asks a question, he gets clipped from behind. Which is what happened, and when he opened his eyes, it was a filthy sight. He was in the ship's dungeon again. . . . Tune in tomorrow night for the next episode of the thrilling adventures of Sam Gulliver in 'While the Sea Remains.' This is WXOL signing off. 'Oh, say can you see. . . .'" Lucius stood up in bed and saluted, and Bucky smothered his giggles with a pillow over his face.

– *David Madden, "Under the Pleasure Dome," Festival (1981: IX, 2), pp. 36-39.*

STRIP MINING

It's not possible to talk about strip mining in eastern Kentucky without considering the impact which Tennessee Valley Authority policies have had upon the entire coal market. By the middle 1950s, most of the available dam sites for hydroelectric power in the Tennessee Valley were utilized, but even these vast projects were unable to meet the growing demand for low-cost electric power in the area. In fact, there was a cycle at work: TVA's cheap power kept attracting industries to the area – especially metallurgical industries which use enormous quantities of electric power in their smelting processes – and the growing drain on TVA's sources of cheap power forced it to seek more of them. Accordingly, TVA began in the late 1950s and early 1960s to build coal-fed electric power plants.

Around 1960 a highly skilled engineer from the Coal Procurement Division of TVA opened negotiations with eastern Kentucky strip miners to see if they might be able to meet TVA's requirements for a reliable supply of cheap coal in large quantities. TVA picked Richard Kelly and Bill Sturgill, owners of Kentucky Oak Mining Company, as its supplier. Kelly and Sturgill, already the largest strip-mine operators in eastern Kentucky, began to experiment with large-scale surface-mining equipment for the first time in mountainous terrain – with the close, active cooperation and support of TVA engineers.

The largest coal auger ever built, with a seven-foot diameter, went into operation on Kentucky Oak's mines, and in 1961 TVA signed a contract with Kelly and Sturgill for 2.5 million tons of coal a year – 50,000 tons a week. It was a big order. Not even the largest of U.S. Steel's captive underground mines in eastern Kentucky could turn out that much. The contract with Kelly and Sturgill made large-scale strip mining economically feasible in eastern Kentucky because it provided a stable economic base – a guaranteed market – for the five-year life of the TVA contract. Using the contract as collateral with banks and equipment-leasing firms, Kelly and Sturgill rapidly expanded. What coal they couldn't mine themselves, they subcontracted to small outfits.

The rest is history – and that history is the story of the destruction of the region on a massive scale.

– *James Branscome, "Paradise Lost," Land and Energy (1973: I, 2), pp. 29-41.*

SUFFRAGIST

Birmingham at the turn of the century, dubbed the "Pittsburgh of the South" due to the booming iron and steel industry, had few of the softer features of the old South. It produced hardware instead of cotton. Lords of industry were making and losing vast fortunes. It was a hard society in which money and power overshadowed all else. Birmingham lacked a natural aristocracy or leadership with humanitarian values. It was a new town: many of the leading families were

Photo courtesy Southern Women's Archive, Birmingham Public Library

only three generations from the coal mines.

Pattie Ruffner Jacobs, by birth and upbringing, belonged to the upper class, but she was too sensitive and intelligent to play social games. Busying herself with club work, where she was soon introduced to the problems of working women and children, she became increasingly troubled and turned to the church, but it provided no support for her concern. Although Pattie, like many of the Southern suffragists, came from a religious background, she typically found no answer for social problems in the established church.

In 1910, gritty, boisterous Birmingham had all the problems of a fast growing city, not the least of which was sewage disposal; typhoid and tuberculosis were constant threats. Leading a delegation to see the mayor, Pattie suggested a plan to divide the city into districts with women appointed in each to watch over sanitary conditions and report back to him. She was graciously received, thanked, and then nothing happened. She did not know that a women's group in Selma had approached the city fathers about the same unsanitary conditions and had likewise been ignored. Within the next year both groups came to the realization, independently of each other, that their efforts were useless without the means to "vote the rascals out."

– *Marie Stokes Jemison, "Ladies Become Voters: Pattie Ruffner Jacobs and Women's Suffrage in Alabama," **Behind Closed Doors** (1979: VII, 1), pp. 48-59.*

SUNBELT

The power of the Southern rim is built – to oversimplify just a bit – upon oil, aerospace, defense, real estate, and tourism, all of which have gained importance only since the Second World War and are now sedimented into the economy.

Independent oil producers – the H.L. Hunts and John Paul Gettys, as opposed to the international giants like Exxon and Mobil – are based chiefly in Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana, and their spectacular development of the area's underground riches has given them a wealth which in the last two decades has found its way increasingly into politics, at both the local and national levels.

Aerospace, similarly, has tended to be a Southern rim phenomenon, to the benefit of such firms as Lockheed (California), Rockwell International (California, Texas), Hughes (Texas, California, Arizona), Texas Instruments (Texas), and Electronic Data Systems (Texas); with the boom in space spending has gone the boom in economic and wide-ranging political power for these industries. Defense, which is closely allied to aerospace, reflects the same pattern: of the ten firms which are perennially at the top of defense earnings, seven are chiefly Southern rimsters.

Real estate and tourist corporations, by the nature of their ventures, are considerably more local than these other interests, but it is inevitable that they predominate in the Southern rim, where the great population explosion has taken place in the last 20 years (especially in southern California, Arizona, and Florida) and where most of the nation's leisure time playgrounds (Las Vegas, Palm Springs, and Miami Beach prominent among them) are located.

The people who represent this considerable power base have been dubbed – first by Wall Street and then by popular commentators – "cowboys," to distinguish them from the old-money, settled-family people of the Eastern Establishment, who are naturally called "yankees." And though this smacks of a certain regional snobbery, there are particular characteristics which distinguish these Southern rimsters that fit in nicely with the image of the free-wheeling, frontier-oriented, live-for-today, tough-and-swaggering cowboy.

They like to think of themselves as self-made men, wresting fortunes out of the hard land – though in truth they are almost all government-made men, depending upon oil depletion allowances and (until recently) oil quotas, on enormous defense and aerospace contracts from Washington and a concomitant cost-plus banditry, and on beneficial federal rulings for air routes, radio and TV licenses, rail shipments, and the like. They tend to a notable degree to be politically conservative, even retrograde, usually anti-union, anti-black and anti-chicano, anti-consumer, and anti-youth, and many of them are associated with either the hate-mongering revivalist sects or the professional anti-Communist organizations.

– *Kirkpatrick Sale, "The Sunshine Syndicate Behind Watergate," **Land and Energy** (1973: I, 2), pp. 2-8.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

TAX REVOLT

Until the Appalachian Alliance's study was done on who owns the land and minerals and who pays the taxes, I don't think I ever realized that taxes were part of the problem. I don't think that I have been overtaxed, but the tax burden is on the homeowner and the corporations are just taking a free ride.

We have such a poor tax system that it's got to result in poor county government services and a poor school system. We never had political leaders who cared about those things. They were interested in what they could personally gain from political offices. They let the big corporations come in and take everything out of the county, to take it away from less fortunate people who would have been able to take care of themselves if they had not been stripped of the opportunity.

It seems like the big coal and land companies become more greedy all the time, just reaching and raking in everything. Why, a surface land owner pays over 300 times as much in property taxes as a mineral owner for the same value of holdings. This isn't fair, especially in a state where mineral owners can get out their minerals regardless of what the surface owner wants. In 12 eastern Kentucky counties we studied, a total of only $1,500 was collected in mineral property taxes in 1978 – and those minerals are worth billions.

When we began to challenge local property assessments of corporations, I never expected to become as involved as I have, especially on the state level. I never thought there would be anything I could do. I had an interest in finding out what groups in other counties were doing and what they were thinking about. I came to meetings, hoping to be one of the crowd. I never thought we would form the Kentucky Fair Tax Coalition (KFTC) and that at statewide meetings I would be leading them.

– Gladys Maynard with Joe Szakos, "Things Will Get Better & Better," Prevailing Voices (1982: X, 5), pp. 16-21.

Photo by John Roarke Combs

TELEPHONE WORKER

Selina Burch was a 17-year-old switchboard operator in Dublin, Georgia, when she joined the Communication Workers of America (CWA). In a town with only one movie theater, going to a union meeting was a social event, a place to meet the young men who worked in the Western Electric plant. Instead of an antagonist, she viewed her employer as a benevolent parent – "Mother" Bell. Her first strike in 1947 was "like being out of school on vacation."

By the mid-1950s, Selina had run against the male leadership for the presidency of her local to get it "into a position where we would not have to take any crap again." Today, Selina Burch has become a top official in CWA. She regularly pushes Southern Beli to the wall in negotiating sessions, demonstrating the skills that have brought her respect from employers, politicians and other union members.

Organizing and teaching come before politics. You've got to have members supporting you before you can start involving the union in politics. I was forever going around from one little town to the other, spending the day with the local president, making sure that he knew the members in his town, that he knew their problems, that everybody had a job steward. I had to be sure in my own mind that their job stewards were the caliber of people that would be leading them and not someone that was using the union to better himself first.

Politics was something else beyond organizing, but it all ties together. You had to give the members something that they could be proud of and wanted to hang on to. For most of the members there's only one thing the union does: handle their grievances. That's the most visible thing. It was hard at first to get union members involved in the Public Service Commission election because that is not an exciting race. I'd sit them down and start in on it, "Look,

for you as an operator, or you as a repairman, the Public Service election is really the most important race there is." Once they saw that their working conditions and their livelihoods were better, much better, than they had been before CWA developed a relationship with the commission, the members became proud and worked very hard at politics.

Another thing: I realized at that time that CWA had something special to offer a candidate in any election. Many of our people were professionals at one thing – they spent eight hours a day talking to people over the telephone. An operator gets so adept at listening, when she talks to a voter for a few minutes, she can almost tell you how that person is going to vote.

Where people make a mistake on a phone bank is trying to put too much garbage into each call. And our kids know this. All you need to say is just a very short thing. "Hello, my name is Selina Burch. I'm a volunteer working for the election of Hale Boggs for Congress. I'm calling to remind you that three weeks from today is election day and I hope you can go to the polls and will consider voting for Congressman Boggs. Do you need a ride to the polls to vote for Congressman Boggs?"

That's three times you've got the candidate's name over to that called person. You've got something into the back of that voter's mind. Depending on how the person reacts, the volunteer puts a code down on the list before the voter's name, then the campaign people know what person they want to get to the polls on election day.

There is nothing technical or mechanical about it. Our people were valuable to the candidate because of their ability to listen and understand how the voter is responding. It's not mysterious. Just telephones in a room where people are comfortable and where they're seated close together so they enjoy the companionship – if they get somebody nasty on the phone, they can turn to the next person and say, "Guess what that s.o.b. said to me?" and laugh it off. I've seen it tried at home and people get too discouraged. It's a team effort.

– Interview with Selina Burch by Sean Devereux, "The Rebel in Me," Here Come A Wind (1976: IV, 1-2), pp. 4-16.

TENANT FARMER

George Stith: When I heard about the union I lived at a little place called Cotton Plant in Woodruff County. The way I heard about the union was through a friend of mine who was older. We used to run around since neither of us was married. He said to me one night, "Come to the union meeting with me," and I said, "What kind of meeting?" And he said, "A farm tenant union." I said, "What is it good for?" He said, "It's good to make times better for us."

This must have been in 1935. The meeting was at a private home on the plantation that I worked on. However, there were three plantations in that

Photo from STFU Papers, UNC-Chapel Hill

one union local and we rotated. Sometimes we'd be on the plantation I was on. Then they would decide it was best to move to one of the other plantations because the land owners didn't want the union. We were a little bit afraid because they had been beating up and killing a few to try to break the union. So we were afraid to meet at one place too long. We would rotate our meetings, and we had outside guards with shotguns.

I remember a lady by the name of Henrietta Green who was very outspoken. She was in the Howell local. At one time we were working on this large plantation that was rented. The manager didn't own it. He rented it from a widow. In making a sharecrop, instead of getting half of our corn, we got one-third of it. The manager said he had to give the lady owner a load; he took a load, and we'd take a load. So the union met and decided that we wasn't going to make any more crops on the third. It would have to be half.

Henrietta Green, a strong woman in the Howell local, and my father, who was pretty active here locally, and I forget who the other person was, were the three people who made the decision that they would be the ones that would walk up to the boss and say, "We're not going to make it anymore on thirds. We want half

Photo from Mobile: An American City

our corn." Henrietta was an older woman. She was along the age of my father. This is the way they rationalized it: I'm older than you are, and I don't have much to lose. Anyway, the manager answered no! So they refused to plant corn. He said he didn't care. But everyone on the Howell plantation refused to plant corn. Ten days later the manager said he'd pay them half.

Clay East: We went over in a different section to a Negro church and [J.R.] Butler was there and Mitch [H.L. Mitchell] was there and myself and possibly another speaker or so, I don't know. We had a good turnout, possibly 100-150 tenant people in there. And just before we got the meeting started, here come one of the big planters from over there, Mr. Sloan.

He came in with a couple of big deputies, see, with their pistols buckled on them and he just came marching in there. He wanted to see what was going on. Well, you don't know how a lot of those colored people felt back there when the boss man comes in and sees them at a union meeting. They was a little bit shaky, but I'll say this, that the colored guys back there, if anything, were more solid than the whites. They'd go ahead and sacrifice and get killed or beat up or anything else before they'd give up.

I had a big six-shooter on and a pretty bad reputation if I do say it, not a bad reputation, but they knew that I wouldn't do to fool with. So I got up and told them, "If you folks are going to be scared because your boss has walked in here and so forth, just quieten down, now this thing is perfectly legal. We've got corporation papers and we got our constitution." Well, he wanted a copy of this, Mr. Sloan did. So Mitch says, "Well, if you've got 10 cents, you can have one." So he sold him a copy of the constitution. And then Mitch proceeded to tell him, "Well, you folks are not eligible for membership in this, so we'll ask you to leave." And I have often wondered what he would have done if Sloan had refused. But at the time, he got up and walked out. He and his men went trudging out of there with his six-shooters and all, see.

We got a raft of members signed up at that meeting. You didn't need much. Those folks were in a bind and they was being mistreated and when you got up and pointed these things out to them, why you didn't have much trouble signing them up. Practically all the people that came to meetings signed up.

In September of 1935, the union called its first major strike. Nearly 5,000 cotton pickers responded by staying out of the fields. No written contracts were gained, but most of the planters eventually agreed to pay higher wages. More important than the wages, however, was the boost to union membership. Following the strike, chapters were spontaneously organized in Oklahoma, Missouri, Tennessee and Mississippi. By the end of the year, the union claimed a membership of 25,000.

Stith: The strike of '35 was one of the most unique things ever happened. It was well-planned. We decided after meeting a half dozen times – and when I say we, every area had representatives, locals and from districts. We met in Memphis and talked this thing over starting back in early planting season about what we would have to do about trying to get some better wages because living costs had went up and wages wasn't going up.

In the cotton-picking season, cotton is perishable to a certain extent. Cotton has got to get out of the field and get ginned up before the weather gets bad or you take a loss on your cotton; the quality of it goes down.

So we had decided a general strike would be the thing. But it taken a lot of planning to figure out how we were going to do it. The executive committee finally got together and had all these handbills printed up, brought them in and made packages to go to each area according to what they thought their needs might be. And they had them all passed out there. And then we set a strike date.

All the representatives came in and got their strike handbill with strict instructions. They didn't put them out until that night, 11 o'clock was the time. And that night at 11 o'clock, they was all over Arkansas, Missouri, part of Tennessee, part of Mississippi and Alabama. And when foremen got up the next morning and found so many, they said an airplane put them out. And we did it all by hand or car. It was all done at the same time and that scared the farmers to death.

They wouldn't agree to sign a con-

Photo by Dorothea Lange/FSA

tract with the union, but they started to make concessions to the labor. Well that's really what we were looking for; we was trying to make things better for the people. We'd love to have had a contract but we never dreamed of a contract. We thought it was impossible and it turned out to be just about that.

– Sue Thrasher and Leah Wise, "The Southern Tenant Farmers Union," No More Moanin' (1973: I, 3-4), pp. 5-32.

TEXTILES

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

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

• The majority of U.S. textile mills are located in an arc across the South, extending from northeastern North Carolina through the Piedmont to the textile "capital" of Greenville, South Carolina (60 percent of the textile work force is said to live within 100 miles of that city), down to Georgia and into the black belt of Alabama. Within this arc can be found 656,000 workers in thousands of textile mills.

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

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

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

• No industry has avoided unionization as successfully as textiles, primarily by settling in the South. Twenty years ago, the industry included 252,000 union members. Nationally, there are now 141,000 members among the 800,000 workers. Less than 10 percent of the Southern workers are organized.

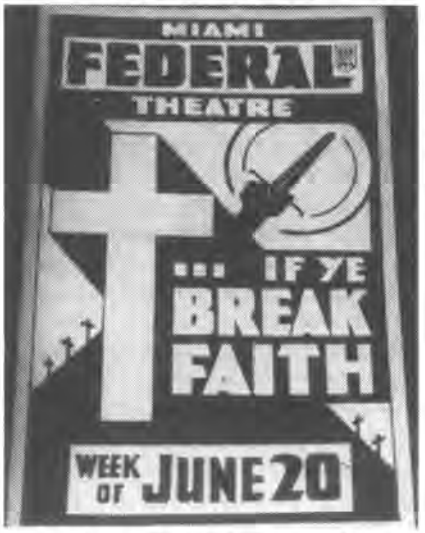
• Textile workers' wages once compared well with national industrial averages. In 1950, textile workers earned $1.13 per hour, while the industrial average was $1.09. By 1955, however, the textile average wage had slipped a penny below the national average and since then it has plummeted even more. In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

• Given the little amount of capital required to begin a new mill, the competitive nature of the industry and the government's ban on mergers, no companies have dominated the field. The industry's two giants, Burlington Industries and J.P. Stevens, have been able to corner less than 10 percent of the textile market, while the rest is scattered amidst 4,000 small firms, almost three-fourths of which are still family-owned.

*– Chip Hughes, "A New Twist for Textiles," **Facing South** (1976: III, 4), pp. 73-79.*

THEATRE

According to Hallie Flanagan, national director of the Federal Theatre Project, the South offered "rich dramatic material in the variety of peoples, the historical development, the contrasts between a rural civilization and a growing industrialization." And John McGee, who had been head



of the Federal Theatre in the South, was convinced that it would make an ideal subject for a "living newspaper," a new dramatic form created by the FTP. The living newspaper was actually a documentary with a clear editorial slant that informed the audience of the size, nature, and origin of a social problem, then called for specific action to solve it. Projec-

tions, masks, spotlights, loudspeakers, ramps and characters in the audience were some of the devices used to bring the facts to the audience in unforgettable fashion.

Like the other WPA living newspapers, *King Cotton* is heavily documented with much of the material – the case histories and the statistics – footnoted. Mr. Blackboard, a personification of the loudspeaker used in most other living newspapers, supplies this information, thereby generalizing the particular dramatic moment. The audience simultaneously learns the facts and witnesses their particular effect; this technique forces the public to focus on both a particular problem and its causes.

*– John O'Connor, "The Federal Theatre Project," **Packaging the New South** (1978: VI, 1), pp. 74-81.*

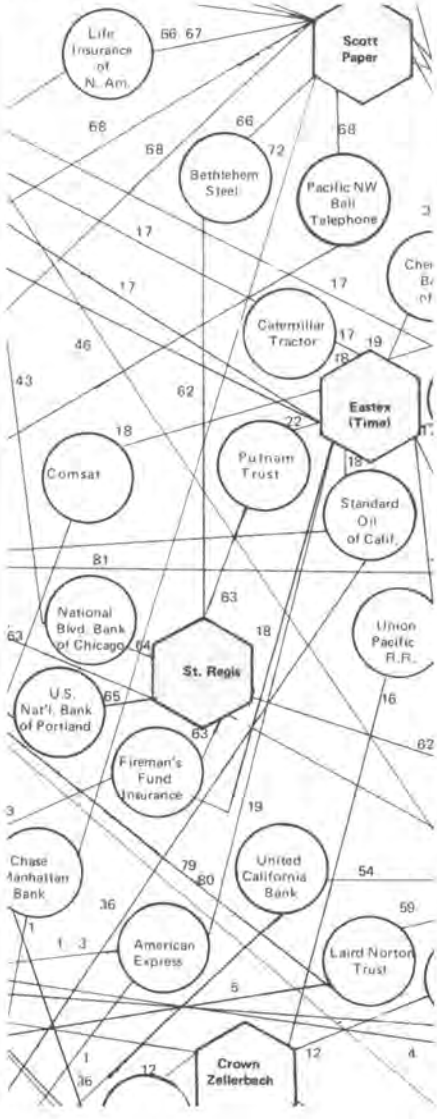
TIMBER

The pattern of timber land ownership is a critical factor in making the South the new "U.S. woodbasket." Nearly 40 percent of the nation's commercial (i.e., harvestable) forests are in the South, and half of the 67 million acres the paper/pulp industry owns nationally is in the region. While the federal government owns over half of the country's forestland, and supplies 27 percent of the softwood harvest, only nine percent of the Southern forests are federally-owned. Thus, a smaller portion of the region's output is directly subjected to political and environmental controls that curtail the industry's notion of full-scale production. Conversely, the paper/pulp industry owns a larger share of the South's timberland – 35 million acres or 18 percent compared with 13 percent nationally and it squeezes a higher yield from these acres than do other owners.

Because of the natural advantages of soil, climate and rainfall, the South already grows trees in two-thirds to half the time needed in the Pacific Northwest. But this is not swift enough for the expanding appetites of paper company executives. Through the introduction of artificial super-tree breeding techniques on their huge tree farms, they hope to boost the region's output even further. Pushing environmental dangers aside, the industry boldly predicts that the South's forests will become the most productive in the world in the near future.

But industry-owned land will not be enough to supply the mills that are making paper and wood products at a record rate. And that's where the *Third Forest* comes in. The small landowner is encouraged to plant trees now because forests started during the 1930s and '40s are being cut faster than new ones are grown. In 1971, 60 percent of the 1.6 million acres seeded were in the South, but this one million acres barely kept pace with cutting in the region. Once again, the capacity to cut and process forest products is out-stripping the land's ability to resupply the machines.

*– Bill Finger, Cary Fowler and Chip Hughes, "Tree Killers," **Our Promised Land** (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 170-177.*



TOBACCO

Tobacco was a gambler's crop. As the high tobacco prices of the World War I era declined during the 1920s, more and more tobacco farmers saw themselves and their neighbors losing their land, changing from farm owners to tenants and sharecroppers. Prices continued to fall in the early 1930s during the period people called Hoover Times. By the end of the decade three out of four farmers were tenants in the most productive tobacco region of North Carolina.

The low tobacco prices drove marginal farmers off the land into the cities, so providing the giant tobacco companies (American, Reynolds, Liggett & Myers) with plenty of labor for their factories. Meager though it was, the average annual wage in the tobacco industry of $925 – lower for black workers – looked good compared to the money to be made in farming. The factories employed blacks and whites, men and women, in jobs that were segregated by race and sex. White men usually monopolized the supervisory and skilled jobs of running the cigarette-making machines, while white women assisted male operators and ran the packing machines. Black men and women were generally confined to handling the tobacco leaf before it reached the machines.

Partly because of the large number of unorganized black and women workers who went into the factories in the 1920s and '30s, union activity in the industry had been limited. But in 1937, the CIO turned to organizing tobacco workers and paid particular attention to blacks. This had a galvanizing effect on the AFL's Tobacco Workers International Union, which increased its own organizing efforts and became more democratic internally in response to competition from the CIO.

Jim Wells: I was born in a house with tobacco fields on one side and curing barns on the other. Ever since I can remember, my people have worked in tobacco, mothers and sisters, too. When I was five years old, my dad made me go out in the fields when tobacco was ripe and pick tobacco worms. I was so afraid of those big green worms I just walked up and down the rows of tobacco, scared to death one of them

would crawl on me. I got over that, though. I could go out and pinch off their big greasy heads without batting an eyelash.

We didn't live any too good on the farm. Hailstorms, big rains and dry spells would come almost every year, and some years we didn't even make back fertilizer money. We grew some vegetables and had a cow, so we didn't starve. I like the farm better than the factory any day, but on a farm you just work yourself to a frazzle and don't get anything for it. So I up and went to the city to get a job in the Prince Albert smoking tobacco department. I worked down on the first floor where they made so much noise you can't hear a thing, nothing but the factory whistle when it blows at noon and quitting time. And believe me, when you've stood up on your dogs all day, shoving big sheets of tin into a slicing machine, and handling tin cans till your hands ache, you're damned glad to hear the steam whistle.

I'm a church man, but I don't attend regularly. What we need now is a workers' religion that won't talk so much about getting pie in the sky when you die by-and-by, and teach something about how they can better their labor conditions here on earth and enjoy the fruits of their labor while they've got a chance. We'd have a whole lot better world to live in if some of our preachers and teachers would help the people understand how to live together better and help one another, instead of talking all the time about rich rewards in heaven for those that suffer here on earth. Why don't they get out and suffer a little, so they can get some of that reward?

*– Ann Banks, "Tobacco Talk," **Winter's Promise** (1980: VIII, 4), pp. 34-45.*

Photo courtesy North Carolina Collection, UNC-Chapel Hill

TRAILERS

At 7:00, just after the whistle blows, Weighty Freighty heaves luaun paneling onto the sidewall table and stabs at it with his staple gun. His hand and the yellow air hose flourish back and forth along the paneling lines as the gun raps out staples and as Lovell swabs down the remaining stud wall with glue. They are wordless; the din around them gathers up as the rest of the shift starts. Brbrr brreeeeeeekk.

Sound, rather than dust or smell, envelops this mobile home factory; against the stationary power tool background, the air staplers, nailers and screwrunners ripple down the assembly line, high-pitched and increasing in echo and reverb. Lovell scrambles off the table with his glue bucket and long-handed roller, grabs up the other staple gun and begins tacking across from Freighty. They panel the 66-foot wall in 10 minutes.

The trailer platforms come jerking and swaying up the track that bisects the plant and stop between our half of the sidewall crew and them. Bud controls us; he's been here for years. Buddy is a short, stringy, harassed young ex-logger, a white man like all the other Taylor foremen. He's ridden herd on Walter and Willie for several weeks, rations out sidewall-building instructions like miser's gold, leans toward firing Willie rather than teaching him how to read a measuring tape and crudely tries to play the members of the sidewall crew against one another.

The one-by-two rails control Buddy most directly. Whenever the trailer model changes, he lays new one-by-twos – labeled with framing and paneling specs, window and door dimensions and locations, wiring cut-outs – into a channel on one side of our table. These rails correspond to working drawings where every framing member has been individually drawn. They, along with the red lines painted on the table on 16-inch centers, guide our jigs.

None of the framing has a name. No studs, plates, cripples, cats, sills, headers, blocks or jacks. Everything is a "board," identified by lengths which the radial saw operators have written on the stacks where we pick up framing members. Since each piece has a number there's no need to call it anything.

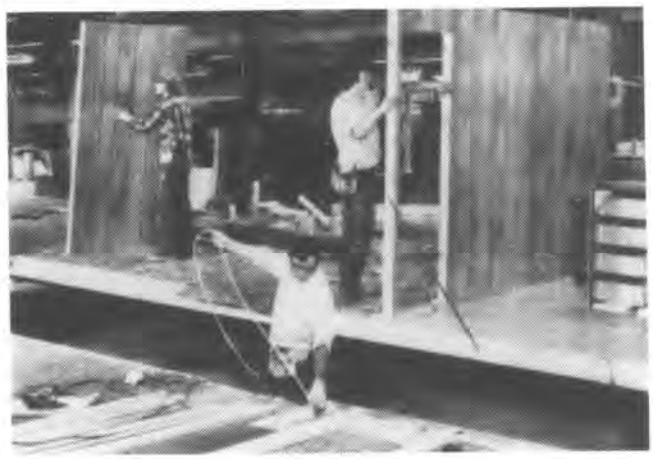


Photo courtesy Champion Homes

*– Tom Schlesinger, "Trailers," **Building South** (1980: VIII, 1), pp. 14-23.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE

Republican strength has gradually grown in North Carolina, with the addition of upper-income voters in the urban Piedmont to traditional mountain Republicanism. Even in its feeble showings in 1974 and 1976, the party could muster about 40 percent of the vote for its statewide candidates. To this base, Jesse Helms adds a large and fervent personal following from the traditionally Democratic eastern part of the state.

Helms built this base in the 1960s when he was a television commentator on WRAL-TV in Raleigh. His editorials were rebroadcast throughout the state on the Tobacco Radio Network and reprinted in many rural newspapers. In them Helms voiced the rancor, defensiveness and pride of many whites who saw their way of life threatened by bureaucrats in Washington, black militants in the streets and radical students at the University in Chapel Hill.

Helms's media experience has served him well. Familiar and comfortable with television, he uses it extensively in his campaigns. Unlike many media candidates who come across as polished Madison Avenue products, Helms takes care to retain a folksy, "down home" identification with his viewers. In his campaigns, he avoids much mention of his Republican ties, preferring to maintain a bipartisan image. Much effort has gone into building Democrats-for-Helms groups, headed by old leaders of the party's right wing.

The core of Helms's fundraising and campaign organization is the Congressional Club, established on a bipartisan basis in 1974. Both Helms and the Club's manager, Thomas Ellis, have deep links to the segregationist wing of the Democratic party, and Helms still says that segregation was not wrong "for its time."

The National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) – chaired by Richard Black, a former Helms senate aide – raises funds and provides a team of professional consultants for ultra-conservative candidates backed by Helms. In a direct mail appeal for the group, Helms warned that "Your tax dollars are being used to pay for grade school courses that teach our children that *cannibalism, wife-swapping,* and *the murder* of infants and the elderly are acceptable behavior."

– *Bob McMahon, "Helms versus Ingram," **Passing Glances** (1978: VI, 3), pp. 14-17.*

Illustration by Frank Holyfield

UNCLE REMUS

Both of my parents were excellent storytellers, and wherever we lived, no matter how poor the house, we had fireplaces and a front porch. It was around the fireplaces and on the porch that I first heard, from my parents' lips – my mother filling in my father's pauses and he filling in hers – the stories that I later learned were Uncle Remus stories.

Needless to say, my parents had never read these stories anywhere. They had come down to them orally and were passed on to their children orally. Since none of us ever read Joel Chandler Harris, we experienced his interpretation and the stories of our own folk culture in other ways.

In Eatonton, Georgia, to this day, there is a large iron rabbit on the courthouse lawn in honor of Joel Chandler Harris, creator of Uncle Remus. There is now and has been for several years an Uncle Remus museum. There was also, until a few years ago, an Uncle Remus restaurant. There used to be a dummy of a black man, an elderly, kindly, cottony-haired darkie, seated in a rocking chair in the restaurant window. In fantasy, I frequently liberated him using army tanks and guns. Blacks, of course, were not allowed in this restaurant.

The second interpretation of our folklore that we experienced was the movie "Song of the South," an animated story of Uncle Remus and the little white children to whom he told his tales. Our whole town turned out for this movie: black children and their parents in the colored section, white children and their parents in the white section. Uncle Remus in the movie saw fit to ignore, basically, his own children and grandchildren in order to pass on our heritage – indeed,

our birthright – to patronizing white children who seemed to regard him as a kind of talking teddy bear.

I don't know how old I was when I saw this film – probably eight or nine – but I experienced it as a vast alienation, not only from the likes of Uncle Remus – in whom I saw aspects of my father, my mother and in fact all black people I knew who told these stories – but also from the stories themselves, which, passed in-

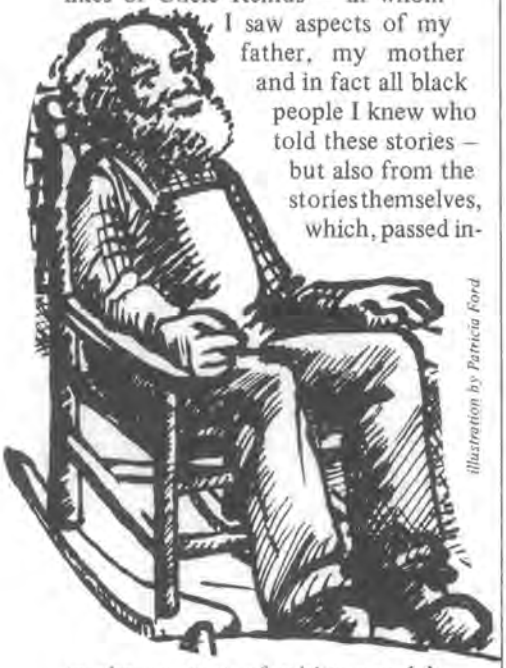


Illustration by Patricia Ford

to the context of white people's creation, I perceived as meaningless. So there I was, at an early age, separated from my own folk culture by an invention.

Joel Chandler Harris and I were raised in the same town, although nearly 100 years apart. As far as I'm concerned, he stole a part of my heritage. How did he steal it? By making me feel ashamed of it. In creating Uncle Remus, he placed an effective barrier between me and the stories that meant so much to me, the stories that could have meant so much to all our children, the stories that they would have heard from us and not Walt Disney.

– *Alice Walker, "Uncle Remus, No Friend of Mine," Festival (1981: IX, 2), pp. 29-31.*

UNDERGROUND PRESS

During the late '60s and early '70s, a small press boom hit the country and the South. Scores of papers sprang up, flourished briefly and died. One of them, the *Kudzu*, was published by myself and others in Jackson, Mississippi, from 1968 to 1972. In those days, Tom Forcade of the Underground Press Syndicate liked to startle people by pointing out that the South had more underground papers in proportion to its population than the rest of the nation.

Photo by David Doggett

Organizationally, the *Kudzu* was small enough that a maximum of democracy could be practiced. We decided on the content of each issue by consensus and nobody did much specialization. We more or less did things all together as the need arose. People would write for a few days, then we'd type up copy and start pasting up. When the paper was printed we'd all spend the next few days mailing out the subscriptions and exchanges and hawking the paper on the street.

We considered ourselves very fortunate in that we never came under any serious physical attack from the right, except from the police themselves of course. We got threatening phone calls all day and night, and one time somebody loosened the lug nuts on our VW's front wheels hoping we'd wreck before we discovered it. Then there was one guy who took to following us around, but we eventually confronted him and he started coming in the office and arguing politics with us. And just once somebody fired a .22 through the front window several times. But considering where we were, and considering things that happened to others, Mississippi's renowned night riders never really did anything to us to speak of. Just the same, nobody ever did anything so rash as to spend the night in the front room of any office or house we ever had.

We worked hard that first year. We were called lazy hippies and the police charged us with things like loitering and vagrancy, but we worked 16 hours a day. Five to 15 people and a newspaper office crammed into some rundown one- or two-bedroom duplex. You had to eat, sleep and work within the same four walls and with the same people – except for the ever-present and ever-changing assortment of high school runaways, political travelers, California hitch-hikers, etc. And while these people were a constant stimulation (and also distraction) in their own right, there inevitably followed in their wake knocks on the door by juvenile officers, parents and FBI agents. We found ourselves learning many new skills, like how not to get attached to small articles which might disappear in the morning with last night's hitchhiker, and how to get a night's sleep undisturbed by ringing phones and knocks on doors, and how to tactfully ask someone we just met to shut up and please leave the room while we held a staff meeting.

– *David Doggett, "Underground in Mississippi," **Focus on the Media** (1975: II, 4), pp. 86-95.*

UNION BUSTERS

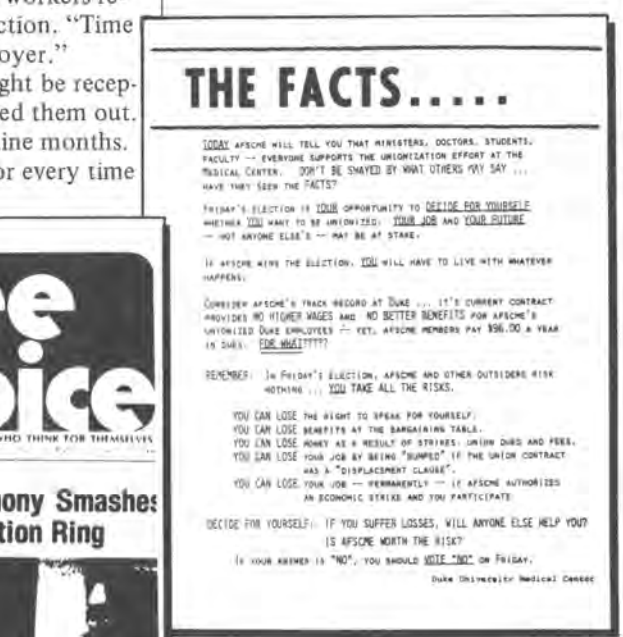
Fear is probably the greatest weapon a company uses in its anti-union campaign. In addition to constant talk about job loss, company propaganda instills anxiety in workers by emphasizing "the uncertainty the union will bring into your future." An atmosphere of disorder and potential chaos is heightened inside the plant with rumors, unexplained transfers of production or workers and the presence of police or other authorities. Meanwhile, company literature presents workers with ugly images of union officials, contracts and rules. Collective bargaining, for example, is portrayed as a mysterious

process by which "you can end up with less wages and benefits than you now have." Similarly, all union dues are said to go directly to New York to "feed the coffers of union bureaucrats and fat cats."

In addition to the reservoir of predesigned leaflets, today's union busters experiment with new tactics that capitalize on weaknesses in, or new rulings regarding, labor law enforcement. The principal medium for learning the business of union busting is the management seminar. In a dozen cities each month, groups of 10 to 60 personnel managers, attorneys and others pay $175 to $600 to learn the latest anti-union tactics. At those conducted by Advanced Management Research, attorneys from the New York law firm of Jackson, Lewis, Schnitzler and Krupman give the nuts-and-bolts of how to undermine a union campaign:

- Stall and delay when workers request a representative election. "Time is on the side of the employer."
- Fire workers who might be receptive to unionization. "Weed them out. And don't wait eight or nine months. I'd like to have a dollar for every time there's union organizing and the employer says, 'I should have gotten rid of that bastard three months ago.'"
- Exclude groups of workers most sympathetic to unions from the proposed bargaining unit. And then "stack the deck" by adding new workers before the election.
- Use legal and illegal means, including threats, exaggerated promises and spying, to discourage workers from voting for the union. Even if you are caught by the NLRB, Raymond Mickus tells his seminars, "You have to put penalties in perspective." Getting fined for firing a worker, or being ordered to post a sign saying the company will not commit any labor law violations in the future, is a cheap price to pay for defeating the union. Even if a new election is ordered, "You will probably win the second election," says Mickus. And few unions try a third time.

*– Tony Dunbar and Bob Hall, "Union Busters," **Mark of the Beast** (1980: VIII, 2), pp. 53-72.*



URANIUM

The long-term dangers of mining and milling uranium are now well documented. Under pressures from citizens in the uranium-rich Western states, several federal and state agencies are scurrying to make an impossible situation more tolerable.

In the near future the South will bear a much larger share of the burden of mining and milling uranium. Texas already ranks fourth in the production of uranium ore – and because ore is stripped from the earth, the state suffers from the additional problems of strip mining that have long plagued Appalachia's coal mining region. Florida's phosphate industry extracts uranium from the wastes of phosphoric acid production. Together these states now mine only about three percent of the uranium produced in this country, but they have much larger potential for future exploration.

Furthermore, other Southern states have rock formations currently under investigation by Department of Energy (DOE) geologists; the total uranium potential of the region is as yet unknown, but a careful reading of industry and government documents indicates that commercial uranium mining (and related milling processes) will mushroom in the South – and particularly the Appalachian mountains – within the next 10 years.

*– Jim Overton, "Mining the South's Uranium," **Tower of Babel** (1979: VII, 4), pp. 28-29.*

URBAN RENEWAL

The world knows Beale Street because of W.C. Handy's music, but the street's fame pre-dated him and served as the magnet that drew him and thousands of others from the Mississippi Delta to Memphis up the Hernando Road that became Highway 51, up the Illinois Central Railroad and out of the drudgery of the rural South. Beale Street produced the first touring circuit for black actors and entertainers in this country, organized in 1907 by F.A. Barrasso and the Pacini Brothers,

builders of the Palace Theater on Beale, the most famous black theater in the South.

Until it was vacated and its roof allowed to cave in, the Palace was the scene of 50 years of vaudeville, concerts and the famous Amateur Night shows emceed by Nat D. Williams, the first black disc jockey in the South. In the 1920s and 1930s, its Midnight Rambles brought bright and bawdy stage shows to the only theater in town where whites, instead of blacks, sat in the balcony.

Unfortunately, by the 1950s, the city's leaders wanted to remake the city in their own image, to falsify it, to create a Beale Street toned down, cleaned up and guaranteed safe for the white, middle-class tourist. If Disney could do it for Frontierland, why couldn't Memphis do it for the home of the blues? By July 11, 1959, the city fathers had reached their decision. Mayor Edmund Orgill announced that Beale Street would be converted into a major tourist attraction for Memphis and America.

Ironically, the Memphis Housing Authority (MHA), an agency created in 1935 to provide public housing, took charge of turning Beale Street into the white man's fantasy of black culture. By the 1960s, MHA had built thousands of housing units, but it had destroyed far more in its evolving role as the city's principal agent for acquiring land.

*– David Bowman, "Beale Street Blues," **Good Times and Growing Pains** (1977: V, 1), pp. 75-79.*

UTILITIES

In the company's 1978 annual report, Alabama Power president Joseph Farley comments, "It is critical that we concentrate our communication efforts on positive programs that will raise the level of public understanding of our company and its role in a productive society. One of our brightest hopes lies in our ability to communicate with future generations of customers to ensure that they will be better informed on energy matters and our country's economic system."

Every Southern utility is engaged in "educating our young," as Farley

puts it, by offering a variety of speakers, films and other services to public schools. The presentations deal with a wide range of energy topics, but the bottom-line message is usually the same: nuclear power is essential to our energy and economic futures. Ironically the vision of the American economy these government-protected monopo-

Photo by Larry Earley

lies project champions the virtues of free enterprise over the evils of federal regulation.

Georgia Power owns an energy van which travels to two or three schools each day during the school year. Houston Lighting & Power employs two speakers who addressed 70,000 grade school children in 1978, a full-time "science demonstrator" who instructed more than 10,000 junior and senior high school students and a Speakers Bureau which reached an additional 17,000 people, including a large number of college students.

Besides directly contacting students, the companies also work with teachers. For example, Florida Power & Light, Duke Power and South Carolina Electric & Gas all conduct summer institutes for school teachers, and Alabama Power has a panel of teachers who advise the company on how to market its energy message in the schools.

Utilities rarely reveal the costs of these "educational programs," but the line items in their Form 1 annual reports to the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission show that, in 1978, Georgia Power spent *at least* $489,323; S.C. Electric & Gas, $160,047; and the Texas Electric Service Company, $129,226.

*– Jim Overton, "Private Utilities: The Core of the Problem," **Tower of Babel** (1979: VII, 4), pp. 79-108.*

UTOPIA

The first dozen settlers arrived in 1894 in the heat of summer and lived in tents while they cut timber and erected the first structure – a building to house the printing press that was to be their principal source of income. One of them later described Tennessee City as "a sorry collection of primitive Southern homes on a railroad track," with the post office and "a run-down hotel" nearby. The property, which had been owned by a Chicago land company, was pleasing to look at, but its forested hillsides and rocky flatlands yielded stubbornly and sparsely to the new tenants, who struggled under extreme difficulty to gain a foothold.

COMING NATION

RUSKIN, TENN., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

A Paper Stands for the Common Ownership of All Means of Production and Distribution, and is Edited and Published in a Co-operative Community Based on that Principle

HELP THE STRIKING MINERS.

The St. Louis Meeting---Labor Leaders Declare for Collective Ownership of Mines and Transportation---Dispatch From Eugene Debs---National Gathering Called for September 27.

SEVENOAKS.

Who Are "We the People?"

ENDURANCE OF THE TOILERS.

LEAVES AND ACORNS.

To Colonize, or Not to Colonize?

They were a diverse and interesting assembly from all over the United States. Accounts vary as to their number, but the first group apparently included about 20 men and a dozen women, some of them couples with children, others single. They were, by and large, craftsmen and professionals, intelligent and well-read individuals. The depression had driven them to refuge in socialism, and one thing they held in common was a desire to escape from the competitive society and start anew in an atmosphere of cooperation. There was a butcher, a baker, a barber, a blacksmith; there were five printers, three doctors, two ironworkers and several teachers and farmers. And there was their convener, Julius Wayland, who named the colony Ruskin, in honor of the man whose "great, loving, wise spirit" had led them there. John Ruskin, he said, was his model, and "his mind is my inspiration."

*– John Egerton, "Visions of Utopia," **Behind Closed Doors** (1979: VII, 1), pp. 39-47.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

VALUES

Most of the people that came through those early days saw the opposition and saw ourselves, really, the participants in the Movement, as victims of the system. And we wanted to change the system. The underlying philosophy was the whole idea of redemptive suffering – suffering that in itself might help to redeem the larger society.

We talked in terms of our goal, our dream, being the beloved community, the open society, the society that is at peace with itself, where you forget about race and color and see people as human beings. We dealt a great deal with the question of the means and ends. If we wanted to create the beloved community, then the methods must be those of love and peace. So somehow the end must be caught up in the means. And I think people understood that.

In the black church, ministers have a tendency to compare the plight of black people with the children of Israel. So, I think we saw ourselves as being caught up in some type of holy crusade, with the music and the mass meetings, with nothing on our side but a dream and just daring faith.

I really felt that the people who were in the Movement – and this may be short-sighted and biased on my part – were the only truly integrated society and, in a sense, the only true church in America. Because you had a community of believers, people who *really believed.* They were committed to a faith.

In 1961 we were not just using the nonviolent principle as a tactic; it became a philosophy, a way of life. It was not just the way we treated each other, and not just for public demonstrations. It became a *way.* We have lost some of that "soul" – soul in the way that black people refer to soul – the meaning, the heart, the experiencing.

I think that a great deal had to do with the influx of people from the North, black and white, who had very little relationship, or any real kinship to religious foundations, or to any Southern experience. Most of the people from the South, even those that were not totally committed for religious reasons, had a deep appreciation for the role of religion and the black church. It's the only place where people can go sometimes for fellowship and worship with their friends and neighbors. But more than that, it's a place where people can come together and sort of lay everything else aside – maybe it is the *only* place. And they can identify with it, and they can appreciate it.

Photo by Jimmy Holt

I see what I am doing now as a continuation of the early Movement, and based on the same principles. One of the things I say to black elected officials and white elected officials is that what we need to do from top to bottom in this country is to inject a sense of morality into a viable politics. I think that is what is missing in the political arena and to some degree, I guess, in what is remaining of the Movement. We have lost that sense of ethic, that sense of morality – that you do something because it's right.

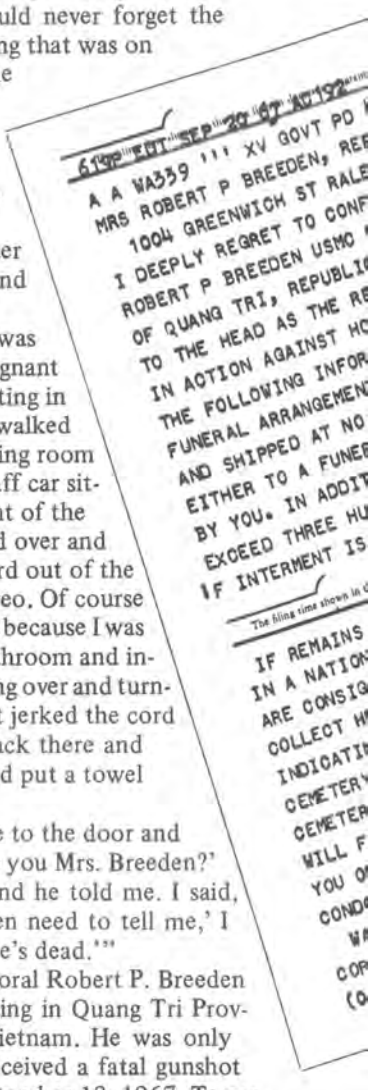
*– John Lewis, "A New Day Begun," **On Jordan's Stormy Banks** (1976: IV, 3), pp. 14-24.*

VIETNAM

"It was almost like a dream. I can remember, I always thought that I would never forget the name of the song that was on the stereo at the time, but I have forgotten the name of it. I was getting ready to take my daughter to the doctor and had my hair in curlers. Here I was out to here pregnant and she was sitting in the bathtub. I walked through the living room and saw the staff car sitting out in front of the house. I walked over and I jerked the cord out of the wall to the stereo. Of course I had it on loud because I was back in the bathroom and instead of reaching over and turning it off, I just jerked the cord out and ran back there and grabbed her and put a towel around her.

"They came to the door and asked me, 'Are you Mrs. Breeden?' I said, 'Yes,' and he told me. I said, 'You don't even need to tell me,' I said, 'I know he's dead.'"

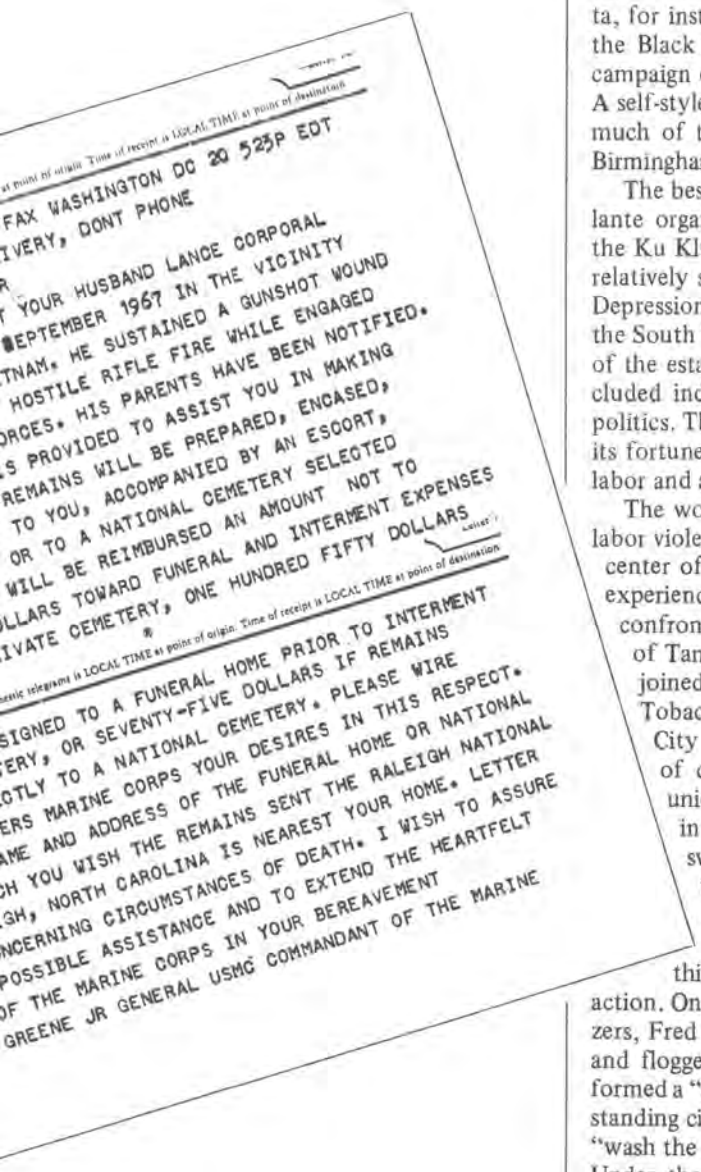
Lance Corporal Robert P. Breeden had been fighting in Quang Tri Province, South Vietnam. He was only 22 when he received a fatal gunshot wound on September 18, 1967. Teresa



Breeden was then 19 years old and seven months pregnant with their second child.

After 15 years, the consequences of U.S. military involvement in Vietnam still shape her life and the lives of her children. As survivors of a U.S. marine killed in the Vietnam War, the Breedens live not only with the memory and misfortune of his death, but also with the nation's present attitudes towards that conflict and those who took part in it.

– *Sarah Wilkerson, "The Survivors," **Waging Peace** (1982: X, 6), pp. 20-23.*



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OLLARS TOWARD FUNERAL AND INTERMENT EXPENSES
IVATE CEMETERY, ONE HUNDRED FIFTY DOLLARS

domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is LOCAL TIME at point of destination

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OF THE MARINE CORPS IN YOUR BEREAVEMENT
GREENE JR GENERAL USMC COMMANDANT OF THE MARINE

VIGILANTE VIOLENCE

Vigilante violence has erupted in every section of the country, but it has proved especially popular in the South. This is particularly true when the challenge to the status quo comes from peaceful groups operating within the law. Faced with this situation, defenders of the local establishment often resort to violence as an illegal but effective way of eliminating "undesirables."

In a few cases during the 1930s, vigilantes created formal organizations that were widely publicized. In Atlanta, for instance, a group calling itself the Black Shirts carried on a brief campaign of threats against workers. A self-styled White Legion was behind much of the anti-labor violence in Birmingham.

The best known of the many vigilante organizations was, of course, the Ku Klux Klan. The KKK had a relatively small following during the Depression years, but in some areas of the South it was still the chief enforcer of the established order – which excluded industrial unions and radical politics. The Klan also tried to revive its fortunes through appeals to anti-labor and anti-communist sentiment.

The worst outbreak of Klan anti-labor violence came in Tampa. Long a center of KKK activity, Tampa also experienced a variety of anti-radical confrontations. In 1931, over half of Tampa's 10,000 cigar workers joined a Communist union, the Tobacco Workers Industrial Union. City fathers went to the rescue of cigar manufacturers in a union-busting campaign that included police raids, arrests, a sweeping federal court injunction outlawing the union, and deportation proceedings against alien radicals. All this was backed up by vigilante action. One of the Communist organizers, Fred Crawford, was kidnapped and flogged. Leading Tampans also formed a "secret committee of 25 outstanding citizens" to help cigar owners "wash the red out of their factories." Under these pressures, the workers' Communist union was broken.

Four years later another radical movement emerged in Tampa. This time it was led by unemployed socialists who formed a political party, the Modern Democrats, to challenge the city's corrupt political machine. In the 1935 municipal election, the Modern Democrats fielded a slate of candidates who ran on a socialist platform calling

THE KU KLUX KLAN RIDES AGAIN

Your Country Is Calling You

The Klan Rides to Save America!

Stop! Look! Listen! Think! Pray!

Communism Must Go! **America, Wake Up!**

for reforms such as public ownership of utilities. The Modern Democrats went down to defeat in the election, but they continued to organize and demonstrate on behalf of workers and the unemployed. The kidnapping and flogging of Eugene Poulnot, Sam Rogers and Joseph Shoemaker, all leaders of the Modern Democrats, followed the election by several weeks.

– *Robert Ingalls, "The Murder of Joseph Shoemaker," Mark of the Beast (1980: VIII, 2), pp. 16-20.*

VISION: I

I think in a way what we need is so simple that we cannot grasp it, because we are so used to complicated issues. I'd like to talk to young folk about what material things they want to get, but also to "seek ye first the Kingdom," because even after you get the *things*, you will find an emptiness there.

We are not used to looking at what life is all about. We don't know what life ought to be about or what the good life really is. If we focused on that, then we could start to look at what causes it to happen. I really think that we are searching for something we

wouldn't even recognize if we found it, because we haven't taken the time to think about it.

To me, it is knowing why I am here in the universe at all. I think I know. Would you believe it? I think I know. I have at this point a feeling and interpretation and understanding of what God is: a spiritual force in the universe. And somehow I am a manifestation of that force – as I think we all are – and we are here to fulfill the purpose of that great spirit. What we have to do is simply relax and be open to the flow of that spirit within us. Does that make sense to you? To be open to it? I think if we are, then we start to feel attuned to all growing things and to life itself. Life is a force that flows and connects us all.

– *Dorothy Cotton with Eliot Wigginton and Sue Thrasher, "To Make the World We Want,"* ***Prevailing Voices*** *(1982: X, 5), pp. 25-31.*

VISION: II

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

Facing South becomes liberating because it allows us to move out from a place we know to totally different environments that might instruct us on how better to organize our society. As long as we allow our past and present to be defined by debilitating stereotypes and comparisons, then we likewise restrict our future. We limit our imagination and ask the wrong questions. We must not ask should the South be like the North, but what are the best alternatives for us; not whether we should have Northern-style industry, but how should cities be shaped so people feel at home in them?

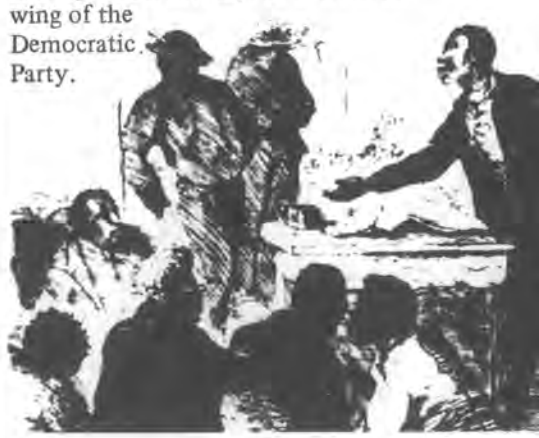
The answers, of course, are difficult, but we must at least begin where we are, get connected to our roots and our neighbors so we can judge what is good from a common base, a common language.

– *"Introduction,"* ***Facing South*** *(1975: III, 4), p. i.*

VOTING RIGHTS

Voting rights have always been seen as key to racial equality – political, social and economic. George Tillman of Edgefield, South Carolina, stated the proposition succinctly in 1868: "Once you grant a Negro political privileges . . . you instantly advance his social status." Tillman's worst fears were realized during Reconstruction, when Edgefield's majority black population voted in their own town and county governments. By the mid-1870s, the county senator, county representative, county commissioner, the coroner, sheriff, probate judge, school commissioner and clerk of court were all blacks. Blacks served on the school board, as magistrates, solicitors, wardens, and at every level of city and county government.

Whites never acquiesced to black rule. After general enfranchisement in 1867, local Democratic and agricultural societies sprang up; among other goals, they used social and economic coercion to deter blacks and white Republicans from voting. The Democrats failed in these early attempts to regain dominance, and turned increasingly to fraud and violence as means of restoring political control. Rifle and sabre clubs were formed in virtually every township, and operated literally as a terrorist wing of the Democratic Party.



Violence reached an apogee in Edgefield County in July, 1876, at the notorious massacre in the town of Hamburg. George's older brother, "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, one of the participants, conceded that it "had been the settled purpose of the leading white men of Edgefield to provoke a riot and teach the Negroes a lesson – and if one did not offer, we were to make one." Rampaging whites attacked the town and killed a number of blacks. When none was tried or convicted for the murders, it was taken as a sign that Republican control had been broken, and that Reconstruction was coming to an end.

The results of the next election in 1876 were determined by the "Edgefield Plan" for redemption, authored by George Tillman and General Martin Witherspoon Gary, the fierce, unreconstructed "Bald Eagle of the Confederacy." The watch word adopted for the campaign was "Fight the Devil with Fire." Every Democrat, the standing rules provided, "must feel honor-bound to control the vote of at least one Negro, by intimidation, purchase, keeping him away or as each individual may determine, how he may best accomplish it." As for violence, never merely threaten a man: "If he deserves to be threatened, the necessities of the times require that he should die."

The Edgefield Plan was essentially condoned by the Compromise of 1877, ending Reconstruction and withdrawing federal troops from the South. Control of Edgefield and South Carolina as a whole was left to men like Ben Tillman, who was elected governor in 1890 on a platform of Negrophobia and agrarian discontent. "Whites have effective control of the state government," he declared, and "we intend at any and all hazards to retain it."

Black disfranchisement, from the white point of view, was an incredible success story. In Edgefield, by 1900, not a single black remained on the county voter rolls, and none was to appear for nearly 50 years.

As one of the fruits of years of struggle by the Civil Rights Movement, the Voting Rights Act of 1965 formalized a major breakthrough in the legal rights of blacks in places such as Edgefield. It suspended literacy and similar "tests or devices" which had been used to exclude blacks from registering, and pursuant to Section Five of the law, placed supervision of new voting procedures in the hands of federal officals. Jurisdictions covered by Section Five — those with low registration or voter turnout, and with a "test or device" in effect — were required to clear all changes in election laws with the U.S. attorney general or the federal courts in the District of Columbia before implementing the changes to make certain they did not affect a person's right to vote on account of race or color.

The suspension of literacy tests had a dramatic impact, and some Southern jurisdictions now register blacks at approximately the same rates as whites. But unfortunately, black registration has not meant equality of political participation. For one thing, many jurisdictions have ignored Section Five and made uncleared voting changes which blunted increased minority voter registration. Edgefield was one of those places.

*— Laughlin McDonald, "Voting Rights on the Chopping Block," **Stayed on Freedom** (1981: IX, 1), pp. 89-94.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

WATERCOLORS

Walter Inglis Anderson, hermit and artist, was a man enthralled with nature. His 18-year love affair with Horn Island, Mississippi, produced thousands of drawings, paintings and journal entries chronicling its changing seasons and wildlife.

Every chance possible, from 1948 until his death in 1965, Anderson

abandoned his Ocean Springs home and family and rowed his less-than-seaworthy skiff to the island some 12 miles out. Carrying only the essentials — canned goods, water colors, typing paper and notebooks, all packed in a trashcan — Anderson would cross the Mississippi Sound and set up housekeeping and studio under his overturned rowboat on the island.

*— Connie Toops, "In Ecstasy: The Watercolors and Diaries of Walter Inglis Anderson," **Coastal Affair** (1982: X, 3), pp. 3-6.*

WESTERN SWING

Bob Wills was born and spent the first several years of his life in the eastern part of central Texas, on the edges of where Texas is more Southern than Western. He learned old-time fiddling from members of both sides of his family in the strong folk tradition of Southern and mountain music. The Willses' plight as tenant farmers in the depressed cotton economy of the 1920s gave Bob a bond with neighboring blacks, with whom he played and worked, and who taught him much music. His father, it is said, fiddled just enough to keep from farming but too little to earn a living playing at house dances on Texas farms.

While Bob was still a boy, his family moved to West Texas, where he soon developed an intense desire to escape farming and get to the city. After barbering, selling cars, shining shoes, "rough-necking" in the oil fields and passing through a variety of other jobs, he moved to Fort Worth in 1929 to organize a string band. . . .

Pleasing the public became an obsession with Wills, but the shape of his music grew strictly from his own taste. To the original string band instruments — fiddle, guitar, bass, an occasional banjo and steel guitar — he added horns, of all things, then drums and piano. His Texas Playboys played all sorts of music with a variety of instruments. In a single song Wills might call for solos on the steel guitar, the saxophone or trombone, one of the other fiddles, the piano or the trumpet, even a drum solo, with no sense of contradiction. At times the Texas Playboys sounded like a Salva-

Photo courtesy Al Stricklin

tion Army band – except they would play a song such as "Mexicali Rose," then a Jimmie Rodgers or Bessie Smith blues tune, then a primitive sort of jazz rendition of "Old Fashioned Love," and finally follow Wills through an old fiddle tune handed down through generations of Anglo-American folk musicians.

It took the band many months to polish their sound, so Wills compensated by dancing around on stage, calling out lines from comedy routines in the popular medicine shows, yelling to band members or to no one in particular, and generally clowning to cover the musicians' mistakes. Band members found this unorthodox style liberating, if sometimes frantic.

*– David Stricklin, "Nothing Forced or Fancy," **Winter's Promise** (1980: VIII, 4), pp. 46-51.*

WETLANDS

There was a time when all swamps were dismal and every parking lot meant progress. Attitudes have changed, though, and people have begun to realize the real value of swamps, bogs, marshes and tidal flats – our nation's wetlands.

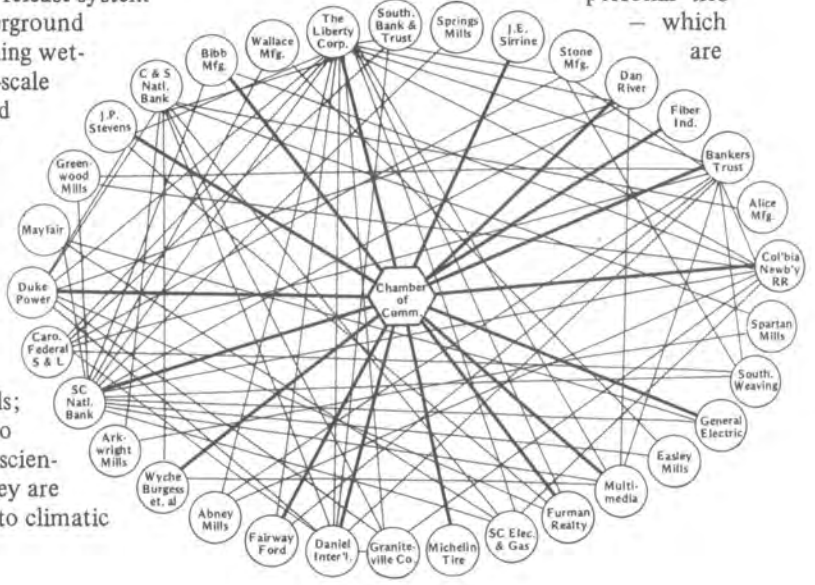
An estimated 40 percent of the continental United States' wetlands have already been surrendered to row crops, housing and marina developments, waste dumps, parking lots, power plants and other human enterprises. Such losses are of special concern to Southern states with nearly 90 percent of the Lower 48's coastal wetlands, according to U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service estimates.

By sponging up excess water, wetlands act as natural breakwaters during storms and rainy seasons. Even in fierce hurricanes, coastal developments protected by extensive marshes suffer comparatively little flooding damage. When dry weather comes, wetlands slowly release their reservoir of water, and this purifying, sponging, slow-release system recharges underground aquifers. Draining wetlands for large-scale agricultural and housing developments in Florida has contributed to groundwater shortages there. Such shortages affect more than wells; they are vital to plant life, and scientists believe they are closely linked to climatic conditions as well.

*– Julie Hofmann, "Wet & Wonderful," **Coastal Affair** (1982: X, 3), p. 22.*

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

The Wheel of Fortune only shows selected corporate interlocks for these companies connected to the Greenville, South Carolina, Chamber of Commerce. Each line represents a man affiliated with two companies. Another layer of interlocking association takes place through family, social and personal ties – which are



omitted here. For example, Gordon McCabe and Alester Furman III were founding members of the Green Valley Country Club, begun in 1954 as a more exclusive enclave from the growing Greenville Country Club. Furman, like his father and grandfather, is a director of J.P. Stevens; until McCabe turned 65, he was a top executive of Stevens and also a board member. O. Perry Earle, Jr., a former president of Green Valley Country Club and of the Carolina Federal Savings and Loan Association, is Furman's first cousin. Etc., etc., etc.

*– Michael B. Russell, "Greenville's Experiment: The Non-Union Culture," **Behind Closed Doors** (1979: VII, 1), pp. 94-100.*

WOBBLIES

In June, 1911, the union organizers felt strong enough to come out of the woods and into the open. They held a convention in Alexandria, Louisiana, and formed a constitution modeled after the Knights of Labor. Blacks would be invited to join the union and organize their own locals. The membership would be "mixed," including women, farmers and supporters. Most importantly, the new Brotherhood of Timberworkers (BTW) established itself as an industrial union which would follow the example of the Knights, the United Mine Workers and the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) in organizing all labor camps into "one big" union, not into separate craft unions like the American Federation of Labor.

Shortly after the convention, the Southern Lumber Operators' Association (SLOA), organized after the general strike of 1907, initiated a lockout designed to destroy the BTW. Employers hired Burns detectives to ferret out union men, but the Brotherhood's umbrella of secrecy frustrated espionage activities. Covington Hall, a BTW leader who wrote an important account of the industrial conflict, recalled: "When the lumber barons began their crushing operation in 1911, they found the Brotherhood everywhere and nowhere. It entered the woods and mills as a semi-secret organization with the usual passwords and grips so dear to Southerners, regardless of race."

As the lockout continued into the summer of 1911, the lumber corporations began importing strikebreakers and demanding "yellow dog" contracts in which workers pledged not to join the union. And in July the SLOA closed 11 mills in the "infected area" around DeRidder, Louisiana, laying off 3,000 men.

After a summer of vigilant anti-union activity, the operators association admitted that it had failed to "break the back" of the BTW. One operator told J.H. Kirby, leader of the area's lumber operators, that the union had so many organizers in the field (he estimated 500) and had "increased its membership so rapidly" that a more "efficient machine" would have to be designed to combat it. The leaders of the operators' association

A.L. EMERSON, BTW PRESIDENT

responded by hiring labor spies and by organizing the most efficient "black list" in Southern industry.

Later in 1911, many mills in western Louisiana reopened, minus hundreds of blacklisted union men. In the dismal winter months which followed, the BTW went underground and nearly expired. A membership reduced to less than 5,000, a depleted treasury and an exhausted cadre of organizers led the Brotherhood to affiliate with the IWW (also known as the "Wobblies") in May, 1912. "Big Bill" Haywood himself came south from Wobbly headquarters in Chicago to sell discouraged timber workers on the One Big Union. One of the most charismatic figures in the American labor movement, Haywood presented a strong case for affiliation by promising the Brotherhood financial aid, experienced organizers, a union newspaper and a big injection of confidence and militancy.

The Wobblies reached the peak of their influence in the pine region at this time, but the BTW's membership (about 20,000 in the early summer) continued to decline as the lockout wore on and the blacklist lengthened.

*– Jim Green, "The Brotherhood," **Here Come A Wind** (1976: IV, 1-2), pp. 21-29.*

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

As long as we are preoccupied with demands for equality, we allow women to enter the competitive labor market and begin climbing over each other just as men have done for centuries. Little *positive* change has occurred for the great mass of American women. One simple indication of this fact is that the average wage for women relative to men has actually declined in the last 20 years, from 63 percent of what men earn to 58 percent. Thus, while a larger number of women are making it up the income ladder, an even larger number are rushing in to fill the bottom rungs. A few women have advanced into positions where they enjoy and find real meaning in their work, but for most women, getting a job has become a mechanism to get the money to pay for the necessities and conveniences (including day care for the children and a summer vacation) promised by the American dream.

The economy as it is now structured will continue to pull women in at this marginal level of reward until another group of cheap labor is found, perhaps abroad. Women in the mainstream will go off to work in their particular business suit on Monday morning to stay until Friday, while outside the mainstream, the poor will spend their time in the streets and the welfare offices. The more things change, the more they stay the same. Obviously, this is no way for human beings, men or women,

Photo from International Socialist

to live.

To change this future, women must demand more than the right to compete equally with men in an increasingly bankrupt political economy; they must demand the reordering of society so men and women can live in harmony, in mental and physical comfort. These are my demands for balance. They coincide with the imperative to limit self-destructive economic growth and to restructure our lives into

rhythms which promise long-term survival. We need to opt out of a system that wastes human beings the way it does old cars. We must depend less on energy- and capital-intensive systems and more on our creativity. Most of us would be happy working less, spending more time fishing or gardening or learning to fix the leaky plumbing ourselves. The trick is to keep this vision from becoming so utopian that it fails to deal with people who lack enough goods and services to survive today.

The possibility of rearranging our patterns of work and leisure may be, oddly enough, less remote for us because we are women and live in the South. Before we ever entered the industrialized treadmill, our traditional work habits showed us how to survive from year to year, day to day, not how to acquire the gadgets that would bring momentary delights. Women in the South planted gardens, did seasonal work for the farmer down the road or shift work in the factory around the schedule of caring for their children. The exact details of traditional life may not fit into today's world, but the guiding principle of balancing work that produces money with work that directly satisfies our basic needs is still valid.

Southern small towns with their rural conservatism and provinciality may not be fertile ground for efforts to pass the ERA, but they may offer more advantages for combining part-time nonfarm employment with life on the land and reasonable leisure. It may be easier here for two people to work three days a week and take turns with children and garden instead of one working all week long and the other taking the kids forever, or both working all week long and spending the surplus money for day care. It may be possible here to use land trusts both to halt the exodus of small farmers from the land and to experiment with new forms of energy use and conservation, new architecture, new versions of education, new communities.

In any case, it is time to examine what our programs of liberation look like over the long range, what the implications of our demands are in a world that requires a change for its own physical survival. Shall we abandon our traditions and special talents for a place in a rich, ruthless economy? Or can we turn the discriminations of the past into advantages for the future? And how will these questions be raised to the people who count – the women and men in those small towns, who go to work in the mills and mines and hospitals and warehouses?

*– Elizabeth Tournquist, "A Woman's Work," **Here Come A Wind** (1976: IV, 1-2), pp. 124-127.*

WOODCUTTER

Woodcutting is really a rough, dirty work, and a hard work. During the summertime it's about as hot a work as you can get into, and in the winter it's about as cold a work, and about as muddy. You just have to learn to ignore that. And it is dangerous work. I've cut wood around sloughs and lakes where you'd have to notch out a place to stand and climb up on where you could cut – old swell-bellied gums that you can't cut down low because they are too big.

And when I was a young guy I used to think that a tree didn't grow too big but what it couldn't be carried on a man's shoulder. But I really don't know anyone that works in the woods that uses much safety equipment. I thought about getting insurance for some years, and I've talked to dealers about the need for it, but that's about as far as they went. And I couldn't afford it on my own.

I could have followed other lines of work but it just wasn't appealing to me. I did some factory work, at the Stonewall Cotton Mill, but I didn't care for the racket or the dust. And the production set-up, the machines always keep you going. I guess the main thing I like about woodcutting is that if I get ready to sit down and listen to the birds sing a while, I can do it. I just like the scenery in the woods, I like to get far enough back to where there's not a power saw or anything running, and the onliest thing I can hear is the wind blowing through the pine trees and the birds chirping. And I wonder if everybody that lived 50 or 100 years ago enjoyed the peace and quiet as much as I do.

*– Paul Cromwell and Tom Israel, "1980s Sharecroppers," **Stepping Stones** (1982: X, 2), pp. 58-66.*

Photo by Mike Russell

WORKERS' OWNERSHIP

Despite multiple setbacks, by spring of 1980 Tim Bazemore and Frank Adams both expected the Workers' Owned Sewing Company (WOSC) to succeed. In part, WOSC derived some benefit from the legacy of Bertie Industries – learning from both its mistakes and its positive

Photo by Marc Miller

contributions. Almost all the workers at WOSC previously worked at BI, making them experienced cut-and-sew operators. Further, a significant minority of the workers at WOSC had owned shares at BI, making them more cautious about the company's financial risks, but also more aware of what owning stock can mean and can demand. A share of BI stock carried no voting rights; at WOSC, each worker will eventually have to buy, after a six-month trial period, one and only one share of stock under the principle of one-person-one-vote.

Lastly, for all its faults, BI set a precedent of decent working conditions. Almost all the workers see a big difference between WOSC or BI and other local industries such as Perdue, a $9.6 million chicken processing plant built in nearby Lewiston in 1976, described by one WOSC board member as "just simply a prison."

But the factor that will make the difference between success and failure (and which accounts for Bazemore's and Adams's optimism) is the concept of worker ownership and control. That concept has drawn to Bertie County the interest and support of several foundations and the crucial expertise of several consultants, all of whom recognize in the WOSC – a rural, black-worker-owned coop – an experiment with wide potential impact.

*– Marc Miller, "Worker Owned," **Winter's Promise** (1980: VIII, 4), pp. 12-21.*

WRESTLING

For 18 years, the farmers from the Dothan area have been coming to this ring on Friday nights to watch professional wrestling; in the years before that, reaching back to the 1930s, they came to older arenas. Part athletic competition and part soap opera, pro wrestling is the only sport many of these fans know, and they are intensely loyal and enthusiastic. The Farm Center will seat about 5,000 fans, and on a May night earlier this year, 1,500 more who wanted in to see Andre the Giant – 7'4", 485 pounds – were turned away at the door by fire marshals. The fans had come that night to cheer Andre, whom some call the Gentle Giant, because he is a good guy. In the wrestling ring, good and evil are distinct, and the fans pour into the arena to cheer the good guys and to jeer and curse the bad ones.

Generalizations are dangerous, admits wrestling promoter Dick Steinborn of Montgomery, but "it is mostly your blacks and your poor whites who come out here." On a given night the audience may include a handful of white-collar types, such as Houston County Probate Judge R.J. Stembridge, a front-row regular, and the two women from Panama City, Florida, who drive up every Friday night, come to ringside wearing evening dresses, check into the motel where some of the wrestlers stay, and spend Saturday poolside chatting with the behemoths who were pounding opponents in the ring the night before. But these are exceptions, and the average wrestling crowd is made up of the kind of working people whose pickups in the parking lot wear bumper stickers with messages such as, I FIGHT POVERTY, I WORK.

Dothan's fans are probably typical in these respects, and nationally millions more share their passion. The National Wrestling Alliance claims that for the six years from 1972 to 1977, professional wrestling drew 219 million paying customers. In that same period, the NWA says, college football drew 198 million; major league baseball, 195 million; pro football, 83 million; and pro basketball, 57 million. The wrestling season, of course, is 52 weeks long, and matches are promoted in countless towns and cities so small other sports would never give them a second thought. An estimated 60 percent of the national attendance is in the South, in arenas like Dothan's.

*– Randall Williams, "Tonight! The Hulk vs. Ox Baker," **Through the Hoop** (1979: VII, 3), pp. 30-35.*

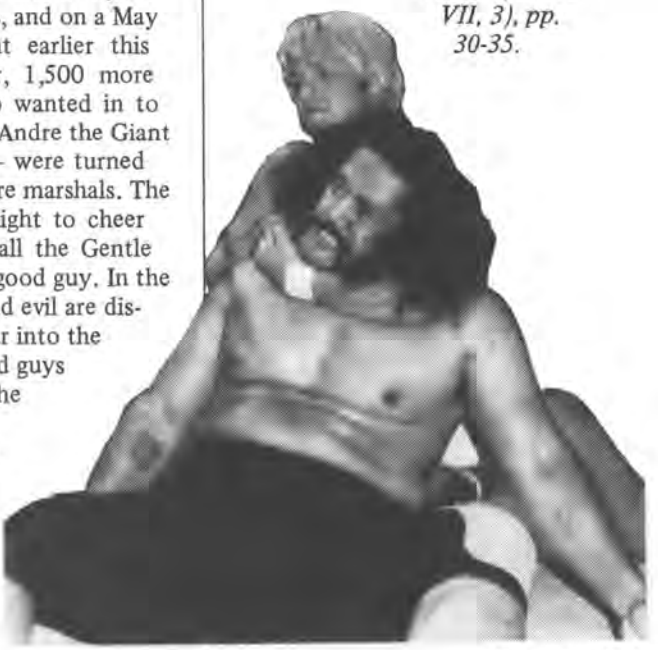


Photo by Cindy Lewis

WRITING

In my own writing I give you a mythic county which, like all mythic things, is based on the real: there are real mountains there, real rivers, real rocks and trees and meadows with their real flowers – chiefly the daisy, the day's eye, as the old Anglo-Saxons had it because of the golden face and the flaring white corona of petals. It's good to begin with the reality of a flower and proceed from there to a larger field of the real.

So I give you these realities behind the dream, and I give you real people

behind the dream of the people encountered in my writing, chiefly in my poems and my one novel. Long ago I realized that one small county would be all that I would ever know about the universe, and all that I would ever need to know, just as I early recognized the fact, in spite of my dabbling in several foreign languages, that only one language would I ever know, the others merely serving in the understanding of that one language, my own.

Put, then, that county and that tongue together, plant my feet in that familiar mud, add a predilection for mythic forces by which I mean a fondness for all things in poetry – all things *are* poetry – and what is more natural than that from love of a place and its native speech should emerge, or appear as an island rising in the midst of waters, another country, another speech, one adumbrated above the other, as if each encouraged and emboldened the other to become other than each was in the beginning? Not the caricature then of a county, nor yet the hyperbolization of a people, but the imaginative uses of

illustration by Ronald Ballentine

what was and still is my own: that piece of land in the southeast corner of Tennessee called Polk County, whose blue mountains, blue pinewoods, green-blue sulphate rivers in their beds between banks overgrown with the ubiquitous willow, going seasonally from brown to gold to brown again, and whose red clay roads and purple sedge hills, and many a thing else, made of the place as much a color as a substance, as much a dream as a reality.

– *George Scarbrough "Notes Toward a Supreme Regionalism," Festival (1981: IX, 2), p. 41.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

X-KLANSMAN

We began to make some inroads with the city councilmen and county commissioners. They began to call us friend. Call us at night on the telephone: "C.P., glad you came to that meeting last night." They didn't want integration either, but they did it secretively, in order to get elected. They couldn't stand up openly and say it, but they were glad somebody was saying it. We visited some of the city leaders in their homes and talked to em privately. It wasn't long before councilmen would call me up: "The blacks are comin up tonight and makin outrageous demands. How about some of you people showin up and have a little balance?" I'd get on the telephone: "The niggers is comin to the council meeting tonight. Persons in the city's called me and asked us to be there."

We'd load up our cars and we'd fill up half the council chambers, and the blacks the other half. During these

Photo by Kelvin Bell

times, I carried weapons to the meetings, outside my belt. We'd go there armed. We would wind up just hollerin and fussin at each other. What happened? As a result of our fightin one another, the city council still had their way. They didn't want to give up control to the blacks nor the Klan. They were usin us.

I began to realize this later down the road. One day I was walkin downtown and a certain city council member saw me comin. I expected him to shake my hand because he was talkin to me at night on the telephone. I had been in his home and visited with him. He crossed the street. Oh shit, I began to think, somethin's wrong here. Most of em are merchants or maybe an attorney, an insurance agent, people like that. As long as they kept low-income whites and low-income blacks fightin, they're gonna maintain control.

I began to get that feeling after I was ignored in public. I thought: Bullshit, you're not gonna use me any more. That's when I began to do some real serious thinkin.

*– C.P. Ellis with Studs Terkel, "Why I Quit the Klan," **Mark of the Beast** (1980: VIII, 2), pp. 95-100.*

X-RATED HUMOR

The reason few know about Southern women's bawdy lore is that most scholars of pornography, obscenity and bawdry are male. I recall the stunned surprise of two male colleagues in folklore when, during a visit to my home, my female relatives treated them to a display of sisterly trust and verbal indiscretion the like of which they'd never been otherwise privileged to hear.

Usually the subject for laughter is men's boasts, failures or inadequacies ("comeuppance for lack of uppcomance," as one of my aunts would say). One story my granny tells is about the two women who were arguing as to whether old men could satisfy women. They argued back and forth until one quieted the other by asking if she's "ever tried to stuff spaghetti up a pig's butt?"

When someone behaved in a silly or disgraceful way, Granny would remind us of Charlie Fershit who had his name changed so that it was All-Turd. And she would tell us about the country boy who came to work with two black eyes. When his friend asked how he got them, he said, "Well, when we stood up in church yesterday morning, a fat lady in front of me had her dress tucked up between her buttocks. I thought to help her out, so I pulled the dress straight and she turned around and hit me in the eye."

"But you have two black eyes."

And the country boy said, "Well, when she turned back around, I figured she must have wanted her dress like it was, so I put it back."

I have rarely heard from women material that I would consider to be deeply derogatory to women or men; I have as rarely heard racist sex tales from women, black or white. Thus, the women's repertoires, like those of other groups, are as distinctive for their omissions as for their inclusions. Southern men tell stories about many of the same characters as women, but their emphases and inferences are, I believe, quite different.

The genres of women's bawdry are, I think, few. I have rarely seen bawdy gestures. Tales and jokes predominate, though I have heard some vulgar songs. A kind of bawdy word play or word invention, however, appears to be quite common among Southern women; here the content is often scatalogical rather than sexual. My mother's favorite curse is "shit fire and save matches." The comic naming of genital areas ("Possible" for: wash up as far as possible, down as far as possible, and then wash possible) offered women an enormous opportunity for bawdy language play. Here the many names were not in themselves bawdy though their immediate referent was. In my family, a woman's pubic area was known as a "Chore Girl" or a "wooly booger." Here, I leave the reader to ponder the cultural significance of the terrifying "booger" in Southern life as well as the visual, metaphoric impact of the well-known (well-used and worn out) scrub pad on women's imaginations.

Our Chore Girls and wooly boogers were affectionately referred to, as were the male "tallywhackers." Again, I marvel at the richness of cultural interpretation possible as well as at the cynicism with which Chore Girls and tallywhackers were invented. So much for moonlight and magnolias.

*– Rayna Green, "Magnolias Grow in Dirt," **Generations** (1976: IV, 4), pp. 29-33.*

Photo by Watriss/Baldwin

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

YESTERDAY

Changes in personal relations came slowly to the Independence County countryside. While small industry flourished in Batesville during the first quarter of the century, relations in the rural areas remained tied to kinship, home production and a cash and barter economy. This certainly was not a romantic life; disagreements very often ended in violence after a few bottles of corn liquor. Yet the farmers interviewed for this study looked back on their relations with friends and neighbors as having a very special quality, one no longer apparent. Some bemoaned the fact that mechanical farming depleted the area of neighbors. Mrs. Massey regretted that holiday traditions of the family have given way to the distance between members of her family. Owens Fetzer, who farmed around Newark and Cord his whole life, said:

When I moved, I don't mean to discredit the country or anything. There was hardly nobody livin here at all. And when a man told you a thing, you could depend on that. You differ from him politically or religiously, but his word was his bond. Sorry to say now, mister, that it's not thatta way now.

Albert Wilson recalled the honesty of the people in the countryside:

In the community where I was raised, before John come, I was raised that you helped a man when he was tight. I went and helped a man's crop, and helped plow when he take down sick, after he get a crop started. You go down the road and lose somethin off the wagon, and you got it back . . . you had it back in two days time. And don't care what you lose you don't get it back now. There were some who were more freer to help than others.

"Well, you know," said John Ellis, "we was all poor then, and we needed to do so much for ourselves to live. It was part of life to help your neighbors when they needed it." Owens Fetzer noted, "You're on your own now, but of course there's a higher standard of living now." "There's reason to be bitter about the present," pointed out John Ellis. "It's especially hard now that I am very old."

"Yes, in those days," said Victoria Forrester, "we stayed close by. . . . We didn't go way out yonder. We went where we could walk. As neighbors, we really had neighbors then, now you go a long time to learn the names of the people across the street."

The small farmers of Independence County understood their own poverty and brought about a balance of relations with the land and their neighbors, whereby the difficulty of that poverty was alleviated. The consistency of these relations is impressive. The investments of an industrial society had all along neglected the masses of Southern farmers, but these small agriculturalists had developed and retained a way of life insulated from dependence on capital's precious markets. Rural sociologists, the ministers of rural capitalism, indicted the farmer for his unproductivity and ignorance. In reality, however, the so-called "victim" of his own ignorance was not a victim at all, but a humble man who, in the early years of this century, threatened to make capital his victim. With its bias toward

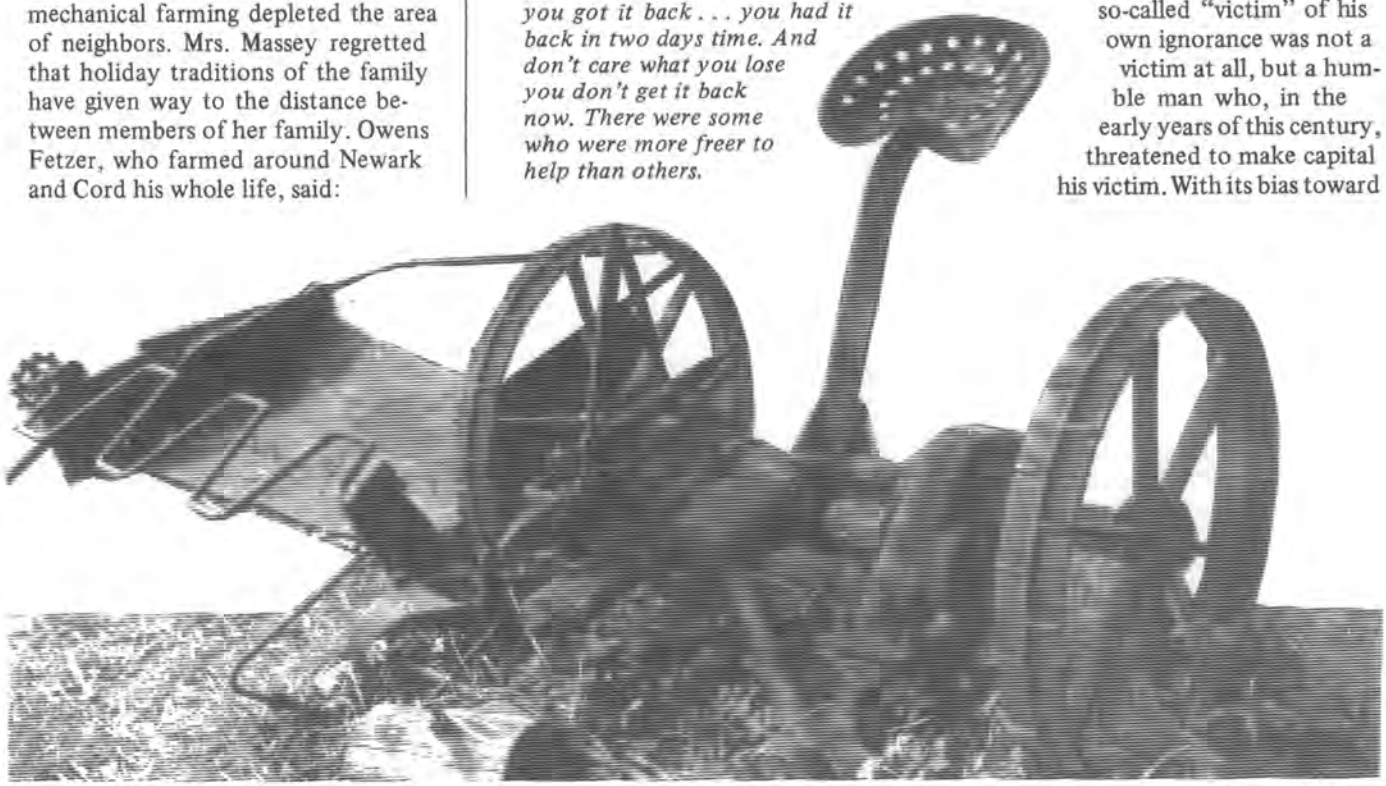


Photo by Pat Goudvis

capital accumulation and expansion, the "state" eventually had to eliminate the problem of peasants in a land bent on national urban growth.

– *William Spier, "We Was All Poor Then," **Our Promised Land** (1974: II, 2-3), pp. 80-90.*

YOUNG VOICES

*The following poems are from **Images: Us**, a student publication of Frederick Douglass High School in Atlanta, Georgia.*

TRANSITION

i got an afro
but i remember when
i didn't have it

and i remember when
i had to put
Vasoline Petroleum Jelly
in my hair to keep it
as straight as a white lady's

and i remember back when
mama would straighten
me and my sister's hair
every Saturday night
then we'd go take a bath

and every time she'd send
us each to the tub with a warning
Don't you let that hair get wet
cause if you do, you're going
to church the way it turns out

but that ain't so now
cause i got an afro

– *Uhura Ra*

ME

That's me over there hiding behind
That big oak tree because I'm ashamed.
That's me there, running from what's
Really part of me.

That's me too. I'm looking for my
Future on the wrong road.
That's me again! I'm laughing because
I realized how stupid I was to
Be ashamed of what I really am.

This is me now full of pride,
I've made it home.

– *Elandis Willis*

NO TITLE

and black children must go to school
because we need black knowledge
to survive
to love
and to live

black children must do more than learn
reading and writing and 'rithmetic
black children must learn to question
not to passively accept
black children must learn to analyze
to understand

black children must be educated
to govern
to love
to make peace
and to find freedom

and black children
must be BLACK children
because black IS beautiful
and black children
must be BLACK children
because black IS beautiful

- *Jacqueline Barkley*

– *"Images: Us," **Southern Black Utterances Today** (1975: III, 1), pp. 30-36.*

Graphic by Lucious Hightower

Photo by Bobby Herbert

YOUTH

The South's population is younger than that of the nation as a whole. With 19.4 million children, the South has a larger portion of its population – 31 percent – under age 18 than any other region in the country. Similarly, 7.6 percent of the South's population is under five years old, compared to 6.8 percent in the non-South. Future projections indicate that growth in the South will continue to make us even younger compared to the rest of the nation. The South's birth rate, although declining, is still higher than the rate in other regions. The South is also growing through the migration of new Southerners, who tend to be young adults with growing families. From 1970 to 1978, migration alone accounted for increases in the school-age population in almost every Southern state, ranging from 1.4 percent in Alabama to 17 percent in Florida.

A child in the South is far more likely to grow up in poverty than is a child in another region. The South is home to 30 percent of the nation's children, but 40 percent of the country's poor children and 45 percent of desperately poor children (family earnings below 75 percent of poverty level) live here.

– ***Growing Up Southern** (1980: VIII, 3), pp. 79-82.*

Encyclopedia of Southern Life & Change

ZOMBIE

He opened a file with my name and picture on it. Pretending to study it, he said, "Did you write the Superintendent a letter requesting a transfer to the Maximum Security Unit?"

"You know I did."

"I see," Ritter nodded. "Why do you think we can't rehabilitate you?"

"I never said that. I said that unless a man takes the initiative, you can't rehabilitate him. There is no rehabilitation program here, and the environment runs counter to any program that I could set up to rehabilitate myself. Do you think you can do something about it since you're so concerned?"

"That's not in my department," he said shortly. "But I would like to talk with you a bit more on this. We have a pretty nice, clean camp here. What say you come and stay with us for a while?"

"I don't want to stay at no nut camp. If I can't be sent to maximum security, then send me back to Camp B."

"This is not a nut camp. People come here and get a chance to rest their nerves and become more stable."

"O yeah, like those zombies you got out there not knowing whether they are coming or going?"

"They are not zombies!" he responded heatedly. "Some have problems worse than others, and I prescribe a little medicine to make them feel good and get well faster."

I was not convinced. "You can keep your camp and your dope, too. I wasn't a dopie out in the streets and I don't intend to be one now. Those people out there will suffer serious withdrawal consequences if they ever try to get off that dope. I'm not going to be your chemical zombie!"

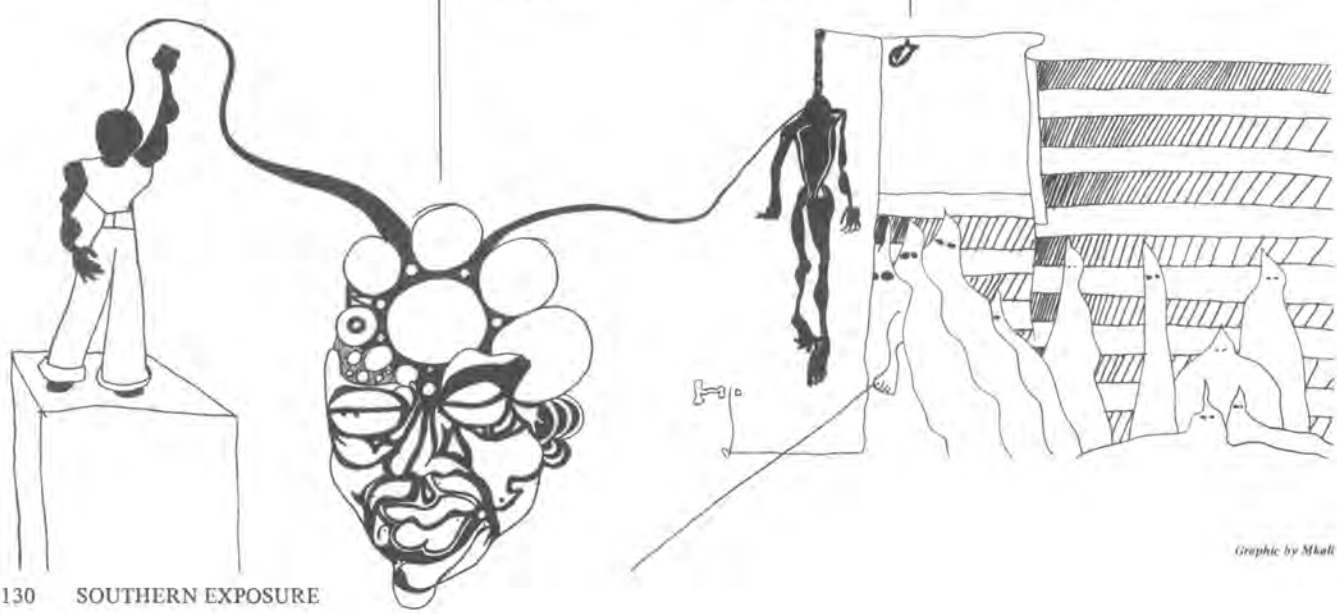
*– Louis X. Halloway, "Chemical Zombie," **Southern Black Utterances Today** (1975: III, 1), pp. 52-57.*

ZORA NEALE HURSTON

Zora Neale Hurston was born in 1901 in the all-black town of Eatonville, Florida. This town and other places in Florida figure quite prominently in much of her work, especially her fiction. Her South was, however, vastly different from the South depicted in the works of Richard Wright. Wright's fictional landscape was essentially concerned with the psychological ramifications of racial oppression, and black people's response to it.

Zora, on the other hand, held a different point of view. For her, in spite of its hardships, the South was Home. It was not a place from which one escaped but, rather, the place to which one returned for spiritual revitalization. It was a place where one remembered with fondness and nostalgia the taste of soulfully prepared cuisine. Here one recalled the poetic eloquence of the local preacher (Zora's father had been one himself). For her also, the South represented a place with a distinct cultural tradition. Here one heard the best church choirs in the world, and experienced the great expanse of green fields.

When it came to the South, Zora could often be an inveterate romantic. In her work, there are no bellboys shaking in fear before the brutal tobacco-chewing crackers. Neither are there any black men being pursued by lynch mobs. She was not concerned



Graphic by Mkali

with these aspects of the Southern reality. Unlike Richard Wright, she was no political radical. Zora was, instead, a belligerent individualist who was decidedly unpredictable and perhaps a little inconsistent. At one moment she could sound highly nationlistic. Then at other times she might mouth statements that, in terms of the ongoing struggle for black liberation, were ill-conceived and even reactionary.

Needless to say, she was a very complex individual. Her acquaintances

Photo by Carl Van Vechten

ranged from the blues people of the jooks and turpentine camps in the South to the upper-class literati of New York City. She had been Fannie Hurst's secretary, and Carl Van Vechten had been a friend throughout most of her professional career. These friendships were, for the most part, genuine, even if they do smack somewhat of opportunism on Zora's part. For it was the Van Vechten and Nancy Cunard types who exerted a tremendous amount of power over the Harlem literary movement. For this element, and others, Zora appears to have become something of a cultural showcase. They clearly enjoyed her company and often "repaid" her by bestowing all kinds of favors on her.

*– Larry Neal, "Zora Neale Hurston: A Profile," **No More Moanin'** (1973: I, 3-4), pp. 160-168.*

ZYDECO

Black French music shares with Cajun music many French tune sources, but the influence of the blues is also significant, especially in the cities. In the urban and rural Creole-speaking areas, a decided Afro-Caribbean influence is also heard not only in the language of the songs, but in the rhythms as well. The black French version of the Cajun two-step is the *la-la*, which is faster and highly syncopated. The waltz, although less popular, is also rendered faster. Black French music features more play with rhythm, less emphasis on melody, some blues tonality and instrumental differences. Most zydeco bands, for example, have a *frottoir* (metal rubbing board) played with thimbles, spoons or bottle openers. In some of the more Caribbeanized areas, notched gourds are used. The urban groups, unlike the rural ones, do not use violins, but typically add lead guitar parts, two- and three-row button accordions and occasionally the larger chromatic piano accordion.

While Cajun music has felt the acculturative influence of country and western music over the last 40 years, zydeco has syncretized Afro-American forms such as country blues and, later, urban blues and soul. In Lafayette, Lake Charles, Beaumont and Houston, there are a number of black French clubs that compete for crowds with the soul clubs; some bands even play in both. Urban zydeco groups often sing rhythm and blues and soul numbers in French, which the people call "'cordion music" rather than zydeco.

Because dancing remains an important social activity, musical taste and choice of club attendance may well be the most reliable way to identify different classes of black and white French Louisianans. The growth of club attendance is largely a post-World War II phenomenon. Prior to that time, the house dance was the most important regular rural social event. Even today, many dance halls retain a sense of home, family and friends that is linked to the time of *fais-do-do* or Cajun house parties. Black French dances continue to be called *la-la's* or *zydecos* or sometimes just "French dances," to distinguish them from soul dances and rock 'n' roll dances, while Cajun dances are simply called "French dances." From a number of dances popular prior to the Depression such as the mazurka, polka, hot-step, one-step, two-step, contradanse and waltz, only the waltz and two-step have remained primary forms.

*– Nick Spitzer, "Cajuns and Creoles: The French Gulf Coast," **Long Journey Home** (1977: V, 2-3), pp. 140-156.*

Photographs from a larger layout in the first issue of *Institute InSights*

TOP ROW: Joe Pfister, Joycelyn Moody, Liz Wheaton, Chris Mayfield (with two of her three daughters), Jim Overton (who leaves soon to join a new biweekly, the *North Carolina Independent*), Barbara Neely.

BOTTOM ROW: Linda Rocawich, Bob Hall, Maxine Alexander, Ben Fewel (he shot these photographs, including his own), Chris Davis, and Marc Miller (pausing from battle with our new computer).

THE INSTITUTE STAFF AND

At *Southern Exposure*, **we still get asked, "Now what is this Institute for Southern Studies that sponsors your** magazine?" One step we've taken to help answer the question is to include a statement of the Institute's goals in the masthead, at the beginning of each issue of *Southern Exposure*.

Another way to answer is simply to say we are one and the same: the staff of *Southern Exposure* essentially doubles as the staff of the Institute – although in our capacity as the Institute, we do far more than publish a magazine every two months. There are a host of other research, organizing, cultural and media projects going on, some involving full-time and part-time consultants. And there's a board of directors, headed by Julian Bond and including Institute co-founders Sue Thrasher and Howard Romaine, attorney Jerry Cohen, Dr. Peter Bourne, journalists Elizabeth Tornquist and Robert Sherrill, Atlanta city council member and former SNCC leader John Lewis, and Institute for Policy Studies co-founder Marc Raskin.

There's not enough space here to describe in detail what we *do* at the Institute in addition to the magazine, but we would like you to know more about our work. We'd also like you to give your moral and material support to these varied projects. Like many non-profit groups, the Institute ekes along, getting money where it can, always aware of its tenuous financial condition.

We began the magazine partly to help us pay our way, and we are proud to report that *Southern Exposure* brought in more than 40 percent – or $103,000 – of our $250,000 income in 1982. That may or may not seem like a lot of money; anyone on the staff can tell you it leaves slim pickings for salaries after the printer, telephone company and others take their share.

That brings us back to you – our readers – our first family, if you will, of supporters and friends. After 10 years, we believe it's time to inform more of our subscribers about the Institute's work, and to ask you in turn to join us in a new partnership to sustain *Southern Exposure* through its second decade. You may decide to begin sending us newspaper clips about major stories in your area that should be reported in our Southern News Roundup section of the magazine. Or you may consent to help sponsor a fundraising party in your area for Julian Bond and other board or staff members. One such event is planned for Washington in mid-May, and others must be arranged in additional cities to keep the Institute afloat through 1983, much less 1990.

We're calling these friends *Institute Sustainers*, and we've already sent one appeal to our present subscribers urging them to join. As a Sustainer, you'll be asked to donate at least $30 a year (it's tax deductible), and you'll be invited to participate in various activities like those mentioned above. In return, we will give you a 40 percent discount on all Institute books, T-shirts, special reports and gift subscriptions (a mere $9.60 for a year). And we'll send you a handsome newsletter, *Institute InSights*, which gives the full story of what we really do at the Institute for Southern Studies. So when someone asks you, "Now what is that organization?" you can tell them!

Seriously, we need your help *this year* to keep going strong. If you'd like a sample of the newsletter or more information about the Sustainer program, write us today. Or use the form opposite to make your contribution now. We'll be happy to welcome you as a Charter Member, joining the dozens of friends who have responded already. Their names appear on the next page, and we are deeply grateful to each of them for thinking of us and caring enough to give a little extra. Their gifts – your gifts – provide the encouragement we need to carry on for another year, another decade. **Thank you!**

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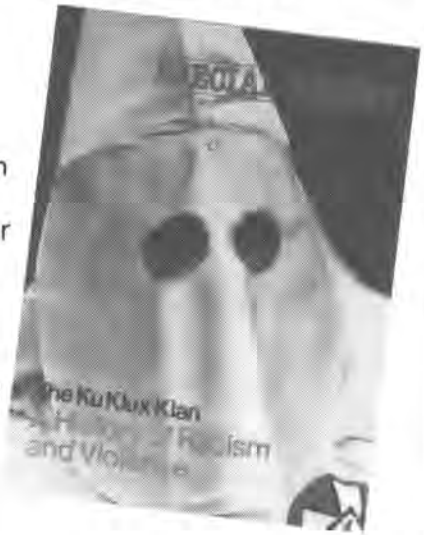
THE KLAN: See it Study it Do something about it

1. An Award-Winning Documentary Film

"The Klan — A Legacy of Hate in America" is a half-hour documentary film tracing the history and present day activities of the Ku Klux Klan. Released in 1982, the film has already won the Columbus Film Festival award for social studies films, the Golden Eagle from the Council on International Non-Theatrical Events, and has also been nominated for an Academy Award as best short documentary. The film was commissioned by KLANWATCH, and was directed and edited by Werner Schumann for Guggenheim Productions, Inc. It is excellent for schools and for church, labor and community organizations. For information, write KLANWATCH.

2. An Illustrated Special Report



The Ku Klux Klan: A History of Racism and Violence is a 70-page "mini-textbook" on the origins, history and present orientation of the KKK. The magazine-format report was designed especially for high school students, but it is also useful as a general reader for anyone wanting to learn more about America's homegrown racist terror squads. Leading historians and educators have praised the report's objective yet damning examination of the way the KKK began and how it flourished in succeeding periods of U.S. history. The Klan's links to politics, law enforcement, religion and labor are discussed. Also included are profiles of current Klan leaders and assessments of KKK strength. Single copies are $1.50 and can be ordered directly from KLANWATCH. Discounts are available for bulk orders.

3. An Organizer's Guide for Responding to the KKK

This comprehensive manual contains guidelines and strategies for responding to the presence of the Klan in your community. A general section of the manual suggests ways to build a unified front against typical KKK activities. Specific sections suggest what can be done by the media, law enforcement agencies, churches, community groups and leaders, politicians, labor, civic and other categories of citizens. This joint project of KLANWATCH and the National Anti-Klan Network is based on extensive research into what has worked in communities across the U.S. which have faced and met the Klan threat. For information, write KLANWATCH.

KLANWATCH is a project of the Southern Povery Law Center, and combats the Klan through litigation, education and monitoring. SPLC is a nonprofit organization founded in 1971 to protect and advance the legal rights of poor people.

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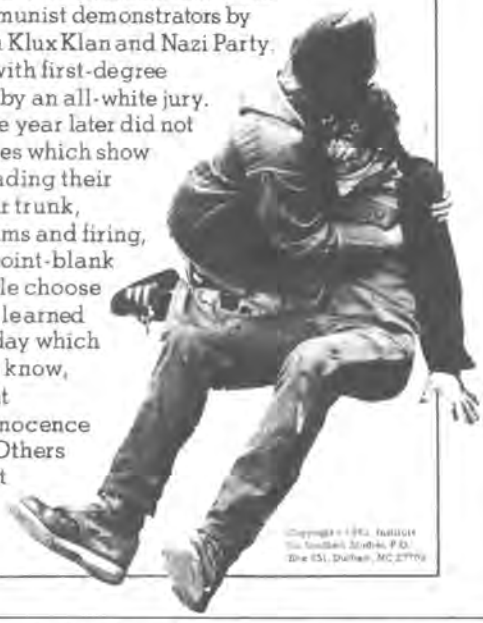
THE GREENSBORO CIVIL RIGHTS FUND SALUTES SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

INSTITUTE FOR SOUTHERN STUDIES REPORT:

THE THIRD OF NOVEMBER

On November 3, 1979, television cameras from four stations recorded in awesome detail the killing of five communist demonstrators by members of the Ku Klux Klan and Nazi Party. Six men charged with first-degree murder were tried by an all-white jury. Their acquittal one year later did not erase the videotapes which show them calmly unloading their weapons from a car trunk, running after victims and firing, in some cases, at point-blank range. Some people choose to believe the jury learned things about that day which the rest of us don't know, some evidence that established the innocence of those charged. Others would like to forget the incident altogether.



In October 1981, the Institute for Southern Studies published **THE THIRD OF NOVEMBER** report, a six-month investigative study determining that there was an "intimate alliance" among the district attorney's office and police officials in Greensboro, North Carolina.

The 6-month investigative study was one of the first to substantiate government involvement in the Greensboro Massacre. Since the **THIRD OF NOVEMBER** report, evidence has continued to mount concerning the role of the FBI, the BATF, the Greensboro police and the Ku Klux Klan and American Nazi Party.

The Greensboro Civil Rights Fund is mounting a federal civil rights suit on behalf of the widowed and injured of the Greensboro Massacre.

WHAT YOU CAN DO:

Endorse: Encourage your group or congregation to endorse the Greensboro Civil Rights Suit.

Educate: Speakers and the videotape of the murders are available in:
New York (212) 254-4695;
Washington, D.C.
(202) 797-8106; or in
Greensboro, N.C. (919) 275-6589.

I/my organization endorses the Greensboro Civil Rights Suit. As an important and valid means of ascertaining the truth about the Nov. 3, 1979, killings of five anti-Klan demonstrators in Greensboro, N.C., I agree to the public use of my name by the Greensboro Justice Fund as an endorser of the Civil Rights Suit.

Name _____
Address _____
_____
Phone (Home) _____ (Work) _____
Signature _____ Date _____

Greensboro Justice Fund
853 Broadway, Room 1912
New York, New York 10003
(212) 254-4695

Legal Alliance for Greensboro Justice
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102 North Elm Street
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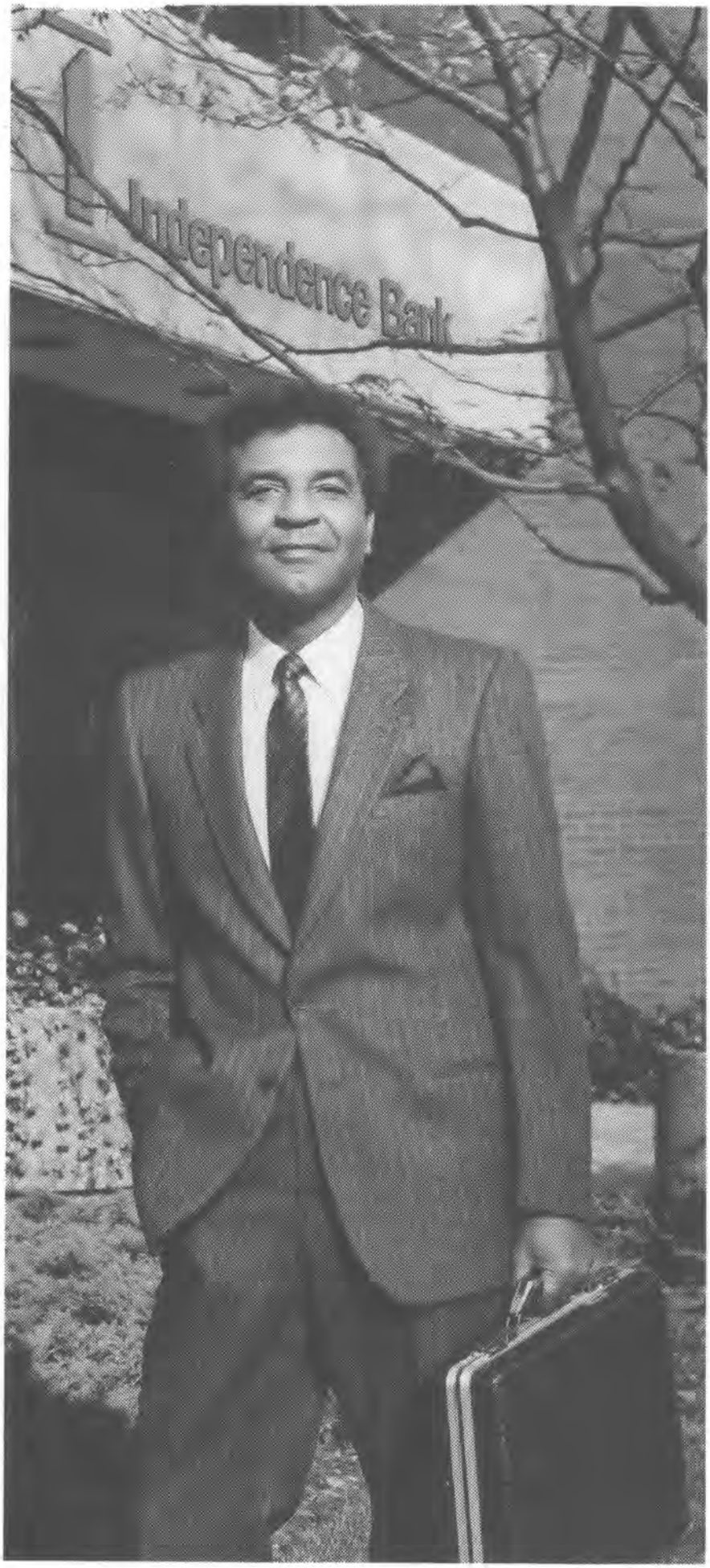

Al Boutte has a dream. It's Anheuser-Busch's dream, too.

There's a loan desk on the second floor of Chicago's Independence Bank that doesn't expect to make a dime on any investment. But for bank chairman Al Boutte the returns it brings back are infinitely greater. Because they represent the dreams of an entire community.

That community is Chatham, located on Chicago's Southeast side. And the loan desk? It's a student-loan desk, set up to afford any son or daughter of Chatham residents the opportunity for a college education.

For Al Boutte, the loan desk is only the latest chapter of a dream, a dream not for himself but for the bank he heads and the community it serves.

The story begins in 1964. At that time, Chatham was on the verge of collapse. White businesses were leaving. And, more important, white banks were leaving. Without capital, Chatham could have turned into a ghetto. Instead, the Independence Bank and other neighborhood minority financial institutions helped turn things around. Today, Chatham is a thriving community with an average family income of over $20,000.

And the Independence Bank has grown right along with it. From less than a million dollars in assets in 1964, it has grown to $98,000,000 in 1982, making it not only the biggest minority-owned bank in Chicago but in the country, as well. And its list of corporate clients is just as impressive: Borg-Warner, Illinois Bell, Commonwealth Edison, Kraft, Inland Steel, People's Gas and Anheuser-Busch.

Through the Anheuser-Busch Minority Banking Program, we've established a $5 million line-of-credit with the Independence Bank and other minority-owned banks throughout the country.

These and other banking relationships provide the banks with funds for reinvestment in their local areas. That's good for the community.

And community growth and development mean a better future. That's good for everyone, including Anheuser-Busch.

We're proud to be involved with minority banks like the Independence Bank of Chicago. And know that by working together, we can help build a brighter tomorrow. One where we all profit and grow.

Building a future. Dream by dream.

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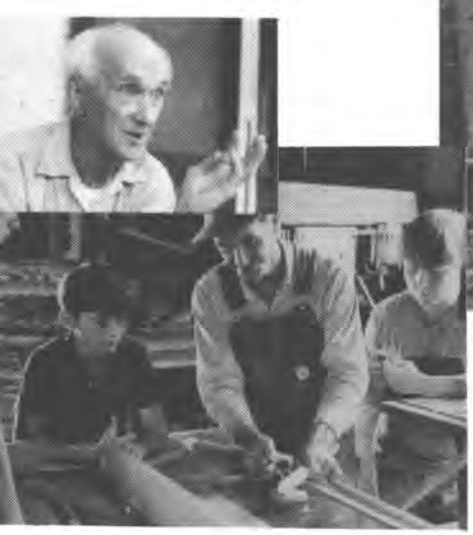


"Congratulations on the tenth birthday of Southern Exposure, one of the most important magazines being published in the South today."

Eliot Wigginton
and the Foxfire Staff

FOXFIRE

Foxfire Fund, Inc. is an educational, non-profit organization run by high-school students and its own staff at the Rabun County High School in northeast Georgia. For the past sixteen years students have published the quarterly magazine, *Foxfire*, that records and documents the lore and folkways of the Southern Appalachian Mountain culture. In addition to the quarterly magazine, whose articles are compiled regularly into bound books (the most recent of which is *Foxfire 7*), the *Foxfire* program encompasses an ever-expanding range of subject areas and projects that touch on every facet of the Southern Appalachian culture and environment. Sixteen elective courses are now offered at the local high school by *Foxfire* staff in concert with the school's departments of language arts, biology, history, music, and art. The students participate in environmental studies and outdoor education, photography, video and television production, record production, Appalachian music and folklore, and publications.

The Foxfire Press is proud to announce the release of their first national title — AUNT ARIE: A *Foxfire Portrait*, is a delightful, loving homage in words and pictures to Aunt Arie Carpenter, the heroine of the legendary *Foxfire* series. Included here is a wealth of never-before-published material on Aunt Arie and dozens of memorable photographs.
$15.95, cloth: $8.95, paper

A second national title will be coming in July — THE FOXFIRE CALENDAR 1984, aptly subtitled *Things you Can Make for Little or No Money*. Each month has an accompanying project appropriate to that time of year, loaded with photos, diagrams, directions and quotes. Extra pages between each month develop the directions and include additional text for each item. Handsomely designed in three colors, the calendar will combine the "down-home" appeal *Foxfire* readers love. $5.95

Foxfire invites you to send for our brochure which lists and describes other items available through the *Foxfire* library: magazines, records, calendars, and books.

Foxfire Fund, Inc.

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____complimentary packet of information about the *Foxfire* organization.

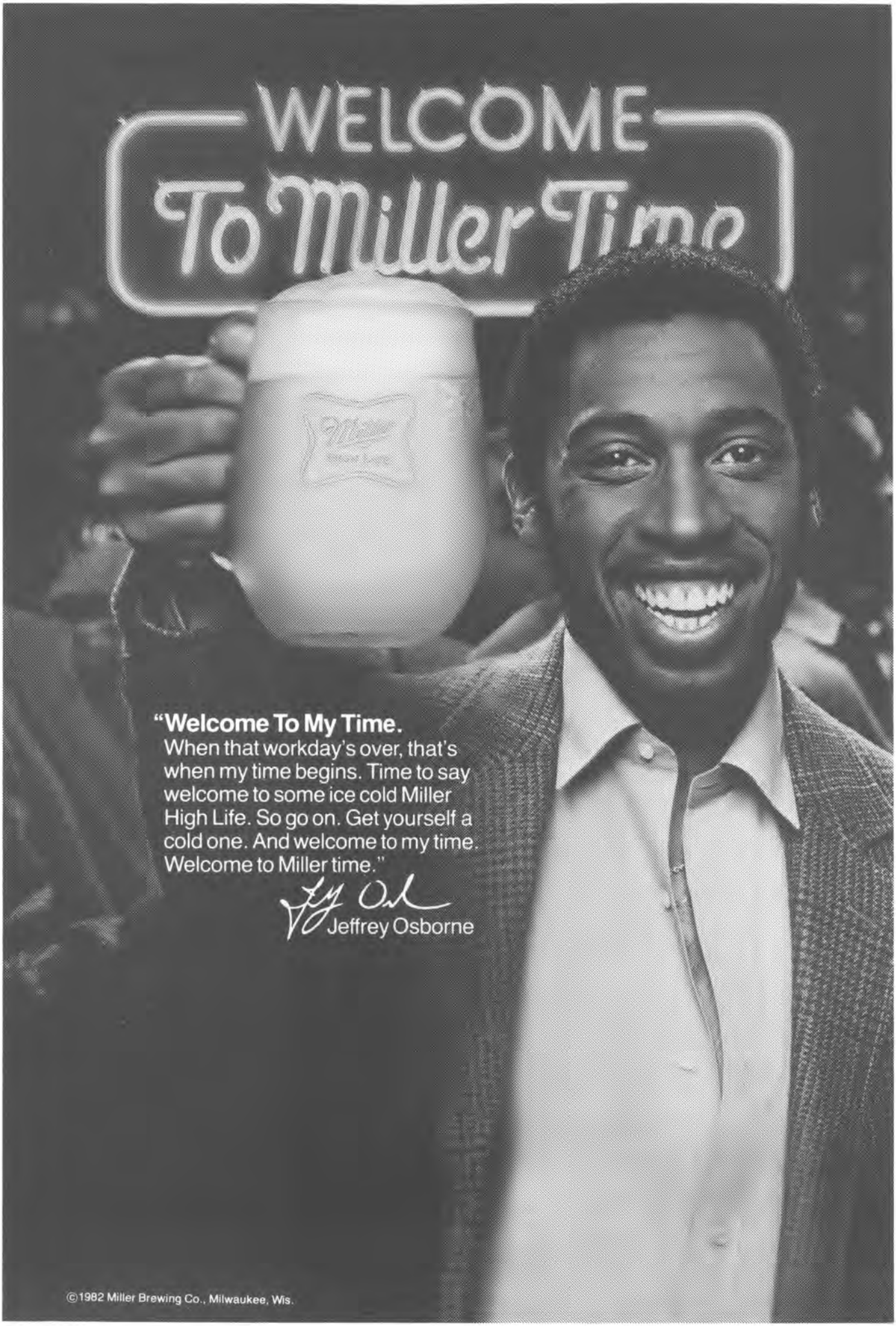
Name *(Please print or type)*

Address

Company name if the following is a business address

City State zip

My check *(or money order)* for $_____ is enclosed.



"Welcome To My Time.
When that workday's over, that's when my time begins. Time to say welcome to some ice cold Miller High Life. So go on. Get yourself a cold one. And welcome to my time. Welcome to Miller time."

Jeffrey Osborne

FROM OUR READERS

Death Row

Dear SE:

I want to thank you for sending me that packet of information on the death penalty.

However, I need another one sent to me, because I am confined with a man who is facing, or should I say if convicted, he could get this as a sentence.

I also would like for you to know that I am serving two life sentences myself in New York state and if there was a death penalty here at that time, I would have gotten it.

I am against the death penalty bill that people want to mandate as a law.

I know only the poor will die if this happens and right now the poor is being killed off anyway.

I hope to hear from you soon and I'm with you 100 percent all the way.

– C. Burton
Auburn, NY

NOTE: In the midst of a new wave of executions, we at the Institute for Southern Studies encourage everyone to study our Death Penalty Information Packet (DPIP) and learn more about just how insane and inhumane the death penalty really is.

The packet contains resources for study groups, for lobbying and for organizing against the death penalty. Its 12 fact sheets include a statistical profile of death row, the case against the death penalty, the Bible and the death penalty, and more.

Order for $2 each ($1 each for five or more) from: DPIP, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

Left Out

Dear SE:

Congratulations on "Waging Peace." However, I noted with some dismay that you did not include Charlotte Peace Network/CALC, the local affiliate of Clergy and Laity Concerned, among the North Carolina resources.

Charlotte Peace Network/CALC has been in existence for more than two years. CPN affiliated with CALC last May. We meet every month, the first Tuesday at noon, at Myers Park Baptist Church. We have 115 members, 45 of whom are clergy of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish congregations. We work very closely with SANE and other local peace groups. We can be reached at: 224 Providence Rd., Charlotte, NC 28207.

– *Art Kortheuer*
Charlotte, NC

Dig It

Dear SE:

OK. You dig up the dirt beautifully but you seldom clean it up. Why don't you report more of the adventurous and pioneer projects? Is your goal to expose . . . or to promote?

– *unsigned*
Berea, KY

Rainbow Warriors

Dear SE:

The Reagan administration's plans to sell federal lands to offset the national debt is another affront to those of us who love the environment. Federal land is public land; it belongs to the public, not the United States government. The public might need this land some day.

Through our land, and Mother Nature, we can come to know our inner nature. This is identical to the nature of the universe. We are all a part of one organism. Man is not above the animals, the trees, nor even the rocks beneath us. The Earth is one living entity. "The land gives food and shelter and medicine and cleansing, these things belong to us. The land belongs to life, life belongs to the land, and the land belongs to itself." We must maintain some relationship with nature, for without it we are adrift and lost with no hope of finding our inner selves and the truth within.

"Through interaction with his environment, man learns about the natural world and then comes to understand his own nature. He becomes one with nature, one with himself, one with the Great Spirit."

Our present society is the most unnatural way of life man has ever tried. Americans are the furthest removed from the trees, the birds, the insects, the animals, the growing plants and the weather. The further we remove ourselves, the more Godless we become. Ronald Reagan and his thieves are the most Godless men our society has witnessed. Not only are they far removed from all things natural, they want to destroy that small amount that remains to us in the form of national forests and wilderness. Their present course of advocating less wilderness, selling off our public lands and the destruction of forest and shorelines for private profit is oppression. "Modern man talks of harnessing nature, conquering nature and making nature a servant of man. This shows that modern man doesn't know the first thing about nature and nature's way." The present deplorable state of our environment proves that. "Mankind's strength and ultimate survival depend not upon an ability to manipulate and control, but upon an ability to harmonize with nature as an integral part of the system of life."

Our government must immediately stop its grotesque and overbearing assault on the environment. We are causing disharmony and destruction all over the planet. As stewards of this Earth, and as Rainbow Warriors, we have come to believe in the sacredness of our Mother Earth. The laws that govern nature are simple, yet greater than those created by mere mortal men. We may soon begin enforcing those laws for Her protection with all our strength.

(P.S.: Quotations from *Rolling Thunder* by Doug Boyd.)

– *Jay S. Gertz*
Asheville, NC

SOUTHERN NEWS ROUNDUP

Hanes workers focus of tendon disorder

Feel like your boss treats you like a machine? That's exactly what workers in factories owned by the largest seller of hosiery and second biggest seller of men's underwear say is happening to them. Hanes Corporation, makers of L'eggs panty hose and now a subsidiary of Consolidated Foods in Chicago, prides itself for applying advanced engineering techniques to production lines in its dozen plants in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. But a coalition of Catholic activists, women's organizations, civil-rights groups and others says the highly regimented tasks, which require rapid and repeated motions, place a crippling stress on the tendons of the arms and hands. Their survey of Hanes workers shows that hundreds have symptoms of tendonitis, but the company insists the problem is minimal.

"It's worse than in the old-fashioned mills because management has refined each person's job to a selected few motions and then given the workers a quota to meet as though they were robots," says Sister Imelda Maurer of the Citizens Commission for Justice at Hanes. "You can't oil a person's arm like you can a machine, but you can keep them too frightened to complain, and that's just what Hanes has done."

The Citizens Commission, which includes Bella Abzug, Eleanor Smeal, Studs Terkel, Rev. Joseph Lowery, and representatives from several national religious organizations, says it will hold public hearings in towns where Hanes workers are suffering. The AFL-CIO says tendonitis is becoming an increasing problem in industries where new production techniques require workers to perform a limited number of motions over and over.

The Amalgamated Clothing & Textile Workers Union (ACTWU) won a union election at the Hanes plant in Galax, Virginia, in 1979, and helped get OSHA to cite the company for the high incidence of tendonitis. But the Fourth Circuit Court voided the election because the union passed out literature which used abusive language to describe the company's lawyers. It is not clear when the union will publicly announce a new organizing drive in Galax or at other Hanes plants, but the momentum sparked by the Citizens Commission and workers' growing protests seems likely to produce new union activity, possibly by the summer, especially if ACTWU hopes to enhance its reputation for fighting occupational problems faced by Southern workers.

Southern Congress still drag on progress

The Democratic Party may have rid itself of chief boll weevil Phil Gramm of Texas, but the South's delegation as a whole (now with Gramm as a Republican) still poses the single biggest obstacle to progressive legislation. That's no exaggeration; just look at their voting records.

Southern Republicans are even more conservative than their non-Southern GOP counterparts. And Southern Democrats tally scores that are 25-35 percent more conservative than Democrats from other parts of the country.

CONGRESSIONAL VOTING RECORDS
Southern vs. Non-Southern Delegations Scored by Various Organizations

	AFL-CIO	CCUS	ADA	LCV
SENATE				
Southern Dem.	52%	59%	46%	38%
Other Dem.	77	31	75	70
Southern Rep.	12%	92%	7%	12%
Other Rep.	19	87	19	32
Total Senate	41%	66%	40%	43%
HOUSE				
Southern Dem.	57%	48%	31%	36%
Other Dem.	79	18	72	71
Southern Rep.	15%	92%	7%	29%
Other Rep.	18	90	19	37
Total House	49%	55%	40%	49%

Averages are based on scores given each member of the 97th Congress for their votes on key issues selected by the AFL-CIO, Chamber of Commerce (CCUS), Americans for Democratic Action (ADA), and League of Conservation Voters (LCV).

Quick fix not enough for Mississippi school

Now that the flood of publicity surrounding Governor William Winter's educational reform campaign has receded, many Mississippians wonder what lasting changes will remain. Some suggest the prime beneficiary of his hotly debated Education Reform Bill will be the state's press corps; indeed the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* just won a Pulitzer Prize for a series on public education that helped galvanize support for the governor's reform measures and inprove its own reputation.

Others suggest William Winter himself may emerge the real winner as the national press continues to tout him as a New South messiah for his role in maneuvering the legislature into passing the bill. "It's time to get off our bottoms and get Mississippi off the bottom," Winter scolded state lawmakers at a special legislative session he called last December.

The numbers were clearly on the governor's side: Mississippi's high school drop-out rate is 42 percent, and the Army rejects 35 percent of its volunteers — both figures are four times the national average. The state also has the lowest pay for teachers and the highest illiteracy rate.

To these old numbers, the governor adroitly added the magic word "jobs." He criss-crossed the state telling Lions, Rotarians and Jaycees that an education system which produced "a lack of skilled people" was "the biggest single obstacle" to attracting new industry. As unemployment in the state topped 12 percent, the formula gained momentum: "Unless we improve our education system, we will never move out of last place," intoned the governor.

Faced with a media blitz and pressure from the liberal and business wings of the state Democratic Party, the legislature finally passed the governor's bill, authorizing many programs other states have had for decades: a statewide public kindergarten (beginning in 1986), com-

pulsory school attendance, reading aides, a lay state board of education to pick a school superintendent, and a school accreditation commission.

The racial politics of the largely white, conservative legislature has kept Mississippi schools in a primitive state. Eighty percent of the children of school age attend public schools; at least half of them are black. Ten percent of the children attend no school at all, and another 10 percent attend private schools, mostly Christian academies set up in response to desegregation. Although half the public school population is white, many lawmakers look upon public education as a black issue.

"They see kindergarten as another Head Start program for blacks," said Rep. Jim Simpson, the governor's floor leader for the Education Reform Bill. He could only overcome the opposition by emphasizing how the present system does not "prepare Mississippians for an economy that demands more than picking cotton or sewing a cuff on shirts."

Opponents may still subvert the reforms by squeezing them financially. And that's one reason Mississippians are worried. The governor lost his bid to raise $30 million of the $40 million needed by hiking the severance tax on oil and gas production a mere 30 cents per $30 barrel of oil. Ellis Bodron, who chairs the Senate Finance Committee, wanted blacks and the poor to pay disproportionately more for the reforms, and they will: the new law increases the sales tax from five to 5.5 percent and also increases the state income tax. No one is quite sure if the $1,000 raise for teachers will materialize since the state already faces a deficit.

State Senator Henry Kirksey says the law's $1,000 fine for parents whose children don't attend school is another indication of how the reform package puts too much of the burden on those "who are the victims of economic deprivation." He adds, "The governor got political mileage, the image of the state improved, but there is no guarantee of any substantive change."

Like other veterans of Mississippi's political wars, Kirksey sees the reform victory as an incremental step which can wither away or be built on for more change. He points to the lay board of education as an arena for new efforts to reform the state's curriculum and education standards. Rims Barber, director of the Children's Defense Fund office in Jackson, was pleased with the increased involvement of whites in advocating educational change. "Any move that demonstrates our interdependence is a good one," he said, noting how black and white leadership worked together on the campaign. "I also saw people from community-based groups lobbying on a variety of issues; they transferred their excitement for this issue to working on other issues."

Some activists hope this political energy will continue into the 1983 elections. Possible targets include House Speaker Buddy Newman, who singlehandedly kept the Education Reform Bill from coming before the regular legislative session. Given its systemic problems, education will likely remain the focus of intense debate long after Gov. Winter moves on to greener pastures.

Arkansas hides from accepting gay rights

Gay and lesbian students at the University of Arkansas are getting the official runaround in their effort to collect $136 of student activity funds for their duly registered organization. Campus administrators, caught between a possible ACLU suit and queer-baiting legislators, are trying to find a way to get the group its money without appearing to sanction homosexuality. After six weeks, they're still looking.

The legislative furor erupted when Rep. Travis Dowd introduced a resolution requiring university officials to report homosexuals for prosecution under the state's anti-sodomy law that carries a sentence of up to one year in jail and a $1,000 fine. Dowd said he was moved to file the resolution after the daughter of one of his constituents reportedly dropped a class because she was continually being propositioned by a lesbian in the course. When asked whether the girl would have left the class if propositioned by a male, Dowd replied, "That's the normal way of life, and thank God for it."

Fortunately the legislators, already embarrassed by the ACLU for trying to require schools to teach creationism, refused to back Dowd. His resolution never got out of committee. Meanwhile, the anti-sodomy law remains on the books, several cases of gays being beaten on campus were reported, and the university administration is still afraid to speak truth to power.

Organizing produces major utility controls

West Virginia's Citizen Action Group (WV-CAG), a nine-year-old statewide consumer advocacy group, won an impressive victory in March, 1983, when the Mountain State's legislature passed an unprecedented utility reform bill with only three-and-a-half minutes left in the 1983 session. WV-CAG's 10-month, broad-based organizing campaign resulted in changes that make the state one of the most progressive in the nation in regulating utilities.

The new law includes:

- A 20 percent reduction on gas and electric rates during the five winter months for 74,000 elderly and low-income households.
- A 50 percent cut in the ceiling on deposits utilities can charge customers.
- No new rate increases for natural gas utilities for the next 12 months, except in cases of "extreme financial hardship," as determined by the Public Service Commission (PSC).
- The PSC can audit the efficiency of utility companies; and it must conduct a study of state-of-the-art concepts in "utility management, rate design and conservation" and report the findings to the governor and legislature every two years.
- Gas utilities must prove they are buying the lowest-priced gas supplies available; and "take-or-pay" provisions in their contracts with suppliers, which fix prices at higher than market rates in exchange for a guaranteed gas supply, are outlawed. The take-or-pay provisions, common when a gas short-

age seemed likely in the late 1970s, require utilities to pay for gas supplies even if they are no longer needed or could be purchased at a cheaper price.

By banning the provisions, West Virginia goes beyond the AFL-CIO-endorsed Natural Gas Consumer Relief Act recently introduced in Congress; it only limits take-or-pay contracts to 50 percent of a utility's purchase obligations. The Reagan Administration also has a gas price decontrol plan pending in Congress, which does not limit take-or-pays at all.

West Virginia consumers have been socked especially hard by these provisions in the contracts of its chief utility, the Columbia Gas System. The company has already collected an extra $100 million from customers through "purchased gas adjustments," and in July, 1982, it filed a request for a new $113 million adjustment for higher fuel costs, the largest such request in state history. Consumer groups in Virginia and Ohio are also protesting Columbia Gas's fuel buying contracts, and a federal administrative law judge ruled last December that the company's agreement to buy higher priced fuel "is tantamount to deliberately removing regulated supplies from the market."

A gas production affiliate of Columbia Gas which negotiated the take-or-pay contract and other purchase agreements has come in for sharp criticism, and several measures in the utility reform law strengthen the regulation of profits, internal transactions and management practices of subsidiaries of utilities.

A good deal of credit for the bill's passage goes to Senate Judiciary Chairperson John "Si" Boettner (D-Kanawha), who appointed a 14-member citizens' task force to conduct a series of public hearings around the state to generate attention for utility problems and prepare a legislative package for the 1983 session. Groups with representatives on the task force included the state AFL-CIO, Consumer Federation, NOW and Appalachian Research and Defense Fund. David Grubb, executive director of WV-CAG, also chaired the task force and spearheaded the successful lobbying effort.

Grubb says that in addition to keeping pressure on the PSC to enforce those reforms that passed, organizing will continue to get the 1984 legislature to enact "lifeline rates" for all residential customers. Lifeline rates would reduce the cost of the initial level of energy consumption, considered "essential for life." Higher volume users would in turn pay slightly more in their gas and electric bills, so utility revenue would not decline overall. A lifeline law passed the Senate Judiciary Committee in the '83 session, but could not withstand the concerted opposition of the state's business lobbies.

– Thanks to Elisa Wolper, Durham

Technocratic tattler invades classroom

It's goodbye to truant officers and hello to Snitch the Robot in Dade County, Florida. When students at North Miami High School and Ponce de Leon Junior High skip school, the robot phones home that evening to tell parents where their child wasn't.

The Dade School Board began testing the machine in March. The brainchild of Digital Products of Fort Lauderdale, it can dial up to 400 parents a day, give them a recorded message in English or Spanish, and record whether or not someone answered the call. The board sees the automatic calling device as a great weapon against absenteeism. As board member G. Holmes Braddock put it, "Some parents may not like dealing with a machine, but these are the types of things in today's age that we've got to move into."

Watt busts plan for Atlanta river-front park

Urban-area parks, heavily used and widely appreciated, could be another victim of James Watt's hit list, and Atlanta's Chattahoochee River National Recreation Area (CRNRA) is a prime example. According to *Sierra* magazine, Interior Department insiders picked it as "the first one we're going to get rid of," and they may be close to succeeding.

Authorized by Congress in 1978, the CRNRA was to include 6,300 acres in 14 separate units along a 48-mile stretch of river. But the National Park Service (NPS) has purchased only 3,600 acres, has spent all but $6 million of the $72.9 million set aside for this purpose, and refuses to ask Congress for more. Secretary Watt claims his decision to halt parkland acquisition was based on "current economic conditions," although he has also said he doesn't think urban parks should be in the national park system anyway.

Alternatives to a *national* park for the area are not feasible. Like most urban parks, the proposed CRNRA is threatened by rapidly encroaching development from all sides. In fact, the primary focus of residential and commerical growth in the Atlanta area is north of the city, along the Chattahoochee River corridor. Authority for regulating zoning and commercial expansion rests in the hands of county governments, which compete with one another for new development. A weak and generally unenforceable Metropolitan River Protection Act (MRPA) is administered by the Atlanta Regional Commission (ARC), which is only an advisory board; county governments can, and frequently do, override ARC's recommendations. Thus, federal protection is still essential.

Even if Watt lifted his embargo on parkland acquisition, new legislation is now needed to alter the boundaries of the CRNRA to include certain prime areas left out in 1978. Three areas considered most valuable by environmentalists – totaling about 1,000 acres – have already been sold or optioned for development.

The Chattahoochee River Coalition, an alliance of a dozen Georgia environmental groups, has drawn up a plan and proposed legislation to save the park – a park of 7,300 acres that includes the key areas identified since the original act. Political support within the state is strong, but as of mid-April, the coalition has yet to secure a commitment from Georgia's delegation to get a bill pushed through Congress.

– Thanks to William Mankin, Atlanta

READERS CORNER

We're a generation of "in-betweeners"

by Garry Barker

We're the teachers, bankers, journalists, attorneys, doctors and merchants – the "war babies" of the early 1940s who are best described as Appalachian "in-betweeners." We're too young to be traditional mountaineers, too old to accept a radical line of thinking.

We were the last generation to grow up before LBJ's War on Poverty brought new expectations to Appalachia; we are conservative liberals, equally embracing tradition and futurism, young middle-aged workers who've seen our homeland cram a century of progress into three decades.

We grew up in a rigid world with clearly defined values. "Give a day's work for a day's pay." "Go to school, work hard, accept responsibility."

My Berea College classmates were intelligent, committed, stubbornly determined to break away from poverty. Many of us were the first from our families to attend college, or even to graduate from high school. We were at Berea because we were poor and Berea was cheap. We were a conservative lot, products of a heritage decreeing that brains plus hard work equalled success.

The early 1960s Civil Rights Movement distressed me; I was in total sympathy, but could not – then – offer much more. I was too wrapped up in my own struggles, too aware of the problems of my own people, and – frankly – very skeptical of passive protest.

Even Vietnam, at first, was simple. My country was at war, right or wrong. My break from tradition came shortly. My friends were killed, the survivors deeply scarred, and then my draft board requested the pleasure of my company.

They should have called two years sooner. My newborn son kept me free. I felt guilty, confused and angry, torn between my warlike heritage and a disgust with our government for fighting a senseless political war.

At home, I watched the War on Poverty and again couldn't tell who was winning. I was thrilled with the new highways and hospitals, but appalled at the waste in many projects.

A horde of well-meaning young people descended upon us, full of ideas and expectations but woefully short on administrative ability and common sense. It was high adventure: challenging the power structures, rattling across ridgetops in four-wheel-drive Scouts, shocking the unprepared mountaineers.

The legions of LBJ's army swept in with federal cash and lofty ideals. Most of the ideals – and some of the workers – were beaten back by the mountains and the problems, but the battle signaled a new way of life in Appalachia.

I admired the intense effort, shuddered at the naive approach, fumed at the degrading image sent to the "outside" world. I had one foot in the past and one in the future, acceptable to neither the old-timers nor the outsiders, and that's where I still stand after nearly 20 years of working here.

I suspect I'm not alone. I'm neither hidebound traditionalist nor screaming radical, neither ashamed of Appalachia's progress nor totally satisfied. I'm proud of all we've done, but I want more. I have fond memories of growing up poor, but wouldn't want my children to endure the same. Some of the old ways are best left to the history books, but some of the new ways offend me.

I have problems with our massive public assistance programs. No person should go cold or hungry, everyone deserves proper medical care and sanitary housing, but I detest penalizing people who want to work. The people I grew up with who accepted welfare did so grudgingly. Now some find it to be a rewarding profession.

Many changes are for the better. The physical improvements – bathrooms and highways and telephones – have eased the burden of life in Appalachia; there is also greater tolerance of individual differences, acceptance of those who choose new ways of thinking, a loosening of rigid religious controls.

Yet I still admire the old-time values. I loved the old, solid family unit, the sense of community and the willingness to do whatever needed doing. Respect for elders, enjoying life without gadgets or stimulants, determined self-sufficiency – these seem to have been discarded – replaced by the "me" generation, by video games and Valium, impersonal sex and an attitude that even those who don't make an effort deserve public support.

We in-betweeners are bridging the cultural gap between new and old, quietly moving forward. We haven't been publicized, but we're here, doing the things that have to be done.

In 1965 I asked my boss – Southern Highland Handicraft Guild Director Robert Gray – how we could effect lasting change in the mountains. His answer was blunt and simple. Educate native leaders, keep them in the region and wait. Let the people solve their own problems. It's happening, slowly but surely, and the process is changing the face of Appalachia, forever eliminating our isolation from and ignorance of the ways of the outside world.

I wish it would move faster; I wish it would slow down. I want progress, but I'm reluctant to see the Appalachian heritage absorbed into the American melting pot.

I'm afraid we in-betweeners are the last of a breed, the final generation to have intimately known the old mountain ways. We lived in what our children study as history; we have adapted, adjusted, survived the rapid change.

We are what "they" say Appalachia does not have. We are, essentially, the newly born middle class, the people who do the work, pay the taxes and provide the stability. We're beginning to be the government, the "traditional" leadership, the people who will guide the region for the next 30 years.

We'll hand it over to our children and their children, when it's time, with, I hope, a sense of history allowing us to accept the changes they will make. I likely will disagree with their ideas, tell them so, but admire their determination to do it their own way.

Our readers often write us about a unique experience or neglected issue, or to share personal ideas and ideals. We've set aside this space for you to speak out. Send submissions to us c/o Readers Corner. Manuscripts should not exceed 1,000 words and must be typed, double-spaced. We'll pay $50 upon publication.

Connecticut

The Long Haul

Hartford, Wednesday, November 3, 1986: Four years of planning and organizing paid off yesterday when Paula Populist, a member of 1199, the hospital workers union, was elected governor of Connecticut.

Fantasy? Perhaps, but in January, 83, 100 representatives of 19 progressive Connecticut organizations attended a retreat intended to lay the ground work for such a victory. Members of LEAP – the Legislative Electoral Action Program – spent two days working on a four-year electoral plan for the state.

Founded in 1980, LEAP is one of a number of progressive coalitions working in the electoral arena across the country. It was established, says director Marc Caplan, "because the progressive community needed to be better organized to win on its issues by electing candidates committed to those issues and who came from the ranks of organizations working on those issues." LEAP now claims to be the "broadest electoral coalition in modern Connecticut political history and a major force in the state." LEAP's member organizations, claiming over 200,000 members themselves, include the United Auto Workers, ELECT (the state's first environmental political action committee), WINPAC (a women's PAC), ACORN, progressives in the Democratic Party and many others.

In 1982, LEAP won 13 of the 19 elections in which it participated. With the help of the Chicago-based State and Local Leadership Project (SLLP), LEAP supported selected candidates by providing campaign strategy and planning, candidate education, training for campaign managers, fundraising, voter analysis, issue development, professional canvassing and the services of hundreds of volunteers.

The victory that brought LEAP the most attention, and which dominated discussion at the retreat, was that of Doreen Del Bianco. A member of 1199 and a long-time activist in the Connecticut Citizen Action Group (CCAG), Del Bianco defeated a popular incumbent to become the Waterbury representative to the Connecticut state house.

LEAP members realize that electing one representative is a far cry from actually taking control of their state and enacting a progressive agenda. "The retreat," according to Caplan, "gave us a chance to feel our strength and the growth we've had, and to plan where a good solid coalition like LEAP should be going for the next several years."

Doreen Del Bianco (left) campaigning

After the initial evening's open discussion on the future of LEAP, the meeting turned to four intensive workshops. For each, LEAP activists had prepared detailed position papers to stimulate and organize the discussions. Several of the workshops focused on repeating – and multiplying – the success represented by the Del Bianco victory. LEAP aims to elect 20 more progressive leaders to the state legislature in 1984, an additional 20 in 1986, and finally to elect a governor who would actively support the policies of LEAP members and their representatives in the legislature. Meeting participants identified three tasks they would have to complete before achieving this goal: expanding LEAP's base, especially increasing participation by Connecticut's low-income citizens; stimulating the members of LEAP organizations to participate in electoral campaigns; and recruiting and training people from LEAP organizations to run for public office.

Several problems emerged that LEAP will have to face in the coming years. First, despite the Del Bianco victory, two of the major candidates supported by most members of the LEAP coalition, U.S. Senate candidate Toby Moffett and congressional candidate Bill Curry, were defeated in the 1982 elections. Curry maintained at the retreat that his loss was *not* because of his progressive stands, but because the party politics of getting nominated took him away from public campaigning for six months.

A second problem that emerged in the 1982 campaigns is the realization of how much time and work goes into winning even one election, let alone 40. Del Bianco had the assistance of LEAP organizations from across the state, which meant that these organizers often chose to work in her district instead of in their own communities.

An even more important hurdle will be making the coalition operate as a real coalition, with major input from most of the member organizations. A half dozen of the members have been the key movers in LEAP and efforts need to be made to bring the rest to a higher level of commitment. In particular, minority input and activism in the 1982 campaigns were not high enough. On the other hand, Project Vote-Connecticut – a voter registration campaign run by LEAP's educational offshoot, the Center for Connecticut's Future – added over 7,000 black and Hispanic voters to the registration lists in three months.

That progressives take themselves seriously enough to discuss electing a governor is a quantum leap from just a few years ago when the focus seemed to be primarily on limiting right-wing victories. LEAP's determination and strategies to take over Connecticut politics point the way for progressives throughout the nation.

– *Marc Miller*

RESOURCES

Call for Action

Building a powerful people's coalition is the dream of 20-plus activists who drew up a new 56-page handbook on *Appalachia in the Eighties: A Time for Action*. Topical discussions of various regional problem areas – housing, health care, schools, strip mining, utilities, land ownership, water quality and organized labor, among others – concisely summarize the current state of Appalachian affairs. Familiar stories brought up to date, of the exploitation of the region and its people, yes.

But there's another story here, about how some of the people are struggling against the corporate/government partnership that controls their affairs. And that story is instructive and inspiring to anyone, Appalachian or not, bothered by a variation of the same difficulties. The authors' call is for new coalitions "practical enough to engage in the necessary short-term struggles, but visionary enough to strive for fundamental long-term changes."

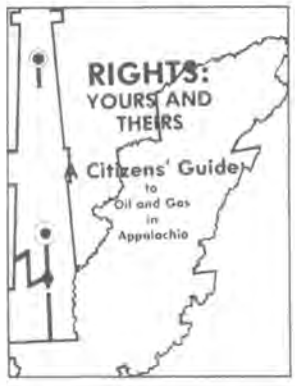
This is one of a series of useful resources published by the Appalachian Alliance, the coalition of grassroots organizations formed in 1977 to work collectively on the kinds of problems described in this handbook. For a copy, send $3 to the Alliance, P.O. Box 66, New Market, TN 37820.

Rx for Oil and Gas

"Everybody's working the Appalachians – Amoco, Gulf, Texas, Mobil, Columbia, Champion. . . . Exxon is marching across the Basin." That's an oil company executive's description of the oil and gas boom now underway in Appalachia – a boom bringing hard choices for the region's people.

Leasing one's land for oil and gas development bears obvious benefits – new income for landowners, new revenue for communities, new jobs – but, as David Liden says in his new manual on leasing, *Rights: Yours and Theirs – A Citizens' Guide to Oil and Gas in Appalachia*, "While some people have grown rich from royalties, others have lost their water wells, had their creeks polluted, lost valuable timber and seen their roads, fences and topsoil torn up and destroyed."

What is a landowner to do when the landman comes around waving mineral leases? That's the subject of Liden's



book, and its application is national – it's not just for Appalachians. There is a sober discussion of the costs and benefits of oil and gas development on one's land, followed by practical tips on how to get the maximum protection and compensation if one decides to lease. Particularly valuable are a compilation of relevant laws in the various states and a clause-by-clause description of typical leases, reminding the owner, "Every line in the lease represents a right you've given up."

This is yet another handy guide from the Appalachian Alliance. Send $3 to P.O. Box 66, New Market, TN 37820. Both these Alliance resources are available for $2 a copy for orders of 10 or more, and they're free to anyone who can't afford to pay.

Raising $$$

The Reagan budget cuts and the Reagan tax laws add up to a $45 billion loss to the nonprofit sector over the next four years, but that's no reason for despair, say Tim Sweeney and Michael Seltzer in a new fundraising manual, *Fundraising Strategies for Grassroots Organizations*. They contend that the vital signs are strong and getting stronger for thousands of community-based, grassroots organizations, what they call the "institutions of the future."

Still, such groups are in critical stages of development in difficult times – so the authors offer a short set of principles and planning tools, with descriptions of some of the more creative fundraising approaches now in use around the country. There are also charts and forms for analyzing and planning a group's needs and strategy. The manual is published by the Community Careers Resource Center (the group that publishes *Community Jobs*) and the National Network of Grantmakers. Send $4 to the resource center, 1520 16th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Jobsaving

Plant closings and job loss are becoming as common in the Sunbelt as in the old industrial belt. So Southerners would do well to familiarize themselves with *Shutdown: A Guide for Communities Facing Plant Closings*, on the assumption that if their community doesn't already fit that description, trouble may be just around the bend. This book is a reference guide for community decision-makers, a practical and action-oriented manual that draws heavily on the experience of towns and neighborhoods that have faced shutdowns.

Here are ideas on how to assess the situation and decide what to do at each successive stage of the shutdown scenario, immediate actions to take, strategies for economic recovery and so forth. The book's usefulness is greatly enhanced by several appendices: alternative uses for shutdown facilities, a bibliography of self-help guides and a list of veterans of community revitalization and other contacts for help. Order from the Northeast-Midwest Institute, Publication Office, P.O. Box 37209, Washington, DC 20013; $8.00 plus $1.50 postage and handling.

Facing South

a syndicated column:
voices of tradition
in a changing region

"Go Catch Me a Fish"

DELCO, NC – I was born in Shackletown, in eastern North Carolina, where you either chipped boxes, collected turpentine and sold it, or you perished. My father and all the children that were old enough worked hard collecting turpentine, but even so I remember at least one time when we would have perished anyway if the good Lord hadn't worked what then seemed like a miracle.

Back in those days – the first decade of this century – there was no bridge across the creek leading to Whitt Wells's grocery store and turpentine still. So when a freshet came (a sudden overflow of the stream after a heavy rain), it made an island out of Shackletown. This particular time it even washed away the footlog, and none dared trying to cross the creek to Whitt's store. It was winter, and meal barrels were being scraped and soup was running thin in the kitchens of all 12 Shackletown families.

I believe that was the first and only morning our family ever got up without a mouthful to eat. The older children understood, but I didn't. Mama had chipped up collard stalks the day before and used the last of the meal making dumplings. Now it was the afternoon of the next day and I was singing the news; my stomach must have thought my throat was cut.

Right back of our house was the "Eely Hole," which had been serving us with fish like a smokehouse to those who had meat. I'd seen Mama sit on a bank and fill a basket with red fin pikes and war mouth perch. So I got to pulling her arm, begging her to go and catch me a fish. Hungry as the other children were, they laughed at the idea of catching anything during this freshet. My brother Dempsey came back from checking on the creek and reported, "The creek is running cold and hard and it has the swamp flooded."

But I wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally Mama said: "For heavens sake, Dempsey, dig two or three worms and we'll go show Sam (my nickname) that we can't even get to the run of the creek."

And oh, for the faith of a little child! I felt like I was going to eat. All hands bundled up tight against the cold. Dempsey led the way and Mama came next with a short fishing pole; further back came my three sisters. When we came to the sharp decline where the path led down to the flat swamp, we saw the water was down some but was still too high for us to get to the run.

But to please me, Mama baited her hook and swung it towards midstream, where she let it lie on the bottom. We all watched but no fish were biting.

Presently Dempsey said: "Mama, look at that pike!" And there one was, about 10 inches long, fat as a mole. None of us knew it then, but it's the nature of a pike to come out and "lie up" in still water during a freshet.

Mama eased the hook over to the pike's mouth, even touched its jaw, but he didn't bite. Dempsey said, "Mama, take the worm off and ease the hook under his jaw, and jerk."

Mama did so, and when she jerked she slung that pike to the top of the hill where he fell free of the hook. He hit the path flouncing and was coming down it end over end. My sisters started screaming and getting out of the way, but I knelt in the path and let him strike me – then grabbed him like a fish hawk!

Up the bank I ran, holding my fish and hollering for my sister Carrie to come to the house and cook him for me.

Carrie scaled and gutted my pike. We were out of grease and salt, so Carrie coiled him like a hoop in a wide fry pan and set it on a bed of hot coals in the clay-daubed chimney fireplace. The skin got to sticking and when she turned him, pieces of bright flesh stuck to the pan. When she got him about half-cooked, she set the pan on

illustrations by Frank Holyfield

the table. I went to work like a hungry cat. No salt, no grease, no bread, but that fish filled me up.

I walked to the door then and saw Dempsey coming up the hill with a forked stick strung on both sides with fat pike. Just then I saw our mule and cart rounding the bend, and here came Papa and my brother Willie with meal, flour, lard and a box of smoked herrings. They had gotten across the creek. The "panic" was over, at least for a while.

A few years later, tobacco replaced turpentine as the main money crop. And now the paper companies have bought a large part of the land hereabouts; the shortleaf pines they've planted have curbed the growth of the longleaf pines we used to harvest turpentine from. Shackletown is now called "Prosper," and most people work at the paper mill. The old pioneer settlers have mostly passed on, and few remember the hard times we used to have back in the Shackletown days.□

– JOSEPH HUFHAM
freelance
Delco, NC

"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 FROM THE PAST

Let's Do A Magazine

by Bob Hall

This space is normally reserved for a voice of someone from the past who has spoken with unusual clarity for human dignity, for collective social action or for egalitarianism. We thought it would be appropriate to include in this space the original memo that triggered the development of *Southern Exposure*. It doesn't qualify as terribly brilliant, or even very clear – current staff members consider it "rather pedestrian." But we're all amazed at how well it describes what the magazine would cover in the next ten years – and, given the clutter in this office, we're equally amazed this memo still exists. It's an historic document.

Memo Re: Institute for Southern Studies' Journal/Newsletter

From: Bob

This memo outlines some thoughts on a proposed journal/newsletter that I think we need to publish. I am suggesting a quarterly publication to begin January, 1973 along the format of "People's Appalacia." In other words, an 8½ x 11" booklet running roughly 32 pages an issue, possibly more, bound by staples, two column print in 10 point type or larger. I think each issue should have a particular focus or topical thrust with several articles of varying nature on that theme. It should also contain notes on what's going on at the Institute and around the South and a newletter for the Institute function of course, will not be written by staff members. And I think we shouldn't be uneasy about doing reprinting of other published materials.

The reasons for publishing such a journal are numerous: (a) it would be a means for reaching new people, for developing an audience and constituency for our ideas and for the Institute in the South in that they could be write for and use the journal; a way to get them involved with the Institute and us with them; (c) provides a product which we can then trade-off with other groups, a subscription for the Institute for stuff, etc.; (d) is a way to relate in a structured way to short-term volunteers by having them focus their work on one theme for one of the issues; (e) would be a way for all of us to discipline our work, to provide structure to production of a service/product, to make us think and write on regular basis and seek out analytical frameworks for what is going on in the South and the country; (f) it would be a useful document, issue by issue, for community groups and students as a reference for thinking and data on the South covered in that issue (e.g., Southern defense spending or farmlabor in the South) and as good reading; (g) I think such a journal would also help us develop a broader analysis of the South and the movement in the South since it would but us closer in touch both with the issues and the people; (h) it would be a specific product which we can give to people interested in what the Institute is and does; (i) be also a product which we can give foundation and money people as evidence of our type of work; it also something that such people usually think we should be doing; (j) subscriptions are a possible source of money, though would be unlikely to cover expenses of publication so would probably be an overall drain;

The type of materials that the journal could include on each topic chosen could include: (a) well-documented, historical analysis or narratives; (b) statistical summaries and data tables; (c) interviews from oral history project related to topic (e.g., on issue on farm labor in the South could include Mitchell interviews, edited, plus others; could do same for most any subject); (d) clear analyses of present and future situation with regard to topic, including analysis of prospect for Left in South; (e) lists of bibliographic sources and technical aids, and/or bibliographic essays; (f) power structure analysis of ruling element related to the issue's topic; (g) essays on the alternatives, models of how things could be, theoretical projections and sketches of future scenarios; descriptions of what projects and groups in the South are doing in certain field; list of such projects and groups and name of contact person; (i) primary documents, old letters, leaflets, posters, etc.; (j) graphics.

The articles should have a good mix of pitch and vocabulary to be aimmed at broad audience ranging from concerned liberals, people involved in grass-roots projects, organizers, students and faculty, and new left youth. This journal is something teachers could use when they discuss a subject covered in their class, organizers could give interested people for orientation, and different reform gorups could exchange and learn from.

Below are listed some topics which the journal could have as a one-issue focus. The first issue would probably be on Militarism in the South, include analytical overview of rise of defense spending in the South, a section on state-by-state defense contractors and military installations, an article on political significance of military militarism, one on the economics of Pentagon capitalism in the South, other statistical tables, lists of groups working on anti-militarism in the South, discussion of conversion. Possible that Sherrill and/or some IPS folks might write one of the articles. Etc., etc.--just to give idea.

Some topic to organize issues around:

(1) Militarism in the South
(2) Agribusiness and migrant labor in South (include Steve Cummings report on Fla. UF OC organizing, agri. interests in South, etc.)
(3) Oral History (special issue on Southern history and o.h. technique)
(4) Land Ownership (who controls, tie into rural economic development and CDC's)
(5) Atlanta Power Structure (or Urban South Power Elites including stuff on Nashville; emphasis on biblio and methodology also)
(6) The Southern Colony (economic colonialism of the South, including Forsky's article)
(7) Black movement in South (historical, analytical, and current using some interviews, and bibliographic)
(8) Anti-Corporate Action in South (what is going on, what can be done)
(9) The Southern Worker (historical, critical, with analysis of current trend to get a factory job, etc.)
(10) Appalacian Special Issue (with FARC)
(11) Southern Higher Education or Universities (who controls boards, what are students doing, what's with curricula reform, black colleges and black admission to white schools, etc.)
(12) CDC's and Economic Development (with Cambridge people and George Harris)
(13) Electoral Politics in the South (analysis and projections, for and from both black and white perspectives)
(14) Enery Companies and the Utilities (from coal and oil to TVA and the Southern Company, how Southerners are dealing with them)
(15) The Southern Textile Industry (include rewrite/editing of Boyte's article in Radical America, stuff from Gastonia, etc.)
(16) Southern Prisons (with a little help from our friends)
(17) Multinational Companies in the South (significance, organization, reform groups, ideology of Southerner, individualism vs. corporate perspective, white vs. black, etc.)
(18) Religion in the South (what is its history, take a story and compare coverage within and without Sotuh)
(19) The South and the Media (who controls, what is its history, bibliography on Southern Studies--special Issue
(20) Bibliography on Southern Studies--special Issue
(21) Tax Structure in the South: AArea for Change (focus on corporate property tax, on income vs. sales tax, urban tax base, etc.)
(22) Poor People's Organizations in the South (who, where, what, how)
(23) The Southern Ruling Class (name the dogs, chart their interconnections, point ties to larger northern interests)
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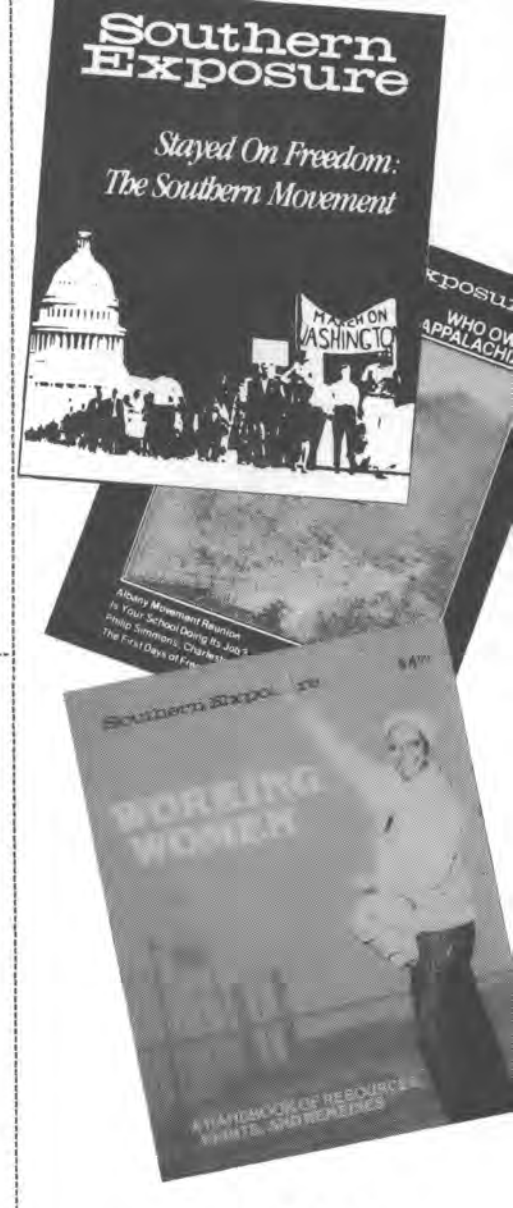

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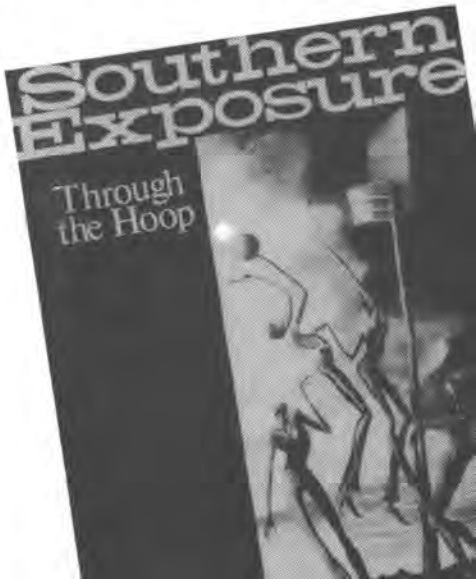

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