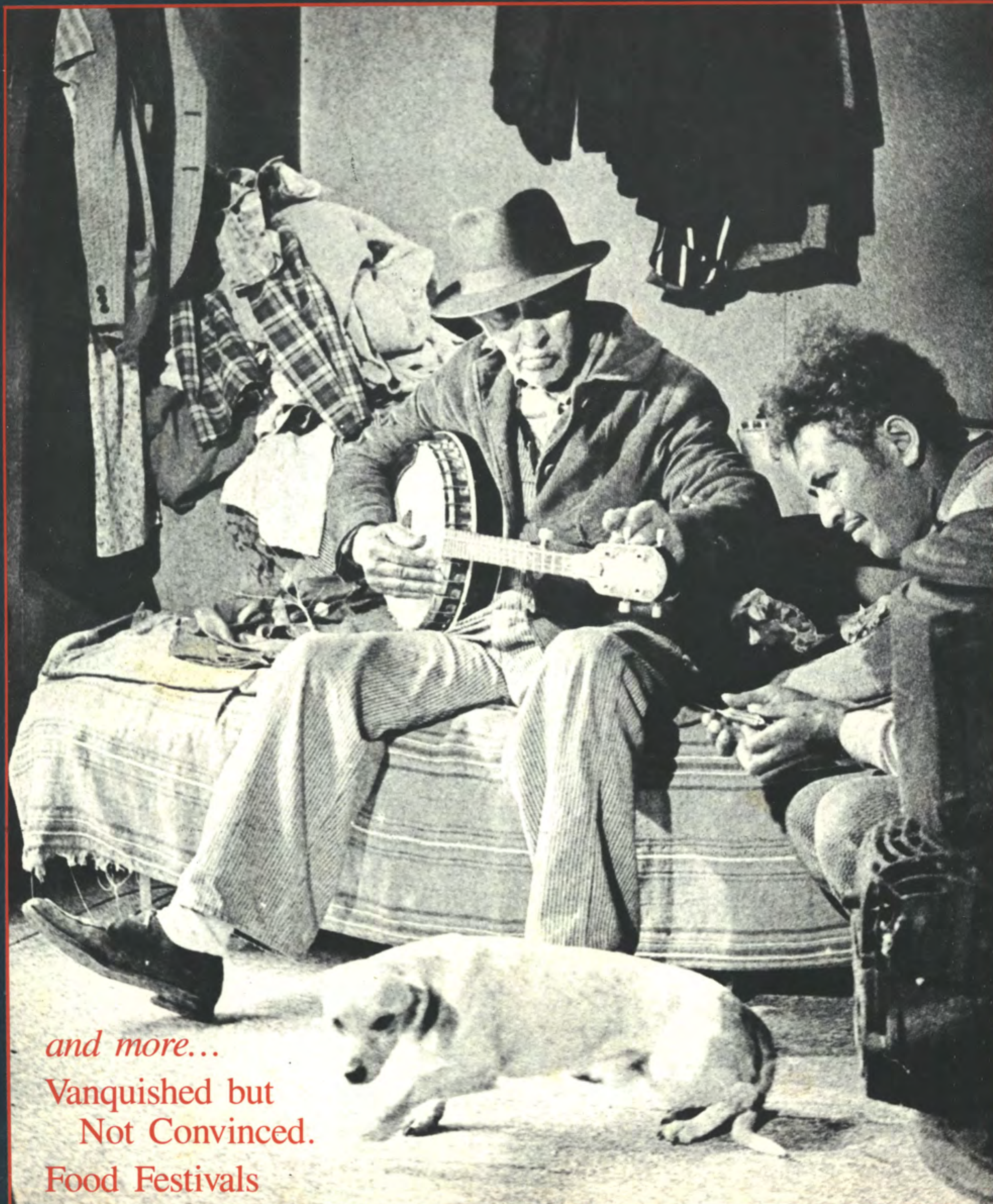
Southern Exposure

THE CHORDS THAT BIND

Traditions in Southern Music



JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1986 $4.00

Southern Exposure

Editors: Ashaki Binta, Lynn Haessly, Marc Miller

Publisher: Institute for Southern Studies/Mary Neely Eldridge, director; Paul Pooley, development coordinator

Circulation: Sharon Ugochukwu

Production: Southern Types/Joe Pfister, Marcie Pachino, Nancy Webster

Design: Jacob Roquet

Special Projects — North Carolina: Bob Hall

Intern: Caroline Senter

Front Cover: Dink Roberts, his son James, & Snowball

Special thanks to: Taifa Bartz, Ron Bittle, Steve Cameron, Laura Eldridge, Robin Epstein, Lamont Hart, Liz Holmes, Chris Mayfield, Page McCullough, Jim Overton, Stuart Rosenfeld, Happy Sayre McCord, Robin Surratt

The Institute for Southern Studies is a nonprofit, publicly supported corporation working for progressive change in the region. In addition to publishing *Southern Exposure*, the Institute sponsors a variety of research, education, and organizing programs. At the center of each is an emphasis on (1) building effective grassroots organizations with strong local leadership and well-informed strategies; (2) providing the information, ideas, and historical understanding of Southern social struggles necessary for long-term fundamental change; and (3) nourishing communication and understanding among the diverse cultural groups in the South. Write us for a free brochure on the Institute's activities.

Southern Exposure is published bimonthly by the Institute for Southern Studies. Subscription price for one year (six issues) is $16 for individuals and $20 for libraries and institutions. *Southern Exposure* is indexed in *The Humanities Index, Alternative Press Index*, and *Access: The Supplementary Index to Periodicals*. Address all editorial and subscription correspondence to: *Southern Exposure*, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702. Second class postage is paid at Durham, NC 27702 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1985, Institute for Southern Studies, 604 W. Chapel Hill St., Durham, NC 27701. ISSN: 0146:809X. Post Office Publication No.: 053470. Issues are mailed in January, March, May, July, September, and November of each year.

POSTMASTER: Send form 3579 with address changes to *Southern Exposure*, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

To reach possible new subscribers, we occasionally exchange our mailing list with other progressive organizations and publications. We believe you will have a keen interest in what these groups are doing, but if you do not want your name given to other groups, just drop us a note asking that your name not be included in future list exchanges. That's all there is to it.

Page 17:
A TENANT FARMER'S LIFE AND SONGS

FOOTPRINTS
John Handcox – Songwriter

Page 29:
COLLECTING MOUNTAIN MUSIC

Mine Own

Page 44:
DOWN HOME COOKING

Page 51:
CLASS WAR IN TAMPA

WORKER MILITANCY AND VIGILANTE VIOLENCE IN TAMPA

BY ROBERT P. INGALLS

VANQUISHED BUT NOT CONVINCED

Contents

VOLUME XIV, NO. 1

THE CHORDS THAT BIND

FEATURES

15 **THE CHORDS THAT BIND** Traditional Music in the South, *introduction by Si Kahn*

17 **FOOTPRINTS: JOHN HANDCOX—SONGWRITER** "There Is Mean Things Happening in This Land," *by Marjorie Miller with an introduction by Pete Seeger.*

23 **FOLK VISIONS AND VOICES** How Anne Romaine and Bernice Reagon brought politics and Southern music together, *by Patricia Hall*

29 **MINE OWN** Appalachian mountain music from 1890-1935, *by Bascom Lamar Lundsford with an introduction by Loyal Jones*

38 **PHOTO ESSAY** From his travels in North and Central America, *photos by Russell Honicker*

42 **YOU DON'T KNOW MARTA** A lyrical short story, *by Carmen Taffolla*

44 **FOOD FESTIVALS** Eating your way around the South, *by Alice Geffen and Carole Berglie*

50 **COLD GAP** A poem, *by Larry Wilson*

51 **VANQUISHED BUT NOT CONVINCED** Worker militancy and vigilante violence in Tampa, *by Robert Ingalls*

DEPARTMENTS

2 **LETTERS FROM OUR READERS** Nuclear workers

3 **READERS CORNER** Another World *by Harold A. Mayo*

4 **SOUTHERN NEWS ROUNDUP** Blacks in Southern Legislatures, Alabama steel workers lose buy-out bid, Klan murder suspected, and more

11 **FACING SOUTH** Ancient Wisdom, *by Ilene J. Cornwell*

12 **VOICES OF OUR NEIGHBORS** Interview with Nicaraguan Minister of Education Eduardo Baez, *by E.J. Smith*

14 **RESOURCES** Banjo Music, Waging Peace, Fundraising Demystified

37 **NEW SONGS OF THE SOUTH** "Not In My Name," *by Joe Pfister*

59 **BOOK REVIEW** Blacks in Appalachia; Books on the South

63 **BULLETIN BOARD OF THE SOUTH**

64 **VOICES OF THE PAST** 1868: The Cry for Freedom, *edited by Lee W. Formwalt*

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Nuclear workers

Dear SE,

We have been appreciative readers of *Southern Exposure* for two years; a niece, a lawyer, began this for us with a gift subscription and then we renewed. Its content is scholarly and its presentation attractive. However, your treatment of nuclear safety (see *SE*, July/August 1985) indicated an element of the negative bias so generally used by the media whenever a nuclear topic is addressed.

You refer to "over 600,000 U.S. nuclear weapons workers," and then you follow with brief paragraphs about ORNL (Oak Ridge National Laboratory), V-12, and SRL (Savannah River Laboratory) results. The reader's inference is probably that the results are on the 600,000. For years before retirement I was a fellow staff member of Dr. Lushbaugh whom you quote. So I called him and discussed the article and his results. As you know he heads up the ORNL and V-12 studies. His studies are on less than 9,000 available cases. He said he had no idea how you reached the conclusion of a 500 percent higher death rate from brain tumor than the general public. I asked him specifically about your quotation from Dr. Shirley Fry, who is in his research group. Regarding the expected date of the conclusions of the studies, you quoted her as saying, "Oh never. These studies will never be conclusive as long as we have workers out there to study." Dr. Lushbaugh says that is an erroneous quote, that it should be "never be concluded," not "conclusive." That is, there is no plan to cease the study as long as there are additional cases and support for the study continues.

My plea is for a sane, factual, balanced assessment of risks and benefits of the nuclear age. We are in it, must live with it; we are not going to legislatively eliminate it any more than the automobile. The Lushbaugh studies also show that Oak Ridge atomic workers have increased longevity, that cancer has increasing incidence with age. I have never seen this emphasized by the media, print or airways. The media never point out the relative risks of nuclear energy and fossil fuel energy — not merely fatalities, but also the additional environmental hazards from a nuclear power plant vs. a coal fired power plant. One has to research specialty literature to compare the continuous radiation exposure of Denver residents (elevation, one mile) vs. Miami residents (at sea level). This comparison dispels the threat of TMI (Three Mile Island) exposures.

There are numerous situations that could be cited. I suggest a better alternative: I think our community paper, *The Oak Ridger*, is unsurpassed for objective nuclear reporting — by comparison with any major paper in the U.S.

I think Oak Ridge, nuclear power, nuclear safety, and related areas are of such potential value to Southern News Roundup that I wish you could make a special staff assignment to a feature story.

— Granvil Kyker
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Living Atlanta

Dear SE,

Listener-supported, community-access radio station WRFG in Atlanta is seeking funds to help complete a manuscript, entitled *Living Atlanta: An Oral History of Atlanta Between the World Wars*, to be published by the University of Georgia Press.

The book will draw largely from interviews conducted for WRFG's award-winning "Living Atlanta" radio series, depicting life during the era of segregation. Like the radio series, the book will feature the memories of a broad cross-section of older Atlantans and will portray everyday life as well as prominent events and individuals from a biracial perspective.

Funds are needed for transcribing interviews, writing and editing the text, and other tasks. Unfortunately, such funding has been scarce, and the future of the project is in question. Could you please inform your readers of this situation? Thanks.

—Cliff Kuhn
Atlanta, Georgia

**Send tax-deductible contributions or further inquiries to WRFG/Living Atlanta, c/o Cliff Kuhn, P.O. Box 5332, Atlanta, GA 30307.*

Peculiar legacy

Dear SE,

Between January 17, 1977 and January 10, 1986, 51 human beings have been the victims of state sanctioned killing. Of these, 46 have been killed in Southern death chambers. I think the violent history of the South is manifested once again through these killings. I'd like to see you devote an issue to this peculiar legacy.

— Joe Ingle
Nashville, Tennessee

Waiting for theater

Dear SE,

I loved *SE*'s blend of Southern folklore and culture with radical politics. Lately it seems that it's just radical politics — none of the marvelous essays or photos that I enjoyed most in the past.

Perhaps that's changing. I'm waiting to see what the special theater issue looks like.

— Grace Ellis
Cameron, North Carolina

READERS CORNER

Another World

— by Harold A. Mayo

Ann lay still in bed. She breathed, spoke, ate. But she could not move. Her arms and legs did not obey her mind. Strange. Ann let those around her know, but they paid no attention. They seemed not to hear. Ann was in another world.

Just days before, while en route to this "new world," the van transporting Ann had skidded off a rain-soaked highway and turned over. Ann was paralyzed permanently.

Ann had been adjudged "criminally insane" and involuntarily sentenced to commitment at Florida State Hospital in Chattahoochee. She had tried to cash a check for a large enough sum of money to qualify for criminal charges, even though she was recognized by the bank involved as a local eccentric with little or no money.

The new world was strange. People did not seem to hear. They fed her, smiled, puzzled, smiled, but paid her words no attention whatsoever. She did not seem to exist in her new world.

From the moment she entered the jurisdiction of the court, Ann had ceased to exist. She was now a series of papers that decided her character, her personality, her past, and her future. Her only help was institutionalization. *Her only help*.

Ann was insane. She did not fully understand what that meant. It takes a while to be taught. I learned it several years ago in a similar situation. I was involuntarily committed to a state facility. Actually, I had gone there for *help*, voluntarily. Once there I found that I had sacrificed any control over my freedom. By entering the hospital, I had placed myself in the position of having my status changed to involuntary.

When I woke the first morning a doctor came to visit. I remarked how surprised I was that help was being provided so quickly. I was sure my depression could be helped and I was convinced that the hospital was actually helping.

The doctor asked me if I knew what day it was, and after two or three questions, he left. He had evaluated me for commitment. Soon I was placed in the worst ward in the hospital. After only three minutes he had signed the papers that declared me insane. But there was still a bit of red tape.

The hospital administrator told me that he could not accept a patient unless the patient was in a state of emergency *or suicidal*. My depression had me almost totally nonfunctional, so I agreed that I was suicidal.

I was placed in a room with an observation window. There were a dozen beds and as many patients. The patients did not seem to comprehend anything around them. They urinated and defecated in their beds. The smell was overwhelming. Each morning the shift of workers changed. The morning crew had the distasteful job of cleaning up after the night's accidents. Men were cursed, pushed out of their beds, out of the rooms, and treated as animals. Profanity filled the air, not from the patients, but from the staff. The patients were no longer people. They had no feelings.

For a long time I was ashamed that I was a mental patient. Even though I had earned a master's degree in German, was married, had two children, had built a house, and had started an educational program for children that received national attention *during* my bouts with depression, I am a mental patient.

Yes, I was and I am a mental patient, but I am not stupid. I have ideas. I know right from wrong and I function in so many ways. I am no longer ashamed that my depression exists. I live with it and fight it.

I *am* ashamed of the treatment I received. I am ashamed of the hospitals I endured with no meaningful treatment. I am ashamed of the doctors I paid who treated me as a wayward child.

What happened to Ann? She was finally taken to a real hospital for diagnosis and treatment, then to another for physical therapy for the paralysis she had suffered as a result of the accident. It is estimated that her treatment will cost Florida $100,000 annually. Yet only a few short months ago Ann lived in a community, costing taxpayers little if anything. She was eccentric but surviving on her own. Now she is a staggering debt. She was a person whose mind and body functioned, albeit poorly. Now the state has made an invalid of Ann. She will never live on her own again; never go to a movie; never visit a church. She will never again make her own bed or cup of coffee. Ann will never again carry on a conversation with people of her own choosing.

Ann's experience clearly shows that we mental patients are alone in our battle for human rights so long as our plight remains hidden from public view. She would have received immediate treatment for the damage that resulted in paralysis if she had not been a mental patient.

For the past two years I have served on a human rights committee trying to address the abuses at Florida State Hospital. The laws that established our committee prevent us from succeeding and limit our effectiveness in the same way that laws to protect the "privacy" of mental patients actually protect their abusers.

Openness is needed. There must be third-party supervision and redress, immediate redress. Many years ago Frank Lloyd Wright was asked what to do about downtown Pittsburgh. After viewing the center of town he replied, "Tear it down and start all over." Those who visit the Golden Triangle, as the downtown is now called, will see that city planners eventually followed his advice. Our mental health system needs the same advice: Tear it down and start over. No one deserves the abuse it perpetrates on our citizenry.

Postscript: There is a better way. I experienced real caring in a small private hospital in central Florida and currently several "self-help" groups prosper throughout the nation, treating patients with respect. Though I still suffer, I know someone cares and that is a comfort lacking in Florida's large institutions. □

SOUTHERN NEWS ROUNDUP

Blacks on Southern Politcal Scene

Political observers continue to marvel at the growing political sophistication of black voters. While key urban centers nationally have been challenged and even dominated by black voting power, the South, say analysts, is where the real action is happening.

By 1981 more than 2,500 blacks had been elected to public office in the South, reflecting the long-term effects of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 which nearly doubled black voting strength in the first three years after its enactment.

According to the Southern Regional Council's magazine, *Southern Changes* (Oct./Dec. 1985), "176 blacks — almost half of all black legislators in the country — serve in the legislative chambers of the eleven Southern states."

The number of Southern political constituencies with black majorities or near majorities has altered the political dynamics of the South, forcing white politicians affected by black-controlled counties or voting districts to tread carefully among competing interests.

Even so, black representation as a whole totals roughly 3 percent of all Southern elected officials while blacks total more than 19 percent of the population of the South, wrote John Shelton Reed, a professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina, in a *Raleigh News & Observer* column. Reed states, however, that these figures represent real gains for Southern blacks in particular, even without parity with whites.

On the other hand, the political significance of these gains has not gone without notice from reactionary power structures both in the South and nationally. The voting rights repression in Alabama has been well documented. Eight civil rights leaders and community activists were investigated, indicted, and tried for vote fraud in 1984 and 1985. A similar case is now pending in North Carolina. A Kinston activist, the Rev. Cozelle Wilson, has been indicted on charges of vote fraud during 1984 voter registration drives. She is expected to go to trial in April of this year. These repression tactics to chill black voting strength have been focused primarily in the rural areas of the South where black majorities are cohesive but where levels of voter organization have not been as highly developed as in Southern urban centers.

Black electoral strategists are considering a number of plans to protect, consolidate, and expand the gains won in the last 20 years. One such strategy, posed by Steve Suitts, director of the Southern Regional Council, at an Atlanta electoral planning conference last November, recommended that black elected officials develop the influence of their constituencies through various tactics rather than to concentrate solely on increasing numbers of voters. In his paper, "Winning Without a Majority," Suitts argues, "For continued strength and increased clout black legislators as a group cannot depend on a growth of their numbers. They must find other means by which to make their current numbers count for more in the legislative process," reports *Southern Changes*. Suitts suggested creating study commissions, influencing policy implementation, and proposing local legislation as tactics black legislators might consider.

Blacks In Southern Legislature, 1985

State	Reps.	Senators
Alabama	19	5
Arkansas	4	1
Florida	10	2
Georgia	21	6
Kentucky	1	1
Louisiana	14	4
Mississippi	18	2
North Carolina	13	3
South Carolina	16	4
Tennessee	10	3
Texas	13	1
Virginia	5	2
	144	34

Another widely debated strategy has been to direct black voting strength away from allegiance to one particular party, pitting Democrats against Republicans, in the interest of a black agenda. Many analysts cite Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign as an example of how effective an organized but unaffiliated black voting constituency can be in influencing the local, national, and international political scene.

One result of the growing effectiveness of the black Southern vote has been to spur on bold national electoral campaigns for black candidates across the South. Many of these candidates are emerging from long histories in Southern state legislatures to win unusual or challenging campaigns for Congress or at the gubernatorial levels of state government.

The election last November of Virginia's Lieutenant Governor L. Douglas Wilder, a black Democrat, has been described as a bold and unusual campaign. Wilder won the lieutenant-governorship by a 52 percent majority with 97 percent of the black vote and 46 percent of the white vote. Most of the white votes came from northern Virginia, an area only 16 percent black, and from southwest Virginia, an Appalachian area where the black population is only 2 percent, according to a Joint Center for Political Studies article in its newsletter *Focus* (Nov./Dec. 1985). Race was cited as a secondary issue in a campaign which needed substantial black support but was not limited by it in its issue- oriented appeal to the total voting constituency. Wilder had served in the state senate for 16 years.

On the national scene, four congressional districts will have blacks bidding to increase the number of black members of Congress next fall. While only

two of the South's 123 representatives currently are black, the fifth Congressional District of Georgia (60 percent black), the second District of North Carolina (36 percent black), the second District of Mississippi (53 percent black), and the second District of Louisiana (58 percent black) are likely sites for challenging races in the future. Observers say the most probable victory for blacks will come in Georgia's fifth district race where the front runners are the widely recognized and respected state senator Julian Bond and the also well-known city councilman John Lewis. Both candidates were founding leaders of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee in the 1960s, and will vie against each other for the seat, probably splitting the black vote.

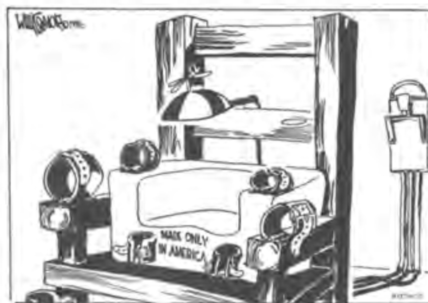
Democratic Congressman Wyche Fowler is expected to vacate the seat to run for the U.S. Senate in the fall. Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young was the last black to hold the fifth congressional seat. The race is interesting because the strength of both front runners places importance on the so-called spoilers such as community activists Jan Douglass, attorney Charles Johnson, Fulton County commissioner Reginald Eaves, and possibly black labor activist Hosea Williams, all of whom are expected to enter the race. Observers speculate that Eaves' candidacy has the potential to draw votes from John Lewis, paving the way for Julian Bond to emerge victorious.

The growing political sophistication of the black community as reflected in the electoral campaigns of the last several years is clearly a signal of the reemergence of a black political movement in an increasingly conservative political environment.

Southern Death Penalty Update

"It won't do no good for me to die," said James Terry Roach, hours before he was electrocuted at South Carolina's Central Correctional Institute on January 10, 1986. Roach, 25, was the second man executed in South Carolina since the state reinstituted the death penalty in 1976; his co-defendant, Joseph Carl Shaw, executed January 11, 1985, was the first. The men, both white, pled guilty to the rape and murder of two white women and the murder of a white male in 1977.

Roach was 17 at the time of the murders, and South Carolina is now the first state since 1976 to execute someone who was a juvenile at the time of his crime. A bill to outlaw this practice is pending in the South Carolina senate.



Nobel Peace Prize winner Mother Theresa, former president Jimmy Carter, the Organization of American States and human rights groups made appeals for clemency to Governor Richard Riley, but they were denied. Carter signed an international treaty banning the execution of people who commit crimes as juveniles, but it has not been ratified by Congress.

The Supreme Court denied the final appeal the night before the execution, with Justices Thurgood Marshall and William Brennen dissenting. Justice Brennen commented that juveniles are particularly vulnerable to influence. Roach pled guilty before a judge, as his attorney instructed him, and thus was sentenced without a trial. In addition, he had an IQ of 80, suffered from a degenerative brain disease, and allegedly had been drugged by Shaw. Roach maintained his innocence until he died.

About 300 supporters and opponents gathered outside the prison near Columbia, S.C., shortly before dawn the morning that Roach was killed. Journalist Polly Paddock noted in the *Charlotte Observer* that "raucous demonstrators waiting outside the gates...cheered" as his body was driven away. Twenty-seven of the remaining 41 death-row inmates at the prison fasted that day in protest.

Three Southern states have the largest number of death-row inmates: Florida with 230 (82 black, 138 white, 10 Hispanic); Texas with 212 (79 black, 95 white, 31 Hispanic, 6 Native American, 1 listed as being of "unknown origin"); and Georgia with 106 (53 black, 52 white, 1 listed as being of "unknown origin"). Florida has two women on death-row, Texas four, and Georgia two.

— *Caroline Senter*

Klan Murder Suspected

On Halloweeen night, October 31, a "white man wearing white" came to the home of Joyce Sinclair, a black resident of Bladen County, North Carolina. The next afternoon her murdered body was found by a passing motorist within sight of land where the Confederate Knights of the Ku Klux Klan (now the White Patriot Party) in 1984 had held the first Klan rally in Robeson County in years.

According to press reports quoting Bladen County sheriff Earl Storms, Sinclair's husband Jimmy returned from work after midnight and discovered his wife missing and their four-year-old daughter sitting on the porch. "The little girl told us they were getting ready for bed shortly after midnight when they heard a knock on the door," Storms said. "The mother answered the door and a man described as white and wearing all white came into the house. The mother fixed the man a sandwich and the little girl said the last time she saw her mother was when the man was leading her down the highway."

Sinelair's body was found three miles down the road, in Robeson County. Robeson County sheriff Hubert Stone said that she had been stabbed with a large-bladed knife at least six times. An autopsy showed she had been raped.

The FBI entered the case because of rumors that Mrs. Sinclair may have

JOYCE HARREL SINCLAIR

been killed by a white man angered by her recent promotion at a Burlington Industries yarn plant in St. Pauls. Press reports immediately after the slaying quoted local authorities as saying that unidentified persons had allegedly approached Sinclair about the promotion and "some bad remarks were made about her."

"We cannot say who committed this brutal murder, or why," said Mab Segrest of North Carolinians Against Racist and Religious Violence. But the presence of active racist groups in the community stirs up hatred and raises serious questions in people's minds."

The 1984 Klan rally held in St. Pauls — the first Klan rally there in 20 years — drew 200-300 participants. According to local news reports, Klansmen were clad in military garb and heavily armed. According to the White Patriot Party newspaper *The Confederate Leader* , the party has a 30-member den in St. Pauls, and a 10-member den in the south Robeson town of Fairmont. The St. Pauls den also operated a phone unit with taped racist messages, some of which lambasted black people for taking "white jobs," according to a St. Pauls resident. The 1984 St. Pauls rally took place during the time when, according to widely published reports, White Patriot Party leader Glenn Miller is alleged to have received $300,000 in stolen funds from members of The Order, a violent white supremacist group recently convicted of operating a criminal enterprise to bankroll a racist revolution.

In December, local and federal investigators announced that they had found no evidence to suggest racial revenge as a motive in the slaying, after investigating rumors of job-related harassment at the plant. Neither do the sheriffs' departments have enough evidence to arrest anyone for the murder, which they describe as having a sexual motive, and the killer remains at large.

By January, the accumulation of incidents such as the Sinclair murder prompted the North Carolina Human Relations Council to announce plans to investigate racist groups, whom they accuse of committing 110 "illegal acts" during the past three years, including bombings, threats, assaults and shootings. This state board will conduct fact-gathering hearings in March and April throughout the state.

Also in January, 300 white supremacist group members, including some from as far as Tennessee and Louisiana, marched on the North Carolina Capitol to protest the national holiday for Martin Luther King's birthday. In the background loudspeakers perched on a pick-up truck blared a recording of "Dixie."

Afterwards Glenn Miller announced that four Southern white supremacist groups plan to merge. Miller, who is a Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate, listed the groups as his own White Patriot Party, Georgia's National States Rights Party, Louisiana's National Association for the Advancement of White People, along with the Southern National Party of Tennessee.

—Special thanks to NCARRV

Send us the news

If you see an article in your local paper, newsletter, or magazine that sheds light on what progressive Southerners are doing — or are up against — send it to us. Send us the complete item, with the date and name of the publication and any comments or analysis of your own you care to include. If we use it for Southern News Roundup, we'll send you a free one-year subscription to *Southern Exposure.* Write: Southern News Roundup, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

We'll send you a sub

Gambling in Louisiana

In December, 1985, the trial of Louisiana's Governor Edwin Edwards for racketeering, bribery, and fraud ended with a hung jury. Within weeks, Edwards announced proposals to introduce casino gambling to three of the state's Southern parishes and to institute a statewide lottery.

"I'm not advocating gambling," said Edwards at his January 6 press conference. "But the reality is that people are going to gamble, and if we make it convenient for them, we can make a profit on it."

Edwards's proposals struck many observers as highly ironic. "Who else," wrote local columnist Jack Wardlaw, "coming off a trial in which his high-rolling gambling habits made national headlines, would come back with a proposal to legalize gambling?" One of the more flamboyant stories which surfaced during the trial was of Edwards travelling to Las Vegas with $400,000 cash in a suitcase to pay off a gambling debt. And most Louisianians have not forgotten the days-long party in Paris casinos that Edwards hosted for his supporters after his 1984 gubernatorial victory.

The plan to legalize casino gambling in hotels of the three parishes that surround New Orleans, as well as on cruise ships out of New Orleans's port, must win a majority vote from each house of the state legislature. Edwards had called a special session of the legislature for early February but later postponed the issue until the regular session meets April 21.

Edwards also proposes to set up a statewide lottery, which would require passage of a state constitutional amendment. If approved by two-thirds of each house, the plan would then go to the voters, and the lottery could be in effect by the end of the year.

According to Edwards, revenues from the lottery would be earmarked for education and the elderly, and casinos would create jobs, raise property values, and bring in enormous revenues. The

prospect of an easy $2 billion is tempting to a state with a $173 million deficit and the second highest unemployment rate in the country. Edwards has threatened that the only alternative is a massive cut in the budget and a reduction of at least 10,000 jobs.

Churches and religious organizations throughout the state opposed the plan immediately, and a poll of legislators showed that none from the northern "Bible Belt" part of the state favored either the lottery or the casinos.

Support from South Louisiana is not definite. Though the majority of Southern legislators support the lottery, casino gambling may be a controversial issue with the voters in an already party-heavy New Orleans. In addition to a year-long flow of local celebrations and steady tourism, New Orleans hosts Mardi Gras, football bowls, and the Jazz and Heritage Festival. "We get all the headaches and none of the benefits," said New Orleans councilman Jim Singleton. Though the city would presumably see an increase in tax revenues, it would not receive any specially designated money.

Opponents are criticizing the proposal as a "quick fix" scheme which would bring fast money to the state but which would be detrimental to business and the community in the long run. "We must elect officials who have a clear sense of what our state can be," stated a front-page editorial in the New Orleans *Times Picayune/States Item*. "It is time to acknowledge that the old way of doing business has served us poorly."

Yet many residents still have confidence in Edwards's ability to charm both the voters and their elected representatives. House Speaker John Alario is one. "I think he will be able to sell it," said Alario, who represents a suburb of New Orleans and who has given his support to both proposals. Senate President Samuel Nunez, who also represents a district near New Orleans, tentatively supports the plans, saying "we shouldn't pre-empt the voters' right to decide."

Voters' reactions are mixed. Most are familiar with some form of legal or illegal gambling in New Orleans, both past and present, and may agree with the governor that the state should reap a benefit from it. And at present, it is the only state proposal which would offer jobs and income to the people of this economically beleaguered state.

—Caroline Senter

Workers Lose Buy Out Bid

Workers at Gulf States Steel Corporation in Gadsden, Alabama, have appealed a December decision by federal judge John Pratt to reject the employees' proposal to buy out the plant. The Brenlin Group, an Ohio investment firm, was awarded the sale and will assume ownership of the plant February 1.

The U. S. Justice Department ordered the plant sold under antitrust regulations after LTV Corporation, its parent company, merged with Republic Steel last year. The plant had not made a profit since 1981.

"I can't believe they did it," said Gary Bone, president of the local 2176 of the United Steelworkers of America, of the decision. Bone and other local, national, and international union leaders had been meeting for the past year to develop the plan, commonly known as an ESOP, or Employee Stock Ownership Plan. The USWA has been involved in several successful worker buyouts, mostly in the Midwest.

Bone's surprise is not uncommon among workers and residents of Gadsden. Workers had voted overwhelmingly to support the plan, which included a $5-an-hour wage reduction and many benefit cuts.

"We believed our proposal was the best for the long-term survival of jobs in the community," said Gary Wells, head of the local 4382 Office and Clerical Workers Union, also represented at the plant. Gulf States is a major employer in Gadsden, second to Goodyear. The Goodyear plant is also said to be in danger of closing.

"People are concerned about keeping the plant open," said David Meeker of Brenlin. "The bottom line is that the Brenlin plan will keep the plant open." Brenlin's 14 other companies, mainly heavy industries, will buy 50,000 tons of Gulf States steel per year. The firm expects to have to invest $100 million in the plant over the next five years.

Only 1,500 of the 2,100 employees at Gulf States will be kept on at a reduced wage. Unemployment in the Etowah County town is 11 percent, but had been reported at 23.5 percent in the past year and a half, according to Bone. Birmingham is 60 miles away.

With the workers' proposal, said Wells, "we knew what we were in for. It was satisfying. Now we don't know what's ahead for us, and that's a heck of a way to live."

— Caroline Senter

Southern Groups Support Nicaragua

Despite the U.S.- initiatied tensions between the American and Nicaraguan governments, American people continue to demonstrate support and friendship for the Nicaraguan people.

In late December, 1985, a shipload of medical supplies, construction materials, art supplies and a solar water heater set sail for Matagalpa, Nicaragua, via Jacksonville, Florida and Honduran ports.

The operation is part of a material aid campaign sponsored by a network of groups interested in Central America and what's going on there. Among those involved in this latest shipment are Elise Witt and the Small Family Orchestra, based in Atlanta, Boston-based Arts for a New Nicaragua, and Project Tecle, also of Atlanta.

Project Tecle, a construction brigade, sends two or three brigades annually to Nicaragua to lend their skills at the Hernandez Aguilar School of Agricultural Mechanization in Matagalpa. Started after the revolution in 1979, the school trains students to operate and repair agricultural equipment.

According to Elise Witt, coordinator of the Small Family Orchestra, some of the students have never used more than a machete. The construction supplies being sent will be used to add on to the school. The Project Tecle brigades usually have a project members work on during their stay. In addition to teaching such skills as welding and electrical repair, one brigade built a dining room for the school.

Elise Witt and the Small Family Orchestra, a small family group who specialize in folk music, contributed musical instruments and art supplies for use at the Centro Popular De Cultura (Community Arts Center)in Matagalpa. Similar to the agricultural school, the Centro Popular De Cultura was started after the Sandinistas came to power.

"The community center [allows professional cultural workers to work] with non-professionals — students, teachers, housewives, farmers — teaching them about different kinds of art — theater, visual arts and music," said Witt.

Witt and the Small Family Orchestra toured Nicaragua in February, 1985, and like other cultural workers who visited the nation, decided to give assistance wherever possible.

Witt added, "They have nothing. There's an embargo, so there's no paper or pencils or materials the centers need for teaching."

The Small Family Orchestra plays a mixture of international, traditional and new Southern folk music and felt it appropriate to send musical instruments along with paper, pencils, crayons and other supplies.

In addition to working with Project Tecle and other such organizations, the band is in the midst of trying to distribute a video they made during their 1985 tour. *Notes From Nicaragua* is a 30-minute video collage which documents what they, as North Americans, experienced with and through the people of Nicaragua. Nicaraguans are portrayed through the use of music, interviews and dance. Witt concluded, "we want to bring an awareness of the situation in Central America to people in the U.S. Music is a powerful tool, as are film, and the arts in general."

For more information about the video contact Pagajosa Productions, c/o Little Five Points Community Center, 1083 Austin Ave., Atlanta, GA 30307. Phone: 404-659-3084 or 404-373-7175

—Robin Suratt

Book Banning on the Increase

Parents in Georgia's Gwinnett County in January succeeded in persuading the school board to remove author Judy Blume's novel *Deenie* from elementary school shelves.

The book tells the story of a 13-year-old girl, who has curvature of the spine, and relates her sexual awakening and the way she comes to terms with her condition. It also discusses masturbation and menstruation. In 1983 schoolchildren in nearby Atlanta voted Judy Blume their "most favorite author."

Attempts of censorship in Southern public schools and libraries have increased over the past five years, leading to a growing concern about successful conservative control of culture and lifestyle as well as increasing encroachment on First Amendment rights throughout the Deep South and around the nation.

Also in January the American Civil Liberties Union released a report, *Censorship In the South*, that reveals that even more disturbing than the increase in incidences of attempted censorship is the increasing number of episodes that are actually succeeding without being challenged, especially in public schools. In 1980, the American Library Association, the Association of American Publishers and the Association for Supervision and Curriculum conducted a survey on censorship which showed that challenged materials remained on the shelves 40 percent of the time. Five years later, an ACLU survey revealed that the retention rate for challenged material in Southern public schools had dropped to 36.8 percent. Public libraries surpassed the schools by retaining materials 73.8 percent of the time.

According to Gene Guerrero, executive director of the ACLU in Georgia, "Public Schools don't go out of their way to get controversial materials. They select materials that are not potential trouble."

As for the public libraries, they cater to a much wider audience than the

school systems and are therefore less prone to remove materials from shelves. Books, followed by magazines, are by far the main target of censors.

The ACLU report is based on a survey sent to every public school library and public library in Georgia, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Alabama. The survey covered the number of challenges to materials between 1980 and 1985, policies and procedures for handling challenges, who develops the policies, and who has final authority on the alteration, removal or retention of the materials in question.

"There's a lot more censorship going on than most people think because it's being done quietly. It's for this reason the censors are quite successful," said Guerrero. "You don't always know a particular book's being picked clean," he said. In most cases incidences of censorship are not reported to the public. In Georgia, for example, a school librarian reported that instead of following a written policy, if a book is challenged, the principal would simply remove it from the shelf.

In light of the survey findings, education officials and various professional organizations increased their efforts to ensure that proper procedures are followed in censorhip cases and that library systems adopt the American Library Associations' Intellectual Freedom Policy. The policy "opposes libraries restricting access to library materials and services...and holds that it is the parents — and only the parents — who may restrict their children — and only their children — from access to library materials and services."

Some librarians stated that even though they have written policies, they are often not followed. Others reported continued incidences of "self-censorship" whereby librarians or instructors avoid purchasing potentially controversial materials. An Alabama librarian stated that even geography influences censorship. "We're in the Bible Belt and so many people 'in charge' are the censors themselves."

Most censorship attempts are lodged by parents, who usually object to materials on moral grounds or cite profanity or obscenity as grounds for removal. Local groups, such as Tennessee Citizens Organized for Better Schools, focus their efforts on the public schools. They are supported by the national Educational and Research Analysts, Inc., which publishes and circulates textbook reviews and encourages parents to bring suit against local libraries that fail to yield to their demands.

The ACLU is encouraging citizens to find out whether their local libraries have a written policy on censorship and if so to review it. They suggest that those concerned about First Amendment rights must let teachers, administrators, and school librarians be aware of their concern for protection of the freedom to learn and, when censorship is learned of, to take action by notifying the media, monitoring its procedures, or forming anti-censorship groups.

To obtain a copy of the American Library Association's Intellectual Freedom Policy write: Office for Intellectual Freedom, American Library Association, 50 East Huron Street, Chicago, IL 60611. ***Censorship In The South*** *is available for $2 plus $1 for postage from: ACLU of Georgia, 88 Walton Street, Atlanta, GA 30303.*

— Robin Suratt

The Great Textile Strike of 1934

The Great Textile Strike of 1934 was the biggest strike in American history. More than 400,000 textile workers — driven to desperation by wretched wages and production speed-ups — shut down the entire textile industry for three weeks.

In the South — where millhands earned less than Northerners and conditions were worse — workers did not merely strike, but they rose up. Unlike modern strikes which are usually aimed at only one company, the 1934 strikers targeted the entire textile industry. Southern strikers were confronted by company spies, armed vigilantes, and the National Guard. They were fired, evicted from company houses, and often beaten. Fifteen of them were killed. In Georgia, officials constructed what has been called "the first concentration camp on American soil" and jailed strikers without the right of habeas corpus. When the strike was finally defeated, 25,000 Southerners were blacklisted from textile jobs.

This tremendous event — which had grave consequences for the South — has disappeared from Southern labor history. Once the strike was suppressed, a blanket of silence was thrown over it,

Art by Miles Stryker/Workers' Graphics

so that the children and grandchildren of the strikers often never learned it had happened.

Now this silence is at last being broken, according to Vera Rony, director of Labor Studies at the State University of New York. Last October, Rony, and Sol Stetin, retired senior executive vice president of Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, brought together 40 professors, labor leaders, and strike survivors to organize a consortium to study the historic event. The group plans to reconstruct the story of the strike as oral history on video tape, while there are still veterans around to tell it.

"The goal of the project," explained Rony, is mainly to record how the people who were a part of the strike view the event after so many years and what the experience means to them." She also hopes that increasing academic interest in Southern labor history for young historians will also be a result of the venture.

Among the consultants involved in the project are professors Daniel Carter and Harvey Klehr of Emory University, Leon Fink and Jacquelyn Hall of the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill, and Melton McLaurin of UNC-Wilmington; labor leaders Sol Stetin and Bruce Raynor of ACTWU; retired labor intellectuals Sol Barkin and Lawrence Rogin; and strike survivor Eula McGill of Alabama.

Veterans of the 1934 strike who wish to participate may write to: Vera Rony, Labor Studies #4310, SUNY-Stony Brook, Stony Brook, NY 11794.

— *Thanks to* Labor Unity *and Vera Rony*

Victory But Not Justice

Plaintiffs in the Greensboro Civil Rights Suit were finally able to announce last November a settlement in their case against the city of Greensboro, the Ku Klux Klan, Nazis, and federal agents for the 1979 massacre of five anti-Klan demonstrators. In a November 6, 1985 press conference the survivors of the shootings called the judgment an historic victory, but not full justice.

Three of the sixteen survivors of the massacre were awarded damages. The estate of Dr. Michael Nathan, administered by his widow Marty Nathan, was awarded $351,000. Paul Bernanzohn and Tom Clarke were awarded $38,000 and $1,500 respectively. Under the civil suit, eight people were found civilly liable for the wrongful death of Nathan and for the attack and injuries of Bernanzohn and Clarke. Though five of the sixteen plaintiffs were black, none of the black survivors were awarded damages, including the family of Sandi Smith who was the only black person killed in the massacre.

Several perspectives explain the meaning of the victory:

"It was a victory because of the tremendous obstacles faced to get the verdict they got," said Gayle Korotkin, attorney for the Christic Institute South, one of the key groups involved in the defense, and former attorney for the Greensboro Civil Rights Fund.

"The Institute's attorneys went to court with a strong case that Federal law enforcement agencies and local police knew that Klan and Nazi organizations in North Carolina were planning an armed assault, but refused to protect the demonstrators," explained a report from the Christic Institute.

"For the first time the civil suit enabled the real facts to cut through the anti-communism and come forward finally," stated Dale Sampson Levin, spokesperson for the plaintiffs. Sampson Levin is the widow of Bill Sampson, also killed on November 3rd, 1979.

"Our victory came after all-white juries in two previous trials had accepted the unfounded contention of the Klan and Nazis that they killed and wounded in self-defense. We know of no other case in which police officers, Klan members, and members of the Nazi Party were convicted in the same court and at the same. In this sense, this accomplishment was indeed history," the plaintiffs said in a written statement released at the time of the press conference.

"Although we affirm the verdict and the settlement as an historic victory, we do not equate victory with full justice. By victory, we mean that we have overcome extreme difficulties to prevail on essential legal, political, and moral issues. Justice, as we see it, would require that all of those responsible for all the criminal acts be held accountable for their actions and that the victims be reasonably compensated. The verdict and settlement, by this measure, do not equal justice," the statement reads.

The suit filed by the plaintiffs charged the city with $48 million dollars in damages and the culpability of 37 individual city officials, employees, and police officers. The award constituted less than 1 percent of the damages claimed. Early in November the plaintiffs and defendants signed a seven-page Agreement and Release which outlined the financial settlements but also prevented all parties concerned from pursuing further litigation and included a statement that the settlement should not be viewed as any admission of liability on the part of defendants.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Ancient Wisdom

— by Ilene J. Cornwell

When the United States Information Agency sent out its "Women in the Contemporary World" exhibit in January 1985 for a two-year global tour, Cherokee/Appalachian writer and poet Marilou Awiakta was little known beyond the American South. As the exhibit of creative works by American women circulates through cultural centers and universities in London, Copenhagen, Madrid, Jerusalem, Calcutta, Nairobi, and other major cities, she is gaining the attention she deserves. The Tennessee native's message is for peaceful uses of nuclear energy and for the holistic unity of mankind.

That message is reflected in her books — *Abiding Appalachia: Where Mountain and Atom Meet* and *Rising Fawn and the Fire Mystery* — as well as in articles featured in *Ms.* and *Southern Exposure* magazines and in the anthologies, *A Gathering of Spirit* (Sinister Wisdom Books) and *In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

"While living in Laon, France, in the mid-1960s, I worked as an English-French interpreter during the NATO withdrawal. I learned two major truths," Awiakta reflects. "One truth is that Machiavelli remains the prince of politics and the rules of power haven't changed since he wrote about them in the sixteenth century. The other truth is that the Native American concept of humanity and nature being interconnected must become an integral part of contemporary living.

"One of the Cherokee contributions to the world is to promote an awareness of our ancient holistic philosophy — in practice 25,000 years — and thus help develop a new sensitivity in dealing with nuclear energy," she says quietly. "Albert Einstein pointed out that 'we need to change our mode of thought to cope with the atom,' and his admonition is particularly crucial today. The proliferation of nuclear weapons, reactors, and waste sites is an alarming example of modern civilization's emphasis on dominance and disregard for humanity and environment."

Marilou Awiakta's respect for nuclear power was nurtured in childhood. She grew up on the atomic frontier in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where her father was one of the 100,000 people engaged in the intensive, top-secret program called the Manhattan Project. Oak Ridge was a closely guarded city clustered along the wooded ridges of east Tennessee, and the world outside knew nothing of nuclear energy — until August 6, 1945, the day the first atomic bomb, a product of the Manhattan Project, was dropped on Hiroshima.

"A concrete fact is that we have split the atom, so we must exercise careful stewardship with what we have wrought," she observes. "We must use the atom for peaceful, helpful purposes instead of for death and destruction. Powerful and good uses of atomic energy are found in cancer treatment, for example. Cancer patients are treated with atomic byproducts that came from the same reactor that made the bomb which ended World War II.

"But we must never reach the point where we think we *know* the secrets of the universal atom," she adds. "There are still many, many things beyond the realm of human comprehension and sophistication. One example is the potency of nuclear waste. News stories appear daily relating to victims of the scientific community's underestimation of buried nuclear waste; the underground waste pollutes the earth and water, moves into the food chain, and poisons people. We did not foresee the dangers of nuclear energy because a holistic attitude was not used in developing it."

Awiakta observes that the trend in contemporary cultures to polarize issues into two opposing sides is harmful

MARILOU AWIAKTA

to world civilization. This polarization, she feels, creates a void in the "middle," where a central position should be viable. The need for this central role calls for application of the Native American holistic concept, where all components are part of the whole.

"People ask whether I am pro- or anti-nuclear," she comments. "My answer is that I am pro-reverence, pro-integrity. The atom is here and we have to cope with it. What happens depends directly upon the character of the people involved. If reverence and responsibility prevail, we will use the atom for good. If money and power are the bottom line and human safety is ignored, then, as Albert Einstein predicted, we will have 'unparalleled catastrophe.' We still have a choice, but time is running out."

In *Abiding Appalachia: Where Mountain and Atom Meet*, Awiakta writes, "Long before I learned the universal turn of atoms, I heard the spirit's song that binds us all as one." That recurrent theme appears in all her work, including her frequent lectures and readings to schools and organizations. As exposure to this poet's message widens and crosses cultural barriers, more and more will be heard of Marilou Awiakta. □

Ilene Cornwell is a freelance writer living in Nashville, Tennessee.

VOICES OF OUR NEIGHBORS

NICARAGUA

Eduardo Baez's Southern Tour

— E.J. Smith

Eduardo Baez, a Nicaraguan who toured several Southeastern states in the fall of 1985, said he often felt as if he was being studied under a microscope. "Every little thing is magnified," he said of American scrutinization of the Sandinista government. "We're not perfect — we're humans. We make mistakes. We just ask to be judged by the same standards."

Baez is director of literacy and adult education in Nicaragua's Ministry of Education. At the age of 32 he has been cited by Brazilian educator Paulo Freire for the literacy campaign he helped design months after the 1979 revolution that ousted dictator Anastasio Somoza.

In 1980, 80,000 volunteers spread throughout the country in an intensive six-month effort to teach basic reading and writing skills in a country where 52 percent of the people were illiterate. About 24,000 of the volunteers were urban high school students between the ages of 15 and 18 who were matched with a rural household where they worked as laborers during the day and teachers at night. At the end of the six-month period, UNESCO officials certified that the country's literacy rate had climbed from 48 to 88 percent.

Five years later many of the social advances are under attack by U.S.-backed contra forces. In regard to the education program alone, Baez says 14 schools have been closed because of contra threats and 246 volunteer adult education teachers have been murdered. "It's not that they were just killed as fighters in the war; they were murdered as teachers," Baez said. "They are a main target of the contras."

Almost 50 percent of the nation's budget is currently directed towards defense. The literacy campaign and other social programs have taken a back seat to the internal war. The literacy rate has declined about 2 percent because many people are not able to get instruction that reinforces their reading and writing skills. "That hurts, but it is necessary," Baez says. "We've had to freeze our education budget. We understand that if you're going to have education, you've got to have a country first.... Today in Nicaragua, we are talking about an economy of survival, not too much of development."

The literacy campaign continues, though it has been scaled back. The Ministry of Education oversees the training of about 18,000 "popular," or volunteer teachers a year. "They're not professionals," Baez says. "Whoever is willing to do it, can do it." Seventy-five percent of the literacy trainers have less than a sixth-grade education. Most of the volunteers are between the ages of 14 and 21. In all, 150,000 adults receive basic educational training each year.

The content of basic educational classes is primarily practical. "The starting point of the learning process has to be the people's reality," Baez says. "The important thing is that people can relate to the contents. We have to develop adult education for survival. The things that people learn teach them to produce food.... We can't have the luxury of people studying the distance between the planets or the scientific names of the leaves."

At the same time another crucial facet of Nicaragua's reality is its fight for sovereignty. Post-revolution politics inevitably surfaces in their education. "When you write history, you write it from a political perspective," Baez says. "There is no way you cannot — in the United States or in Nicaragua. There is no neutral education program

You can reach **20,000**
loyal readers across the South.

Advertise
in
Southern Exposure

4 regular issues per year, plus upcoming special issues:

- Theater
- Economic Development

For information and assistance, contact

Advertising Dept., **Southern Exposure**, P.O. Box 531, Durham, North Carolina 27702, (919) 688-8167

in the world." Nicaraguan education has "class content — when you talk about illiterates, you're talking about workers, poor people," he says. "For us, it's not only reading and writing. We think the most important thing is developing the possibility of being critical of a political system."

Baez says the encouragement of critical thought extends to the right to judge the Sandinista government independently. "That's the point — indoctrination would be too easy," he says. "Sometimes we do a little. Sometimes we slip. But our goal is not to give answers, but to give questions."

Baez comes from a family that has been split by politics. His father was involved in an armed uprising against Somoza in 1954 and was killed by the National Guard when his son was an infant. His uncle is Arturo Cruz, a World Bank economist in Washington, DC, who became the darling of the U.S. media when he returned to Nicaragua and staged a campaign — and later withdrew — for the presidency in opposition to President Daniel Ortega in November 1984. Baez, who attended high school and college in the U.S., says he was mostly uninterested in politics until about 10 years ago.

"I never learned too much about politics," he said. "I had seen peasants, but I had taken them as part of the scenery." After he returned home to study at the University of Managua, "I began to see the problems closer," he said. "It all depends on the glasses you have on when you look at something." He met Fernando Cardenal, minister of education, at a party in 1979, and was persuaded to join the literacy campaign. "I learned on the road. I didn't know anything," he said. "I got involved in this the same way many people did. There were many things to do. It was very easy to find us doing these things, because we couldn't wait."

Baez is often questioned about Nicaragua's state of emergency, imposed by Ortega in October 1985. The decree restricts freedom of assembly and reinstitutes press censorship for articles dealing with military and economic matters. "We know that the state of emergency has a negative impression in other countries, but it is not affecting people's lives in Nicaragua," he said. "The state of emergency is affecting *La Prensa* (the opposition newspaper) and COSEP (a group of conservative businessmen). To persons living in most of the country, it doesn't make a big difference."

Baez said the avalanche of negative reaction to the emergency decree in the United States is another example of the double standard under which the country is judged. When the president of Argentina recently decreed a similar state of emergency, the *New York Times* editorialized that the move was aimed at "defending democracy, even if the move is less than democratic." The Nicaraguan move, the *Times* said, showed that the Sandinistas "had nothing more to lose by revealing their true political colors." Both governments' moves were intended to suppress right-wing violence.

After stops in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama, Baez returned to Nicaragua's Ministry of Education in December. "It is like [Sandinista front co-founder] Tomas Borges told me," he said. "He had been tortured and imprisoned by Somoza. When he got power, he said he would not kill his torturers. He said his vengeance would be in teaching Somoza's children. And that's what we are doing." □

E.J. Smith is a writer in Durham, N.C.

Photo by Russell Hornicker

NICARAGUAN CHILDREN

RESOURCES

Banjo Music

In about 1904, 14-year-old Charlie Osborne made his first banjo. He crafted the hoop out of green willow reeds growing along Copper Creek on his family farm in southwest Virginia. Then he killed a cat, skinned it, and tanned its hide to make the banjo head.

Ever since, Charlie Osborne's been pickin' and playin' traditional mountain tunes, and of his own devising, in his own left-handed style. Along the way he learned to fiddle, and through the years he picked up the honorary title "Uncle" Charlie. In the 1970s a young neighbor, Tommy Bledsoe, heard Osborne play and sing and was entranced.

Eventually Bledsoe and others persuaded June Appal Recordings and the East Tennessee State University Center for Appalachian Studies to fund and produce a record of Osborne's music. The resulting album, "Relics & Treasure," includes such lively favorites as "Dan Tucker" and "Little Brown Jug" and features 94-year-old Osborne's fiddling and singing along with his son Johnny on banjo and Bledsoe on banjo and guitar.

The record is available from June Appal Recordings, Box 743, Whitesburg, KY 41858.

Waging Peace

Peace in Central America may be your dream, but if you live in, say, Beckley, West Virginia, you may be frustrated by the apparent lack of local activity on the issues.

A new handbook for peace activists, the *Peace Resource Book: A Comprehensive Guide to Issues, Groups and Literature*, promises to end that isolation. The guide is set up to put individuals in touch with peace groups and peace groups in touch with each other.

Published by the Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies, the book includes

•addresses and telephone numbers of other peace groups in your area and across the country;

•a ZIP code directory of peace groups;

•indexes to national groups by focus, special constituency and structure;

•a guide to peace-related pamphlets and literature;

•listings of college peace studies curricula.

In Beckley, you could find the West Virginia Central America Solidarity Association. Other issues covered include anti-draft and anti-militarism organizing, arms control, civil liberties, disarmament, military spending and social justice.

The *Peace Resource Book 1986* is available for $14.95 from Harper & Row, (800)-638-3030.

Fundraising Demystified

For many local organizations and small nonprofit groups, fundraising is seen as a necessary evil. Shunted aside to an individual or small group, fundraising exists as a background task while a group's members focus on their programmatic concerns. Often those raising funds have no special training or experience; they, along with others, tend to mystify fundraising as if to do so successfully requires a knowledge of the stars, the spirit world, and the astronomically well-to-do.

Anyone already responsible for or needing to learn how to raise funds for community-based organizations will benefit from the recently released *Fundraising for Social Change*, which describes the nuts and bolts strategies needed to start, maintain, and expand a fundraising program. Written by Kim Klein for CRG Press, this 208-page volume is full of case studies and specific examples that actually relate to social change groups (no how-to-raise-money-for-a-hospital stories such as abound in many development manuals).

The single most important factor in raising funds is asking people to give, and this book discusses the steps involved in many potential fundraising techniques, including direct mail, phone-a-thons, canvassing, and special events.

Klein, the co-editor of *Grassroots Fundraising Journal*, also includes chapters examining the internal structures of nonprofits, including their boards of directors, budget processes, and uses of volunteers. These sections tie into the specific issues of fundraising but are useful on their own for an organization setting up or reviewing its operating methods.

Fundraising for Social Change is available for $19.95 (plus $1.95 shipping) from CRG Press, P.O. Box 42120, Washington, DC 20015; (202) 223-2400. Orders must be accompanied by a check or institutional money order.

Also valuable for fundraising purposes throughout the region is *Grantseeking in North Carolina*, edited by Anita Gunn Shirley for the North Carolina Center for Public Policy Research. This 637-page guide to corporate and foundation giving is the first compilation of its kind for North Carolina. It includes such information as sample grants, financial data, types of support, and application procedures for 589 separate sources. Particularly useful are the "How to Write a Grant Proposal" section and the subject index by funding interest.

The book costs $35 (plus $2.50 shipping) and may be ordered from the Center, P.O. Box 430, Raleigh, N.C. 27602.

THE CHORDS THAT BIND

TRADITIONAL MUSIC IN THE SOUTH

by Si Kahn

I go through life humming to myself. On a clear day, you can hear me before you can see me. Even when by sheer mental effort I succeed in sealing my lips, if you look deep into my eyes you can see the notes silently making their way along the staff.

Where did all this music come from? What is a nice Jewish boy doing singing in a place like this?

When I was growing up — not here in the South, but in the Deep North — our family sang together. On the Sabbath and on holidays, we would stay at the dinner table long after the food and dishes had been cleared, and we would sing. Because musical instruments were not allowed on the Sabbath, we sang without instrumentation — but not without accompaniment. From my grandfather, Gabriel Kahn, I learned the fine points of creating a rhythm section, using only two basic variations (closed fist and open palm) of the basic hand-on-table technique. From my parents, Rosalind and Benjamin Kahn, I learned — once my sister and I had the basic tunes down well enough not to be distracted — the rudiments of high and low harmony, made up as you go along.

The songs we sang were mostly prayers, composed thousands of years ago in Hebrew. There were different prayers for different holidays, for different phases of the moon, for the Sabbath, and for various combinations thereof. Naturally, over that many years, melodies had changed. My mother's side of the family was convinced that my father's side had changed them, accidentally or deliberately, and vice versa. The preferred method for settling these disagreements was to sing as loudly as possible. Whichever side of the family was able to overwhelm the other was generally conceded to have history on its side, along with the correct version of the melody.

We sang a little bit in Yiddish, too, folk and story songs from the Old Country (which in this case meant almost any place in Europe). Hebrew had been the language of prayer for the Jews of Europe, but Yiddish was the language of everyday life. In our house, except for the songs, it had been reduced to the

Introduction copyright © 1985 by Si Kahn. All rights reserved.

language of secrets, which our parents used when they wanted to communicate with each other privately in front of us. Despite this incentive to learn Yiddish, I never did, beyond the few phrases known to anyone who has lived in New York, regardless of race, color, creed, or national origin.

So the truth of the matter is that although I learned many songs and am still amazed at how many I still know by heart, I never understood most of what I was singing. What's amazing is that that never seemed to matter. I understood quite well what the songs really meant to us as Jews, as a family, as people in the world. They were our bond, our unity, our affirmation, our courage. They were our way of claiming our rhythmic and harmonic relation with each other and with our community. Our songs reinforced our solidarity, our sense that we would overcome the obstacles in our path. They helped us feel proud of the side we were on.

That, of course, is what all this personal history has to do with the songs of Southern struggle. Because that is what these songs do, not just for Southerners, permanent or temporary, but for all kinds of people who have never set foot or voice in the South. They reach us in a deep and personal way, even though they are in a sense a language we do not completely understand, a language which can only be translated by the heart.

Like all prayers, the political songs of the South connect us in time. Who can stand swaying with arms linked in a circle singing "We Shall Overcome" and not be taken back in time? Yet we hear with different hearts, according to when the song first came to us. Blacks, women, trade unionists, peace activists each hear the song with the ears of their own movement, because the song has been a part of each of these and others. Though we can trace the geneaology of the song, what matters when we close our eyes and link arms is the images that float before us: of picket lines, marches, demonstrations, vigils, jails. We hear the places we have been, ourselves and others like us, in the songs.

We hear the people we want to be. We hear, too, those who are *not* like us, the segregationists and gun thugs and sheriffs who so often blocked the way. They, too, are immortalized in the songs, frozen in time, caught as if by a camera in a fast-moving moment of history. If it were not for Florence Reece's wonderful song, "Which Side Are You On?" who would ever remember Bloody Harlan's Sheriff Blair? Yet as our singing voices build the song, we swear again that we will *not* thug for J.H. Blair, in Kentucky

Photo by Roland Freeman

MATT JONES, AMANDA BOWENS PERDEW, CHUCK NEBLETT, BOB ZELLNER, AND RUTHA MAE HARRIS.

or anywhere else, because we *are* for the union, we *know* which side *we* are on.

We hear also the people we have been. There is Ralph Chaplin, organizer and songwriter for the Industrial Workers of the World, just back from the West Virginia mine wars at the beginning of the twentieth century. What was it Mother Jones said that affected him so deeply? "You don't need the vote to raise hell?" "The Lord God Almighty made the women and the Rockefeller gang of thieves made the ladies?" That you should "pray for the dead and fight like hell for the living"? What was it about the South and Southern workers that tears out of this Ohio-born organizer his wonderful lines:

In our hands is placed a power greater than
their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of armies magnified a
thousand-fold
We can bring to birth a new world from the
ashes of the old
For the union makes us strong.

He's right, you know. The union *does* make us strong. The truth *will* make us free. We *shall* live in peace.

And we *shall* overcome. □

Si Kahn is a veteran organizer and songwriter living in Charlotte, North Carolina. His records, available from Flying Fish Records, include "Unfinished Portraits," "Doing My Job," "Home" and "New Wood."

FOOTPRINTS

John Handcox – Songwriter

BY MARJORIE MILLER
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY PETE SEEGER

In the 1940s I tried to locate John Handcox but failed. During the war years, he'd gone to California with his family and stayed there. Then in the 1980s H.L. Mitchell wrote his autobiography and entitled it Mean Things Happening In This Land. *A friend of John's sees the book in a bookstore and says to John, "John, didn't you write a song called 'Mean Things Happening in This Land?'"*

"Sure did," says John.

"Well, I saw a book in a bookstore with that title. It's written by a man named Mitchell."

"Well, whaddya know — Mitch! I didn't know he was still alive."

John contacted the publisher, got in touch with Mitch, and among other things there was a little reunion in Memphis of various people who worked on the job of organizing Southern tenant farmers in the mid-'30s. One of the people at the reunion was the labor singer and songwriter Joe Glazer, and Joe wrote down Handcox's address. A few years later, I met Joe and he told me that Handcox is still alive, and I wrote to John, and I also wrote to some friends at the Grassroots Cultural Center in San Diego who got in touch with a reporter for the Los Angeles Times, *and the next thing you know, this big article came out with John's picture. I am proud to have been a link in a long chain.*

copyright © 1985 by Los Angeles Times. Reprinted with permission.

John Handcox doesn't remember a young white student named Lee Hays, but Lee was mainly responsible for spreading John's songs around. While Lee was at Commonwealth College in the 1930's, he learned John's song 'Raggedy, Raggedy Are We' and added a fine last verse; 'Union Union Are We. We're Gonna Get Something For Our Labor, For Union Union Are We.' And Lee taught it to me, and the song has taken off around the world. How sorry I am that Lee didn't live long enough to meet John again and know how these songs have stood the test of time.

— Pete Seeger

I was in the river, fishing, and my momma and my wife come running down, hollering for me. Their voice was so distressful, I just knew something happen with the kids. But my momma said, "John, you better get away from here." You see, a friend of mine, a white fellow, he'd been up at the store and overheard them say, "That nigger John Handcox, we gonna hang him. We got the rope and we got the limb. All we want is him."

Mean things were happening in Arkansas in 1936, the year John L. Handcox learned of the noose with his name on it. Sharecroppers were working from sunup to sundown for 50 cents a day, then sleeping at night on cotton sacks stuffed with straw.

The plantation stores were overcharging tenant farmers, who labored all year just to end up in debt. Even nature sometimes seemed mean, flooding the fertile river valleys, leaving cotton only on the eroding hillsides.

Handcox, a poor farmer with a ninth-grade education, didn't like anything unfair. He didn't like anything mean. When he heard that the Socialists were forming a racially integrated labor union, the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, Handcox thought it sounded like a good idea and he joined. He helped to organize other black sharecroppers into locals, and since he didn't care for making speeches, he started to write songs for them to sing at their meetings. From 1935 to 1937 Handcox wrote dozens of poems and songs, including "Roll the Union On," "Raggedy, Raggedy Are We," and "There is Mean Things Happening in this Land" — classics of the labor movement.

Handcox's music gave farmers inspiration on the picket lines, but it made the plantation owners mad. His organizing made them mean enough to want to string a black man from a tree.

I said, "Momma, I'm not going anywhere. If they come 'round here, if they stick their heads up, I'll shoot 'em." She said, "If you hurt one of them, they gonna kill us all." That's right, too. There wouldn't a been no Handcox left.

I went over on the highway. At that time they just had a gravel road. Two lanes — one going, one coming. I caught a Greyhound. I caught that puppy to Memphis.

Handcox is 82 now and lives in a quiet corner of southeast San Diego, California. He is rail thin with an ebony face, salt and pepper hair, and a white beard. He is still poor, still a union member — United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America — and still writing songs.

Handcox said it is possible he had heard of folk singer Pete Seeger before receiving letters from Seeger recently, but he isn't sure. He has never been too good with names. Seeger, however, had known of Handcox and his songs for more than 40 years. Seeger's partner in "The Weavers," Lee Hays, had taught him some of Handcox's tunes long ago; and Seeger's father Charles had recorded Handcox on an aluminum disk for the Library of Congress in about 1937, when the elder Seeger worked on a WPA music project.

"John is one of the rank-and-file people who make up the folk songs of the nation," Seeger said. "Some of the songs he wrote in the 1930s became famous throughout the English-speaking world."

Pete Seeger and Woodie Guthrie had tried unsuccessfully to find Handcox in the 1940s when they were compiling material for their songbook, *Hard Hitting Songs for Hard-Hit People.*

"By the time the 1960s came along, I assumed he was dead. Foolish me," Seeger said.

Handcox was in San Diego, where he settled in 1942. Seeger finally tracked Handcox through folk singer Joe Glazer, who had located him through H.L. Mitchell, a founder of the farmers' union. After 40 years, Handcox had called Mitchell.

As was common among union troubadors, Handcox never bothered to copyright his songs. Seeger wrote to tell him that he wanted to help Handcox put his name on his work. Seeger asked his publisher at Sanga Music in New York to help Handcox with the copyright work. He also raised money to buy Handcox an airplane ticket to Washington, D.C., to join in the 1984 Great Labor Song Exchange, an annual meeting of labor songwriters and singers organized by Glazer.

Labor music, characterized by songs such as "Solidarity Forever" and "Union Maid," is used to build unity and to tell labor's side of a story. Glazer says the music usually is written during strikes and periods of crisis, and many of the songs are adapted from Southern gospel hymns. "The

Roll the Union On

by John L. Handcox and Lee Hays

Chorus: G D7

We're gon - na roll, We're gon - na roll, We're gon - na roll the un - ion on, We're gon - na roll, we're gon - na roll, We're gon - na roll the un - ion on. If the plant - er's in the way we're gon - na roll it o - ver him, Gon - na roll it o - ver him, Gon - na roll it o - ver him, If the plant-er's in the way we're gon - na roll it o - ver him, Gon - na roll the un - ion on.

Chorus:
We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll the union on
We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll the union on.
(Repeat after each verse)

If the planter's in the way
We're gonna roll it over him
Gonna roll it over him
gonna roll it over him,
If the planter's in the way
We're gonna roll it over him,
Gonna roll the union on.

If the boss is in the way, etc.

If the merchant's in the way, etc.

If the banker's in the way, etc.

If the preacher's in the way, etc.

If Futrell's in the way, etc.

If Wall Street's in the way, etc.

copyright © 1967 by Stormking Music, Inc.

line from the church hall to the union hall is direct many times," Glazer said.

Seeger says there's no reason Handcox should have heard of him. So, by way of introduction, he wrote Handcox, "I am only too aware that I am one more white musician who has made a living when black musicians who composed the music made no money at all."

Seeger said many of the country's folk and union songs — "Home on the Range," "The Ballad of Jesse James," "We Shall Not Be Moved" — have been passed on orally and never were claimed by their original authors. He told Handcox that even copyrighted folk songs rarely earn a lot of money for their authors, but that someday one of Handcox's songs could be used in a movie and earn something for his family.

"Do you realize if you'd gotten $25 for every time 'Roll the Union On' had been printed in a songbook during the last 30 years, you'd have several thousand dollars?" Seeger wrote.

Seeger said that Handcox's songs have rare depth and simplicity that have made them stand up over time. He called "Roll the Union On" "a great picket line song, one of the greatest ever," and broke into verse over the telephone:

> *We're gonna roll,*
> *We're gonna roll,*
> *We're gonna roll the union on.*
> *If the planter's in the way, we're*
> *gonna roll it over him,*
> *Gonna roll it over him, gonna*
> *roll it over him. . .*

His father's mother was the half-white daughter of a slave owner; his mother's father was "a full-blooded African" slave. On rainy days, Handcox's grandfather used to tell him stories about slavery.

"The way he told it, we were better off under slavery than after. Under slavery he was valuable. But after slavery, he was anybody and everybody's slave with no one to protect him," Handcox said.

His parents were tenant farmers, better off than many only because they owned mules, hoes, cotton sacks, and other tools. That meant they could work "thirds and fourths" — paying the landlord a third of their corn crop and a fourth of their cotton for use of the land — instead of turning over half the yield, as did the sharecroppers who owned nothing.

Handcox was the third son of 11 children, born near Brinkley, Arkansas, about half way between Little Rock and Memphis. As a young boy he was sick each fall with tonsillitis that persisted for months at a time —

There Is Mean Things Happening in This Land

by John Handcox

C G7 C G7 C F C Am C G7 C

There is mean things hap-pen-ing in this land, There is mean things hap-pen-ing in this land But the un-ion's go-ing on, And the un-ion's go-ing strong, There is mean things hap-pen-ing in this land.

Chant:
On the eighteenth of May
The union called a strike,
But the planters and the bosses
Throwed the people out of their shacks.

Chorus:
There is mean things happening
in this land,
There is mean things happening
in this land,
But the union's going on and the
union's going strong,
There is mean things happening
in this land.
(Repeat after each verse)

The planters throwed the people off
the land,
Where many years they'd spent,
And in the hard cold winter,
They had to live in tents.

The planters throwed the people out,
Without a bite to eat,
They cursed them and kicked them,
And some with axe handles beat.

The people got tired of working
for nothing,
And that from sun to sun,
But the planters forced some to work
At the point of guns.

There is mean things happening
in this land,
There is mean things happening
in this land,
Oh, the rich man boasts and brags
while the poor man goes in rags,
There is mean things happening
in this land.

There is mean things happening
in this land, (two times)
Oh, the farmer cannot eat, 'cause
he's raised too much wheat,
There is mean things happening
in this land.

There is mean things happening
in this land, (two times)
Too much cotton in our sacks so we
have none on our backs,
There is mean things happening
in this land.

There is mean things happening
in this land, (two times)
Lots of groceries on the shelves,
but we have none for ourselves,
There is mean things happening
in this land.

There is mean things happening
in this land, (two times)
Oh, we'll have even less to eat when
the drums commence to beat,
There is mean things happening
in this land.

There is mean things happening
in this land, (two times)
But when the working men refuse to
put on their old war shoes,
There'll be GOOD THINGS
happening in this land.

There'll be GOOD THINGS happening
in this land, (two times)
When the workers take a stand and
unite in a solid band,
There'll be GOOD THINGS happening
in this land.

copyright © 1967 by Sanga Music, Inc.

despite mustard plasters, kerosene rubs, and liniments — and kept him from starting school until he was nearly nine years old. He learned to read at home from his mother. His father subscribed to the newspaper, and from it they read aloud about lynchings, about how the white men would tie a Negro behind a wagon with a chain around his neck and drag him around town.

When Handcox was about 12, his father brought home a book of poems by the black author Paul Laurence Dunbar. Handcox loved Dunbar's funny poems, and began to write his own. "I'd write poems about the kids in school. Something to make people laugh," Handcox said. He would write poems for Easter celebrations and school programs. He wrote a graduation speech on "perseverance," and wrote a play that was put on at church.

When Handcox was 19 and finishing the ninth grade, his father was killed by a team of mules. Handcox left school to farm and manage the family, and didn't find time to write again until he joined the union nearly a dozen years later.

The farm economy had not recovered from the Depression. In 1934 President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal agricultural administration was paying landowners to reduce their production in order to raise the price of cotton and other crops. The result was disastrous for hundred of thousands of sharecroppers, tenant farmers, and day laborers who were forced off the land and out of work.

In July of that year the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union was founded to fight for better wages, against tenant farmer evictions, and for socialist farming cooperatives. When a friend told Handcox about the union in 1935 he said, "That's good news. Let's set up a local."

"The people were being treated unfair. I know they wasn't getting out of debt. They were just working for what they eat and wore and that wasn't much. Wasn't nothing to smile over," Handcox said.

Handcox encouraged farmers to ask for bills when they made purchases from the plantation store in order to keep track of their own debts. He went from house to house on his horse until he rounded up enough farmers to set up a union local, and then another.

The farmers met in schoolhouses and churches, the places where Handcox had learned to sing. Handcox couldn't play any instruments, but he could write. He composed poems and songs for the farmers, passed them out at meetings, and sent them to be published in the union's newspaper, *The Sharecroppers' Voice.*

photo by Larry Rubin

JOHN HANDCOX AT THE GREAT LABOR SONG EXCHANGE

When a sharecropper dies,
He is buried in a box
Without any necktie
And without any sox.

"All these songs and poems is about the way the people was being treated," Handcox said. "Singing is inspirational. More inspirational than talk. It arouses people more, makes them feel a part of things."

The union grew to 25,000 members in six states by 1935, and to 31,000 members the next year. Handcox worked hard at the organizing and farming, but a string of bad luck and bad weather forced him to sharecrop in 1935. At the end of the season Handcox added up his earnings and his wife's earnings, subtracted what they owed, and realized that together they had made only $250. He gave up farming for fishing, but continued to work with the union, helping to organize a strike that spread over three counties in 1936.

There was an outdoor meeting and the moonlight was bright. We was about half a block from the Big Man's house. I was making a speech, telling the people the planters had a strategy. In a good crop year the prices would start off pretty good. Then the prices would go fall down.

They claim a surplus, but the people that really needs it and that use it are the ones that can't afford it. If they had it all turned to clothes and bedding, you could get off those straw beds. There wouldn't be no surplus. The people was wearing patches. Their clothes was just patches on patches.

The owners up there at the house, we heard them say, "You hear that nigger calling the government a liar." They said it loud enough for me to hear and the others to hear, but we didn't stop the meeting.

The farmers met with evictions, beatings, arrests, and threats. While the workers never secured a contract, they had earned wage increases for cotton pickers in a strike the year before. But in 1936 Governor Junius Marion Futrell called out the National Guard to put down the strike.

There is mean things happening in this land,
There is mean things happening in this land,
But the union's going on,
And the union's going strong,
There is mean things happening in this land.

"The National Guard set up their machine guns and tents and people gathered around to watch 'em do it,"

Raggedy Raggedy Are We

Tune: How Beautiful Would Heaven Be
Words by John L. Handcox and Lee Hays

Ragg - 'dy, Ragg - 'dy are we, Just as
C7 F
rag-ged as rag - ged can be. We don't get noth-ing for our
B♭ F C7 F
la - bor, so ragg - 'dy ragg - 'dy are we.

Raggedy, raggedy are we, (oh lawdy),
Just as raggedy as raggedy can be,
We don't get nothing for our labor,
So raggedy, raggedy are we.

So hungry, hungry are we,
Just as hungry, as hungry can be,
We don't get nothing for our labor,
So hungry, hungry are we.

So homeless, homeless are we,
Just as homeless, as homeless are we,
We don't get nothing for our labor,
So homeless, homeless are we.

So landless, landless are we,
Just as landless, as landless can be,
We don't get nothing for our labor,
So landless, landless are we.

So cowless, cowless are we,
Just as cowless, as cowless can be,
The planters don't 'low us to raise 'em,
So cowless, cowless are we.

So hogless, hogless are we,
Just as hogless, as hogless can be,
The planters don't 'low us to raise 'em,
So hogless, hogless are we.

So cornless, cornless are we,
Just as cornless, as cornless can be,
The planters don't 'low us to raise it,
So cornless, cornless are we.

So pitiful, pitiful are we,
Just as pitiful, as pitiful can be,
We don't get nothing for our labor,
So pitiful, pitiful are we.

copyright © by Sanga Music.
All rights reserved.

photo by Larry Rubin

THE GREAT LABOR SONG EXCHANGE: STANDING IS PETE SEEGER; SEATED, FROM THE LEFT, ARE GUY CARAWAN, SI KAHN, JAMES ORANGE, JOHN HANDCOX, CANDI CARAWAN, AND ANNE ROMAINE

Mitchell, one of the union's founders, recalled. Two blacks died in vigilante violence, he said, and the farmers lost the strike. Handcox was run out of town.

Handcox went from Memphis to Charleston, Missouri, and then to St. Louis, working for the union. He made a fundraising trip to New York and Washington, D.C., where Charles Seeger recorded his songs. But Handcox was having trouble supporting his wife and four children on union work. He earned 25 cents for every union member he recruited, but he often used the money he earned to pay the dues of new recruits.

Handcox joined the Socialist Party and headed for Chicago, where he spoke at party meetings and searched for a job. He handed his songs and poems out at meetings, accepting donations of 25 or 50 cents or giving them away for free. "Life is not a matter of money with me," he said.

A person has to make a living. Finding little work in Chicago, Handcox left for Detroit; then to Kansas City, Missouri; then south to Oklahoma, and finally to his present home in California.

In San Diego Handcox peddled fish, eggs, and fruit out of a truck, ran a small grocery store and a restaurant, and worked as a carpenter.

He joined the carpenter's union but found that it allowed contractors to discriminate against blacks. He belonged to a Socialist Party local until it fell apart when several members moved to Los Angeles.

Handcox organized pickets at neighborhood businesses that depended on black customers but refused to hire them. Two grocery stores finally agreed to employ blacks, but a movie theater refused. "The owner, he said, 'Nigger, I'll close my show up before I'll hire niggers,' " Handcox recalled. The theater closed down.

I worked in L.A. for awhile and was back here staying with my momma. A friend of mine called and told my momma the FBI come by asking about me. I was eager to find out what the FBI wanted with me. It had been three or four years since I'd been to a party meeting. So I went up to L.A. and called.

They come by and I invited them in to my friend's house, but they said, "No, you come out to the car." They was asking did I belong to the Socialist Party. I said, "Yes. I prefer it over the Democrat and Republican 'cause they nothing but rich people's parties and I don't have no money."

I tell them, "Now you all chasing after me, but you didn't do nothing to these people that kill Emmett Till." He was the Negro 14 years old who they killed in Mississippi (for whistling at a white woman).

They say they got to go now, but I say, "You all want to talk to me. Well, I'm going to talk to you."

Today Handcox survives on Social Security checks, tends his garden, and goes fishing when he gets a chance. He clips articles out of the newspaper about Reagan administration budget cuts and figures out how much the President earns each day.

"When he was elected he earn $545.45 per day. Now he gets $684.93 a day," Handcox said.

Reagan makes Handcox so mad, in fact, that he took up writing protest songs again — this time against Reagan.

Handcox says times are far better for his 28 grandchildren and nearly 90 great-grandchildren than they were for blacks in the 1930s and 1940s. But he says blacks still have a long way to go. "If you've never been black, you can't hardly sympathize with what black people went through. I don't hate white people. I don't have no hatred. We're getting a better break now than we ever did, and we are not getting a fair deal now," he said.

Handcox continued singing occasionally at fundraisers for progressive causes, hoping his songs could help to prevent mean things from happening in this land. Lately, he has appeared at several gatherings of folk musicians around the U.S. Seeger says that when he contacted Handcox about getting money for his songs, Handcox said, "Really, all I ever wanted to do in life was to leave some footprints so other people could follow."

"If my songs help make this a better world to live in, I think I did a lot."□

*Marjorie Miller is a **Los Angeles Times** staff writer currently on assignment in El Salvador. This article first appeared in the **Los Angeles Times**.*

By Patricia A. Hall

Folk Visions and Voices

A freight train rumbling across a nearby trestle; dogs lolling in grassy spots of shade; the last of summer crickets chorusing in trees whose leaves are wilted and ready to turn; a small boy circling silently, around and around, on a blue bicycle. Against this Faulkneresque backdrop, the busy clattering of an electric typewriter wafts out of the upstairs window of a neat white house in Nashville.

I happened to catch Anne Romaine, director of the Southern Folk Cultural Revival Project (SFCRP), in the middle of typing some last-minute letters to advertisers for Tennessee Grassroots Days. I came on this bright September morning to help hang posters advertising the tenth annual Tennessee Grassroots Days, a two-day festival of traditional music and folklife demonstrations that is only two weeks away. But I also came to Anne Romaine's house for quite another reason: to talk history.

The tenth anniversary of Tennessee Grassroots Days is an important milestone. But the parent organization of the festival, the Southern Folk Cultural Revival Project, in 1985 celebrated its twentieth anniversary. During the past two decades the SFCRP has touched the lives of thousands of Southerners, native and transplanted alike. Festivals, concerts, workshops, school and prison tours, and a syndicated television series are just a few of the SFCRP programs that have enabled audiences to see and get to know traditional artists and musicians. For 20 years, the project has upheld the ideals of presenting and interpreting the culture of black and white working people and introducing traditional folkways to a variety of audiences.

THE SOUTHERN FOLK CULTURAL REVIVAL PROJECT BEGAN AS A FUNDRAISING vehicle for the Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC). According to Sue Thrasher, SSOC's former executive secretary, "SSOC was established by and for white students involved in civil rights work, to help them meet the challenges and confront the problems of being whites involved in a primarily black movement." The organization received recognition and support from black

The Southern Folk Cultural Revival Project

leaders such as Bob Moses and Stokely Carmichael. At a SSOC conference held at the Tennessee-based Highlander Center in 1965, staff members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) suggested that SSOC consider raising funds through a tour by Northern folksingers. One SSOC staffer was particularly interested in the idea and agreed to work on organizing such a tour. She was Anne Romaine, a musician and singer from Gastonia, North Carolina, then married to SSOC's chair Howard Romaine. So the Romaines traveled to New York to consult with folksinger Gil Turner, who in turn suggested that Anne meet with Bernice Reagon, a young black SNCC freedom singer who was living in Atlanta.

Anne vividly recalls her first meeting with Reagon, which strongly affected the direction of her efforts: "I remember sitting with Bernice in her wonderful kitchen, surrounded by cast iron pots and memorabilia from her many singing trips. During that meeting, Bernice and I realized that we were both vitally interested in the history of the South. I was primarily interested in the white working class, and Bernice in black culture. She liked our idea for a tour, but she felt it should *not* be just white, Northern folksingers. She suggested, instead, that we do a tour of both black and white *Southern* community-based musicians and singers."

In recalling their early work together, Bernice Reagon stresses that she and Romaine were both products of the civil rights movement, of black and white Southern communities, and that both — by virtue of their backgrounds — were extremely aware of music and culture in the shaping of attitudes and principles. In the introduction to her book, *Oh, What a Time*, Reagon wrote, "We were high on idealism, thinking that by using songs that had jumped cultural, racial, social, and economic boundaries, we could entice audiences to see where the songs and cultures had gone."

Reagon agreed to work with Romaine on planning a tour, with Reagon suggesting artists and Romaine booking them. The two decided that the tour should travel primarily to college campuses and should consist of a core of musicians who would perform every engagement, with special and local artists joining the group for one or two concerts. After months of organizing, they launched the first Southern Folk Festival tour in the spring of 1966. It lasted a month and featured Reverend Pearly Brown, black activist and singer Mable Hillary, Appalachian folksinger Hedy West, and New York singer/songwriter Gil Turner. Other performers — such as Pete Seeger, topical singer Len Chandler, and urban folksinger Carolyn Hester — joined the tour for several concerts. Romaine and Reagon emceed each performance.

What made the Southern Folk Festival special was its format. Romaine and Reagon planned each concert carefully as a "round-robin" performance that evoked the history of the South through song. Romaine explains, "Bernice would meet with each of the artists ahead of time to talk about their lives and repertoires. Together they would decide which songs to present." Reagon introduced each performer, setting the scene with background about his or her material and style. Reagon recalls, "On our programs, the older songs always came first: songs of slavery, church songs, hymns, and spirituals on both sides, blues, songs of labor organizing efforts, and [we ended] the program with songs of the '60s."

Although most participants felt that

ANNE ROMAINE

Photos courtesy of Southern Folk Cultural Revival Project

this format was effective, some artists chafed against it, feeling that Romaine and Reagon should allow them to perform their material without historical interpretation. One dissenter was Gil Turner, who had been very helpful in launching the project. He eventually left the tour over this difference in philosophy.

The tours had not been without political and racial incident, however. For a 1966 Southern Folk Festival concert at Vanderbilt University in which Pete Seeger participated, he and Romaine had agreed that he would be billed equally with other performers, with no special publicity. Despite this agreement, Romaine recalls, "When we arrived on campus, there were groups of people with huge signs, handing out leaflets with Pete's name all over them. I came on really strong to them, saying, 'We specified no special publicity for Pete!' Then I looked more closely at the leaflets. They were anti-Pete Seeger tracts published by the John Birch Society!"

Tour performers also were often confronted by bigotry and strained race relations from outsiders. Black and white musicians traveling, performing, eating, and socializing together often offended restaurant owners and community residents, resulting in confrontations. Romaine recalls the time a white sheriff seized the podium during a performance and began telling the audience he was the one looking after their best interests, not Romaine and her tour. And singer Hazel Dickens describes an incident when Romaine's van, full of black and white tour performers, was nearly run off the road: "We were going highway speed on the interstate and behind us came a bunch of white guys, running up against us, bumper-to-bumper. It was one of those truly terrifying moments when you wonder what the outcome is going to be."

Gathering the courage to live with fear of racial violence was necessary. Romaine says, "Reverend [Pearly] Brown, who was blind, was so strong and clear about his life. One night early on, because I was white, I was afraid to be seen driving alone in the car with him through Arkansas. Bernice picked up on my fear, and right there in the parking lot in front of everyone, she yelled, 'Romaine! You need to decide what's more important: your values, or what *might* happen. You can't live your life being afraid!' I was as mad as a hornet that Bernice had said that in front of everyone, and I snorted and fumed all the way through Arkansas that night. But I later realized she was right."

Bernice Reagon commented on tour race relations in *Oh, What a Time*: "The performers we selected had to be willing to travel by car throughout the South in mixed groups and, on stage, in concert, to acknowledge a common ground where it had never been acknowledged before. There was enthusiasm as well as fear from many of the older, traditional performers. Both were well-founded. The concerts, at black and white college campuses — primarily segregated in those days — at churches, at community centers, were affirming. People seemed very willing to consider the musical statement of humanism, of the quality of life. Our cars were also sometimes attacked, as in Jackson, Mississippi, where there was an attempt to push us off the road."

Romaine considered the 1966 Southern Folk Festival tour a resounding success. The bookings were good, the artists worked well together, and the unique concert format engaged and delighted. The performers traveled from engagement to engagement "caravan" style. The schedule was grueling but morale was high. The camaraderie of traveling, performing, and relaxing with each other at the end of a long day on the road fostered a family feeling that the artists conveyed

HAZEL DICKENS

while onstage. Although the money this first tour raised was modest, it was the beginning of the Southern Folk Festival as an ongoing organization.

The summer of 1966 was a turning point. Romaine recalls: "Howard and I were living in Swannanoa, North Carolina, working on an SSOC retreat center. I did a lot of singing myself, worked in an electronics factory, and got to know traditional musicians of the area. It was an environment filled with music and rich with folkways, and more and more, I knew I wanted to present this culture to a broader audience. For Howard, I think that summer was an unwelcome interruption in our civil rights work. But for me it was an expansion of my civil rights-oriented cultural work."

Romaine and Reagon ...saw the tours as a musical forum for teaching audiences about the history and culture of the South.

That fall, Romaine and Reagon began work on a 1967 Southern Folk Festival, this time planning a longer tour featuring more performers. Both realized that this project that had begun simply as a funding vehicle for SSOC had far greater potential. After lengthy deliberation the two decided that new performers should be enlisted, whose material embodied social issues beyond the civil rights movement, such as workers' rights, environmental concerns, and the anti-war movement. Most important, they decided that it was time for the Southern Folk Festival to become its own organization.

Sue Thrasher recalled the split from SSOC as amicable but inevitable: "As I remember, Anne's tour had always been a fairly independent project, and her interest was music. It made sense that the tour eventually became a separate entity."

Once Romaine and Reagon decided to leave SSOC, they embarked on serious fundraising. Several early trips to foundations sympathetic to the civil rights movement yielded nothing. Romaine noted, "None of them were particularly interested in a *cultural* program like ours, even though it focused on social issues."

Meanwhile, with the Black Power movement in full swing, Reagon began to devote more energy and leadership to black organizations and curtailed her direct involvement with the Southern Folk Festival. She did, however, remain a supportive adviser, strongly encouraging Romaine to continue her multicultural work. Reagon also backed Romaine's idea of adding a new component: a second tour that would feature primarily rural musicians, most of whom were white.

With help from old-time musician and collector Mike Seeger, Hedy West and others, Romaine developed a second tour she named the Appalachian Music Tour. Traveling for the first time in the fall of 1967, the new tour featured performers of all ages, representing a multitude of playing styles: singers Hazel Dickens and Alice Gerrard, old-time banjo player Dock Boggs, harmonica and guitar player Red Parham, dulcimer players Bill and Jean Davis, the Blue Ridge Mountain Dancers, and "Freight Train" composer Elizabeth Cotton.

Hazel Dickens recalls, "Except for the occasional folk festival, there was a real lack of stages for traditional performers in those days. The tour gave old-time and mountain musicians a chance to share their music with a larger audience. And the workshop format of tour concerts was, for me, a different experience. All of us sitting in a semi-circle onstage, interacting with and supporting each other — it really encouraged me with my own performing and songwriting."

Humor and a willingness to poke fun at the tour's shoestring budget style helped enable performers to live under stringent conditions. Romaine laughingly recounts how Hazel Dickens once returned her tour contract to Romaine. Attached to the space in which performers could indicate special needs was a list she had written in purple ink on pink toilet tissue requesting the following amenities: a private room; room service and breakfast in bed, including the waiter (twice on Sundays); top billing in large capital letters; and a seat in center stage in a red velvet rocker. The list was signed, "Her Excellency Lady Hazel."

In 1968 after completing two separate tours through all 13 Southern states, Romaine began looking for ways to bring traditional music to Atlanta, where she had moved. With funds from the federal Title III program and the Newport Folk Foundation, she developed a multicultural music series for the Atlanta public schools. Though the school system initially supported the program, Romaine remembers, school officials eventually grew uncomfortable with what they felt was inappropriate social commentary in the material presented. "We wanted to present music and history in a way that would connect with the students' lives," she explains. "The school administrators, on the other hand, wanted us just to present nice old-timey hoedowns and spirituals."

By 1968 the Southern Folk Festival tours had become much less overtly political, although they still built on their civil rights heritage. "One of my keenest, most bittersweet memories was the night Martin Luther King died," Romaine recalls. "We were at Alice Lloyd College in Pippa Passes, Kentucky. Bessie Jones and Jean Ritchie were on tour with us. It was an incredibly somber moment. I remember Bessie just shaking her head and saying, 'This is the beginning of the end.' On the day of his funeral, we were at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, and we dedicated our concert to King and his history."

As the tours became less blatantly political, they began presenting a broad spectrum of traditional performers. Now tour concerts often were sponsored by university student unions rather than by on- or off-campus political organizations and civil rights groups. Romaine saw the political pullback as a sign of the times.

By 1970 Romaine's commitment to social change and musical diversity had solidified. She had completed her master's degree in history. Reagon, who remained an adviser to the project, had begun graduate work in history at Howard University while working part-time at the Smithsonian Institution. Increasingly the two saw the tours as a musical forum for teaching audiences about the history and

culture of the South.

Both Romaine and Reagon knew that any growth or expansion of the project would depend on securing outside funds to augment the money earned by the two tours. With the help of Marie Cirillo, head of an organization of former nuns called the Federation of Communities in Service, Romaine and the Southern Folk Festival won their first grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. "It was 1972, and I remember the day that first check arrived from the U.S. Treasury," Romaine remembers. "It was a real change in consciousness for me. Here I'd gone along for so many years in a mindset that wasn't real comfortable with FBI agents. Now here the [federal] government was funding our project." She also got the tours established as tax-exempt, in order to enable them to qualify for more types of grants.

To this end, she established a board of directors consisting of artists and supporters such as Mike Seeger, Hazel Dickens, Alice Gerrard, Mable Hillary, Dewey Balfa, Sparkey Rucker, and Reagon. The board brought the separate tours and projects together under a new organizational umbrella called the Southern Folk Cultural Revival Project.

During the next few years the SFRCP broadened its base considerably, sponsoring prison concert tours and public school programs in Georgia and Louisiana. In 1975 the city of Atlanta asked Romaine to direct a folk festival in its historic commercial district, Underground Atlanta. A large-scale festival was a new undertaking for Romaine, but with advice and encouragement from Bernice Reagon she produced an impressive event. "It was huge!" Romaine exclaims. "We had hundreds of performers and three stages: one each for traditional, transitional, and contemporary performers. We featured black and white musicians, singers, dancers, and even poets. It made me want to organize festivals for our organization on a regular basis."

Meanwhile, Romaine also had honed her own musical talents and hoped to perform and write songs more seriously herself. "I had a new record out on Rounder, had gotten into performing and writing contemporary country music, and had begun a band called 'Anne Romaine and the Honky Tonk Angels' that performed six nights a week at a place in Atlanta called Al's Corral. I was ready to do something about my own musical career."

SPARKEY RUCKER

During this period Anne and Howard Romaine underwent an amicable divorce. Fueled by her artistic aspirations and good memories of living in Nashville briefly during the '60s, Anne Romaine moved to Nashville in 1975, with her six-year-old daughter Rita. While working on her own career in music, she saw to it that the SFRCP board met regularly, and the organization continued to grow in scope, size, and reputation. It continued to sponsor fall and spring tours, which together were renamed the Southern Grassroots Music Tours, with Romaine and many volunteers doing the work.

An informal, interpretive workshop format is still the trademark of SFRCP tour concerts. Performers begin each concert with an upbeat number, sung while filing onstage to take their seats arranged in a semicircle, where they await their turns to perform. The concerts always end with musicians grouped around several microphones, leading spirited singalongs. Repertoires and styles have evolved since the tours' early days, but younger artists and new songs seem to fit well alongside the old and traditional. With the background and interpretation provided by Romaine and other emcees, audiences welcome the diversity and contrasts in songs and singers. Hazel Dickens comments, "We almost always had a good reception. Depending on where we were, most students seemed to have a handle on what it was we were trying to say with our music. Most times we would do smaller workshops before the concerts, which would give people a chance to come and hear us talk about our music and ask questions."

Ronnie Geer, coordinator of student activities at the University of Alabama, describes his perception of the audience/performer relationship at tour concerts: "The performers involved the audience in the show from the very beginning. The audience promptly took the performers to heart, probably because both the music and the people of the Southern Grassroots Music Tours were so real. The spontaneity of the evenings gave the feeling of a large, festive family reunion."

In early 1976 Tennessee state folk-

lorist Linda White asked Romaine if she would direct a festival of traditional performers in Nashville's Centennial Park. "Of course I said yes, and the first annual Tennessee Grassroots Days became a reality," says Romaine. "We had $2,000 in Tennessee Arts Commission funds and the program only lasted one day. We only had one stage and it was a freezing cold October day. But it was a fantastic program."

Tennessee Grassroots Days continues as an annual event. Each year a special staff and group of advisers composed of Tennessee-based folklorists, business leaders, arts supporters, and performers work with Romaine to plan, promote, and raise funds for the festival.

In 1981, Tennessee Grassroots Days received funding from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Tennessee Committee for the Humanities, enabling field workers, folklorists, and historians to participate as interpreters and emcees in a much-expanded festival. In other years, with only the cash raised from program book ad sales and funds from organizations such as the We Shall Overcome Fund and the Tennessee Arts Commission, the festival has been a more modest, intimate event.

Regardless of available funds, the two-day festival consistently presents a comprehensive array of musicians, ranging from 90-year-old former coal miner and ballad singer Nimrod Workman to charismatic bluesman and folksinger Sparkey Rucker; from popular bluegrass superstar Peter Rowan to veteran black gospel singers The Fairfield Four; from Southern songwriter Guy Clark to the old-timey Roan Mountain Hilltoppers. With or without grants, the festival features a broad sampling of folklife demonstrators, including artisans such as gourd-carver Dorothy Bumpas, knife-honer Adam Turtle, marble-maker Bud Garrett, and the Jolly Dozen quilters.

Every year thousands of Tennesseans fill Centennial Park, wandering between the music stages set at opposite ends of the festival site, observing and talking to folklife demonstrators, and consuming great quantities of downhome cooking.

Tennessee Grassroots Days participants are extremely loyal. Scores of the state's traditional artisans and musicians show up each year to take part in the festival, supported by many volunteers who emcee, run information tables, act as stage managers, set up the festival, and clean up afterward. The venerable singer Memphis Ma Rainer came every year until she died, even though it meant a difficult drive from West Tennessee and two days performing in the early fall heat. Grand Ole Opry favorite Wilma Lee Cooper regularly fits several Grassroots Days sets around her Opry commitments, and long-time Opry announcer Grant Turner shows up annually to emcee.

Project adviser and emcee Tommy Lewis explains the importance of Grassroots Days to Tennessee: "The festival is like a giant melting pot and a means of showing people not just what went on in the old days, but what traditional things are still going on today. People who may not have direct, everyday contact with beekeeping or down home cooking or four-part traditional gospel can learn about it at Grassroots Days. And the generational element is important. When I bring a youth choir to perform, or when Robert Spicer and Jackie Christian invite kids up on stage to learn buck-dancing, and parents and grandparents watch, it involves all ages in learning about traditions, not just the old or the young. That's what makes Grassroots Days different from most other cultural events in Tennessee."

Despite dwindling financial resources, Romaine continues to run Southern Grassroots Music Tours and Tennessee Grassroots Days. Alice Gerrard comments on the impact of the chronic lack of funds has had on the SFCRP: "Having to operate on a shoestring creates certain problems; ones that any organization must really work at to get around. Anne and the project have always had to live with a shortage of funds, which has a way of limiting what you do, how many new performers you enlist, and even the ways in which you deal with committed artists and performers. Anne's done a remarkable job, but I'd like to see the SFCRP reach out to embrace new ideas and a wider variety of performers, and I'd especially like to see Anne involve others in managing various project activities. All these things require money."

Romaine believes that the organization will continue and says that she, too, sees a need for new leadership blood: "We're the only organization in the United States that sponsors regular tours and festivals of traditional Southern musicians and artists. That in itself is significant. Eventually I hope to bring into the organization some young, talented, and enthusiastic administrators, easing myself into an advisory role."

Romaine also recognizes the need for SFCRP to embrace more current social issues. She recalls one afternoon two years ago when songwriter and Grassroots Days supporter John D. Loudermilk delivered a brief but riveting challenge to the festival's advisory committee. "He reminded us that we were no longer in the 1960s, in the heat of the civil rights movement, but were instead in the '80s, when nuclear arms, child and spouse abuse, environmental pollution, and drug abuse were issues of the day. John was calling for our organization's activities and goals to begin reflecting that."

Romaine says that the SFCRP is just beginning to meet these new challenges. "We'll always be an organization whose roots are in the civil rights movement of the '60s. If it weren't for civil rights, we never would have *existed*. But if it weren't for the broader folkloristic and musical views put forth by our advisers, and the challenges put forth by supporters like John, we never would have *lasted*."

As long as there are traditional Southern musicians and artisans to share their gifts, political and social visionaries to offer advice, and willing volunteers to haul equipment, strike stages, and wield staple guns, there will most certainly be a Southern Folk Cultural Revival Project. And, most likely, as long as there is a Southern Folk Cultural Revival Project, somewhere there will be Anne Romaine — laboring, planning, organizing, cajoling, economizing, persuading, guiding, and laughing her hearty, infectious laugh. □

Patricia A. Hall is a folklorist and writer in Franklin, Tennessee who sometimes emcees at Tennessee Grassroots Day.

Photos courtesy Asheville Chamber of Commerce by Bob Lindsey

Mine Own

An autobiography by
Bascom Lamar Lunsford
edited and with introduction by
Loyal Jones

Bascom Lamar Lunsford was an Appalachian original. Born in 1882 in Mars Hill in Madison County, North Carolina, which he called "the last stand of the natural people," he was hooked early on traditional lore. After attending Rutherford College, he worked as a school teacher, nursery salesman, bee and honey promoter, supervisor of boys at a school for the deaf, student, practicing lawyer, county solicitor, college teacher, newspaper editor, war bond salesman, Justice Department agent, newspaper publisher, church field secretary, New Deal programs worker, reading clerk of the North Carolina House of Representatives, performing

artist, collector, and festival promoter. These jobs may seem diverse, but the unifying thread was a consuming interest in the folk traditions of North Carolina and the Appalachian mountains. He used each job to further his knowledge of people and their traditions.

Lunsford was born into a family of teachers and was thus part of the mountain middle-class of his time. Through jobs and activities, he became intimately acquainted with most aspects of traditional Appalachian life. His diverse background enabled him to win the cooperation of well-to-do and powerful people as well as those who were the carriers of tradition. Most of his energies during his long life went into promoting the folk tradition of the Southern Appalachian Mountains. He died in Asheville, North Carolina in 1973 at the age of 91.

The following excerpts come from a recently recovered notebook of Bascom Lamar Lunsford. Emmett Peter, Jr., a writer from Leesburg, Florida, discovered this typescript in an Asheville thrift shop and bought it for 25 cents. Apparently it is a notebook lost during the 1950s in the mail between Lunsford and graduate student Anne Beard, who was then working on a thesis on Lunsford. This particular piece is an introduction Lunsford wrote in 1934 for a proposed book of songs he had collected.

Lunsford is best remembered for his Mountain Dance and Folk Festival in Asheville, which he started in 1928 and which continues to this day. The first festival of its kind, it served as a model for other events, including the National Folk Festival, now produced by the National Council on Traditional Arts in Washington. The festival, sponsored by the Asheville Chamber of Commerce, was Lunsford's means of calling attention to the traditional arts of the mountains and promoting a positive image of mountain people to refute the popular stereotypes.

Lunsford recorded his "memory collection" of some 320 songs, tunes, and stories for Columbia University in 1935 and the Library of Congress in 1949. These collections plus other material make the Lunsford collection at the Library of Congress the largest contribution by a single performer. Lunsford's personal files hold over 3,000 songs, tunes, and variants.

Lunsford and Lamar Stringfield — a distinguished classical musician, composer, and founder of the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra — collaborated on a book published by Carl Fischer in 1929, 30 and 1 Folk Songs from the Southern Mountains. *No doubt Lunsford wanted to publish a larger volume of his collected material, and prepared the following essay as the introduction. The material had been typed in the size and format of Lunsford's lost notebooks. The first page of the manuscript is missing, and so the first part of the beginning paragraph, by Lunsford, is taken from Anne Beard's thesis, "The Personal Folk Song Collection of Bascom Lamar Lunsford" (Miami University, 1959).*

Perhaps somewhere the remaining notebooks are languishing under coats of dust to be discovered by a knowing and inquisitive collector. We hope that if they are found they will be added to the extensive Lunsford materials in the Mars Hill College Library.

— Loyal Jones

I VIVIDLY RECALL when a lad of seven years, riding behind my father on our faithful family horse, Charlie, the distance of 40 miles from our home on Hanlon Mountain in Buncombe County to visit my great-uncle, Osborne Deaver, who lives at the Forks of Ivy in Madison County, near Mars Hill College, the place of my birth. I had looked forward to this trip for many days because Uncle Osborne was a great fiddler of the old school. I had often heard my mother, his niece, sing and hum many of the songs she learned in her youth, some of which she stated were Uncle's fiddle tunes. So one can imagine my deep interest when at my journey's end I was able to see my aged uncle take his precious violin from the black wooden case which he always kept under his bedside, draw the bow across the catgut, and glide sweetly into some of the old favorites I could recognize.

The next step in this development naturally was the collaboration between my brother and me in the making of a series of cigar-box fiddles and the playing together some of the simplest tunes we knew. After a few public performances at the old "field school exhibitions," Brother provided a banjo. The banjo brings out the balladry in my system, so at an early age I was a full-fledged ballad singer of the Southern Appalachian type. Whereupon, I began the erection of a musical layercake with work and school as a filling with such social ingredients as "bean-stringin's," "butter-stirrin's," "apple peelin's," "tobacco-curin's," "candy breakin's," "candy pullin's," " 'lasses makin's," "corn shuckin's," "log rollin's," "quiltin's," "house raisin's," "serenades," "square dances," "shoe arounds," "shindigs," "frolics," "country weddings," and "school entertainments."

These contacts brought about the exchange of "song ballets" between the young people with whom I mingled, and up to this time I had only tried to remember such songs and tunes as especially appealed to me or such as I could use in time for entertainment purposes, so naturally the older ballads, being more difficult to render, I neglected to acquire. At this late date, I can realize how much good material I must have let slip away from me then. A song collector can realize how often and sorely disappointed I am to find the trail a cold one and the former singer merely a memory in the community. The mountain counties of Buncombe, Madison, Haywood, and Henderson in North Carolina embrace the extent of my range at that early period.

In summer and fall of 1902, with a second grade certificate I took a [job teaching at a] public school at Cross Rock near the now famous Doggett Gap in Madison County. I began at this time to realize something of the literary value of these ditties, but I learned more songs only to play and sing them myself. Week-end trips and an occasional party during the term provided opportunity for this. To give a picture of how this would promote a further interest in the folk life of this section, I mention a trip Bill Payne and I took when we walked across the mountain to Little Pine Creek where he talked up a party for Saturday night. The Brown girls and the Farmer girls were to be there, and Uncle Dolf Payne, with his long beard and black

cap, riding a small rat-tail mule, came in early. His saddlebags indicated he would be in a good humor. This proved to be an all-night session with "candy breakin," fiddling, ballad singing, and dancing.

A change of vocation after the close of my school to that of canvassing in various mountain counties representing a nursery company brought me in close contact with rural folk and extended my territory again, and then it was I was able to cover to a great extent the counties of western North Carolina and to dip into the adjoining states of Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina. Songs from the valleys of Cheoh and Stecoah in Graham, where Miss Lela Ammons and others sang, were added to my collection. [I collected] "Old Stepstone," "Old Garden Gate," and numerous others at the old-fashioned home of sheriff John Ammons on Mountain Creek. A most hospitable atmosphere prevailed and on each week-end for many months the social pastimes of a happy highland people impressed me deeply. Their true worth to me was expressed in their songs, which ran the range from childish riddles to ballads and sacred songs. From the valleys of the beautiful Hiawassee in north Georgia, and Clay and Cherokee Counties in North Carolina, and from the communities of Gum Log, Hightower, Shooting Creek, Tusquittee, and Bear Meat, I acquired other songs, and especially recall Miss Ada Green, now Mrs. Sampson, singing "Row Us Over the Tide," "Lula Wall," and "Dying Girl's Message."

Macon County, North Carolina and Rabun County, Georgia are both alike in folk traditions. I recall many occasions in that section. The "Zackery Old Place," now almost covered by a lake on the Little Tennessee River, was the scene of many happy social pastimes. Hal, a young man then, and his two sisters, Ruth and Agnes, were all contributors to my store of songs. A singing at Sam Higdon's on Ellijay near the home of Jim Corbin the noted banjo player, or a square dance at Bascom Pickelsimer's on Tesentee, and like events or diversions tended to keep me satisfied in the field as a nursery salesman. I recall an occasion in Rabun County, Georgia, when I spent the night at the home of Ed Lovell. A fellow sojourner by the name of Brown entertained us during the evening by singing "Lord Lovel." Probably the name of our host brought the old song to mind. I think it true that the picturesque country lying between the Brasstown Bald in Townes County, Georgia and Pilot Mountain in Surrey County, North Carolina, a distance of about 300 miles and extending northwestward beyond the Great Smoky Mountain range, comprises the most important pocket in America for the preservation of folk songs and folk customs.

I attended dances on Mills River near the Pink Beds where Rack Kimsey and Bob Reed did the calling. The Posey girls and Ella Warlick, splendid square dancers, were there, and the Posey boys sang and played this little couplet:

Shout, little Lula, shout your best,
Your old grandma's gone to rest.
I saw that catfish a-comin' up the stream,
And I asked that catfish, "What you mean?"
I caught that catfish by the snout,
And I turned that catfish wrong side out.

I HEARD SOME WORDS to "Italy" on Sugarloaf Mountain, and [here] Ebe Davis first sang [for me] "Goin' Back to Georgia" and Anderson Williams sang his "Mr. Garfield" and Miss Queen Justus taught me "Bonnie Blue Eyes." "The Weeping Willow Tree" was added to my collection here, along with many others. These contacts were not only a source of great pleasure then, but as time went by they have broadened my sympathies and enabled me to enter into the various social pastimes of

MUSICIANS ON STAGE AT THE ASHEVILLE MOUNTAIN DANCE AND FOLK FESTIVAL

"mine own people" free from affectation, and I have no desire to ever get out of common touch with the ballad-singer; and such a course often proves to me its worth.

"A change of venue" with a program similar to that pursued along the Blue Ridge and Great Smokies brought me to the beautiful Brushy Mountain section of North Carolina, my first acquaintanceship being made around Little Mountain, and in Union Grove, New Hope, and Olin Townships in the county of Iredell. Dodge Weatherman, a Baptist preacher and one of the best old-time singers, was alive and in his vigor. I made my home with them for quite a while, and attended every sort of gathering, from "protracted meetings," funerals, weddings, baptizings to country picnics and parties where the attendance was less and the fiddle and banjo and ballad-singer would come into their own. Preacher Weatherman was a kindred spirit and often requested me to aid him in what way I could at weddings, funerals, and gatherings when he needed a handy man to serve in a kind of "pinch-hitter" capacity.

I had walked one evening through the old-fashioned covered bridge near the home of Nels Summers some distance from Olin, and after finding his family had quite a number of stringed instruments I asked for a night's lodgings, with the view of making a sale, of course. Summers was a "good liver," "had plenty about his house." Especially do I remember "Cack" and "Hum," two girls who sang songs of the popular variety. However, in modern-day parlance, my songs "seemed to go over." Next morning Summers bought some cherry trees and when I asked my bill for lodging he said, "All I want is for you to get the banjo and play 'Mole in the Ground' one more time." I learned this song from Fred Moody in Haywood County. It was in the Vashti section, where the people of the countryside were filled with superstitious consternation, when during a terrible storm, about an acre of earth and rock on Sugarloaf Mountain (not the mountain of the same name in Henderson County) sank some several feet. Some thought it an ill omen, while others considered it more lightly, and even sang,

If I was a mole in the ground,
I'd root old Sugarloaf down.

Elza Wooten, his sister, Miss Martin, and I attended a Negro Children's Day exercise near old Briar Creek church where I heard this beautiful spiritual for the first time:

Drinkin' of the wine, wine, wine;
Drinkin' of the wine, holy wine;
You oughta been there four thousand years,
Drinkin' of the wine.

It was customary for the agents to be called to the nursery early in autumn to prepare for delivery, and to get an object lesson in the growing and handling of nursery products, so for many weeks I was able to avail myself of the riches in the song-life and the country pastimes in Powell's Valley and along the Clinch River in east Tennessee, my interest in those things far exceeding my taste for tree-digging and "standard fumigation."

My work with the east Tennessee company closed in 1904, and 1905 found me back on Hanlon Mountain, but soon to enter upon a venture in honey culture with Mr. George I. Elmore, an extensive beekeeper who owned and worked bee yards in nearly a hundred locations in several coun-

PISGAH VIEW RANCH SMOOTH DANCERS AT THE FESTIVAL

ties, mostly in Buncombe and Madison counties, North Carolina. We traveled and worked together and often after a day's journey through the mountains the evening hours would find us seated at the cabin door of some mountaineer with the family gathered 'round, listening to the banjo or fiddle. The higher into the mountains, the better the pasturage for bees, and naturally most of the yards were located high up where the linn and the poplar bloom ensures a good crop; this also insured to me a good harvest in balladry. The very names of some of the localities are indicative of rustic life: Freezland, Spring Creek, Sandy Mush, Peep Eye, Sandy Bottoms, Brush Creek, Bear Creek, Trail Branch, most all of which have been scenes in time of the most joyous social gatherings at various mountain homes, where the rural fiddler, clogger, or singer would be the center of attraction.

The period following found me "filling the vacancy" of a teacher of English in Rutherford College. My work had given me more confidence in myself, whether this was well-founded or not, so I had arranged a discourse of more than an hour's length on no less a subject than "North Carolina Folklore Poetry and Song," and while I had slipped away a time or two to deliver it at schools where the teacher was kind enough to take the risk, I really gave it its initial test at Rutherford College. To my surprise and to the startling of the students and the "natives," it "went over." The parts of it pertinent to ballads and folk songs, the part I was on nettles about, such as singing with a banjo accompaniment "Swannanoa Tunnel" and "Free Little Bird" ("Lass of Rock Royal"), was the high spot of the program.

The "ballad country" has been greatly changed by the advent of good roads. The noted "Dark Corner" section of South Carolina where I learned the "Howard Song" and "John Kirby" and an old ballad "The Brown Girl" (Child No. 295), and many others, and a section with a considerable provincial reputation, of which its name indicates, is now traversed and fringed by good highways. The heretofore isolated mountain district of Big Laurel, Shelton Laurel, Sodom Laurel, and Spill Corn, which has contributed so

BASCOM LAMAR LUNSFORD

richly through the Sheltons and Rices and other ballad-singing families to the precious collection of Campbell and Sharp [Cecil J. Sharp and Olive Dame Campbell, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*] has a magnificent highway winding through. The Roaring Fork, Bluff, Wolf Creek, and Shut-in communities in that range of mountains between Pigeon River on the south and west and the French Broad River on the north and east, and Hot Springs where a prominent citizen once ordered an auto shipped by rail, but could never get it out of the village for lack of a place to drive it, are now connected with roads and the citizens are real neighbors in the general sense of the term.

School entertainments and song collecting carried me far into these coves. It was at Roaring Fork where a typical discovery was made. While looking over a number of songs handed in for me, I noticed one written by a child of nine, with the title "Little Marget." Loretta Payne sang the old ballad she had heard her mother and grandmother sing.

Little Marget sitting in the high hall door,
Combin' back her long yellow hair;
She spied Sweet William and his new-made bride
Riding up the road so near.

Visiting a school community in the interest of this fascinating study, it's hard to say which affords one the greatest gratification, the securing of ballads you had anticipated finding or a discovery of one you had not counted on. I recently had this experience. I had made several visits to a family in an effort to have the father recall what he knew of "The Farmer's Curst Wife," of which I had no copy except those in published collections, and was successful in getting Miss Hettie Lane, the daughter who had contributed before to my collection, to copy a few fragmentary stanzas. Yet about this time, still proud of my effort, I was called to the Flat Creek community to direct a fiddler's contest. So imagine how elated I was when Jeter Metcalf of Bull Creek in Madison County won a prize for banjo solo using the old ballad, and a fine text at that, closing with

Seven little devils went scaling 'round the wall,
Saying, "Take her out, Dad, she's a-goin' to kill us all."

Among the teachers of public schools and colleges, I recall but only two instances where a discordant note was sounded, out of the many hundreds of places I have visited during the last 15 years. One case was where I had offered a two-and-a-half dollar gold piece to the student who could bring in the best collection of

ballads. The superintendent, who was not native to that section, asked if I was offering a "premium on ignorance." The other case was where I ran across a teacher in another state who was a native of Haywood County, North Carolina and was superintendent. He remarked that he knew more about the subject than I did, for he grew up in the mountain section and was trying to forget all he could of those old things.

Charging an admission at these school programs has enabled me to give to the schools an allowance, to frequently give a cash prize upon occasion for ballads, and to finance each trip and not infrequently to come home with money in my pocket. Almost without exception, the prizes which were awarded to the actual contributors would go to individuals whose family traditions were linked most interestingly with romance and were rich in the lore of the countryside. Miss Jeannette Lyda won a prize in this way at Fruitland Institute on Clear Creek in Henderson County. Her father, Bud Lyda, was an old wagoner, the genuine "wagoner lad" type. His fiddle and camping outfit has carried him into several states, and a visit to the Lyda home placed me in the most congenial atmosphere. It was here I got, indeed, "The Wagoner Lad," "I Was Brought Up in Conde," and "Only Three Grains of Corn, Mother."

AT THE LUNSFORD HOME ON SOUTH TURKEY CREEK

In [my collection] are quite a number of songs of the ballad type [for] which the original author is unknown, or [which] are based upon some known tragedy, the circumstances of which can be established either from record or from oral tradition in the locality from whence they come, and they have passed into the traditional song-life of the Southern mountains, and have been transmitted in the same way and have undergone the same sort of change as the English and Scottish and other older ballads of this country.

To show this, the Naomi Wise tragedy is aptly illustrative. Randolph County, North Carolina, in 1803, was the scene of a heart-rending incident. The details have been published by state papers and some county papers. Deep River, which flows through that hill country in which the unfortunate Naomi was drowned by her false lover, turns thousands of spindles in a mill bearing her name. At the old ford where the road wound into the river in the older days, there is an expanse of rock-formation exposed where tradition has it the tracks of Lewis's horse and the barefoot track of poor Naomi may be seen. I was shown it by a youth of the neighborhood, and it does resemble strongly that sort of track. The ford is called the "Naomi Wise Ford." I went to New Salem, some miles from this place, and saw the "Adams Spring." I drank from this spring of pure, clear water and recall the story of how Naomi had kept her tryst here, where she used a stump for an "upping block," and had mounted behind him for her death ride upon the horse he had "won in the race." The old home where Naomi had lived with her foster parents had been removed and built into a barn, but I secured the old doorlatch that the unfortunate girl touched for the last time when she left on her doubtful journey.

In company with Miss Cox, the principal of the school, I went to the cemetery of Providence Church, near the school, where she showed me the grave said to be the grave of Naomi Wise. It had a small, unpolished natural stone marker, with the name Naomi Wise cut clearly on its face. She further said that she herself had, some several years previous to this, erected this marker but that the grave was known to be the grave of the unfortunate Naomi.

Though the tragedy occured in 1803, it is only in the last decade that the song "Naomi Wise," like many others, received any great publicity. Now some phonograph records have been made of it, with magazine stories as to its origin, some claiming authorship of the song as is the case often in anonymous composition. This leads me to

LUNSFORD (CENTER) WATCHES FESTIVAL DANCERS

this statement: I have lived to see a great awakening in folk productions along many lines and an increased interest with which it has been received.

When the noted collector, Robert W. Gordon, visited our section, I enjoyed the pleasure of having him with me on an intensive campaign for ballads for several weeks, which carried us through many counties in the state and into South Carolina. I recall our visit to Jackson County (N.C.) where I secured a splendid collection through the cooperation of Dean W.E. Bird, of Western North Carolina Teachers' College at Cullowhee. It was a revelation to him [Gordon] to learn of the many mountain communities in this section bearing such names as Canada, Italy, Egypt, Jericho, and Sodom. It was interesting when the little girl from Canada sang:

There was another ship
All on that sea,
And the name that they gave it
Was the Merry Golden Tree.
As it sailed on the lowland, lonesome, lonesome,
As it sailed on the lonesome sea.

Miss Dorothy Scarborough, who visited Asheville some three years ago, was deeply interested in the ballads and songs of the mountains, and I had the honor to act as sort of guide or scout in several short trips we made together in quest of songs. [Her collection of songs, *A Song Catcher in the Southern Mountains,* was published in 1937.] We visited the Ivy section, Beaverdam, Spooks Branch, and I brought into the city for her to interview several singers: Miss Selma Club from 'Tater Branch, who sang 18 or more songs for her; the Queen brothers from Toe River in Mitchell County, whose fiddle tunes and rollicking mountain songs were highly gratifying to Miss Scarborough; and the Cook sisters and Greer sisters from the valley of the New River in Watauga County were in the group. Miss Scarborough's words of encouragement about the merit of the preservation of these quaint things and her statement here to the press I highly appreciate.

It has been suggested that possibly ballad-making was a lost art, but those who have made this suggestion have lived to see others made and popularized. And the same may be said of many of the old tunes without lyrics and the games and dances of the Southern mountains. So deeply have these things become embedded in the background of this section that it is next to impossible to get away from it and so should not.

This is the reason that doubtless such programs as the [Mountain

MOLE IN THE GROUND

C G C
I wish I was a mole in the ground. Yes I
G (tacet) C
wish I was a mole in the ground, If I's a mole in the ground I'd
G C
root that mountain down, And I wish I was a mole in the ground.

1. I wish I was a mole in the Ground
   Yes I wish I was a Mole in the ground.
   If I's a mole in the ground I'd root that mountain down,
   And I wish I was a mole in the ground.

2. Oh Tempe wants a nine-dollar shawl.
   Yes, Tempe wants a nine-dollar shawl.
   When I come o'er the hill with a forty-dollar bill,
   Tis, baby where you been so long?

3. Oh, where have you been so long?
   Yes, where have you been so long?
   I've been in the Bend with the rough and rowdy men,
   It's baby where you been so long?

4. Oh, I don't like a railroad man,
   No, I don't like a railroad man.
   A railroad man will kill you when he can,
   And he'll drink up your blood like wine.

5. I wish I was a lizard in the spring.
   Yes, I wish I was a lizard in the spring.
   If I's a lizard in the spring I could hear my darlin' sing,
   I wish I was a lizard in the spring.

Dance and Folk Festival], the great outdoor program held at McCormick Field at Asheville, North Carolina, is a thing entirely practical here. [It has a] close proximity to both the participants and to those who love the songs and pastimes as a part of their life. This annual event, which is promoted by the Asheville Chamber of Commerce, has been established for seven years, and has increased in interest and popularity from year to year, and is a further proof of this "renaissance" in folk expression. So one can imagine the sense of responsibility I felt when I was called upon in the beginning to manage and direct this program which is always filled with so much of interest to me.

These programs are held in midsummer at the height of the tourist season, but the individual performers, about 300 in number, including the director, are mountaineers. Fiddlers, ballad singers, banjo players, harpists, guitarists, cloggers, yodelers, and many of the string bands are there to enter into the joys of the festival. Upon two evenings a contest is staged between eight or more dancing groups of eight couples to the group, which bring their home bands with them and dance the square or contra dance figures as danced by their fathers and mothers in the long ago. Judges are chosen for each evening for the bands as well as for the dancing groups and from those who are familiar with both the music and the figures of the dance.

It is a striking feature of these programs to see the number of families which constitute a string band of themselves, some of which have from time to time appeared on programs for me and the list of which is rather long: the Greer sisters of Deep Gap in Watauga County, who have been with me in school programs and in annual programs in Asheville; the Cook sisters of Rutherwood, also of that county, who have assisted me in the same way; the Burleson sisters of Mitchell County who have helped me in radiocasts; the Queen brothers from the North Toe River; the Callahan brothers; the Lovingood sisters; the Clinton sisters; the Kelly sisters; the Shope family; the Shelton brothers; the Childers string band; Manco Sneed's family; the Cole string band; the Carter string band; the Pressley string band; and others.

The most unusual thing is the great number of girl fiddlers to be found. In this respect, conditions have considerably changed. When I first began to note these things, there were very few. Now, quite a number deserve to be mentioned in this connection: Miss Maude Burleson, formerly of Spruce Pine in North Carolina but now of Akron, Ohio, is a prizewinner and an old-time fiddler, singer, and dancer, yet an attractive young woman. Her singing of "Red Apple Juice" or playing of "Devil's Dream" or "Walking in the Parlor" are hard to excel. Miss Mabel Cook of the New River Valley who plays "Ragged Ann," "Hen Cackle," and others is also a prizewinner and would make all the old-timers take notice and is only about 22 years old. Miss Minnie Greer, about 20, plays the fiddle, banjo, guitar, mandolin, sings, dances, and yodels, and so the story goes on. All of these young ladies are native to the mountains, are beautiful, and in their bearing show modesty and character.

So in this rambling introduction, I have endeavored to touch briefly upon every part of my life which one may see could bring me in contact with the people knowing the traditions, ballads, and music of my people from the time of my cross-country ride to the Forks of Ivy about the year 1890 to the present time. I have collected over 3,000 song texts, most of which are of some folk value. I desire to pass on the songs with the hope that [others] may derive a pleasure similar to the joy I have found in collecting this material first hand.

Bascom Lamar Lunsford

Leicester, North Carolina
January 19, 1934

*Loyal Jones is the author of **Minstrel of the Appalachians: The Story of Bascom Lamar Lunsford** (Appalachian Consortium Press, 1984). He is the director of the Appalachian Center at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.*

NEW SONGS OF THE SOUTH

NOT IN MY NAME

by Joe Pfister

They could have been innocent, they could have been to blame.
It might have been a fair trial, it might have been a frame.
It really doesn't matter, I'd have told you just the same:
No more executions, no, no, not in my name.

Chorus: No more executions, in my name,
Vengeance could never heal the pain,
My answer must always be the same,
No, no, no, not in my name.

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth
A life for a life, a youth for a youth
But I don't need revenge, I won't play your crazy game
No more executions, no, no, not in my name.

Executions will deter them, surely they'll think twice,
But in the heat of violence who thinks about the price?
Our society has time to stay its bloody hand,
And keep us from adding to the murder in the land.

Gas chambers and gallows, guillotines and pain,
As we become more "civilized" death needles in the vein.
But killing is still killing, it will always be the same,
No more executions, no, no, not in my name.

It's who we kill and who we spare and who can pay the fee,
Reflects in us the measure of our society.
If you're poor or of color, and no one knows your name
When you are convicted, death row may be your fate.

And when the voltage shoots through that awful deadly chair,
It's you and I who throw the switch and you and I who bear
The burden of the killing, the horror and the shame,
No more executions, no, no, not in my name.

Joe Pfister is a staff member of the Institute for Southern Studies who sings and writes songs and gets people singing together in his "spare time."

PHOTOS BY RUSSELL HONICKER

Jose Espinal
"The Bootmaker"
1984

South Knoxville, Tennessee
South Knoxville
1984

Nicaragua
The Soldiers and The People
1984

Jinotega, Nicaragua
El Limo
A Gold Mining Town,
1984

New York City 2:00 AM
1982

Russell Honicker is a photographer currently working in western North Carolina. He has a degree in Latin American Studies and through the auspices of a McClure Fellowship, spent a year traveling and learning in Central America. He hopes to someday return there and photograph its people.□

You Don't Know Marta

A LYRICAL SHORT STORY

BY CARMEN TAFOLLA

Now I might as well be honest an tell you right now that I'm prejudiced. I think San Antonio is the absolute center of the universe — *el mero mero ombligo* — which doesn't make me too popular livin in Austin. Now most folks get up to Austin an say, "Isn't Austin just great?!" and "Don't you *love* it here?!" but these San Antonians just shrug their prejudiced shoulders an say, "Well, it isn't San Antonio, but. . . ."

Well now, Ernie and I moved to Austin right after we got married (that is, we moved to the San Antonio *side* of Austin) and we hadn't been there long enough for the *cilantro* to bloom when someone at work invited him to a *tardeada*. Said a *tardeada* was an annual function to gather together the leaders of the Chicano community — a time to relax, drink beer, eat *fajitas*, let their hair down, an jus talk. They wanted a chance to bring together all the leaders of the Mexican-American community and let great ideas be born.

Now when he said that, I immediately thought of Marta Cotera. Marta is one of the few people I know who stays awake nights jus *plotting* how to help people. Ernie has a favorite saying about Marta — he says if Marta stepped outside the city limits, the average IQ of the city of Austin would drop by 15 points. Now you knowin about all those university professors an high-tech researchers in Austin (not to mention some of the smartest political fananglers you ever saw in that Good Ole Boys Club they call the capital) you might think that was a slight exaggeration, but then you don't know Marta.

Y'know, Marta an I had plotted many a community project together, an I can vouch that we'd no sooner be sketching out the final objectives to one project than she'd be thinking up four other *spinoff* projects as well, an plannin 40 ways to get funding and implementation for all five. She jus doesn't *stop. Mas viva que una ví bora*, an goin faster'n the speed of light, on a *slow* day. Well, so Ernie turns to me'n says, "Whaddya think? Should we go?" An both of us bein' the shy retiring type who *never* get involved in Chicano community affairs, we're both out the door before the *comal* is even cool.

We drove up to the place (a real pretty clubhouse-type place up in Zilker Park, with a nice view and the breeze blowing cool an *perfect* for a *tardeada* on a summer evening) an got out of the car, following the *mariachis* to the door. Right away we knew something was wrong.

Now there was Marta's husband Juan, standing with a group of five or six men, and behind them was another group of eight or nine men. Off to their right was a group of nine or ten men, to their left a group of eight or

nine men, an then maybe 60 men off on the plaza section. Now that comes to a total of 94 men (at a rough count) an every single one of them (or at least 93) starin at me like I was the scourge of the earth. Also, starin at Ernie like he was a cross between Aaron Burr and the assassin of Pancho Villa. Now these weren't strangers, mind you — among those 93 were a good 30 that were well-beknownst to us — Andrés, who teaches at the university, Ramón, another famous bilingual educator — why even good ole Gonzalo — model Mexican American politician an would-be *Texas Monthly* cover-boy, an every single one of'm scared *to death* to say hi or even move an *eyelid* at us!

Yeah I said 93. Number 94 was Arnulfo. Now they don't call Arnulfo Arnulfo for nothin. His face jus brightened when he saw Ernie an me (two of his favorite people) and totally unself-consciously, he came over an shook our hands — *both of us* — like we were real human beings or somethin! Now I know this is hard to believe, that in the middle of that bunch of squinty-eyed thorns there would be an ole cactus flower like Arnulfo, but there he was, big as day, smilin so bright an purty, an pumpin out his handshake like he didn't *see* the thousand eyes glued to our leperous presence. (Now, I can't say for certain, cause you *do* know that Arnulfo wears real thick glasses, an maybe it was just because of that, or maybe it was the glasses he always wears on his soul that gives him a different sight from everyone else.) At any rate, we spent 20 minutes talkin to Arnulfo (cause he jus wouldn't let us go, y'know) an then we decided we really felt like goin on home.

Illustration by Jacob E. Roquet

Well later on, when I ran into Andrés, he made a point of tellin me he "agreed" with us (whatever that meant) and how they'd been told that MABPWA (that's the Mexican American Business and Professional Women's Association) had been planning to *crash* the *tardeada,* and warned that anyone caught speaking to any woman there wouldn't be invited back the next year. Or ever again.

An Ole Gilbert (of Gilbert's Office Supply and the Mexican Chamber of Commerce), seein as how we jus hadn't *known* any better, came around to invite Ernie the next year and to explain how they were planning to host "something for the ladies sometime — a dinner or something, y'know, so they can be involved too." An Ernie jus smiled an said, "Well, you just let us know when you do, and we'll both be there." An then we took that fancy engraved invitation to the "All-Male *Tardeada*, No women, No Anglos allowed" an jus put it at the bottom of our stack of bills paid. We'd already been to *one* tardeada, an if you think all the leaders were there, then you jus don't know Marta.

Author's note: Among the Mehinaku Indians of Brazil, as also in scattered tribal societies across Africa, South America, and Oceania, exists the concept of a "Men's House" — a gathering place off-limits to women, where the sacred flutes are played, and men, in loud and boisterous behavior, show sexual aggression and hostility toward women, tease men who spend too much time at home or who act weak and "woman-like," share sexual and scatological jokes of a patterned thematic nature, and stroke each other's egos, affirming their masculinity through the fact of their presence at the Men's House and of their valor in excluding and threatening women who might wander near the all-male sacred place. □

Carmen Tafolla is the author of ***To Split a Human: Mitos, Machos, y la Mujer Chicana*** *on Chicanas, racism, and sexism, published by the Mexican American Cultural Heritage Center of the Dallas Independent School District.*

Food

Illustration by Jacob E. Roquet

by Alice M. Geffen and Carole Berglie

While smacking our lips at our favorite annual chicken barbecue — given by the Cutchogue (New York) Fire Department — we realized that there must be thousands of local food celebrations and festivals all over the country. Many of these festivals have gained nationwide recognition, and tickets for some have to be ordered as much as a year in advance. Food festivals combine the excitement of a celebration with the fresh taste of local foods and the honesty of homemade preparations. In an era of potato flakes and imitation bacon bits, it's comforting to have the real thing.

We admit a certain bias toward festivals that have a small-town character, those that close down the town for the weekend or that involve all the schoolchildren in painting shop windows and making posters. We think that festivals are most fun when the music gets people moving, the parades bring cheers

Festivals

from the sidelines, and the cooking contests make local heroes of housewives.

Most food festivals are stand-up affairs, where you go from booth to booth and sample different foods using the same ingredient (as at the Garlic Festival) or different preparations of the same food (as at the Boudin Festival). Some festivals have sit-down meals in addition to the booths (as at the Maine Egg Festival), and a few are in themselves a meal (notably the dinner at the Shaker Kitchen Festival and the Bradford Wild Game Supper). Some are all-you-can-eat affairs (the Chincoteague Oyster Festival), but most are pay-as-you-go. Food varies from booth to booth, but somehow the crowd always knows: Head for the booths with the longest lines or biggest crowds, for they will usually have the best food.

Festivals range in length from one day to two weeks. We have never spent more than two days at a festival, but there are families who come for the weekend or whole week. It's not unusual to see a section of the park or fairgrounds set aside for campers. Festivals are ideal entertainment for everyone. There's almost always something special going on for children, but there are also events and activities for retired people, locals, tourists, singles, and teenagers. Many festivals have a midway, often set off to the side. Almost all have at least one stage, for concerts, contests, and award ceremonies. Starting in the 1970s many festivals added a foot race; some of these are officially sanctioned but all attract an astonishing number of runners. Some festivals are agricultural fairs, and have judgings for the best-looking livestock or produce. Often festivals include competitions that mean a great deal to the people in the region, like the ox pull at the Maine Egg Festival or the garlic topping in Gilroy, California. A great many have eating contests, races against time that are usually a little embarrassing but always a lot of fun. Other festivals have zany events like bed races or crazy costumes. We've also seen our share of tractor pulls, mud hops, and tug-of-wars. Most festivals have beauty pageants; after all, what kind of a festival would it be without a queen to kiss winners, award trophies, and generally assure that everyone has a good time?

Flea markets and crafts booths are standard features at festivals, and they vary in quality. Sometimes sales stands offer a chance to buy a unique country-made item, but more often than not the things for sale are from commercial kits or are so similar that they appear to be. We've also noticed that antique cars, old fire engines, and early farm equipment are big stuff. The parades are frequently a chance to sport these items, along with huge pieces of modern agricultural equipment, combines and tractors. These are usually interspersed with high school marching bands, waving politicians, floats, and beauty queens in Corvette convertibles.

What you can expect from an hour or a day at a festival depends on your interests. Some festivals zero in on a local specialty. Some, such as LaBelles's Swamp Cabbage Festival in Florida, call attention to a food that remains unknown to most of the country. Many festivals celebrate a particular raw ingredient — apples or rice or pecans — while others involve a prepared item such as Louisiana's boudin (a sausage), or North Carolina's barbecue (chopped pork in a vinegar-based sauce).

Food festivals are fun. They celebrate harvests and bounty. They are America letting loose for a party.

WORLD CATFISH FESTIVAL

BELZONI, MISSISSIPPI

Barking fish, mud puppies, bullheads, whisker faces — regardless of their local names — catfish are caught and eaten in many parts of the United States. In Mississippi and other delta states, they are also farmed. And in Humphreys County, Mississippi — the self-proclaimed catfish capital of the world — over 22,000 acres of ponds produce millions of pounds of fish each year. The state's governor declares in his annual proclamation, "There is no greater delicacy than Mississippi farm-raised catfish...," and goes on to declare the first week in April as Mississippi Farm-Raised Catfish Week. The highlight of this week is the annual catfish festival hosted by the town of Belzoni, the county seat.

On a sunny April day we drove north from Jackson (75 miles) across flat, often flooded countryside. Small houses and farms were set back off the road; flowering trees graced side yards. We drove through towns called Yazoo City, Craig, Louise, Midnight, and Silver City, heading for a celebration of the fish that Craig Claiborne has described as "the finest freshwater fish in America, including pike and carp." Over 20,000 people come to Belzoni for the festival, and though many are involved in the catfish-farming industry, others come because they like catfish, especially this farm-raised variety.

The courthouse lawn was the focal point for the festival. In the pond in front, kids angled for wooden toy catfish. The streets were turned into a bazaar. The 10,000-meter Catfish Classic had been run at 8:30 that morning, and runners were still milling around with their numbers pinned

to their chests. Crowds were gathering all morning — bus tours from Jackson, families in station wagons and pick-ups. A school bus stopped near the festival center to take passengers on a tour of the catfish ponds and factories. While the runners received their awards, others were buying their tickets for the catfish dinner. On the side lawn a crowd gathered around a man playing the glass harp, and in front of the courthouse Minnie Simpson's School of Dance was presenting the "Catfish Follies."

Behind the courthouse, we marveled at the quantity of food being prepared for the dinner. Catfish fillets by what seemed like the ton were being dusted with cornmeal and dipped into hot fat until they were crispy deep-fried curls. Balls of cornmeal dough were also deep-fried into crunchy, almost greaseless hush puppies. The midday catfish dinner was being served, and people passed along the food route to pick up their platters of catfish, hush puppies, cole slaw, and Coke. They ate at long stand-up tables and as they dispensed the obligatory ketchup onto their catfish fillets, they discussed the festival, the catfish, and the weather.

Is farm-raised catfish better than river catfish? There's no question that raising catfish in manmade ponds and feeding them grain removes some of the uncertainty of eating catfish. Many kinds of catfish are scavengers, and they eat whatever is along the bottom. Nicknames such as mud puppies and mud cats tell the story: Caught catfish is often tough, fishy, and gritty or muddy-tasting. The catfish at Belzoni are developed from a variety of channel catfish — a predator, not a scavenger — and are fed a steady diet of grains to develop a sweet flavor. They are harvested at optimum sizes and quick-processed, often frozen, then shipped to over thirty-five states. The people at our lunch table said they felt the farm-raised fish were fresher and had a pleasanter taste. They are also easier to cook, since they come to market already skinned. (Catfish are difficult to skin because of the barbs along their sides and because the skin adheres very tightly to the flesh.)

The flesh is moist and delicate, and the fish lends itself to a variety of preparations. For many people, especially those in Belzoni that day, farm-raised catfish represent the food of the future: tasty, versatile, and inexpensive. It is a food worthy of celebration, and Belzoni comes through with a first-rate toast to the county's newest and most profitable industry. Preparing catfish the way it is served at the festival is simple, but to be authentically Southern, use only white cornmeal.

The World Catfish Festival is held in Belzoni every April. All events take place on a Saturday, on or near the courthouse lawn, except for the tours to the catfish farms. If you want to take a free tour (and we recommend it), sign up early in the morning — the first bus leaves at 10 a.m. The catfish-and-hush-puppy lunch is served from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.; tickets ($4.50) are available at the festival. Otherwise there are no admission charges. Parking is on side streets or in local lots.

Belzoni is about 80 miles north of Jackson, on U. S. 49W. For more information write to the Belzoni Chamber of Commerce, P. O. Box 268, Belzoni, Mississippi 39038; or phone (601) 247-2616.

FRIED CATFISH FILLETS

3 pounds catfish fillets
1½ cups white cornmeal
Vegetable shortening or oil for deep-frying

Wash and dry the fillets. Place the cornmeal on a sheet of waxed paper and coat each fillet with the meal; add shortening or oil to a deep-fryer or deep pot until the temperature reaches 375 degrees; add 2 or 3 fillets at a time and deep-fry until golden on both sides, about 3 to 5 minutes. Remove and drain the fish on paper towels while you continue to fry the remaining fillets. If the oil temperature drops below 375 degrees F, allow it to reheat before adding the next batch of fish, and don't add more than a few fillets at a time or the temperature will drop too much and the fish will be greasy. Serve hot, with freshly made hush puppies.

PINK TOMATO FESTIVAL

WARREN, ARKANSAS

Bradley County, Arkansas is the "Land of Tall Pines and Pink Tomatoes." It is also a land of hot sun, rich soil, and abundant moisture — all favorable conditions for growing large juicy tomatoes. The tomatoes from Bradley County are pink; that is, they are picked when the blush of ripeness begins on them, spreading in a faint star from the blossom end of the fruit. The tomatoes are weighed, graded by hand, and shipped to the Midwest. By the time the refrigerated trucks reach Ohio, Illinois, and other points north, the tomatoes are fully ripe and ready to be eaten.

The people in Warren — the Bradley County seat — are proud enough of their tomatoes to celebrate them every year at harvest time. Upwards of 70,000 people have come annually since 1956 to buy large quantities of tomatoes — bushels of them, in fact — so they will have enough to can for the coming year. They also come to Warren to eat fresh, vine-ripened tomatoes, to tour the tomato fields, to watch the tomato-eating contest, perhaps even to enter the tomato toss, and certainly to enjoy the All-Tomato Luncheon. This is the time each June when Warren paints the town "pink."

Tomatoes have been grown commercially in Arkansas since the 1920s, and today they represent a $7.5 million crop, half

of which is totalled up annually in Bradley County. There are about 400 tomato farms in the county, utilizing about 48,000 acres. Visitors to the festival can take a free tour of some typical tomato fields to see how these fleshy vines are coaxed to grow between networks of cord in rows spaced about six feet apart. Their roots are heavily mulched with soil and the mulch covered with black plastic, so that the vines appear to be sprouting from long dark pillows. The irrigation lines run below the plastic mulch, so these pampered plants receive a steady trickle of moisture, allowing them to form plump juicy tomatoes while their roots stay warm under a soil blanket. The harvesting is done by hand each year and usually takes from five to six weeks.

The year we attended the festival, the organizers of the event were in a bind. The harvest was late because of a cool spring, so there would not be enough tomatoes to sell at the festival. To make matters worse, they had to use tomatoes from Florida for the tomato-eating contest and also for the tomato toss and the tomato bobbing. During the eating contest, the participants — especially the perky Miss Arkansas, Mary Stewart — grimaced at the thought of eating non-Arkansas tomatoes, and perhaps that is why even the winner only managed to eat two of the required four pounds in the given four minutes.

At the All-Tomato Luncheon, there were reports of people having been sent out to the fields in search of ripe tomatoes, in the hope of preparing some of the dishes with those Arkansas beauties. Well, they did manage to find some cherry tomatoes for the salad, and although they were a little more green than pink, they had that distinctive Arkansas flavor. The rest of the luncheon consisted of their pink-gold juice, a fresh tomato juice (in welcome contrast to the canned variety); ham with Bradley County sauce — a thick sweet-and-sour tomato-based sauce; green tomato beans with toasted almonds, which consisted of chopped green tomatoes cooked up with tender green beans (unfortunately from a can); "tomarinated" carrots — cooked carrots in a zesty tomato vinaigrette; and tomato finger rolls — light dinner rolls with a hint of pink. For dessert, there was the "heavenly tomato cake," a brownie-like chocolate sheet cake with a tomato-based chocolate icing. The cake was very good, even though an outsider would be hard-pressed to guess there were tomatoes in it.

During the luncheon there is a lot of talk about how wonderful Bradley County tomatoes are and how good tomatoes are for the county's economy. There are even some small jabs at inferior Florida or California tomatoes, which are picked green

and gassed until they turn red (but remain unripe, as any supermarket shopper knows). The speeches — all by local officials and county agents — are brief and entertaining. Then the luncheon comes to a close with the auction of the boxes of tomatoes. Since this is a fundraising event the bids are usually high, and if the buyer is a man he often gets a bonus kiss from Miss Arkansas.

The Pink Tomato Festival in Warren is held to coincide with the pink tomato crop in early June. Festivities take place from Thursday to Saturday, with most events on Friday afternoon and all day Saturday. There are no admission charges; parking is on a side street, wherever you can find a spot. The All-Tomato Luncheon is held at noon on Saturday; tickets are $5.50, and may be purchased in the morning at the municipal building, across the street from the courthouse. The County Extension Service runs free tours of the tomato fields. Buses pick riders up right after the luncheon; otherwise, all events are held in the middle of town, mostly at the Courtsquare (in front of the courthouse). Local farmers sell tomatoes there too.

Warren is in south-central Arkansas, about 90 miles south of Little Rock, at the intersection of Routes 4, 15, 8, and 189. For a schedule of events write the Bradley County Chamber of Commerce, Municipal Building, Warren, Arkansas 71671; or phone (501) 226-5225.

GREEN TOMATO BEANS WITH TOASTED ALMONDS

1/4 cup slivered raw almonds
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup chopped green tomatoes
4 cups hot cooked green beans

In a saucepan, saute the almonds in the butter over low heat until golden brown, stirring occasionally; remove from the heat and add the salt and tomatoes. Pour the tomato mixture over the beans in a saucepan and mix well. Serve at once. Serves 6.

BOGGY BAYOU MULLET FESTIVAL

NICEVILLE, FLORIDA

"Mullet? Where I come from even the cats won't eat it." This is what one man from Florida told us. Of course, in some parts of the state the shoreline is muddy and so the mullet, which are bottom feeders, taste a lot like what they eat. Elsewhere mullet are often considered trash fish, but along the Boggy Bayou on the Florida panhandle mullet are a staple food — eaten for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

During the second weekend in October the friendly people of Niceville hold a festival to show the rest of the world just how tasty mullet can be. A mixture of crafts booths and food stalls fill the fairgrounds, so you can wander down the aisles and sample the fried mullet from one booth, move along to buy a tee-shirt or handcrafted leather belt from a traveling crafts-

person, then step up to another booth where they might be serving smoked mullet. You can, of course, eat hamburgers and Polish sausages at the festival, but most people seem to crowd the mullet booths.

The Florida mullet is the migratory *Mugil cephalus*, commonly called the black, silver, or striped mullet because of the long black lines that run the length of its body. It has a tapered nose that broadens out to a flat, wide head. When it feeds along a shallow bottom its tail points skyward. The mullet can make a rapid switch from salt to fresh water by making a chemical change in its body that science has yet to understand. It leaves the Gulf of Mexico and swims up the shallow bayous each year to spawn. If caught with its delicate roe, the mullet commands a very high price. Unfortunately there is no roe at the festival, and few people eat it down here, perhaps because it has been part of the northern trade for so many years. When Floridians here do eat the roe, they usually deep-fry it.

Sport fishers catch their mullet with cast nets. They stand in waist-high water or lean from a pier and wait for a school to swim by. Then they fling their nets out in a graceful sweep. There is commercial fishing as well, mostly seine boats that go out into Choctawhatchee Bay for their catch. The Boggy Bayou has been an important center for mullet production for over a century, although the harvest has declined since its peak during the Depression, when large quantities of mullet were sold fresh, packed for shipment, or salted down for later use. People down here are trying to revive the industry, and hope they can again interest consumers in their versatile fish. The festival is part of this effort.

The Boggy Bayou Boys — a local sportsmen's club — fix the mullet in two very appealing ways. They've been doing it since the festival began in 1977, and they assured us that they will be there in years to come. The fried is the most popular, and it's easy to see why. They head the fish, split it open, and remove the bones. Then they butterfly the fish, dust it faintly with a mixture of flour and cornmeal, and fry it in vegetable oil. The fish emerges virtually greaseless and very crisp, especially around the edges. It's served with just hush puppies, or on a platter with cheese grits, beans, and hush puppies.

The smoked mullet has also been headed, cleaned, and boned. It's then sprinkled with lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, and melted butter. The fish is given a "heat smoke" — a combination of smoking and cooking — for an hour to an hour and a half. When the fish starts to change color, the cooks baste it with more of the lemon juice mixture. The mullet ends up as a very moist, lightly smoked fish — not at all salty because it hasn't been cured first. We found that the white meat on the fish picks up the smoky flavor divinely, while the dark meat seems to retain more of its fresh fish taste.

Most of the mullet at the festival is fried, but one enterprising stand, with a wonderfully aromatic barbecue pit, prepared barbecued mullet sandwiches: Pieces of smoked mullet were placed briefly on the pit, then served up on a bun with a spicy tomato-based barbecue sauce.

The grounds of the festival are shaded by giant live oaks, and large round tables are placed conveniently near the food booths so that you can rest your plate and drink while you are eating. One part of the lawn is a center for recycling the beer and soda cans that usually litter most festivals. Although thousands of people attend this festival each year, a comfortable, small-town feeling pervades. On stage there is a bang-up performance by the Golden Eagles, the high school band — so large it must include the entire school population. There's other entertainment too, including country music, clogging, jazz, and rock. This festival has no rides but does feature the expected beauty pageant, foot race, and evening dance. The festival organizers tend to refer to this as a party, and explain that they try to follow the example of the mullet: "the plentiful fish of the area which has, over the years, given so much for so little."

The Boggy Bayou Mullet Festival is held the third weekend in October in Niceville, at the old Saw-Mill site — a large city park just to the north of town. There is some entertainment on Friday night, with dignitaries and opening ceremonies. Most activities are on Saturday starting at 8 a.m. (though when we got there at 9, not a whole lot was going on yet). The Golden Eagles kick things off on Saturday with an hour-long concert. After that most people seem ready to eat some mullet. A fried mullet plate runs about $3. Cokes, barbecues, hamburgers, and snow-cones are also for sale at various booths. The music goes on all day and into the night as well.

There is no admission charge; parking is well-organized in a large field adjacent to the festival site. Large shade trees have benches underneath for cooling one's heels after lunch. There are bleachers in front of the stage. Although the Mullet Festival draws upwards of 150,000 people (over the three days), we never felt crowded or jostled.

Niceville is on the Florida panhandle about 60 miles east of Pensacola; take Route 85 south off I-10. For further information write or call Boggy Bayou Mullet Festival, Inc., P. O. Box 231, Niceville, Florida 32578; (904) 678-3099.

DEEP FRIED MULLET

From the Boggy Bayou Festival, here is T. H. Lovell's recipe for fried mullet.

2 pounds mullet fillets
Salt and pepper to taste
Cornmeal for dusting
Oil for deep-frying

Rinse fillets, then dry thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper, then dust generously with cornmeal; heat oil in large pot or deep-fryer to 350 degrees F; place half the fillets in the pot, being sure not to crowd them. Fry with skin side up first, for about five minutes, until nicely browned; then turn and fry skin side down for five minutes until brown. Drain on paper towels while you fry the remaining fillets. Serve with cheese grits.

YAMBILEE

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA

The Yambilee is one of the oldest harvest festivals in Louisiana, first celebrated in 1946; and it's held in Opelousas, the third oldest town in the United States. Although called yams, these delicious copper-skinned tubers are really sweet potatoes, and they've been something to celebrate since 1690, when European settlers found Native Americans eating them. Already "tested" by the Attakapas, Alabama, Choctaw, and Opelousas tribes, the tasty, nourishing sweet potato became a favorite food of the French and Spanish colonists.

Yambilee has become a permanent part of the lives of the people in this Acadian city. "I grew up with Yambilee," said Bill Bourdier, president of the thirty-eighth annual festival. "My first year I was in the children's parade, and, with eight other kids, we pulled a float. Then there was a torchlight parade and a Yamba parade (all black people). The Yamba parade was always the best one."

Things are different now. There is only one parade, the Grand Louisyam Parade. But a wide variety of events are now included that probably weren't a part of Yambilee's past: a talent show, arts and crafts, a diaper derby, a children's costume contest, and a senior-citizen dance. Most important are the exhibits, the yam auction, and the coronation of the yam queen and king. Neighboring "royalty" — queens from other Louisiana festivals (International Rice, Shrimp, Rayne Frog, Swine, and Orange) — are invited to the festivities. The yam auction is a big fundraiser. The Queen of Yambilee auctions off a box of the best (Centennial variety) yams. Bidding is competitive, and the winner usually gets a kiss in addition to a box of potatoes. The exhibits include agricultural displays, homemade foods, and the fanciful "yam-i-mal." The farmers bring in boxes of beautiful sweet potatoes: Gold Rush, Golden Age, Heart of Gold, Jewel, Centennial, and Travis are the big varieties. Centennial is the most popular and to our palates the best. It is the favorite variety to grow because it has a high sugar content, is disease-resistant, and offers a high yield. It's a mighty good-looking tuber, with a smooth skin and firm orange flesh that bakes to a sweet intensity that never becomes cloying. The Centennials that we saw on display at the fair (and that we took home with us from the festival) were truly beautiful specimens, making the sweet potatoes that we can get from supermarkets seem crude and course.

As with most harvest festivals, there are competitions. Cooked yam dishes are a popular entry in the home economics department. Although they sounded good and looked appetizing, they were unavailable for sampling. The most popular competition to enter is the Yam-i-mal, which has five classes — four-year-olds through senior citizens. Yam-i-mals must be made from one odd-shaped sweet potato that resembles an animal, left in its original shape and color. "Add feathers, construction paper, pipe cleaners, playdough, or such to complete the animal appearance; but remember that the least amount of decoration added, the better," say the contest instructions. Some of the more entertaining creations were an armadillo, a turkey, a dinosaur, an elephant, and a mouse. The prize winners are then used as centerpieces for the Royal Luncheon, at which baked Louisiana yams are served.

Unfortunately, we didn't find many sweet potato dishes to eat at the Yambilee, other than yam cupcakes and fabulous sweet potato pies, which were available at several booths. We sampled them all and would be hard-pressed to have a favorite, though we did slightly lean toward the ones at the Ebenezer Baptist Church Matron's Society booth. Bill Bourdier told us about another Louisiana treat: a yam in a bowl with a rich gumbo poured over. We later tried that combination and recommend it highly.

On the midway were many rides, games of skill and chance, and other side-show attractions. With over 35 years behind it, the Yambilee is good entertainment. We would have preferred more yams, though; and we would like to have been able to come circa 1955 (before the Yamatorium was built), when the festival really took over the town.

The Yambilee is held in Opelousas near the end of October. Although the festival kicks off with a talent show on Wednesday, most events don't start till Saturday; the exhibits open that day as well. The yam auction and the Louisyam parade are on Sunday. All activities take place on the Yambilee grounds. Sweet potato pies and other foods are for sale on the grounds; a pie costs about $1. There is plenty of free parking. No admission is charged to the exhibits or grounds, but some events — such as the Royal Luncheon and the Grand Ball — have modest ticket prices. Tickets are sold on the grounds (at the Yambilee office) or by mail from the Yambilee (see below).

The Yambilee grounds are located just west of town. Opelousas is on U.S. 190 about 60 miles west of Baton Rouge. For more information contact the Louisiana Yambilee, Inc., P. O. Box 444, Opelousas, Louisiana 70570; (318) 948-8848.

OLD-FASHIONED CANDIED YAMS

This is a recipe adapted from one given out at the festival.

10 medium sweet potatoes, peeled
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
1/2 cup dark corn syrup
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1/4 cup water
1 cup shelled pecans

Preheat the oven to 450 degrees F; slice the yams like thick french fries, then place in a large casserole. Add the sugar, brown sugar, corn syrup, butter (or margarine), spices, and water. Cover and bake for 45 minutes. Just before serving, remove the cover and sprinkle the pecans on top. Bake for an additional 10 minutes, then serve. Serves 6 to 8. ☐

Alice Geffen edited and wrote the introduction to the classic ***The American Frugal Housewife,*** *by Lydia Child (Harper & Row, 1972). She is the author of* ***A Bird Watcher's Guide to the Eastern United States*** *and has written and edited a series of nine major books,* ***The Spotter's Guide.***

Carol Berglie is cookbook editor of Barrons Publishing Company. She has initiated and overseen the publication of such award-winning cookbooks as ***Lenotres Desserts and Pastries, The Cuisine of Venice, The Joy of Cheese Cake,*** *and* ***Judith Olney's Entertainment.***

In researching "Food Festivals," the authors logged over 75,000 miles by car, bus, plane, and boat. In addition, they have the world's largest collection of food festival T-shirts.

Cold Gap

by Larry Wilson

Hedged in with false starts and holdovers,

flurries among whip-or-wills, and blackberries

suddenly frozen in their many pockets,

who's to say a life isn't one season?

I think of a certain type of briar

with useless berries at the end of a long leafy flow.

As a child I hacked paths to the woods through them

every spring, and kept the ways open

till fall. But somehow between then

and the next growing, it was as if

I had never lashed the stalks with my machete.

If I rested in winter and slept,

I missed some spring too. So sleep

is only a cold gap you pass through,

and no season after all. As always, turning back

to my blade, I opened the stops in the cane sprays.

Larry Wilson is a native of Louisiana presently studying writing at Cornell University.

WORKER MILITANCY AND VIGILANTE VIOLENCE IN TAMPA

BY ROBERT P. INGALLS

VANQUISHED BUT NOT CONVINCED

"The cigar industry is to this city what the iron industry is to Pittsburgh," the *Tampa Tribune* observed in 1896. The production of handmade cigars dominated Tampa's economy for 50 years after the first plant opened in 1886. Cigar manufacturers originally went to Tampa in search of labor peace which they equated with the absence of strikes or any other disruption of production by cigarworkers. Instead, the employers met a politically motivated and militant workforce.

Worker organization leading to strikes against the cigar industry began in 1887. In response, local businessmen and city professionals organized anti-labor vigilantes to combat the organization and demands of the workers with violence. Years of class war ensued until the government became the buffer between the workers and the industrialists, and the cigar industry began to wane.

Spanish cigar manufacturers had first fled Cuba in the 1860s when their cigar industry was disrupted by the Ten Years' War for Cuban independence. Driven from Cuba, a number of manufacturers were attracted to the United States by tariff laws which placed high duties on finished cigars but not on tobacco leaf. Seeking access to the North American market, immigrant capitalists found a haven in Key West, Florida, which was close to the necessary supplies of clear Havana tobacco and skilled labor. However, after the spread of unions and a wave of strikes in the 1880s, several Key West manufacturers relocated to Tampa, a city which provided cash subsidies and the promise of labor peace.

Vincente Martínez Ybor, the first cigar manufacturer to make the move, was lured by the Tampa Board of Trade. Organized by the community's business and professional elite in 1885, the board agreed to raise $4,000 to subsidize Martínez Ybor's purchase of a $9,000 tract of land just outside Tampa's city limit. Ybor quickly built a factory and housing for Cuban and Spanish cigarworkers who in 1886 began production of the fine, handmade cigars that put Tampa on the map. Ybor City, originally a separate municipality, was annexed by Tampa in 1887, but it remained until World War II a company town dominated by the cigar industry.

The production of cigars ignited a spectacular boom in Tampa. A sleepy town of 720 people in 1880, the city had almost 6,000 people ten years later. Tampa's growth was fueled by outside capital and immigrant labor that ultimately transformed the city into the world's largest producer of handrolled cigars made from imported clear Havana tobacco. By 1910 Tampa was turning out one million cigars a day, and its 10,000 cigarworkers represented over half the community's entire labor force.

Cigarworkers and their families made Tampa a vibrant, ethnically diverse community actively interested in politics and ideology. The immigrants who flocked to the city's cigar industry were at first Cuban and

Spanish-born, but they were soon joined by a large number of Italians. In 1910, when almost half the city's population was first- or second-generation immigrants, the cigar industry's labor force was 41 percent Cuban, 23 percent Spanish, and 19 percent Italian.

The world of Tampa radicals was extensive and lively. Immigrants formed local clubs and discussion groups that were devoted to a wide array of socialist and anarchist causes. Meetings in places such as Ybor City's Italian Socialist Hall attracted large crowds who heard lectures by national and international luminaries such as Socialist Eugene Debs, Wobbly Bill Haywood, and Errico Malatesta, an anarchist exiled from Italy. Tampa's immigrant community also supported a number of radical newspapers that were published locally in Spanish, Italian, and English. Titles such as *El Internacional* and *La Voce Dello Shiavo* ("The Voice of the Slave") accurately evoke the papers' orientation. The *Tampa Citizen*, published by local unions during and after World War I, announced on its masthead that it was "PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE WORKING CLASS OF TAMPA." The local correspondent for a manufacturers' journal complained in 1919 that "the average cigarmaker here is well-posted and deeply impressed with the radical movement in the United States."

The best reflection of the sentiments of immigrant cigarworkers was the institution of the factory *lector*, or reader. Paid by the cigarmakers to read while they performed their silent handwork, the lector sat on an elevated platform and read material chosen by the workers who voted on what they should hear. The selections ranged from daily newspapers to European novels. The texts of both *El Internacional* and *Les Miserables*, for example, contained heavy doses of radical thought. As a former reader, Abelardo Gutiérrez Diaz, later reminisced, "The *lectura* [reading] was itself a veritable system of education dealing with a variety of subjects, including politics, labor, literature, and international relations." Confirmation of this statement came from Tampa's leading anarchist, Alfonso Coniglio, who was a cigarmaker by the age of 14. "Oh, I cannot tell you how important [readers] were, how much they taught us. Especially an illiterate boy like me. To them we owe particularly our sense of the class struggle."

Their sense of class struggle drove workers to defend their rights and to resist their bosses. The editor of *El Internacional* boasted in 1921 that Tampa cigarworkers were guilty of "the terrible crime of being consciously workers who are always trying to defend their rights and never submit to the false cajolery of the cigar manufacturers." At the same time, a director of the Tampa Cigar Manufacturers' Association charged that cigarworkers were led by "irresponsible agitators who array class against class and teach them that all employers are oppressors of labor and natural enemies of the workers." As late as 1939, a study of Tampa's cigar industry contended that the Latin cigarmaker had "a tendency to take things pertaining to his work or his art, as he thinks of it, very seriously, which frequently leads to his making a major issue out of a very trivial occurrence."

Worker militancy led to frequent interruptions of production. These ranged from brief walkouts by a few dozen workers in a single factory to industry-wide strikes by 10,000 cigarworkers who closed down Tampa factories for months at a time. Strikes by Tampa's cigarworkers rarely focused on the bread-and-butter issues of wages and hours. Instead, cigarworkers engaged in prolonged battles over issues related to control of the workplace. In fact, these struggles can be classified as "control strikes," the term used by historian David Montgomery to describe "the effort by workers to establish collective control over their conditions of work." In strikes between 1887 and 1931, Tampa cigarworkers typically walked off the job in disputes related to the power of foremen, union recognition, and defense of work rules. Explaining the nature of the ongoing power struggle with employers, the editor of the cigarworkers' local union newspaper asserted in the midst of the 1910 strike, "The union is convinced that the only way to make the manufacturers respect it is through a display of its power, consequently it will use power as long as it be necessary, until the total ruin of

CIGARMAKERS IN A TAMPA FACTORY DURING THE 1920s

the manufacturers' capital be the final outcome."

Factory owners saw the conflict in similar terms according to *Tobacco Leaf*, a trade journal, which reported in 1910: "The battle which has been going on in Tampa for the past fifteen weeks was not, truthfully speaking, a strike, as the word is accepted. . . . It was a struggle . . . on the part of a clique of excitable and irresponsible cigarmakers . . . to install the workman in the place of the employer."

In their struggles with manufacturers, cigarworkers could bring enormous leverage to bear. Their skills and extraordinary sense of solidarity meant that striking workers were not easily replaced. In fact, they usually did not even bother to set up picket lines. Tampa cigarworkers were also part of a larger community that encompassed Key West and Havana where strikers could find financial and moral support.

However, cigar manufacturers could also shift production to branch factories in other cities. This option not only reduced the economic impact of strikes but also aroused concern among Tampa businessmen who feared that factories might permanently leave Tampa, as they had earlier left Key West due to labor troubles. Speaking for the local business community that depended on the cigar industry, the *Tampa Tribune* declared during an 1899 walkout, "Tampa can afford to lose cigarmakers. Tampa cannot afford to lose cigar factories. . . . Every influence, every sympathy of the people of Tampa should be with the factories." In line with this view, Tampa's business and professional elite consistently intervened in cigar strikes on the side of employers. This outside intervention took a variety of forms, including mediation efforts, but it relied on vigilante violence organized and led by prominent Tampans. The use of illegal coercion by the local establishment often shifted the balance of power in the cigar industry to assure the defeat of workers during strikes.

A 1929 SCENE SHOWING TAMPA CIGARMAKERS WORKING WHILE LISTENING TO A *LECTOR* READING FROM HIS PLATFORM ON THE RIGHT.

The pattern of antilabor violence emerged in 1887, as a result of the first prolonged disruption of Tampa's budding cigar industry. With Cuban workers organizing to "struggle against 'bossism' as well as against the monopolies of the wealthy class of the world," a strike over the firing of a popular foreman led Spanish factory owners to complain to the Board of Trade about "interference and attempted intimidation [by] a few Cuban outlaws now in Tampa." Responding to an appeal for assistance, the Board of Trade adopted a resolution formally pledging to cigar manufacturers that the board "will guarantee them full support and protection for their lives and property by every legitimate means."

Leading businessmen immediately made it clear that "legitimate means" included vigilante methods. At a public meeting called by the Board of Trade, prominent Tampans drew up a list of 11 Cuban "suspects" and appointed a Committee of Fifteen, "composed of the best and most responsible businessmen," to run the alleged troublemakers out of town.

Leading businessmen immediately made it clear that "legitimate means" included vigilante methods.

The vigilante committee was chaired by General Joseph B. Wall, a state senator and vice president of the Board of Trade, who had been disbarred in federal court five years earlier for leading a Tampa mob that had lynched a white transient for attempted rape.

In addition to expelling the so-called "agitators" in 1887, the Committee of Fifteen formally warned cigarworkers against any further disruption of Tampa's main industry. A notice read in English and Spanish in each of the factories announced:

We are here as the representatives of the good people of this community to say that we intend to have order, peace

and quiet prevail in our midst, and we give this notice that all disturbers and agitators must leave at once without further notice.

In justification of "our action as a community," the local newspaper editor who served as secretary of the Committee of Fifteen declared, "We are an order-loving people, and do not propose that any band of outlaws and desperadoes shall come into our midst and disturb our peace, order and business prosperity."

Similar economic concerns led Tampa businessmen to form vigilante committees during subsequent strikes. In 1892 the Board of Trade organized a "Committee of Twenty-Five" to police a cigar strike after the *Tampa Tribune* warned about "the damage the general business interests of the city would sustain" if the walkout continued. Explaining the supposed causes of labor disputes, the *Tribune* argued that when Cuban and Spanish workers were "subjected to the devilish influence of even one unprincipled socialist, communist or anarchist, they are transformed into little less than madmen." The newspaper noted a resulting local disposition to force "the anarchists to leave the place and the state, and if they do not go when ordered then the danger would come, as some favor swinging their carcasses at a rope's end." The threatened violence did not occur in 1892, but a spokesman for cigar manufacturers boasted that at least one strike leader left Tampa one week following formation of the vigilante committee. Moreover, the strike collapsed soon after the vigilantes, again led by General Joseph B. Wall, took to the streets.

During the 1890s Cuban cigarworkers focused their organizing efforts on the struggle to free their homeland from Spanish rule. Once this was accomplished in 1898, immigrant workers again confronted employers over work-related issues. A brief strike in 1899 produced a complete victory for Tampa workers who won removal of scales that several employers had introduced to weigh the tobacco for each cigar. Strikers also gained a uniform scale of wages for all different sizes of cigars. The 1899 strike was unusual both because cigarworkers won all their demands and because Tampa businessmen failed to intervene. The quick victory showed that employers were willing to accept workers' demands if increased costs could be passed along to the consumers and if they did not involve union recognition.

Nevertheless, the setback encouraged increased cooperation among employers. In the midst of the 1899 strike, the largest factory owners formed the Tampa Cigar Manufacturers' Association for "protection against this labor trouble." Despite continued competition for markets, manufacturers generally cooperated thereafter in the "group handling of labor relations."

Centralization of the industry also enhanced the power of employers. In 1901 three of Tampa's largest factories were purchased by the American Tobacco Company, a trust owned by the Duke family of North Carolina that had already achieved a monopoly in the manufacture of most other tobacco products including cigarettes and snuff. The trust managed to gain control of less than one-sixth of the nation's cigar industry, which was still largely nonmechanized and decentralized with thousands of separate companies. However, the so-called "trust factories" employed about 20 percent of Tampa's cigarworkers, and the American Tobacco Company's widely publicized opposition to unions undoubtedly stiffened the resolve of independent manufacturers to resist collective bargaining.

During the twentieth century, the biggest strikes in Tampa's cigar industry occurred at approximately 10-year intervals in 1901, 1910, 1920, and 1931. Under the leadership of several different unions, each of these upheavals halted the local production of cigars and crippled the city's economy which depended heavily on the wages of cigarworkers.

CIGAR FACTORY OF SANCHEZ AND HAYA WAS ONE OF THE FIRST IN TAMPA'S YBOR CITY DISTRICT.

In 1901 immigrant workers demonstrated their commitment to militant trade unionism when they walked out in support of "La Resistencia," a local union whose declared purpose was "to resist the exploitation of labor by capital." In a typical editorial, the radical union's weekly newspaper, *La Federacion*, explained, "The organization of labor that is not planted squarely on the class struggle can develop only in one direction — the direction of a buffer for the capitalist class."

The 1901 strike was precipitated by the attempt of La Resistencia to win the union shop for its more than 4,500 members who made up 90 percent of the industry's labor force in Tampa.

The largest manufacturers responded that "we will not open our factories until we can control and run our business to suit ourselves." Given its strength, La Resistencia promised a peaceful strike, and its leaders called on "the business men of Tampa, if they cannot help us, to at least occupy neutral ground."

The strike proceeded peacefully, but Tampa businessmen did not remain neutral. Warnings of vigilante violence circulated widely. The Tampa correspondent for a tobacco trade magazine reported at the end of the first week of the strike,"There is a strong probability that if things don't change pretty soon, Judge Lynch will take a hand — not to hang anyone, but a few leaders may find it expedient to change the base of their operation." With local businesses "becoming seriously affected by the strike," the *Tampa Tribune* soon announced that an end was in sight as a result of a plan that had been "very carefully considered and arranged, and by people who have the welfare of the city at heart."

Meanwhile, an armed Citizens' Committee kidnapped 13 strike leaders who were then loaded on a chartered boat and shipped to the deserted coast of Honduras. The Resistencia men were left with the warning, "Be seen again in Tampa, and it means death."

The anonymous vigilantes issued a statement explaining that their purpose was to remove "anarchists and professional labor agitators" who were trying "to destroy this properous city." The deportation committee successfully concealed the identity of its members, but the *Tampa Tribune* claimed, "The very best business sentiment of the city actuated and executed the step." On the question of possible legal objections, the newspaper concluded, "No well-intentioned citizen is disposed to grumble over the banishment of the Resistencia leaders, because public policy, in some cases, must rise superior to strict legality." Approval of vigilante methods came from newspaper editors around the state including one who observed, "Tampa is largely a law unto itself and has probably hit upon the only way to effectually hold its foreign labor element in check."

However, the forced deportation did not break the strike. La Resistencia members immediately replaced the missing men and pledged to fight on. A local Italian-language paper declared defiantly, "The bourgeoisie of Tampa are not accomplishing anything else but injecting in the minds and souls of the workers a most tenacious and long lasting resistance." Many strikers may have felt this way, but continued resistance also brought more vigilante violence.

The anonymous Citizens' Committee continued to focus its attacks on strike leaders. Two weeks after the first expulsion, vigilantes forced another 17 leaders, including an editor of *La Federacion*, to leave town. In announcing the forced departure of two more Resistencia men, a manufacturers' journal confided that "the deportations will only cease when the strike is settled, or when every cigarmaker who is addicted to the speechmaking habit has departed."

When the absence of several editors failed to prevent *La Federacion* from appearing, members of the Citizens' Committee raided its office and dismantled its press which they carted away. The vigilantes also destroyed La Resistencia's soup kitchens which had fed strikers. Finally, the armed Citizens' Committee protected strikebreakers who gradually returned to the factories. Four months into the strike, almost half the cigarmakers were back at their benches, and La Resistencia called an end to the walkout. The radical union never recovered from the defeat, and it soon disappeared.

When immigrant cigarworkers subsequently turned to the Cigar Makers' International Union (CMIU), an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor, they found that even American citizens were unwelcome in Tampa if they were organizing cigarworkers. In 1903, CMIU representatives from outside Florida received threatening notes after arriving in Tampa. James Wood, an organizer who apparently took too much time in leaving town, was shot on his way out of the state and lost an arm as a result. Wood could not identify the attackers, but the CMIU branded the assault "a cowardly and criminal attempt on the part of the trust and other nonunion manufacturers to prevent the organization of the workers in the South."

WORKERS GATHERED IN FRONT OF YBOR CITY'S LABOR TEMPLE IN 1921.

While Tampa's cigar industry steadily expanded, the working conditions of employees deteriorated. In the absence of effective organization cigarworkers could not enforce wage

scales, and pay varied widely from factory to factory. Employers also abused the apprenticeship system to hire cheaper workers. When the Cigar Makers' International Union mounted an organizing drive in 1909, workers poured into the AFL union which soon had over 7,000 members in Tampa. The CMIU's cautious international president, George W. Perkins, tempered his elation with a plea to Tampa workers to avoid "hasty or ill-advised strikes" and to "be guided by fearless and conservative leaders." Perkins also reminded national CMIU officials that in Tampa "the 'Citizens' Committee' were [sic] ever ready to back the employers in any effort to stifle the growth of unionism."

Perkins' worst fears were realized in 1910, when workers waged an unsuccessful six-month strike for the union shop. Although Perkins officially supported the walkout, he later complained that it occurred after Tampa's CMIU leadership had passed "into the hands of the so-called radicals, and the 'fireworks' commenced."

The fireworks included a campaign of vigilante violence against workers. The walkout by 10,000 cigarworkers was peaceful for more than a month, when suddenly a bookkeeper at one of the factories was shot and critically injured by bullets that reportedly came from a crowd of strikers. Two Italians, who were not cigarworkers, were soon arrested for the crime. Within hours the two men were lynched by a well-organized gang of 20 to 30 vigilantes who seized the prisoners while two guards were transferring them from one jail to another. Although the lynchers were never identified, the *Tampa Tribune* claimed that the summary punishment of "the hired assassins" demonstrated that "the people who have built up this city and who have protected its interests and its welfare in the past are not to be found wanting at this critical juncture." A tobacco trade journal declared bluntly, "The recent 'neck-tie party'. . . suggests that the citizenship of Tampa are at last fully aroused to the fact that the commercial interest of the city is in jeopardy." Support for this view of the lynching as establishment violence came from an Italian vice consul who investigated the double murder. After a visit to Tampa, he concluded that "the lynching itself was not the outcome of a temporary outburst of popular anger, but was rather planned, by some citizens of West Tampa with the tacit consent of a few police officers, and all with the intention of teaching an awful lesson to the strikers of the cigar factories."

There was no doubt about who perpetrated the vigilante violence that followed. After an arsonist reportedly destroyed a cigar factory, "the best citizens of Tampa" organized a formal Citizens' Committee that was headed by Colonel Hugh C. Macfarlane, a former prosecutor and the developer of West Tampa, an adjacent municipality also dominated by the cigar industry. More than 400 business and professional men publicly affixed their names to a set of resolutions pledging that the Citizens' Committee would protect cigar manufacturers "to the fullest extent possible," because the industry "furnishes approximately sixty-five percent of the total income of the city and makes a basis for several other millions of dollars being paid in wages annually."

The Citizens' Committee took the law into its own hands in an attempt to break the strike. When manufacturers officially reopened the cigar factories that had been closed for more than two months, over 200 businessmen armed themselves with Winchesters and began patrolling the streets. Their announced purpose was to prevent interference with cigarmakers wishing to return to work, but vigilante squads committed a number of illegal acts in an effort to force strikers back to their jobs.

Members of the Citizens' Committee raided a union meeting at West Tampa's Labor Temple, ordered strikers to leave the hall, nailed the door shut and left a sign reading, "This Place is Closed For All Time." The Tampa correspondent for the manufacturers' organ *Tobacco Leaf* reported that the actions of the Citizens' Committee demonstrated "to the disturbing element that the men who own property and have a regard for the interest of the city propose to take care of the destinies of the city, even if it becomes necessary to handle a few undesirables without gloves." One of the "undesirables" targeted by the vigilantes was a CMIU organizer from Chicago who was ordered to leave town by a delegation from the Citizens' Committee that included the publisher of the *Tampa Tribune*.

The crackdown by vigilantes brought only a few hundred strikebreakers into the factories, but it produced a flood of protests from

United States Tobacco Journal, 1910

Dastard he, and thrice a fool, Who, in a quarrel, uses Murder for his tool!

union leaders. The CMIU's local newspaper, *El Internacional*, condemned the Citizens' Committee as "the Cossacks of Tampa" who were motivated by "the craving for money that has caused a number of heartless, innoble [sic] citizens to disregard Freedom, Justice, . . . and even the Constitution of their own country." Editorials such as

this one led to the arrest of *El Internacional's* editor on conspiracy charges. When this did not stop publication of the union newspaper, members of the Citizens' Committee smashed its press and beat up a printer.

After six months, local unions finally gave up the fight for recognition. Although the vigilantes' back-to-work movement had failed to attract many strikebreakers, it had encouraged a hard line by cigar manufacturers who refused even to talk with union representatives. In a war of attrition, the union locals ultimately exhausted their funds and called for return to work when they could no longer pay strike benefits.

Ten years later Tampa cigarworkers again struck in an attempt to win the union shop, and they had to deal with yet another anti-union Citizens' Committee. Appointed by the Board of Trade, the 1920 Citizens' Committee was charged with enforcing a board resolution which supported the open shop and called upon "all good citizens" to prevent "intimidation, threats, boycotts, or acts of lawlessness." The leadership of the committee reflected its ties with previous vigilante groups. The committee's chairman, a bank president, had been a member of the 1910 Citizens' Committee, as had the two other spokesmen mentioned in the press — another bank president and a vice president of the city's largest department store. The latter was also a brother of Donald Brenham McKay, the owner/editor of the *Tampa Times*, who had just completed three terms as mayor of Tampa and who had himself played a leading role in the vigilante committees of 1892, 1901, and 1910.

The presence of federal mediators inhibited businessmen from engaging in overt violence in 1920, but the Citizens' Committee mounted a campaign of intimidation. Toward the end of the 10-month strike, soon after the only reported altercation between strikers and strikebreakers, a "representative committee of fifty leading business men" visited union headquarters and, according to a tobacco journal, "in a pointed talk gave these agitators and radicals to clearly understand that this useless strike had to end." In addition, "representatives of Tampa's best citizenship" warned Sol Sontheimer, a CMIU organizer from Chicago, that "he would be held personally responsible for the future conduct of the strike and of the agitators." The CMIU charged that "the drastic action of the Citizens' Committee . . . in plain English [was] a warning to Sontheimer to get out of the city." He remained, but the factories successfully recruited strikebreakers under the protective arm of the Citizens' Committee.

The next significant display of worker discontent came in 1931. Because of rising unemployment and falling wage rates, cigarworkers rejected the conservative CMIU, and over 5,000 of them poured into the Tobacco Workers Industrial Union, an affiliate of the Trade Union Unity League of the Communist Party. During 1931 Tampa cigarworkers engaged in a variety of radical demonstrations, including a celebration of the anniversary of the Russian revolution, which sparked a crackdown by both public officials and vigilantes. One party organizer was kidnapped and flogged by unknown assailants. When disputes between employees and employers resulted in a brief strike, followed by a lockout, leading Tampans formed a "secret committee of 25 outstanding citizens" who, according to the *Tampa Tribune*, had "the sole purpose of driving out the communists, whether they are communists freshly arrived or long here."

Backed by a sweeping federal court injunction outlawing the Communist cigarworkers' union, the Citizens' Committee endorsed a reopening of the factories on terms set by manufacturers. These terms included preservation of the open shop, nonrecognition of any union, and permanent removal of the factory readers. The unnamed chairman of the Citizens' Committee boasted that his group operated "with the full cooperation and cognizance of the law enforcing bodies, and its every action has been and will be strictly lawful." However, the mere formation of another Citizens' Committee carried with it the threat of vigilante violence. As a local newspaper emphasized, radical union leaders scattered when "it dawned upon them that the citizens of Tampa were taking a drastic hand. In many quarters there was the recollection of another citizens' committee that served in a strike many years ago." Workers who heeded the warning and returned to their jobs undoubtedly remembered the lessons of previous strikes.

A CIGAR LABEL SHOWING A TAMPA CIGAR FACTORY IN 1904

One lesson was that establishment violence against workers went unpunished. No one in Tampa was ever arrested or indicted, let alone penalized, for taking the law into his own hands against striking cigarworkers. Indeed, local law enforcement officials either cooperated openly with the vigilantes or conveniently disappeared when Citizens' Committees took action. However, police immediately moved against workers who engaged in isolated acts

of violence, and they often arrested nonviolent strikers for a variety of alleged crimes, such as conspiracy and vagrancy.

During the 1910 strike local union leaders complained, "The city and county government are absolutely at the beck and call of the noble 'Citizens' Committee,' and the governor has refused to intervene." The same could have been said of the federal government which never took action against antilabor vigilantes, despite repeated appeals from cigarworkers and their unions.

Federal intervention ultimately encouraged union recognition for Tampa cigarworkers, but it came too late to be of much help to men and women in a dying industry. The depression of the 1930s decimated Tampa's cigar business. As demand for luxury cigars fell sharply, manufacturers around the country shifted to increased production of cheap cigars that could be made by machine and sold for as little as five cents each. Despite growing unemployment, Tampa's proud cigarmakers resisted change by defending wage scales and traditional work practices that made it difficult for their products to compete with cigars turned out by new methods in other cities. Under these pressures, some Tampa manufacturers went out of business and others relocated their operations, including the "trust factories" owned by the American Tobacco Company, which employed over 10 percent of Tampa's cigarworkers until their operations were moved to New Jersey in 1932. Plant closings and removals eliminated 4,000 jobs in Tampa during the 1930s.

MANUFACTURERS' VIEW OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE TAMPA BOARD OF TRADE AND UNIONS DURING THE 1920 STRIKE (from *Tobacco Leaf,* August 5, 1920).

Facing the threat of extinction, most of Tampa's remaining manufacturers agreed to union recognition and collective bargaining fostered by New Deal legislation. With the aid of a federal mediator, employers signed a three-year agreement in 1933 that recognized the CMIU in return for a no-strike pledge from workers. Explaining the new approach, a former head of Tampa's Cigar Manufacturers' Association declared, "We have to consider the workers if we want to survive." Neither collective bargaining nor the economic crisis eliminated strikes by militant workers who continued to defend their rights, but changes in the industry did end the use of vigilante violence to break strikes. After 1933 Tampa businessmen relied on federal mediators and arbitrators to resolve labor disputes in the declining cigar industry.

Vigilante violence thrived for almost 50 years in Tampa, but its precise impact is difficult to measure, especially since it was frequently used in tandem with other repressive measures such as arrests and court injunctions. At the very least, violence against cigarworkers prevented them from winning union recognition until 1933. Even though by 1920 Tampa had more unionized cigarworkers than any other city in the country, these workers could not achieve the official recognition that was common in other cigarmaking centers, such as Boston and New York, where antilabor violence did not occur. Even so, despite the short-term success of vigilante businessmen in breaking strikes, they certainly failed to crush militancy among Tampa's cigarworkers. As workers were returning to the factories in apparent defeat after the 1901 strike, one of the strike-leaders summed up the spirit prevalent among cigarworkers thoughout this period: "They have vanquished us but not convinced us."□

Robert Ingalls is the managing editor of Tampa Bay History, *which devoted its latest issue to the history of Ybor City.*

REVIEWS

Appalachian Blacks: A Forgotten People

Blacks in Appalachia, edited by William H. Turner and Edward J. Cabbell. University Press of Kentucky, 1985. 277 pp. $13.00.

— by Ronald D Eller

Images of Appalachia have changed in recent years. Thanks in part to a new generation of regional scholars, many Americans no longer consider Appalachia "a strange land inhabited by a peculiar people," a region set apart from the rest of the nation and the South. Gone from the new literature are the old stereotypes of an isolated land and a passive people, and emerging in their place is a more dynamic vision of a region in change and a people struggling to survive the onslaught of modernization.

With the publication of *Blacks in Appalachia*, edited by William Turner and Edward Cabbell, another persistent image of Appalachia is laid to rest: that of the region's racial uniformity. Just as "progressive" writers at the turn of the century saw the region's economy as a product of geographic isolation, they characterized the region's people and culture as a product of that same isolation. To a generation of American whites convinced of their own racial superiority, the Southern mountaineers became "our contemporary ancestors," a people of "pure" Scotch-Irish and Anglo-Saxon ancestry who had been preserved like mammoths in ice from the amalgamating forces of recent history. Blacks, Native Americans, Germans, Slavs, or other ethnic groups seldom appeared in the early literature on Appalachia and almost never were seen as having contributed to the traditional culture of the region.

Black men and women, of course, have lived in the mountains for almost 300 years, coming as explorers, trappers, freedmen, and slaves. Their numbers have never been great — ranging from 7 to 12 percent of the total population — but they have played a significant role in the political, economic, and cultural history of Appalachia. Before the Civil War, blacks were most heavily concentrated in the larger valley counties and in the scattered villages and towns. After the war they migrated in increasing numbers from the Carolina Piedmont and the Deep South to work in the recently booming mountain industries: the railroads, the coal mines, and the logging camps of the Appalachian New South. By the 1920s the

populations of some central Appalachian counties had risen to 40 percent black. Always an "invisible minority" within the larger minority of mountaineers, blacks often suffered the worst of the poverty, oppression, and exploitation that accompanied the industrialization of the mountains. They endured and carved out a history that is distinct both from their white neighbors and from their black kinsmen in the rest of the nation.

Thanks to Turner and Cabbell, themselves products of black coal-mining communities, we now have a useful collection of 21 essays which together provide a good introduction to the black experience in Appalachia. All of the essays have been published before, except for an excellent concluding essay by Turner on "The Demography of Black Appalachia." They range from well-documented analytical pieces to anecdotal accounts of black life in the mountains. Classic essays by Carter G. Woodson, Booker T. Washington, and W.E.B. Du Bois are pulled together here for the first time, along with work of contemporary historians such as Theda Perdue, James Klotter, David Corbin, and Richard Straw. Together they sweep a broad path across the history of blacks in the mountains, providing perspectives on slavery, race relations, community life, unionism, work, and local politics.

The wide scope of these selections, however, is at once the strength and the weakness of the volume. While it debunks the long-standing invisibility of black Appalachians, the diversity of these essays leads to some inconsistency and provides only a surface image of the black community in Appalachia. A number of the contributors, including Washington, Klotter, and Woodson portray mountain race relations as less rigid and acrimonious than in the Piedmont and low country. Loyal Jones, for example, suggests that white Appalachians "have not been saddled with the same prejudices about black people that people of the Deep South have." Pointing to the distinctive nature of slavery in the mountains, the comparatively small number of blacks, the relative equality in housing, and the opportunities for education, work, and union membership open to blacks in Appalachia, these writers make a strong case for a less oppressive pattern of race relations in the mountains. In fact, David Corbin and Herbert Northrup argue that the unique environment of the company towns in the coalfields worked to focus the miners' discontent on class rather than caste issues, helping to

generate a level of interracial solidarity not found in the rest of the South. In contrast, other writers frame the question of oppression less gently, pointing out the harshness of racial prejudice in the mountains as elsewhere. Turner's introduction, John Stanfield's account of black/white relations in Knoxville, William Riley's memoirs of the miners' union, and Leon F. Williams's description of contemporary struggles all suggest that Appalachia has not been entirely free of racial prejudice and economic discrimination. Certainly more focused and detailed research will help clarify these apparent ambiguities and contradictions in our understanding of mountain race relations.

The same can be said of our limited vision of the black community in the hills. Except through Lynwood Montell's 1970 book *The Saga of Coe Ridge* and the brief accounts collected by Turner and Cabbell, we know little about the culture, structure, and history of black communities in Appalachia. Turner believes that these communities constituted a "subsociety of Black America" made up of a peculiar mixture of Southern black folkways and aspects of white mountain culture. Black Appalachians, he suggests, "have thus acquired a quality of distinct ethnicity . . . a distinct and unique cultural heritage both with rural dimensions and with the social features of industrialism." Whether this is true and to what degree black Appalachians differ from other blacks or from other Appalachians remain to be seen. Further study of these forgotten mountaineers may not only alter our understanding of the black journey in America but may shed light on the social and cultural heritage of Appalachia as well.

Like many of the recent works on Appalachia, *Blacks in Appalachia* is only a beginning. It corrects years of neglect and narrow assumptions about a region little understood by the rest of the country and provides the framework for further research and more detailed analysis, but it is *only* a framework. Let us hope that Cabbell and Turner or other scholars will continue to fill in the details and find answers to the many questions that remain about the black experience in the coalfields, tourist towns, villages, mills towns, and rural farm communities of the mountain South.☐

Ronald D. Eller is director of the Appalachian Center at the University of Kentucky.

Books on the South

This list consists of books noted in Forthcoming Books in Print *through Fall 1985. Dissertations appeared in Dissertation Abstracts from April through October 1985. All books and dissertations were published in 1985 unless otherwise noted.*

The entries are grouped under several broad categories for your convenience. Mention of a book here does not preclude its being reviewed in a future issue. Unsolicited reviews of publications of general Southern interest are welcome. recent works being preferred.

Copies of the dissertations are available on microfilm or hand copy from University Microfilms International, Dissertation Copies, P.O. Box 1764, Ann Arbor, MN 48106; (800) 521-3042.

WOMEN

"Helping Others to Help Themselves: Social Advocacy and Wage-earning Women in Richmond, Virginia, 1910-1932," by Elizabeth Stevens Brinson. Univ. Without Walls.

Pocahontas' Daughters: Gender and Ethnicity in American Culture, by Mary V. Dearborn. Jan. 1986. Oxford Univ. Press. $18.95.

The Sacred Hoop: Recovering the Feminine in American Indian Traditions, by Paula G. Allen. March 1986. Beacon Press. $22.95.

"Traditional Mothers in the Midst of Familial Anarchy," by Patricia Ann Donovan. Univ. of Texas.

"Women's Employment in Rural Environments: A Case Study of North Carolina," by Shelley Louise Pendleton. Univ. of North Carolina.

BIOGRAPHY

Amy Ashwood Garvey: Pan-Africanist, Feminist, & Wife, No. 1, by Tony Martin. Majority Press. $19.95; $6.95 paper.

"The Autobiography of Jean Toomer: An Edition," by Isaac Johnny Johnson, III. Purdue Univ.

"Benjamin Stoddert Ewell: A Biography," by Anne West Chapman. College of William and Mary. 1984.

A Black Physician's Story: Bringing Hope in Mississippi, by Douglas L. Conner and John F. Marszalek. Univ. Press of Mississippi. $14.95.

Caty: A Biography of Catherine Littlefield Green, by John F. Stegman and Janet A. Stegman. Univ. of Georgia Press. $25; $9.95 paper.

Debrett's Southern Peerage, by Hugh Best. Putnam Publishing Group. $25.

God Blessed Our Arms with Victory [a biography of Stonewall Jackson], by Warren J. Richards. Vantage. $8.95.

"Kelly Miller: The Life and Thoughts of a Black Intellectual, 1863-1939," by Larry McGruder. Miami Univ. 1984.

King Remembered, by Flip Schulke and Penelope McPhee. Jan. 1986. Norton. $16.95.

"A Man in Shadow: The Life of Daniel Clark," by Michael Stephen Wohl. Tulane Univ. 1984.

Race and Class: The World of Marcus Garvey, by Judith Stein. Louisiana State University Press. $22.50.

Richard Allen: The First Exemplar of African American Education, by E. Curtis Alexander. ECA Assoc. $7.95.

Scapegoat General: The Story of General Benjamin Huger C.S.A., by Jeffrey Rhoades. Shoe String. $17.50.

A Testament of Hope [on M.L. King], by James M. Washington. Jan. 1986. Harper-Row. $19.18.

To the Mountaintop [on M.L. King], by William R. Witherspoon. Doubleday. $30.

Ulrich Bonnell Phillips: Historian of the Old South, by Merton L. Dillon. Lousiana Univ. Press. $20.

You May Plow Here: The Narrative of Sara Brooks, ed. by Thordis Simonsen. Jan. 1986. Norton. $12.95.

AFRO-AMERICANS

Afro-American Demography and Urban Issues: A Bibliography, by R.A. Ogucho and Jeannine B. Scott. Greenwood. $49.95.

"Afro-American Jeremiahs: Black Thought and Leadership and American Civil Religion, 1880-1968," by David MacHoward-Pitney. Univ. of Minnesota. 1984.

Ain't I a Woman: Female Slaves in the Plantation South, by Deborah G. White. Norton. $18.95.

Art Rust's Illustrated History of the Black Athlete, by Art Rust and Edna Rust. Doubleday. $24.95; $10.95 paper.

"At Work and At Home: Blacks in Norfolk, Virginia, 1910-1945," by Earl Lewis. Univ. of Minnesota. 1984.

A Bibliographical Guide to Black Studies Programs in the United States: An Annotated Bibliography, by Lenwood G. Davis and George Hill. Greenwood. $29.95.

Black American Politics: From the Washington Marches to Jesse Jackson, by Manning Marable. Schocken. $27.50; $8.50 paper.

The Black Politician: The New Struggle for Power, by Mervyn M. Dymally and Jeffrey M. Ellit. March 1986. Borgo. $19.95; $9.95 paper.

Blueprint for Black Economic Survival, by William T. Syphax. Vantage. $10.

Branches Without Roots: The Genesis of the Black Working Class, by Gerald D. Jaynes. Jan. 1986. Oxford Univ. Press. $35.

Conjuring: Black Women, Fiction, and Literary Tradition, ed. Marjorie Pryse and Hortense J. Spillers. Indiana Univ. Press. $29.95; $10.95 paper.

"The Dimensions of the Afro-American Social Structure: The Post Civil Rights Era," by Michael Daniel Woodard. Univ. of Chicago. 1984.

"An Educational Model for Afro-American Students in Predominantly White Institutions," by Jess Celia Nunleyu. Union for Experimenting Colleges.

I Got the Word in Me & I Can Sing It, You Know: A Study of the Performed African American Sermon, by Gerald L. Davis. 1986. Univ. of Pennsylvania Press. $24.95.

Proceedings of the Black National and State Conventions, 1865-1900, Vol. 1, ed. by Philip S. Foner and George E. Walker. Temple Univ. Press. $39.95.

When and Where I Enter: The Impact of Black Women on Race and Sex in America, by Paula Giddings. Bantam. $7.95.

REVIEWS

HISTORY, POLITICS AND ECONOMICS — BEFORE 1865

"Agricultural Commercialism in the Nashville Basin, 1850-1860," by Walter Martin. Univ. of Tennessee. 1984.

"Banking in the American South, 1836-1865," by Earl Schweikart. UC-Santa Barbara. 1983.

"Black Legislators During the Reconstruction of Alabama, 1867-1878," by Richard Bailey. Kansas State Univ. 1984.

The Breckinridges of Kentucky: Seventeen Sixty to Nineteen Eighty-One, by James C. Klotter. Univ. Press of Kentucky. $35.

"Colonization and Subsistence Change on the 17th Century Chesapeake Frontier," by Henry Michael Miller. Michigan State Univ. 1984.

"The Creation of South Carolina's Legal System, 1670-1731," by John Edker Douglass. Univ. of Missouri-Columbia. 1984.

Cultures in Contact: The European Impact on Native Cultural Institutions in Eastern North America, A.D. 1000-1800, ed. by William Fitzhugh. Smithsonian. $29.95

"Economy and Society in the Early Modern South: Charleston and the Evolution of the South Carolina Low Country," by Peter A. Coclanis. Columbia Univ. 1984.

"For Our Mutual Benefit: Antebellum Georgia College Student Organizations," by Richard Mansfield Rose. Univ. of Georgia. 1984.

George Washington and the American Military Tradition, by Don Higginbotham. Univ. of Georgia Press. $16.50.

"The Gospel of Disunion: Religion and the Rise of Southern Separatism, 1830-1861," by Mitchell Snay. Brandeis Univ. 1984.

Indian Traders of the Southeastern Spanish Border Lands: Panton, Leslie and Company and John Forbes and Company, 1783-1847, by William S. Coker and Thomas D. Watson. Univ. Presses of Florida. $35.

The Law of Freedom and Bondage: A Casebook, by Paul Finkelman. Oceana (Constitutional History Series). $35.

Let the Eagle Soar: The Foreign Policy of Andrew Jackson, by John M. Belohlavek. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $28.95.

Masters and Statesmen: The Political Culture of American Slavery, by Kenneth S. Greenberg. Johns Hopkins. $22.50.

Los Mestenos: Spanish Ranching in Texas, 1721-1821, by Jack Jackson. Jan. 1986. Texas A&M Univ. Press. $34.50.

The Metaphysical Confederacy: James Henly Thornwell and the Synthesis of Southern Values, by James D. Farmer. Mercer Univ. Press. 1986. $25.95.

"The Mid-Atlantic Arena: The United States, the Confederacy and the British West Indies, 1861-1865," by Kenneth John Blume. SUNY Binghamton. 1984.

On the Threshold of Freedom: Masters and Slaves in Civil War Georgia, by Clarence L. Mohr. Jan. 1986. Univ. of Georgia Press. $35.

Quakers and Slavery: A Divided Spirit, by Jean R. Soderlund. Princeton Univ. Press. $27.50

Race, Class and Politics: Essays on American Colonial and Revolutionary Society, by Gary B. Nash. Univ. of Illinois Press. $29.95.

Religious Philanthropy and Colonial Slavery: The American Correspondence of the Associates of Dr. Bray, 1717-1777, ed. by John C. Van Horne. Univ. of Illinois Press. $37.50.

"Return J. Meigs: United States Agent in the Cherokee Nation, 1801-1823," by James Sean McKeown. Pennsylvania State Univ. 1984.

Slavery's End in Tennessee, Eighteen Sixty-One to Eighteen Sixty-Five, by John Cimprich. Univ. of Alabama Press. $27.50.

Spanish North Carolina: The Documents, ed. by C.D. Honeycutt. Gold Star Press. $5.76.

Tobacco Culture: The Mentality of the Great Tidewater Planters on the Eve of Revolution, by T.H. Breen. Princeton Univ. Press. $19.95.

HISTORY, POLITICS AND ECONOMICS — SINCE 1865

"Atlanta, the Depression, and the New Deal," by Douglas Lee Fleming. Emory Univ. 1984.

Big Mule and Branchheads: James E. Folsom and Power in Alabama, by Carl Grafton and Ann Permaloff. Univ. of Georgia Press. $27.50.

"Black and Red: W.E.B. DuBois and the Cold War, 1944-1963," by Gerald Charles Horne. Columbia Univ. 1984.

"Black Exodus and White Migration, 1950 to 1970: A Comparative Analysis of Population Movements and their Relations to Labor and Race Relations," by Sam Joseph Dennis. American Univ. 1984.

Brother Rock: The Saga of Winthrop Rockefeller in Arkansas, by Edward S. Kerstein. Laranmark. $16.95.

"Development in the Piedmont South: Rowan County, North Carolina, 1850-1900," by John Jacob Beck. Univ. of North Carolina. 1984.

"Empire of Consensus: City Planning, Zoning, and Annexation in Dallas, 1900-1960," by William Neil Black. Columbia Univ. 1982.

"From Servant to 'Dayworker': A Study of Selected Household Service Workers in Washington, D.C., 1900-1926," by Elizabeth Clark-Lewis. Univ. of Maryland. 1983.

"Gentrification in Central Area Neighborhoods: Population and Housing Change in Washington, DC, 1970-1980" by Frank Harold Wilson, Jr. Univ. of Michigan.

"*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 1866-1876: The Popular Rhetoric of Reconstruction," by Kathleen Elizabeth Diffley. Columbia Univ. 1984.

"The History of the Black Woman's Club Movement in America," by Maude Thomas Jenkins. Columbia Univ. Teachers College. 1984.

"A History of the Islands and Waters of the Biscayne National Park — A Multi-Media Interpretive Program," by Edward Carter Burrus, Jr. Univ. of Miami. 1984.

"Industrial Growth and Worker Protest in a New South City: High Point, North Carolina, 1958-1959," by Gregory Selby. Duke Univ. 1984.

"Industry Relocation and Wage Equalization: The Case of U.S. Textiles, 1880-1930," by Nancy Frances Kane. UCLA. 1984.

"The International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America at Pressman's Home, Tennessee, 1907-1967," by James Jackson Mooney. Univ. Tennessee. 1984.

Jesse Jackson and the Politics of Race, by Richard Quinn and Thomas Landess. Green Hill. $17.95.

Kingfish to America: "Share Our Wealth," Selected Senatorial Papers of Huey P. Long, ed. and intro. by Henry M. Christman. Jan. 1986. Schocken. $14.95.

The Lost Colony of the Confederacy [Confederate emigration to Brazil], by Eugene C. Harter. Univ. Press of Mississippi. $14.95.

"The Morning After: South Carolina in the Jazz Age," by Mary Katherine Davis Cann. Univ. of South Carolina. 1984.

"The NAACP in Texas, 1937-1957," by Michael Lowery Gillette. Univ. of Texas.

An Old Creed for the New South: Proslavery Ideology and Historiography, 1865-1918, by John D. Smith. Greenwood. $35.

"Out of the Past: The Civil Rights Movement in Tallahassee, Florida," by Glenda Alice Rabby. Florida State Univ. 1984.

President Johnson's War on Poverty: Rhetoric and History, by David Zarefsky. Univ. of Alabama Press. $24.50.

"Race, Labor and Unionism: New Orleans Dockworkers, 1900-1910," by Daniel Rosenberg. City Univ. of New York.

Racism, Education and the States: The Racialization of Education Policy, by Barry Troyna and Jenny Williams. Longwood Publishing Group. $26; $12 paper.

Redneck Liberal: Theodore G. Bilbo and the New Deal, by Chester M. Morgan. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $27.50.

"Representation and Black Political Development: The Role Orientations and Political Perceptions of Black State Legislators," by Thaddeus Paul Mathis. Temple Univ.

"The Social Transformation of Rural Industrial Workers in Granville County, North Carolina," by Dennis McAuliffe. New School for Social Research. 1984.

"Some Dimensions of the Immigrant Experience: Italians in Steubenville, Ohio and Weirton, West Virginia, 1900-1939," by Richard Patrick Lizza. West Virginia Univ. 1984.

"Theodore G. Bilbo: Progressive to Public Racist," by Vincent Arthur Giroux, Jr. Indiana Univ. 1984.

Theses and Dissertations on Virginia History: A Bibliography, compiled by Richard R. Duncan. Virginia State Library. Price not set.

"The Treatment of the Reconstruction Period in United States History as Reflected in Selected

FINEST KIND
A CELEBRATION OF A FLORIDA FISHING VILLAGE
Ben Green

You've read Ben Green's story of the Florida fishermen who tried to organize a union ("If We'd Stuck Together," *Southern Exposure* 10 [May/June 1982]). You've heard about this book on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition." Now Ben Green's moving story of the heroic fishing men and women of Cortez, Florida, is finding critical acclaim all over Florida, the Gulf Coast, and the American South.

This is one of the most interesting books I've read in years. Ben Green has written of his family and of their friends who founded Cortez and despite hurricanes, hard times, hard work, and hard living have kept on a-going. Ben is a native son. He knows, he loves, he respects, and yet he writes with a historian's eye, and he writes so warmly the book reads as though it were fiction. **—Red Barber**
Hall of Fame Sportscaster
Tallahassee

I found it impossible to put the book down before reading through to the last chapter. Now I'm recommending it to everyone who loves Florida. . . . We need places like Cortez so that we can identify with an area that knows its roots. Ben Green's loving tribute to this little Gulf village should go far towards its preservation. **—Marjorie Carr**
Florida Defenders of the Environment

Finest Kind *is a rich—and rare—source of information about the social history of Florida's West Coast. Green . . . draws on personal experience and the memories of relatives to assemble an empathic but not uncritical portfolio of working class southern culture. . . .* Finest Kind *is a well-written, entertaining book with a bitter edge. It makes excellent reading for all who have regard for the human and natural treasures to be found beyond the shopping malls.* **—Maria Vesperi**
St. Petersburg Times

Now in its second printing, in a quality paperback!

x + 262 pages, 21 photographs
ISBN 0-86554-159-0 MUP/H149 (cloth)
ISBN 0-86554-208-2 MUP/P24 (paper)
$19.95 (cloth) **$14.95** (paper)

MERCER UNIVERSITY PRESS
Dept. SE2
Macon GA 31207

REVIEWS

American High School History Textbooks: 1890-1983," by David Earl Morgan. Loyola Univ. of Chicago.

"Unionism and Productivity in West Virginia Coal Mining," by William March Boal. Stanford Univ.

Whistle Stops: Adventures in Public Life, by Wilson W. Wyatt, Sr. Univ. Press of Kentucky. $24.

LITERATURE

"Allegory and the Modern Southern Novel (Faulkner, O'Connor, McCullers, Christ Symbol, Calvinism)," by Jan E. Poe. Univ. of Denver.

"An Analysis of Dramatic Themes Used by Selected Black-American Playwrights from 1950-1976 with a Backgrounder: The State of the Art of the Contemporary Black Theater and Black Playwriting," by Donald Hayes. Wayne State Univ. 1984.

"Black and White Literature in America: A Course Design in Rhetorical Interpretation of Five Genres," by Elsie Mary Joseph. Catholic Univ. of America. 1984.

Black and White Women of the Old South: Peculiar Sisterhood in American Literature, by Minrose C. Gwin. Univ. of Tennessee Press. $19.95.

Contemporary American Women Writers: Narrative Strategies, ed. by Catherine Rainwater and William J. Scheik. Univ. Press of Kentucky. $22.

The Daemonic Genius of Richard Wright, by Margaret Walker. Howard Univ. Press. $21.95.

Fingering the Jagged Grain: Tradition and Form in Recent Black Fiction, by Keith E. Byerman. Jan. 1986. Univ. of Georgia Press. $30.

"The Frustrated Muse: The Life and Works of Daniel Bryan, c. 1790-1866," by Wayne Malcolm Studer. Univ. of Minnesota. 1984.

"The Gothic World of Tennessee Williams," by James Louis Wilson. Univ. of Wisconsin-Madison. 1984.

"The Grief of Wood: Southern Writers and the Failure of the Literary Plantation Mansion," by Anthony Vincent Bukoski. Univ. of Iowa. 1984.

The History of Southern Literature, ed. by Louis D. Rubin, Jr. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $29.95.

"The Imprisonment Motif in the Novels of Thomas Wolfe," by Rebecca Brown Armstrong. Univ. of Alabama. 1984.

"Language as Possibility and Limitation in the Novels of William Faulkner," by Judith Ann Lockyer. Univ. of Michigan. 1984.

"Myth and Eudora Welty's Mississippi: An Analysis of *The Golden Apples*," by Dianne Allbritton Cothrane. Florida State Univ. 1982.

No Fairer Land: Studies in Southern Literature Before 1900, ed. by J. Lasley Dameron and James W. Mathews. Whitson Publishers. $22.50.

"Out of the Chrysalis: Lillian Smith and the Transformation of the South," by Kathleen Atkinson Miller. Emory Univ. 1984.

"The Place of *Collected Stories of William Faulkner* in the Literary Career of William Faulkner," by Carol Lois Cavallo. New York Univ. 1984.

The Price of the Ticket: Collected Nonfiction, 1948-1985, by James Baldwin. St. Martin. $29.95

"The Rebel Yell: Masculinity in Twentieth-Century Southern Fiction," by William Neville Claxon, Jr. Indiana Univ. 1984.

"Return of the American: Speculations on Fred Gipson and Texas Writing," by Glen Ernst Lich. Texas Christian Univ. 1984.

Revival: Southern Writers in the Modern City, by Ted R. Spivey. 1986. Univ. Presses of Florida. Price not set.

"Rhetorical Strategies in Selected Prose of Robert Penn Warren," by William Michael Karis. Kent State Univ. 1984.

"The Role of the Psychohistorical Heritage in the Life and Fate of the Individual in Faulkner's Writings," by Kahtan K. Masboub Al-Mandwee. Indiana Univ. of Pennsylvania. 1984.

The Southern Belle in the American Novel, by Kathryn L. Seidel. Univ. of South Carolina. 1984.

"Walker Percy's Fiction: The Vision of Distance," by Tyler Przekop Smith. Univ. of South Carolina. 1984.

"Words Between Strangers: Reading Eudora Welty's Fiction," by Harriet Rebecca Pollack. Univ. of Virginia. 1983.

CULTURAL PERSPECTIVES

"Brown Lung in North Carolina: The Social Organization of an Occupational Disease," by Janet M. Bronstein. Univ. of Kentucky.

The Chicago Experience: An Alternative Perspective, by Alfredo Mirande. Univ. of Notre Dame Press. $19.95; $9.95 paper.

"Comparative Values of Selected Black Secondary-School Students in the South and the Midwest," by Barbara L. Adams-White. Bowling Green State Univ. 1984.

"A Comparison of the Infractions and Punishment of Black and White Male and Female High School Students," by Levi Henry McIntyre. Univ. of South Florida. 1984.

"Correlates of Attitudes Toward the Police: A Comparison of Black and White Citizens in Austin, Texas," by Donald Lee Yates. Univ. of Texas.

"Cultural Continuity and Change in Food Habits among a Select Sample of Southern Black Families in a North Carolina Community," by Delilah Bowen Blanks. Univ. of North Carolina. 1984.

"Cultural Patterns in Transition in a Nineteenth Century Shenandoah Valley Community: The Gravestones of Abraham Funk, 1807-1875," by Su-

COME VISIT CUBA THIS SPRING

Join 200 people from across the U.S. for a two week trip to the island of Cuba with the Venceremos Brigade. Visit schools, factories, community centers health facilities, museums. Meet with various Cuban organizations such as the neighborhood associations, small farmers association, trade unions, women's federation and more. Attend seminars whose topics include U.S./Cuba Relations, world peace, and other international issues. And participate in voluntary labor, working side-by-side with Cubans in housing construction and citrus harvesting. Venceremos' is a national education project that since 1969 has sent thousands of people to see for themselves the Cuba of today. The trip is fully hosted by the Cuban friendship institute. This year's contingent will leave in late April/early May. To join with us you will need to fill out a brief application. No matter where you live in the U.S., the cost of the trip is $600. For futher information and to obtain an application contact the Venceremos Brigade National Office: PO Box 673 New York, N.Y. 10035. (212) 410-4292.

**Application deadline: February 21, 1986*

REVIEWS

san Gayle Patteson. Univ. of Pennsylvania. 1984.

"Denominationalism, Politics and Social Class: An Anthropological Analysis of Southern Protestantism," by Daryl Clark White. Univ. of Connecticut.

"Determinants of Information Source Selection by Farm Families in Two North Florida Counties," by Pamela Jo Allen. Florida State Univ.

Difference and Pathology: Stereotypes of Sexuality, Race, and Madness, by Sander L. Gilman. Cornell Univ. Press. $34.95; $12.95 paper.

"The Evolution of the Black Image in White Consciousness, 1876-1954: A Popular Culture Perspective," by John Denis Mercier. Univ. of Pennsylvania. 1984.

"A Functional Analysis of the Black Church: Baptist Churches in Augusta, Georgia," by Roosevelt Green, Jr. Pennsylvania State Univ.

"Interracial Relationships in Films: A Descriptive and Critical Analysis of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* and *Watermelon Man*," by Ronald Brunson Scott. Univ. of Utah. 1984.

The Language of the American South, by Cleanth Brooks. Univ. of Georgia Press. $9.95.

Mountaineer Pride, Prospects for Renewal in Southern West Virginia, by Richard B. Cook. Mercer Press. $7.95.

Myth, Media and the Southern Mind, by Stephen A. Smith. Univ. of Arkansas Press. $14; $9 paper.

"Nationalism, Consciousness, and Social Change: Chicano Intellectuals in the United States," by Hisauro Alvarado Garza. Univ. of California, Berkeley.

Perspectives on the American South, Vol. 3, ed. by James C. Cobb and Charles R. Wilson. Feb. 1986. Gordon. $42.

"Praxis in the Life-World: Intentional Structures Binding the Rural Black Elderly and Their Help," by Helen E. Page. Northwestern Univ. 1984.

Racial Attitudes in America: Trends and Interpretations, by Howard Schuman et al. Harvard Univ. Press. $22.50.

"Religious Fundamentalism, Paranoia and Homicide: A Further Exploration of the Gastil-Hackney Southern Subculture of Violence Thesis," by Charles John Tekippe. Univ. of Texas.

"A Study of Appalachian Cultural Values as Evidenced in the Political and Social Attitudes of Rural West Virginians," (2 vols.) by Janet Gail Boggess Welch. Univ. of Maryland. 1984.

"A Study of the Development of New Congregations among Southern Baptists in Selected Metropolitan Areas since 1970," by Robert Dennis Cochran. Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. 1984.

Swing to Bop: An Oral History of Jazz in the 1940s, by Ira Gitler. Oxford Univ. Press. $22.50.

"Theological Roots of Social Inaction in the Southern Baptist Convention," by Walter Wiley Richards. Florida State Univ. 1984.

"United Methodist Churches and Racism in Blacksburg, South Carolina" by Joseph Webster Pridgen. Drew Univ. 1984.

"The Whitsitt Controversy: A Denomination in Crisis," by Rosalie Beck. Baylor Univ. 1984.

Yankee Saints and Southern Sinners, by Bertram Wyatt-Brown. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $20.□

BULLETIN BOARD OF THE SOUTH

Announcements

Legal Help Available
Criminal defense against politically motivated charges. Christic Institute — South, (919) 748-1022.

Lesbian Oral History Project
For an oral history of lesbians in N.C., I would appreciate information on events in lesbian/gay history in the state, especially those events not carried by the news media. I would be grateful for the opportunity to speak with lesbians, particularly older lesbians and those who have served in the military. Anonymity assured, if desired. Tandy Solomon, 913 Lancaster St., Durham, NC 27701, (919) 286-1493.

Join Our Community
Virginia Commune — now 13 years old — seeking members for extended-family-type group. Stable folk for frugal, hard-working, but full, rich country life. Write (with SASE) Tom, Springtree, Rt. 2, Box 89, Scottsville, VA 24590, or phone (804) 286-3466.

Stop Paying for Executions!
Send stamped envelope to: Penny Resistance, 8319 Fulham Court, Richmond, VA 23227.

Merchandise

A Poor School Is Child Abuse.
Display the bumper sticker that reminds people who is at risk and why school improvement must become a serious local, state and national priority. Send $2.00 (postage/handling included). Order 10^s at $1.50 each, or 50^s at $1.00 each, from RED, Inc., Route 1, Box 323KG, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

Note Cards
Southern Exposure announces a new series of greeting cards. Handsomely designed for us by renowned artist Peg Rigg, each 12-card set costs $4.50 and features quotes from the pages of Southern Exposure accompanied by detailed graphic illustration. Write to us to place your order from among three designs at P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702, (919) 688-8167.

Publications

Art of Southern Cooking
The Art of Southern Cooking is a flavorful introduction to delightful Southern recipes. Includes shrimp jambalaya, sweet potato biscuits, pecan pie, much more! $7.95 postpaid. Lawanda's, POB-6 81331, Mobile, AL 36608.

Free Lists!
Redhot books on peace and justice. RECON, Box 14602-B, Philadelphia, PA 19134.

Women and Aging Anthology
Mainstream culture idolizes youth and ignores older people—old women in particular! **Women and Aging** addresses issues too long ignored. Barbara MacDonald, Baba Copper, May Sarton, Marge Piercy, Imogen Cunningham, Margaret Randall, Lucy Lippard and many more contribute to this powerful anthology. Poetry, fiction, art, essays, photography, book reviews, journal entries and bibliography. 264 pp. Includes 40 pp. visual art! Send $12.75 to WOMEN AND AGING, CALYX BOOKS, Dept. SE, P.O. Box B, Corvallis, OR 97339.

In Search of Kith and Kin: The History of a Southern Black Family from The Ante Bellum Era to The Present Day. A chronicle of slavery in Granville County, North Carolina by Barnetta McGhee White, a must reading for those who have roots in slavery. Special interest to genealogists, historians, librarians, and black studies programs. $30 post paid to Kith & Kin, 1118 Saxony Drive, Durham, NC 27707.

Dreams and Dynamite
The selected poems of Southern radical poet Covington Hall. Introduced by Dave Roediger. Send $4.50 to Charles Kerr Publishers, 1740 Greenleaf Ave., Suite 7, Chicago, IL 60626.

Reach Out

to 20,000 Southerners and their neighbors for as little as 20 cents a word in *Bulletin Board of the South*.

Now you can reach more than 20,000 readers — chiefly in 13 Southern states — with your announcements, messages of upcoming events, merchandise, job openings, and other items of importance.

Bulletin Board Rates

30 cents/word 1 insertion
25 cents/word 2-3 insertions
20 cents/word 4-6 insertions

Letter groups (acronyms) and number groups (dates, addresses, zip codes, and prices) count as one word.

A **bold face heading** of up to 4 words is used in all classifieds at no additional charge. Additional bold face words in title or within copy are 50 cents/word.

Closing Dates

Southern Exposure is published six times a year. Copy is due six weeks prior to issue date. Cancellations are not accepted after closing dates. Closing dates are Jan. 15, Mar. 15, May 15, July 15, Sept. 15, and Nov. 15.

Payment must accompany order. Send check and copy to: **Bulletin Board, Southern Exposure,** P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

1868: The cry for freedom from southwest Georgia

By December 1868 the excitement and joy which southwest Georgia blacks had experienced three and a half years earlier had long since vanished. Fully aware that Congress had no plans to continue the Freedmen's Bureau after December, planters and overseers ignored bureau agents' orders with impunity. In September the Georgia legislature expelled the nearly 30 blacks who had been elected the previous spring. That same month local whites shot at and dispersed a crowd of blacks who had gathered for a Republican political rally in the southwest Georgia town of Camilla. Nine died and nearly 40 were wounded.

In November 1868 blacks' political rights were sabotaged at the polls. In Dougherty County about 600 whites and 3,000 blacks voted. Nearly all of the blacks were Republicans, yet the Democrats "won" by 200 votes. Shortly after the elections, the Civil and Political Rights Association, a black political group, met in Albany, Georgia and decided to write Congress "setting forth their grievances, and asking protection." In the following conclusion, we hear the urgent and moving plea of American citizens who wanted simply to exercise their constitutional rights.

— Lee W. Formwalt

We are no revolutionists, but when we say that the present State government of Georgia does not answer the purpose for which it was established, protection and justice to all, we but speak a notorious truth.

We have confidence in the officials of the State government, but these officials have too little power and too great opposition to protect us in the enjoyment of our rights, and to this end the present military is of but little or no assistance to them; for be it known that while General Meade admits the civil authorities of Mitchell County were the authors of the outrage of Camilla, and while he must needs know that the civil authorities of other counties would, "under the guise of enforcing the law and suppressing disorder," act precisely as the civil officials of Mitchell county acted; yet in detaching his troops into these counties, he says, "I was particularly careful to require *all* intervention of the troops to be subordinate to, and in aid of, and in co-operation with the civil authorities." Under similar instructions at the election last April in Camilla the troops stood motionless, though seeing colored men shot at and run from town. . . .

Under these circumstances we are necessitated to look to your august bodies for protection. We do this the more readily because we believe it to be within the scope of your duty. Certainly, the first section of the 13th amendment to the Constitution of the United States needs to be enforced by "appropriate legislation." Webster defines slavery [as] "the

state of entire subjection to another." If this is not now the condition of colored people in some parts of this district, such was never their condition. They are nominally "freed people," but now, as when they were "slaves," they receive nothing for their labor.

Of course, the foregoing is not meant to apply to all the white people indiscriminately; there are many honorable exceptions; but, upon the whole, "there is not enough of these men to stay the lawlessness of the others." Still we seek not their injury; we seek only our own protection. If this can be afforded us in southwest Georgia, then we are content to remain here and contribute our labor to the development of this country. But judging from the past and the present, protection cannot be afforded to us here; and with feelings similar to those of the Indian as he turns westward from the bones and hunting-grounds of his fathers, we ask to be removed to some other land.

We earnestly implore your honorable bodies to set apart some of the unoccupied public land in the west for the use of such of us as choose to remove thereto. . . . There were no colored persons of this district ever received the benefits of this section of the "bureau" bill, nor of the homestead acts of 1862 and 1866, because they had not the means of transportation to the lands embraced in these acts. But now some few of us have enough money to take us there, and a revival of the homestead or similar laws will induce us to go. But we greatly prefer public transportation, since those of us who suffer the most here are not able to pay their way. . . .

While our people will ever uphold and patriotically support the great government of the United States, while her great doctrines of freedom and equal rights have indelibly impressed us with feelings of love and devotion, we ask of her protection in those inherent rights to which she has declared us entitled.☐

This article is based on the "Memorial of the colored men of the Second congressional district of Georgia, setting forth their grievances, and asking protection," December 4, 1868, and on research supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities. Lee W. Formwalt is editor of the Journal of Southwest Georgia History *at Albany State College in Albany Georgia.*

*At **Southern Exposure** we listen to the voices of many people for guidance and inspiration. We want to recapture the indomitable spirit of those in the past who have spoken for human dignity, for egalitarianism, and for collective social action. We welcome submissions from our readers for this feature. Send ideas to: Voices from the Past, **Southern Exposure,** P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.*

Get A Subscription And A Free Bonus!

☑ Send me a year of *Southern Exposure* (six issues) for only $16 and mail me a copy of one of your book-length back issues *FREE.* ______________________
give name of issue desired on this line

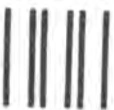
☐ Please Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ This is a renewal

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________ State ______ Zip ______

AE



BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 938 DURHAM, N.C.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Southern Exposure

P.O. BOX 531
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA 27702

A Different View of the South's Culture & History

Get a unique perspective on the South's people and places, today and yesterday — and share this vision with a friend by giving *Southern Exposure* as a gift! Put the quantity desired inside the appropriate box below. And take advantage of the discount to order several books for you and your friends.

- ☐ Working Lives/$6
- ☐ No More Moanin'/$4
- ☐ Coastal Affair/$4
- ☐ Growing Up Southern/$6
- ☐ Speaking for Ourselves/$9
- ☐ Encyclopedia of Southern Life and Change/$5
- ☐ Festival/$4
- ☐ Elections/$4
- ☐ Through the Hoop/$4

- ☐ 25% discount if your order for the items above is $10 or more
- ☐ 40% discount if you are an Institute sustainer

- ☐ **One-year SOUTHERN EXPOSURE subscription (6 issues)/$16**

Total Due $______ ☐ **Payment enclosed** ☐ **Bill me**

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ______ Zip ______

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

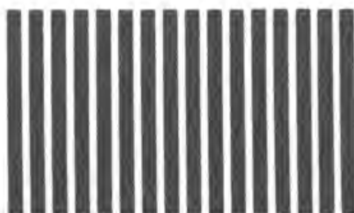
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 938 DURHAM, N.C.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Southern Exposure

P.O. BOX 531

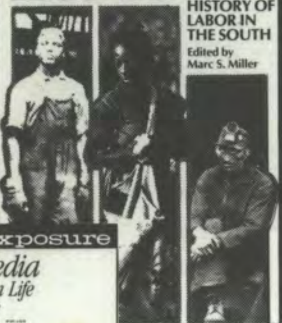
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA 27702

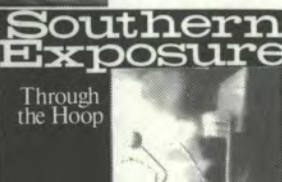


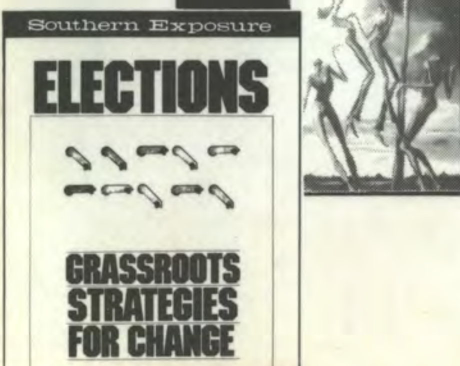
NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

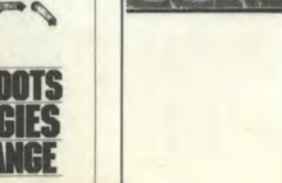
SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

LIBRARY OF SPECIAL EDITIONS AND BOOKS









Southern Exposure special editions and Pantheon Books capture the vitality of the South's past, viewed through the eyes of our elders, as well as the richness of our cultural heritage and natural surroundings. Whether you are a newcomer or native to the region, you'll find the **Southern Exposure** perspective refreshing, provocative, informative, curious, amusing. Use the tear-out card opposite to order any of these books or a new one-year subscription (six issues) for you or a friend.

GROWING UP SOUTHERN

Pantheon Book / 200 years of child rearing practices and recollections of a changing rural and small town South, from Lousiana Indians of the 1770s to desegregating Little Rock High School in 1957; growing up Jewish, growing up gay, remembering Jim Crow, and more. *"A rich assortment of memories moves us beyond the sentimental."*—Eliot Wigginton / $6

SPEAKING FOR OURSELVES: SOUTHERN WOMEN

Pantheon Book / 40 pieces form the rich tapestry of women's lives: Grandmothers' bawdy lore to feminism and civil rights; voices of debutantes and sharecroppers, poets and coal miners on work, family, race and sex roles in the New and Old South. *"The Southern woman's legacy of folktales, wisdom, and work experiences. . . . Frank and revealing."*—Kirkus Reviews / $9

WORKING LIVES

Pantheon Book / 414 pages of little-known labor history: Jim Green on Louisiana timber cutters (1911); Valerie Quinney on first generation mill workers; Eric Frumin on Gauley Bridge massacre (1930-32); Bob Korstad on tobacco workers strike (1943); Mimi Conway on brown lung organizing (1970s); and 27 more chapters. / $6

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUTHERN LIFE AND CHANGE

Our 10th-anniversary anthology covering more than 200 topics, called by *USA Today*, "a treasure house of all things Southern." Good as a reference book and for fun reading: Appalachia, brown lung, camp meeting, Disney World, emancipation, freedom schools, Grand Ole Opry, hookworm, Indian cures, Juneteenth. . . . / $5

NO MORE MOANIN'

225-page oral history special of *Southern Exposure* on Southerners in the Depression: 1936 Atlanta autoworkers strike; Southern Tenant Farmers Union; 19187 Gastonia strike; coal mining wars (1890-1930); socialist town in Louisiana; 1919 Knoxville race riot; blacks in WWII; Vincent Harding on black, white, and Negro history. / $4

COASTAL AFFAIR

New currents on the South's coasts: barrier island development, beach access, fishing communities, immigrants, endangered life, fun in the sun, coastal folktales, Oregon Inlet, Hilton Head, Gulf Coast oil fields, plus state-by-state coast profiles from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. A glorious celebration of the Southern shore. / $4

THROUGH THE HOOP

A spectacular look at Southern sports — from football to surfing, cockfighting to track, women's basketball to wrestling, bear hunting to stock car racing, Indian lacrosse to sandlot softball. Other chapters on sport's history, politics, and personalities. / $4

ELECTIONS

Southern politics, from school board to Congress: successful strategies of citizens' groups; victories of blacks, Hispanics, and women; PAC power; the New Right's appeal; a 20-year analysis of Southerners in Congress; "how-to" guides on canvassing, computers, and research in politics, rating of legislators. / $4

FESTIVAL

Celebrating the diversity of Southern writing: Alice Walker on Uncle Remus, David Madden on storytelling, Max Steele on English for the Adidas generation, plus the Chicano, Cajun, Cherokee, Lesbian, and Appalachian strains in Southern literature. / $4