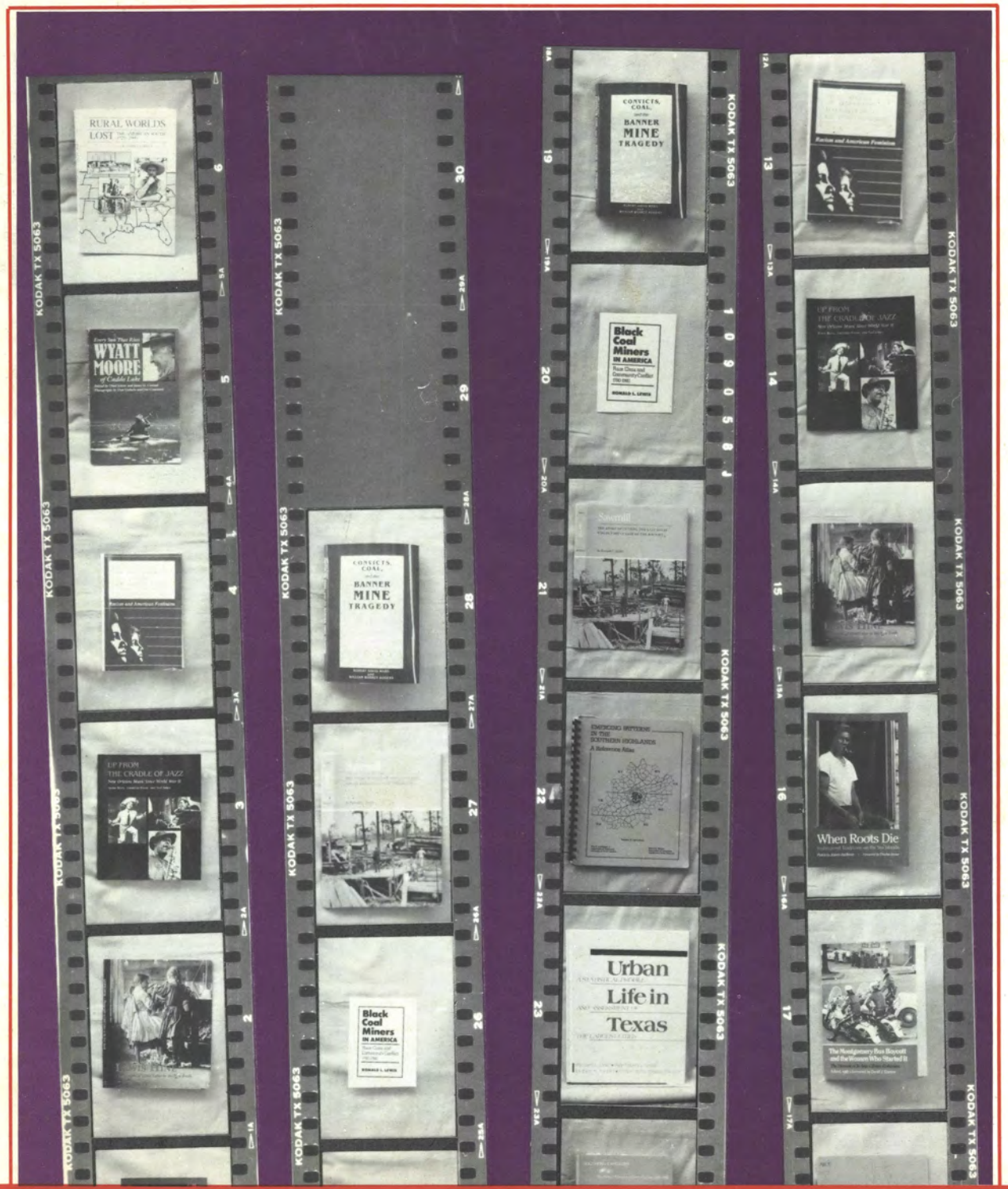
Southern Exposure

SHORT TAKES

A Look at the South's Newest Books



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— *A Note To Our Subscribers* —

With this spring issue, *Southern Exposure* returns to a quarterly schedule after five years as a bimonthly.

This issue features 16 excerpts from new or forthcoming books on the South released by the region's university presses — important but often overlooked sources of analysis and wisdom for the general reader, not just the serious scholar.

We plan to continue offering a mix of topically-focused issues and those with a general assortment of articles on the region's indigenous culture, scurrilous scandals, and lesser-known reform movements. If you have not received a letter recently from the Institute outlining our plans for the future, please contact us and we'll send you one immediately.

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FEATURES: NEW BOOKS FROM THE SOUTH'S UNIVERSITY PRESSES

DEPARTMENTS

Book excerpts are printed with the publishers' permission. Footnotes were deleted to save space.

SOUTHERN NEWS ROUNDUP

Mississippi Boycotts Bring Victory, Maybe

Blacks in several Mississippi counties this spring have called boycotts of white-owned businesses to protest racist practices in school systems, and now they're waiting to see if the positive results will linger long enough for a victory celebration.

In Canton, an economic boycott was called off because the town's board of aldermen agreed to appoint a black man to the school board. The Canton school district is 97 percent black, but the five-member school board had just two black members, both elected. The three appointed members were white.

In Hinds County, blacks are threatening to boycott white businesses because they want the school board to appoint a black school superintendent. The school board, made up of three whites and two blacks, has so far shown no sign of yielding. Meanwhile, an all-white group in the area is circulating a petition calling for the board to appoint "the most qualified person," which some blacks see as a euphemism for "the most white person." The Hinds school district is 70 percent black.

And in the northern Delta town of Senatobia, 90 percent of the school district's black students stayed home from school for five weeks to protest racism in the school system, and leaders called a boycott of white-owned businesses. The boycott lasted six weeks, ending only after school board members put in writing, on April 10, their agreement to hire a black assistant school superintendent and a black counselor for the Senatobia school district. The boycott was called because the school board broke its promise to consider a black for the vacant assistant school superintendent position; instead, the board hired a white principal for the position and then filled the principal's job with a white teacher, passing over the school's black assistant principal.

Michael Cathey, a spokesman for the Senatobia boycott leaders, says a major issue is the illegal transfer of whites from majority black counties surrounding Senatobia — a practice which results in statistics used by the school board to hire a disproportionate number of white teachers.

In the April 10 agreement, the board also agreed to resolve the transferring problem and other issues. But Cathey is reluctant to throw a victory party. "I don't really have any faith in the white members of the school board," he said. "I wouldn't be surprised if they renege on their agreement now that the pressure of the boycott is off. I will consider it a victory when the people are on the job — when they're actually working."

The school board has been under court order since 1970 to end racist hiring practices. But since that time, the number of black teachers has remained at 24, while the number of whites teaching has increased from 34 to 63. The boycotters feel the school board is violating the order and discriminating against blacks. They say if the board doesn't make good on its promises, they will take it to court.

— Thanks to Mike Alexander

Eastern Boss Whipsaws Miami Workers

Eastern Airlines' proposed union wage cuts could cause a "major economic recession in Miami," says a study from Florida International University's Center for Labor Research and Studies. Wage cuts for Miami's 9,100 unionized Eastern workers would amount to $181 million if Eastern's new owner, Texas Air chairman Frank Lorenzo, gets his way. In turn, a ripple effect in decreased spending and consequent wage reductions in other area businesses would add $253.4 million, for a total loss to the city of $434.4 million.

In January, Eastern's new management announced plans for cutting $490 million in annual costs, mostly from the wages and benefits of its system-wide unionized employees. So far, the unions have not agreed to negotiate any such cuts. Their contracts are valid at least through the end of this year. According to the study, the demand for a 46.8 percent reduction in wages and benefits for machinists would slash their compensation to entry level, reversing "the modern policy of rewarding employees for experience, dependability, and training."

The labor center's study predicts that because of the size of the proposed cutbacks at Eastern's hometown, "nearly every Miami citizen will be adversely affected." Authors D. Marshall Barry and Guillermo J. Grenier calculate that for every dollar in Eastern cuts, the area will lose an additional $2.40 in sales of automobiles, other durable and non-durable goods, new home purchases, and discretionary items such as new clothes, entertainment, and travel.

The study says that Lorenzo is using the wage cuts he engineered at Continental and other Texas Air companies to "whipsaw" Eastern employees into line. Moreover, through his use of temporary reduced-fare tickets, Lorenzo can in effect create a financial loss for the airline, thus justifying cost-cutting measures.

Acting like "a robber baron of the nineteenth century," Lorenzo has bought out several of his competitors and can eventually use his "monopolist control" to "raise fares to the consumer to maximize his own personal profits." But authors Marshall and Grenier question if Lorenzo will ultimately succeed, because the ripple effect of his policy of returning employees to entry-level wages will gradually reduce the purchasing power of consumers who fly his planes.

"While one employer may be able to cut wages and benefits," they conclude, "the setting of the example can come back to haunt him."

Do All Roads Lead To Oak Ridge, Tennessee?

— by Rose Marie Audette with Chris Nichols, Environmental Action

The hot controversy over nuclear waste disposal took a new turn in January, increasing the odds that Tennessee will be left holding the bag. Come 1998 — just 11 years from now

— the federal government is supposed to start taking possession of all the high-level nuclear waste that has piled up at commercial nuclear power plants.

Some 14,000 metric tons of high-level wastes now sit at the nation's 100 operating reactors, with 40,000 tons expected by 2000. This January, the Department of Energy (DOE) admitted what many had predicted all along: The first burial site won't be ready by the 1998 deadline. In a draft amendment to the "mission plan" that guides the waste program, DOE told Congress it needs a five-year extension in the opening date of the first repository.

But the 1998 obligation can still be met, DOE says, by pushing forward with plans to build a "Monitored Retrievable Storage" (MRS) facility, preferably at the site of the abandoned Clinch River Breeder Reactor near Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

According to DOE's current concept, radioactive spent-fuel rods would be removed from cooling pools at nuclear plants, loaded in shipping casks and shipped to Tennessee. At the MRS, the rods would be consolidated in heavily reinforced concrete casks. There they would remain until the permanent disposal site is ready. Estimated cost: $1.6 to $2.6 billion.

Leon Lowery calls the MRS an "inefficient system that represents an unnecessary danger." Lowery, on the staff of the Tennessee Valley Energy Coalition, has helped found a new coalition of environmental, energy, and citizen groups to fight the MRS: The Tennessee Nuclear Waste Task Force.

The task force argues that the MRS could result in routine or accidental releases of radiation that would endanger the largest water system in North America, including the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers. Instead of shipping radioactive waste to the MRS for temporary storage in casks, Lowery says the waste should be stored in casks right at the nuclear plant.

On-site dry cask storage, a technology now used in Europe, has been endorsed by several utilities. Two utilities — Virginia Power and Carolina Power & Light — have received licenses to start using dry casks.

While DOE spokesperson Ginger King calls dry cask storage "a practical method for interim storage," she says "with the MRS you get the benefit of consolidating fuel so you can send it to the repository in fewer, but larger shipments." But Lowery calls this argument "smoke and mirrors" because the MRS plan will actually replace a one-leg trip for the hot waste (reactor to permanent waste dump) with a two-leg trip (reactor to MRS, and MRS to permanent waste dump).

The MRS's shipping requirements create the risk of a "mobile Chernobyl," asserts David Culp, legislative representative for Environmental Action, particularly since the casks will "move across the country without emergency evacuation zones or warning signals."

For fiscal year 1988, DOE has requested $500 million for the high-level waste program, with almost $60 million for the MRS. But DOE has also announced that it will seek an additional $225 million, which many assume will be for the MRS.

Lucy Johnston, from DOE documents

DOE plans to store radioactive waste in concrete casks (left) at a "Monitored Retrievable Storage" facility (or MRS) in Tennessee. Will all the shipping required by the plan (above) cause a "mobile Chernobyl?"

The MRS battle may well drag on for years, but this year's skirmish over funding could be pivotal. The Senate is now holding hearings on an MRS authorization bill, which must pass before DOE can get funds for the facility. Congressional appropriations won't be wrapped up until October. Meanwhile, environmentalists and safe energy advocates have reached a tentative consensus to oppose the MRS and support on-site cask storage until a safe, permanent site is built.

Progressive Tax Reform Fails in Arkansas

Governor Bill Clinton of Arkansas will probably have to call a special session of the state legislature to get anywhere near the $184 million he wants for his human service program and much-touted education reform plan. By the time the session ended in April — the fourth longest in modern history — he had won only $65 million in new revenue and a third of that amount won't be available for months.

Some observers say legislators wanted to clip the wings of an overly ambitious Clinton; he has dropped repeated hints about running for the presidency, is now head of the National Governors Association, and makes frequent out-of-state trips. In any case, the legislators soundly rejected Clinton's reform-oriented tax package. According to the *Arkansas Gazette*, "Basically, any item in Mr. Clinton's revenue program which primarily affected business was rejected."

The Arkansas Fairness Council had proposed an eight-point plan to raise revenues in the state for education and human services. The Governor's plan incorporated many of the council's ideas, but the legislature finished without passing even one of the proposals. The council, a fast-growing advocacy group made up of 21 nonprofit organizations, lobbies for fairness in public policy, at the moment focusing on the issue of Arkansas taxes.

In proposing the plan, the council used data from two reports prepared for the Arkansas Public Policy Project, one analyzing the state's sales tax exemptions, the other analyzing alternatives for increasing revenues for the state. The reports indicate that the Arkansas system of tax exemptions and credits has been applied unfairly and unevenly, and that up to one third of the $150-million tax program for education enacted in 1983 was cancelled out by new tax benefits granted by the legislature.

The Fairness Council's plan called for ending most existing sales-tax exemptions and creating an exemption for groceries, for a net gain annually of $194 million. New revenue would also come from an increased severance tax on natural gas, an increased corporate franchise tax, and two new high-income brackets for the personal income tax. Overall, the plan would generate an additional $361.5

million per year in revenues and shift the burden "by taxing those who benefit most from our state's human and natural resources rather than by increasing the sales tax on life's necessities," says Brownie Ledbetter, a member of the Fairness Council.

Like many Southern states, Arkansas' reliance on a general sales tax has jumped in recent years; it now accounts for 40 percent of state revenue, up from 31 percent in 1970, while the total contribution from corporate taxes has remained at seven percent.

One Fairness Council proposal endorsed by the governor — a two percent tax on non-medical services — made it all the way to the last day of the legislature. A watered-down version of the bill, which would tax the rental of such things as cars, boats, and computers, came to the House floor. The Senate had adjourned; some House members and all but two corporate lobbyists had also left. The services-tax bill was defeated by just five votes in the 100-member body, and tax reform lobbyists worked quickly for a new vote.

House speaker Ernest Cunningham refused to accept a motion to reconsider the bill, even refused to leave the dais to take a call from the Governor until someone brought a cordless phone to the platform. Cunningham listened to the Governor and brought up the bill again, but the 20-minute delay had been effective — by then 18 corporate lobbyists had been roused to action and were swarming the session. They ensured another defeat for tax reform.

Ledbetter and the Fairness Council appear undaunted. She says if the legislature fails to act, reforms can be won by using the statewide referendum process, beginning with a repeal of the sales tax on food. That proposal, she says, has a better chance now that there is less criticism coming from grocers and bookkeepers. Under the plan, food items would be classified the same as food stamp items, which the federal government has declared exempt from sales tax.

In other action, the Arkansas legislature rejected a "right-to-know" bill, permitted lay midwives to practice throughout the state, and killed a bill requiring lobbyists to report their expenses.

Copies of "Analysis of Alternatives for Increasing Arkansas Revenues" ($5) and "Analysis of Arkansas Sales Tax Exemptions" ($3.50) are available from the Arkansas Public Policy Project, 103 W. Capital #1115, Little Rock, Arkansas 72201.

THE SORRY STATE OF STATE TAXES

Tennessee, Texas, and Florida are among the 15 states (shaded black) giving the rich the best advantages, says "The Sorry State of State Taxes," a new study by the Washington-based Citizens for Tax Justice. The wealthiest 0.7 percent of families in these states pay less than half the effective local and state tax rate paid by the poorest 20 percent.

The super-rich pay a lower rate in all the grey states. In most Southern states, the richest 0.7 percent pay no more than 66 percent of the effective rate paid by the poorest 20 percent of families. The states where they pay more than the poor rely heavily on a progressive income tax (rather than a sales tax) for their revenue.

Judge Clamps Down On Shell Dredging

— by Richard Boyd

Louisiana environmentalists scored a major victory on March 18 in a four-year-old legal battle when a New Orleans judge ruled that the bulk of the state's controversial $50 million shell dredging industry is illegal. "It's a big victory for environmentalists, and it's an even bigger victory for the economy of Louisiana," said Sierra Club lawyer Michael Osborne. "Louisiana's seafood industry is very important to the economy, and there is no doubt there will be more seafood."

Osborne and the Sierra Club, which was joined in the suit by other environmental groups, maintained that shell dredging in Lake Pontchartrain, Lake Maurepas, and along the Louisiana coast was destroying the seafood industry and damaging the state's fragile coastal wetlands. The shell dredging provides most of the materials used in Louisiana for road beds, levees, and other construction projects.

Spokesmen for the three major dredging companies — Dravo Basic Material Co., Louisiana Materials Co., and Pontchartrain Materials Corp. — deny any responsibility for declining seafood production and vowed to fight Orleans Civil District Judge Robert A. Katz's ruling at the appellate level. "This is only round one," said John R. Peters, Jr., one of the lawyers representing the companies.

Katz found several faults with the state lease system. First, he said allowing clam shell dredging in the two lakes is illegal because state law only allows dredging on shell reefs. Oyster shells, he noted, do form giant reefs in offshore and coastal waters, but clam shells in the lakes do not form reefs and dredging of those shells leads to serious environmental damage.

Second, the state Department of Wildlife and Fisheries violated the state's public bid law by granting dredging leases without open bidding. And third, Katz ruled that state law limiting leases on water bottoms to 1,000 acres applied to the dredging leases which now cover hundreds of thousands of acres of Louisiana lakes and coastal waters.

It is not clear what effect, if any, the state court ruling might have on a federal suit challenging the shell dredging industry. In March U.S. District Judge A.J. McNamara allowed the Army Corps of Engineers to accept $135,000 from Dravo Basic Materials Co. so the Corps can conduct an environmental impact study of shell dredging. The Corps had told the judge it didn't have the funds to conduct the study he ordered. McNamara has ruled that no more state leases for shell dredging be issued until the study is completed.

Lily-White Clubs Still Attract Politicians

Lieutenant Governor Doug Wilder and Attorney General Mary Sue Terry may have shattered racial and gender barriers in Virginia when they won their respective offices in 1985, but they still were barred from attending the annual breakfast of the Colon Club, a group of old-line political and economic movers and shakers in the state.

The event, begun in the early 1940s and now a charity affair held at the Commonwealth Club in Richmond, traditionally has been an all-male, all-white affair noted for its menu of chitterlings and its off-color humor. In past years, the governor, lieutenant governor, and attorney general have been invited. Although Governor Gerald Baliles and former Governors Linwood Holton and Charles Robb attended the event this year, Wilder and Terry were not invited.

Baliles later told the event's organizers that he believed all three of the state's top officials should have been invited. Robb, who was presented a large photo of Wilder, dodged reporters by ducking out a side door. Summing up the meaning of the event, Sa'ad El-Amin, the president of the Crusade for Voters in Richmond, concluded that, "This kind of throwback to the antebellum South should not be tolerated."

Wilder, a lieutenant governor of unusual prominence, also landed on the front pages when former Governor Robb went public about a feud between the two men. Though the spat could have resulted from past personal and political tensions between the two, their respective ambitions for the future also probably were a factor. Robb is positioning himself as a centrist candidate or "kingmaker" for the Democrats in 1988; Wilder, who has already scored a series of black political "firsts," has a chance to become the nation's first black governor if he runs and wins in Virginia in 1989.

If this scenario is valid, Robb's image as an opponent of "special interests" may be enhanced by putting some distance between himself and Wilder. On the other hand, Wilder, who may have to force his way onto the Democratic ticket in 1989 (as he did in 1985), may have intended to show his willingness to break with his former allies if they stand in his way. Whatever their respective motivations, the public feuding has fizzled out and the two ex-Marines have announced a truce.

Meanwhile, in South Carolina, Republican Governor Carroll Campbell has proposed a law that would stop the practice of reimbursing state employees who pay for meals at clubs that discriminate in membership. Leaders of the NAACP had called on Campbell to force private clubs to desegregate or tell state officials to stop conducting public meetings at them. The same issue has arisen in other states where, for example, state legislators have meetings in clubs that bar black or female members.

Governor Campbell had said that he opposed trying to force clubs to stop discriminating and that he wouldn't drop his own membership in them. But his proposal in early April to block reimbursement of state spending in private clubs that exclude minorities and women won immediate praise from NAACP leaders.

— Thanks to Joint Center for Political Studies

Voice of the People Threatened by FCC

By Caroline Senter

Supporters of radio station KNON-FM in Dallas, Texas have launched an unusual campaign to save "the voice of the people." Last November, in the first decision of its kind for a non-commercial station, Federal Communication Commission (FCC) Judge Walter Miller ruled that KNON's license should be turned over to the Criswell Center for Biblical Studies.

The Criswell Center is part of Dallas' First Baptist Church, the largest Baptist and one of the wealthiest churches in America. Its various arms already control a college, seminary, and several Texas radio stations, including KCBI-FM in Dallas. Three of the city's five non-commercial stations already have a religious format. Criswell wants KNON's frequency in order to broadcast at a higher power to reach a larger audience.

Now managed by Agape Broadcasting Foundation, KNON features Vietnamese music, gay news, American Indian programming, a "labor hour," the city's first bilingual news and music, "Radio Jalapeno" and other Texas programs. Ironically, Judge Miller based his decision on the Criswell Center's claim that the station's owners do not serve the community responsibly; their irresponsibility seems to be that, well, they are poor. After losing its transmitter in a 1979 thunderstorm, Agape tried to raise funds for a new one and asked the FCC for permission to broadcast from a different site at reduced power. It took the FCC four years to grant their request.

Back on the air since 1984, the station quickly expanded its community and financial base under the leadership of a group of black and Hispanic community activists. In December, 5,000 KNON supporters marched through downtown Dallas to the eclectic rhythms of high-school bands, country musicians, and rap artists. In early March, the station ran an entire week of around-the-clock live music in the KNON studios, with blues vocalists, gospel groups, country stars, and out-of-town guests like the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. A cassette tape of "Live at KNON" will be released soon.

In addition to faulting the station for its "four-year silence," Administrative Law Judge Miller also ruled that it was "controlled by an undisclosed party," namely ACORN, the national community-action organization. Although some members of the staff and board of KNON have been members of ACORN, that's just one of their many affiliations; and station policy and hiring are not dictated by any outside group, say KNON directors.

Ironically, the FCC's own Mass Media Bureau objected to Miller's decision, and it will join KNON in an appeal to a national FCC panel that begins April 17. The case can then be appealed to the full commission and then to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Although the airwaves are public property, to be used by those who best serve the public interest, an increasing number of stations are controlled by large corporations. Reagan's FCC appointees have changed many regulations to favor the wealthy, but the KNON decision represents an even more active approach in turning non-commercial broadcasting over to conservative money managers.

Send us the news

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MY TURN:
VIEWS & NEWS

NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 1, 1987

High Crimes and Misdemeanors

— by Oliver A. Houck

Last week, Jefferson Parish put up the barricades. New Orleans residents, primarily those in the black community along the parish line, out where the railroad tracks join the Mississippi River levee, woke up to find the public streets to the west blocked by bumpers of steel similar to those found on highway median strips. Jefferson Parish officials made no bones about it. They were tired of criminals coming over from New Orleans.

This has been a bad season for crime in New Orleans. Uptown residents were terrorized by one set of youths that waited in the azaleas to assault them as they came home from work, from dinner, and the first revels of Mardi Gras. Another gang has been smashing the windows of automobiles, mainly those driven by single women, stopped at the traffic light on Louisiana Avenue, and snatching purses on the run. Perhaps the saddest item was the photograph of a tourist from Iowa, taken moments before her death, found shot and killed on a bright, weekday morning in Louis B. Armstrong Park.

The *Times-Picayune* itself, the only daily newspaper in the New Orleans area, has taken out a full page advertisement on the crime problem entitled "TERRIFYING because it's virtually True . . . ," advising readers on how to minimize their risks in such circumstances as "WHILE WALKING," "IF YOU ARE ATTACKED," and "IN YOUR CAR." The advertisement features a cartoon of a middle-aged couple at their front door, she with a pistol, he saying to her, "Honey, I'm gonna take out the trash. Cover me!"

While all of this ruckus led the City Council to restore positions in the New Orleans police force, these measures were small consolation for neighboring Jefferson Parish, a stretch of reclaimed swampland west of the city featuring the stately homes of Old Metairie, the brick ranchettes of New Metairie, and the shopping complexes of the descriptively named Fat City. This is the domain of hidden powers, of levee boards, bridge police, tax assessors and court clerks, and none more powerful among them than the popular Sheriff Harry Lee.

Last December, Sheriff Lee announced his plan for curbing crime in the parish over the Christmas holidays. The *Times-Picayune* reported his press conference on the matter: "Blacks traveling through white neighborhoods in Jefferson Parish will be stopped routinely in an effort to reduce crime, Sheriff Harry Lee said Tuesday. . . ." Lee went on to explain, "If you live in a predominantly white neighborhood and two blacks are in a car behind you, there's a pretty good chance they're up to no good."

Radio talk shows, newspaper columns and every medium on the board lit up first with indignation ("Adolph Hitler"), then derision (Why not a "visa" for the blacks? Why not one for Harry Lee, he being of Chinese-American descent?), and then, slowly, gathering their courage, in defense of Lee (What business did "they" have over "here" in Jefferson Parish anyway?). Rumor has it that, in the end, the merchants were the ones that stepped in. The prospect of black shoppers boycotting, or even simply avoiding, the stores of Fat City for fear of arrest by the deputies of Harry Lee was too grim to bear. The economics of Christmas, if not its spirit, prevailed. Harry Lee retracted his policy, explaining that he had been misconstrued. Few would bet money, however, that his deputies are not stopping blacks who happen to be driving through white neighborhoods in Jefferson Parish. But it is no longer official.

In its place, two months later, came the barricades on the Jefferson Parish line. The following day, New Orleans ordered city workers to tear the barriers down, which they promptly did, cheered on by the local residents who picketed the area on a cold winter's day (locally speaking: 45 degrees). The Jefferson Parish Council chairman (a former agent of the FBI) announced that the barricades would be back in place on Monday, but by the time Monday came cooler heads had prevailed and the barricades have been sidelined. For now.

The most recent sensation in New Orleans, however, eclipsing the usual bustle over Mardi Gras and the what-have-come-to-be-usual contretemps of the state's Governor Edwin Edwards, has been the rise and apparent fall of James R. "Jim Bob" Moffett, chairman and chief executive of New Orleans' only *Fortune* 500 company, Freeport-McMoran Incorporated. Mr. Moffett moved his corporate headquarters to the city in 1985, at

a time when New Orleans was reeling from the embarrassment of its ruinous World's Fair and much in need of a star. Moffett's rise to stardom was meteoric, and not undeserved. He spoke out on the city's crisis in education (led by New Orleans, Louisiana ranks close to last place in educational testing, close to first in teenage pregnancies, close to first in venereal diseases, and close to last in adult literacy). He formed the New Orleans Business Council, through which local enterprises provided public schools with such basic fare as pencils, paper, and electric fans. (Most New Orleans public schools have no air conditioning, although they open in September when the temperature outside is a moist and steady 90 degrees.) He raised money for the symphony, on its last legs with the departure of Phillippe Entremont as its director in 1986. He raised money to reopen the public libraries. He spoke of growth at a time when big oil was shrinking and leaving the city flat. He spoke of corporate responsibility, in this city of Carnival. He spoke on local television, was interviewed by local columnists, and he came across blunt and refreshing. He also made chemical fertilizer in a large plant upriver from New Orleans, and it all but brought him down.

The fertilizer is made from a phosphate rock, strip-mined in Florida. The mining is not a pretty sight, but that takes place over in Florida and has never played heavily on the conscience of New Orleans. The rock is barged across the Gulf of Mexico and up the Mississippi River to Freeport's plant, and to three others, where it is crushed and the phosphoric acid extracted (for fertilizer); the residue, called gypsum, is piled in stacks, indeed mountains, near the banks of the Mississippi. These plants are running out of land on which to pile the gypsum, however, and applied to federal and state authorities for permits to dump it into the river. Unfortunately, the gypsum contains uranium, radium, cadmium, and a long list of toxic materials. Just as unfortunately, it would go into the river upstream of the drinking water intakes for Orleans, Jefferson, St. Bernard, St. James, St. Charles, St. John the Baptist, Lafourche, and Plaquemines parishes . . . all tolled, about two million people.

At first, the applications made no ripple. Then, last March, the Environmental Protection Agency held a public hearing in New Orleans and the lid came off. Neighborhood groups that had never used the word "environment" in a sentence showed up in force to protest, to hoist their children onto the podium ("She wants to live to grow old"), to offer petitions with 100 signatures, one with 1,000 signatures. Those are the kinds of numbers that stimulate local politicians, and, by the evening session of the hearing, they, too, were lined up for their turns to speak, and oppose. Thenceforth the rhetoric took on a darker tone. Don't poison us. We don't want to glow.

People began to identify Freeport-McMoran by name. At this point, Jim Bob Moffett, in what may turn out to be the public relations boo-boo of the decade, shot back, in person. Advertisements began appearing on local television in *favor* of the dumping. "Hello, this is James R. Moffett. . . ." There was nothing wrong with the discharges, the ads asserted; if scientific studies showed anything wrong, the materials would not be dumped. "You have my word on it." The issue had become personalized. It was about to become even more so.

Bumper stickers appeared reading, "Dump Jim Bob, Not Gypsum."

Louisiana has always been something of a backwater, part of its charm, it is said. It takes a while for ideas from the rest of the country to find their way here. Small cars never have taken hold. Neither has anything to do with the environment. What was happening in New Orleans was without precedent. It was an awakening, about 15 years after most parts of the country had experienced theirs. Louisiana does have, to be sure, a Department of Environmental Quality, but it has always been funded at a poverty level (about one dollar per resident, the lowest per capita funding for environmental protection in the country, one fourth of the national average; New Jersey, by contrast, spends close to ten dollars a New Jerseyan). So Governor Edwards was relatively safe in appointing as Secretary of the Department, Pat Norton, an environmental enforcement attorney from the Office of the Attorney General. Only Pat Norton did not turn out to be safe.

After a year of citizen complaints over a hazardous waste incinerator in Baton Rouge, she made an unannounced inspection of the plant site and found the stacks belching smoke, the stench powerful, the control room empty and its operator outside apparently faint from the fumes. She ordered the plant closed. The incinerator hired the Governor's former law firm, which promptly sued to remove the Secretary from any decision-making on the incinerator. The company also hired attorney Dan Burt, fresh from his representation of General Westmoreland, who sued Norton personally for tortious interference with the incinerator's business (its stock fell on the New York exchange). Secretary Norton became, at one and the same time, a folk hero to Baton Rouge and a pariah to Governor Edwards. Flowers filled her office, offerings from the people, but at the beginning of this year, the Governor dismissed her summarily as "unbalanced" in favor of the environment.

The firestorm that ensued was as violent as it was unexpected. The Governor had killed a heroine. Although the Governor had hinted at his intended retirement, he was now about to announce his candidacy for re-election. He quickly appointed as new Secretary Martha Madden, who had been, of all things, a lobbyist for the local Sierra Club. The following week, Secretary Madden announced that the permits to dump Jim Bob Moffett's gypsum would be . . . denied! At a press conference that same week, Edwards professed surprise that New Orleans could have expected otherwise. He loved the environment. How could he be so misunderstood?

Meanwhile, back in New Orleans, Mr. Moffett hit the ceiling. In a hastily called press conference he accused the state of being a "banana republic," and characterized the opponents of gypsum dumping as "purple haired ladies in tennis shoes." He had received death threats over the gypsum issue, he said; he had hired personal bodyguards. He made the evening telecasts, front page on the *Times-Picayune*. He provoked an avalanche of letters, few of them polite. Bumper stickers appeared reading, "Dump Jim Bob, Not Gypsum." Pundits around town wondered whether Mr. Moffett would be entitled to workmen's compensation for an injury to himself on the job; the speculation was that he might not be eligible since the injuries were self-inflicted.

Jim Bob's fall from grace, if such is the case, has taken the spotlight, momentarily, from the redoubtable Governor Edwin Edwards, a legend in Louisiana, so

popular during his last election and so notorious in his reputation for philandering that, on the crest of his campaign, he quipped that the only way his opponents could stop him was if they caught him in bed with a dead girl or a live boy. For the two years following his re-election, and following his post-election fundraiser in

"It really wasn't my fault, Your Honor. I was led to believe I was above the law."

Paris for financial backers to pay the last bills of his record-breaking $17 million dollar campaign, Governor Edwards enjoyed more spotlight than he wished. Indicted on federal racketeering charges for his involvement in the marketing of licenses for private hospitals, his trial proceedings here in New Orleans lasted almost a year, only to end up in a mistrial when the jury was unable to arrive at a unanimous verdict.

A second trial of the case led to an acquittal, but by that time the state government was bankrupt. World oil prices had dropped 60 percent, and oil revenues provide more than half the state's revenues. The Governor's solution was predictably *sui generis*: gambling casinos in New Orleans and the neighboring parishes. Whether the Governor had this proposal in mind at the time of his re-election — or whether it came to him as revenge for trial evidence showing his frequent trips to Las Vegas to gamble, under an assumed name, out of suitcases filled with unmarked bills — is a matter of local speculation. The fact is that he pushed his casino proposal hard in the state legislature, and lost to an unlikely coalition of black Baptist churches and the white fundamentalists of North Louisiana.

The Governor then called a special session of the legislature to resolve the fiscal crises, offering no solution of his own, and let the legislators stew. Stew they did, argue they did, and, predictably, came up with nothing. What they came up with, in fact, was in some eyes worse than nothing: carte blanche for the Governor to cut and choose as he wished among the state programs in order to make ends meet. This authority is the stuff of patronage, and the Governor subsequently, following his announcement for re-election, restored full funding for educators, minority programs, and the state police . . . . his bedrock constituencies.

The new Governor's race is now a woolly affair, with three entrants from Louisiana's federal congressional delegation (Representatives Bob Livingston, Buddy Roemer, and Billy Tauzin), the Secretary of State (a super-clerical position in Louisiana, but one with the considerable power of public exposure; all state documents arrive embossed with a large seal, signed "Jim Brown, Secretary of State," as does the Secretary of State's newsletter), and the Governor himself. The anomaly of the race is that Rep. Tauzin has been a longstanding Edwards ally, a fact fueling the view that the Governor is only announcing for re-election in order to keep the legislature in line. Following the session, they say, he will retire in favor of his ally, Tauzin. To be sure, a somewhat byzantine way to proceed, but, for Louisiana, politics as usual.

Oliver A. Houck teaches at the Tulane University Law School in New Orleans.

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY

Biased Reporting By the Press

— by Berry Craig

Conservatives commonly complain that the media is too "liberal" or "left wing." But the press (including the print media, where I work) is mostly right wing, nowhere more plainly than in its pro-business, anti-union bias.

Unions are routinely disparaged on newspaper editorial pages. Few papers, even those that fancy themselves "liberal," consistently support unions or union positions. On news pages, unions rarely get coverage except during strikes, which are usually termed "labor disputes," sometimes "bitter labor disputes." Management makes "offers"; unions make "demands."

A newspaper may have management "declining" comment on a strike or contract negotiations, but a union "refusing" comment. At the same time, a newspaper might describe labor leaders as "union bosses."

Even seemingly innocuous newspaper feature stories can reflect anti-union bias. "Human interest" or "personality profile" stories are usually about business owners or managers who tout "free enterprise," meaning "union-free enterprise." Almost without exception, they are depicted as pillars of the community.

Many newspapers have business writers, but labor writers are rare indeed. When general assignment reporters, with little knowledge of how collective bargaining works, are assigned to a labor story, the results are invariably superficial or worse.

Publishers routinely encourage — sometimes order — reporters not to write stories that might make unions look good. At a small Kentucky paper, a publisher was angered when one of his reporters covered an appearance by William Winpisinger, president of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers. The reporter was told not to show such initiative again.

In another instance, there was the Northern company that broke a union, moved its factory to a small Southern town and hired non-union workers. A factory official told a local reporter that her newspaper's publisher, an ardent Reaganite, promised that the union-busting would not be mentioned in the story. The official explained to the reporter that her story was supposed to be "positive."

Most newspapers portray unions as selfish, special interest groups that unnecessarily burden society and the economy. Ignored is the fact that unions have been at the forefront of many important reform efforts, including the civil rights and women's movements. Also ignored is the fact that many university studies, including recent ones at Harvard and North Carolina State, demonstrate that union workers are usually more productive than nonunion workers. But you wouldn't know these facts from reading the "objective" press.

In short, the pro-management bias of even the so-called liberal media means unions are scorned on editorial pages and get negative or shallow coverage on news and feature pages.

Berry Craig is a veteran daily newspaper reporter and associate editor of the AFL-CIO's Kentucky Labor News.

RESOURCES

Mail-Order Paradise

If you're wondering where you can get a recording of Billie Holiday singing "Strange Fruit," or a tape of Eudora Welty reading "Why I Live at the P.O.," or a video of Kay Weaver's film "One Fine Day," then you need the 1987 **Ladyslipper Catalog and Resource Guide**.

Ladyslipper is a non-profit, mail-order outlet of records and tapes featuring women's music and culture; its new catalog includes sections on feminist music, comedy, reggae, punk, gospel, "Girl Groups," and lots more. There's an entire section of female blues singers, where you'll find such gems as a 1961 recording of Ida Cox's "Wild Women Don't Get the Blues," which she wrote and first sang in 1924.

The catalog also includes a list of music and videos for children, a section on international women's music, and a new section on gay and anti-sexist men's music. A section of spoken recordings is so outstanding that only a sampling can do it justice: a performance of Lorraine Hansberry's play "To Be Young, Gifted, and Black"; Lillian Smith reading selections from her 1944 book *Strange Fruit*; poets from H.D. to Audre Lorde reading their works; recordings by Angela Davis, Dorothy Parker, and Dr. Helen Caldicott; Amelia Earhart talking about women in aviation; Jennifer Justice telling the story of "Spiderwoman" and other tales of women heroes. . . .

The list goes on and on, but you can see for yourself by writing for the free catalog: Ladyslipper, P.O. Box 3130, Durham, NC 27705. It's a great tool for educators, organizers, historians, and ordinary hedonists who listen just for the pleasure of it.

Economic Ageism

The image of the well-heeled retiree playing golf next to a Florida condo fades in light of a new report from The Villers Foundation. **The Other Side of Easy Street: Myths and Facts About the Economics of Old Age** reveals that poverty among the elderly is more widespread than for any other age group — except children.

Among the myths debunked in this report: Older Americans are protected by "safety net" programs (such as Medicare and Medicaid) that are busting the federal budget and padding the pockets of wealthy retirees. In fact, more and more elderly are falling through the net; the deductible portion of Medicare's hospitalization coverage has gone up 155 percent in the last six years — more than five times the rate of inflation. Poverty is especially high for the "oldest old" (those over 85), minorities, and women: 54 percent of all elderly black women living alone are living in poverty.

You can get a copy of *The Other Side* free from the Villers Foundation, 1334 G Street, Washington, DC 20005.

Anti-Klan Calling Card

What would you do if the Ku Klux Klan announced a new membership recruiting drive in your town? Or what if they came to the neighborhood school "in defense" of white children's "safety"?

When Hate Groups Come to Town: A Handbook of Model Community Responses is a 145-page storehouse of practical information and sample documents; it comes in a loose-leaf binder so new material can be added. The resource book is produced by the Center for Democratic Renewal (formerly the National Anti-Klan Network), and it combines the experiences of scores of communities in handling racist violence and bigotry. It includes specific sections on the roles of government, churches, media, business, labor, volunteer groups, police, and lawyers; and it provides case studies from ten communities.

In cooperation with the United Steelworkers, the Center has also produced a graphically illustrated booklet describing the Klan's anti-labor history and examples of how local labor leaders and unions have confronted the divisive tactics of racist groups. **The True Story of the Ku Klux Klan vs. Organized Labor** is available from the Center for $2.

When Hate Groups Come to Town costs $10, plus $3.50 for postage. Order both publications from the Center, P.O. Box 10500, Atlanta, GA 30310.

Dresses Only, Please

Alabama and South Carolina score at the bottom of the nation on a new index of women's legal rights published by the National Organization for Women's Legal Defense and Education Fund (NOW LDEF). The index is based on a 523-page book that analyzes laws in each state and how they affect women in their homes, work places, schools, and communities.

NOW LDEF plans to follow up **The State-by-State Guide to Women's Legal Rights** with local public education campaigns and model statutes that will be presented to a conference of women state legislators in December.

According to Kathy Bonk of NOW, South Carolina and Alabama tie for last place "not so much because their laws discriminate, but because there are no laws in these states to prevent discrimination. It's sin by omission." Neither state has an equal rights amendment, a pay equity policy, a community property law, or laws forbidding discrimination against women in education, credit, public accommodations, and housing.

In South Carolina, the Department of

Human Services recently decided to cut funding for shelters for battered women, and the House of Representatives passed a rule *requiring* women to wear dresses or skirts in the House chamber. Alabama's legal sexism was symbolized by a "marital rape exemption" called by feminists the "most vicious" in the nation. Until it was recently struck down by the state Court of Criminal Appeals, the provision barred a woman from charging her husband with rape, even if she had filed for divorce and was no longer living with him. Based on this law, if a man could prove his estranged wife had sex with him — even if against her will — the court could dismiss her divorce proceedings.

The State-by-State Guide is available in many bookstores, or order it directly from NOW LEDF at 99 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10013. It costs $12.95.

Teenage Privacy

Georgia legislators recently joined 20 other states in passing laws that force teenagers to reveal abortion decisions to their parents. Texas, Virginia, and Arkansas lawmakers have also considered similar bills this year. Most of these parental notice laws require a minor to either tell her parents about the pregnancy or obtain a court order before receiving an abortion.

"These laws re-enact the era of *The Scarlet Letter*," says Janet Benshoof, the director of the Reproductive Freedom Project of the ACLU. "Forcing teenagers to explain their pregnancies to a judge makes them feel like criminals."

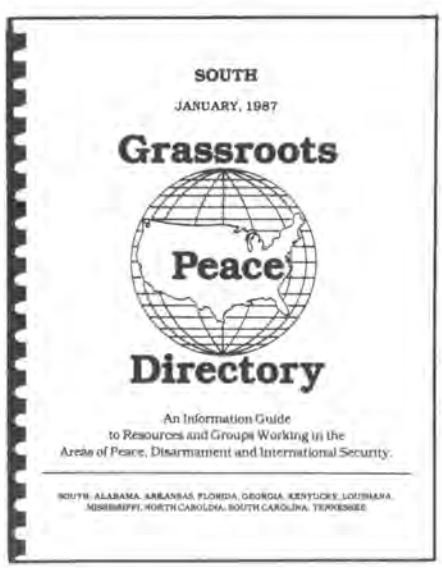
The project's new report, **Parental Notice Laws: Their Catastrophic Impact on Teenagers' Right to Abortion**, examines the experiences of people affected by Minnesota's law, which the ACLU successfully challenged last year. "We documented that the Minnesota law raised the teenage birthrate, created more teenage mothers with stunted and dependent lives, added a new generation of inwanted children with their attendant problems, increased the number of more dangerous second trimester abortions for minors, and reduced the number of doctors who are willing to perform abortions for minors," said Benshoof.

Instead of helping teenagers and parents communicate better, the laws discourage abortion and promote a class system where only certain teenagers have the resources to gain access to the courts. In addition to its analysis of the law's consequences, the pamphlet contains over 250 footnotes that can be used as takeoff points for further study. Order a copy for $2.50 from the ACLU's Literature Department, 132 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036.

Who's Waging Peace

The Grassroots Peace Directory is a national database containing a wealth of information on 9,000 organizations and networks working for peace, disarmament, and international security. Fully indexed, regional editions of the directory cost from $6.50 to $16.

The directories feature profiles of organizations within the congressional districts of each state, with descriptions of each group's work (primary issues, area served, contacts, resources, method of operation, etc.). In addition, state profiles include a listing of the governor, senators, and representatives, as well as a population breakdown and a brief essay on the state's general political climate.



The Grassroots Peace Directory also rents mailing lists tailored to the needs of non-profit groups ($50 for 1,000 labels), and conducts specialized searches of the database, by state or region or nationwide ($15 per region searched).

To order, write: Grassroots Peace Directory, P.O. Box 203, Pomfret, CT 06258. Or call 203-928-2616.

If Water Turns You On

Until 1986, only 22 of the 700 contaminants found in drinking water were regulated by the Safe Drinking Water Act. Deficiencies in existing laws and their enforcement mean citizens have to take their own steps to inspect and protect their water supplies.

A readable, well-illustrated resource, **Drinking Water: A Community Action Guide**, explores the dangers, alternative systems for treatment, typical state programs, and federal regulations affecting water quality. A three-page check list shows you how to evaluate and ensure the safety of the water you get when you turn on the tap. A copy costs $3 (bulk rates available). Write Concern, Inc., 1794 Columbia Road, NW, Washington, DC 20009.

Other topics covered in the Concern series include hazardous waste, pesticides, and groundwater. Each guide puts scientific information in lay terms, offers an overview of laws and model programs, and gives practical tips for taking action in your community.

Kitchen Table Strategies

What's the difference between South African apartheid and North American racism? "It is only a matter of location and progression of time and intensity," says poet Audre Lorde. Her essay, "Apartheid U.S.A.," appears in one of the first publications of **The Freedom Organizing Pamphlet Series** published by Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press.

The pamphlet we read contains two essays — Lorde's and one by Merle Woo. As poets, both Lorde and Woo understand the power of words to tame or inflame an issue: "Talk is not cheap," says Woo. Get behind the labels and give things their true names. The real meaning of "state of emergency" in South Africa, Lorde writes, is "the suspension of human rights for Blacks."

These are not "how-to" essays, but personal statements aimed at provoking action. Like each pamphlet in the series, it offers a list of practical resources for organizing, including organizations, publications, and audio-visual material. For a description of the four pamphlets and other titles from Kitchen Table, write P.O. Box 2753, New York, NY 10185.

VOICES OF OUR NEIGHBORS

NICARAGUA

Dora Maria Tellez: The Road to Freedom

Dora Maria Tellez is Nicaragua's Minister of Health. In 1974, while a medical student, she joined the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN). She participated in the FSLN's seizure of the National Palace, directed the battle against the National Guard garrison in Leon, then stayed there as military leader after the fall of the Somoza regime. In 1980 she became Political Secretary of the FSLN in Managua and served as Vice President of the Council of State for four years. She was elected to the National Assembly on the FSLN ticket in 1984. She is 31 years old.

The seizure of the National Palace in 1978, when Tellez was 23, gained international attention for the Sandinistas and marked the beginning of the mass insurgency against Somoza. In negotiating to leave the palace, Tellez and her comrades also won the release of some political prisoners, a sizeable ransom, and the publication of their manifestos in Nicaraguan newspapers.

Dora Maria Tellez at work.

I studied medicine for three years, but I was never able to finish my medical degree. I left the university because by 1974 I was already a militant in the *Frente*. . . . I went underground in January 1976.

There are two kinds of clandestine life: in the city and in the mountains. To go underground in the city was always a very hard life, a very solitary and enclosed life. Really, one does not leave the house where one is staying. One would move around at night, between 11 p.m. and 5 a.m., depending on the habits of the Somocista security forces. So going underground was very trying in this sense, but it also had some advantages: material life was not as harsh as it was in the mountains.

Life in the mountains was physically very hard: walking all day long, the lack of sleep and food, the rains. But there is one advantage in that you have company; you are in a guerrilla column, and you are better armed than in the city. You are part of a group, which is the most gratifying thing. You are on the offensive most of the time, meaning that you are always ready to fight. Except when you are planning some kind of action, life underground in the city is defensive. They are looking for you, you are always trying not to be killed.

Without the certainty of victory, it would be hard to withstand the rigors of clandestine life or the rigors of life in the mountains. It is precisely when one lacks this certainty that people begin to waver or break. It is a certainty which had no date and which had nothing to do with whether or not you yourself might be alive. . . .

PALACE TAKEOVER

The operation was planned well in advance. We had photographs of the palace, taken with a very small camera, pictures of many rooms and staircases from different angles and we had architectural plans. We had also studied the access roads to the palace, and the time required to travel them.

At that time, a new congressional session was being inaugurated. We entered the palace at noon, which is when most people go to pay taxes. Thousands of people were milling around, paying their taxes, getting registered, and doing things that had to do with business. The palace is very big, and we had really only planned to take over the second floor. In fact that's what we did, because 25 people were too few to take over the entire palace. What happened was that we had to close all the doors, and we stayed inside with 2,000 people.

If these 2,000 people had panicked, if they had been against the action, probably none of us would have survived. Of the thousands that were there, some belonged to the *Frente* and supported the takeover. So they behaved calmly, without provoking any kind of crisis or problems. . . .

The negotiations were based on several goals. One of the main goals was to free political prisoners. The Sandinista Front had the tradition of never leaving its militants in prison. There was always a tradition of fighting politically for their liberty as well as one of taking action to get them out of jail. Secondly, we wanted money that would help us to finance the struggle against *Somocismo*. But money was not the primary objective.

The essential objective in the operation was to propose an alternative to a maneuver underway at the time. There

was an effort to displace Somoza while leaving the political and military structure of *Somocismo* intact, putting any old civilian president in office to keep up the act. We called this *Somocismo* without Somoza. We felt that it was very important to emphasize armed struggle as an essential alternative to overthrow the dictatorship.

So the negotiations revolved around the publication of the documents which we thought essential, and the liberation of political prisoners. There was no way out of this action; we had no retreat planned. There was no other alternative except to go ahead with the action or die. Obviously, the dictatorship rejected the publication of the documents and the prisoners' release. They wanted to try to attack, but Anastasio Somoza had a nephew in there. And whether Somoza yielded or not, he was being pressured by his own congressmen who were inside the Congress, and by the families who were outside. So the negotiations dragged on.

They were trying to buy time to throw us out. But they didn't know how many of us there were. We developed a technique which was to rotate those who were guarding the doors and other places. Since we were always changing places, people thought that there were fresh replacements, when in fact we were rotating. The pressure during the negotiations was intense; there were sporadic attacks on the palace. They tried to get the mediators to make us retreat from our position. We knew that they would have to yield. Three bishops participated in the negotiations, as well as ambassadors from Venezuela, Panama, and Spain. It lasted about 52 hours, a little over two days.

When we finally left, there was an emotion which I think is one of the greatest emotions I have had in my life, to see the people in the street, defying the dictatorship. People were happy, celebrating in the streets. There are two feelings which I have never been able to write down — those I felt on that day and on July 19, 1979, the day of the victory. Both were very strong, full and vital emotions. And they were very significant, things which you can never repeat, and which can never be reproduced. . . .

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION

I think the most important success of the revolution is the revolution itself. You have a revolution in a small country which has survived an economic, financial and commercial blockade. People have coalesced around the revolution, and the process of transformation is moving forward. We thought we could build more hospitals and schools than we have built, and produce more than we have produced. There was a little romanticism about the amount of things that we could do. Later we realized that things take time, and that in a country which has been squeezed for decades like Nicaragua, you can't fix everything in seven years.

We have also been wrong on issues of political economy, models of production. Cultivation in the country is not at its best right now. We are not yet efficient enough, we must still make a big effort to distribute the resources we have.

Our country's biggest problem is the war of aggression by the United States. The war is destroying and exhausting the country. So the first task of the population is to defeat the aggression and to seek peace. That's why we have proposed negotiations and dialogue. Our first task when the war ends will be to rebuild economically and materially. This could take longer or shorter, depending on how long the Reagan Administration continues to make war on Nicaragua.

Compared to 15 years ago, there is a qualitatively different situation in Latin America. It is no longer obedient to the foreign policy of any North American government, it is more conscious of the sovereignty of its countries. Latin America has a tremendous economic crisis and a foreign debt which makes one's hair stand on end. But you can see how cooperation among our countries has grown, as has the understanding of the difficulties we all face together. The Contradora Group [Colombia, Mexico, Panama, and Venezuela] and Lima Group [Argentina, Brazil, Peru, and Uruguay] have stated that the aggression against Nicaragua should stop. That wouldn't have happened 20 years ago.

Excerpted from an interview with Dora Maria Tellez by Marc Edelman, published in the twentieth anniversary edition of the NACLA Report on the Americas. *For a subscription to the bimonthly* NACLA Report, *send $20 to 151 West 19th Street, NY, NY 10011.*

HONDURAS

Bringing the War To Your Town

The world's eighth largest army is on the move in Central America, forming an overt complement to Ronald Reagan's clandestine support of Nicaragua's *contras*.

The world's eighth largest army is the U.S. National Guard. Some 10,000 Guard troops are rotating in and out of the region during their 17-day annual active-duty stints. About half this number will pass through Honduras, building a vast network of roads and airfields "to intimidate the Sandinistas and show them we are capable of very rapid and substantial military build-up and have the logistics for a long-term operation if necessary," says Senator James R. Sasser of Tennessee.

Because creating a permanent military base in Honduras would violate the War Powers Act, the Pentagon claims the National Guard and a similar number of Regular Reserves are only "engaged in training exercises."

The Guard is doing more than building the infrastructure for anti-Sandinista *contras*, Honduran soldiers, and the estimated 5,000 regular U.S. troops on missions in the vicinity. According to Witness for Peace volunteers, three Florida Guardsmen in December claimed they had "showed them [the Honduran military] how to fight a war" and had "whupped their [Nicaraguan soldiers'] asses." The Guardsmen were told to shut up by another soldier, and to date their combat activities remain undiscussed in the mainstream U.S. press.

Traditionally, the National Guard has been known as a state militia, to be activated by the governor in times of local disaster or civil disturbances and by the president only during national emergencies. "Sleep Well Tonight. Your National Guard is Awake," roadside billboards reassured citizens in the 1950s. In the 1970s, the Pentagon adopted a "Total Force Policy" to utilize this largely un-

Special On Central America

A special edition of *Southern Exposure* on Central America and the U.S. South is planned for late 1988. It will focus on the many interrelations between the two regions — culture (legends, song, art, families), politics (rightwing operatives, solidarity movements, Southern interventionists), economics (corporate power, planned under-development) and history. If you would like to work on the issue or contribute an article, please contact us at P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702 / 919-688-8167.

tapped army of citizen soldiers.

Today, the Guard's 434,000 members and the Air National Guard's 110,000 constitute more than 46 percent of the U.S. Army's combat power and 38 percent of its support forces.

Under pressure from local Pledge of Resistance chapters and other peace groups, governors in eight states protested the use of the Guard in an undeclared war in 1985-86. "If President Reagan wants to federalize the National Guard, then let him go before Congress and get the necessary emergency authorization," former Governor Bruce Babbitt said when he barred deployment of Arizona's Guard to Central America.

In response to increasing obstinance from local officials, the Pentagon requested, and Congress passed, the Montgomery Amendment (named for Rep. G. V. "Sonny" Montgomery of Mississippi); it prohibits governors from vetoing Pentagon deployment of Guard units. In late January, Minnesota's Governor Rudy Perpich began a court challenge of the amendment; governors in six other states (Hawaii, Maine, Massachusetts, Ohio, Vermont, and Colorado) have now joined him.

Peggy Moore of the St. Louis-based National Guard Clearinghouse says peace groups should "make the war visible in our communities" by continuing to pressure state officials to resist the use of their state's National Guard for federal warmaking. Dozens of people have been arrested in widely publicized civil disobedience activities in the Midwest.

"In Maine, a group of state legislators met with their governor to brief him on the real situation in Honduras," said Moore. "In Iowa, people formed a delegation including farmers, reporters, and legislators to visit Honduras and Nicaragua. Oklahoma citizens went to court to stop their Guard from going to Mocoron, about 18 miles from the Nicaraguan border. The case was thrown out of court, but it got statewide press attention. Through demonstrations, petitions, vigils, and lawsuits, people are making the war in Central America a local issue."

In the next several months, Guard troops will be leaving from Charlotte, Nashville, Atlanta, Jackson, Baltimore, Austin, Martinsburg (WV), Montgomery, and Sandston (VA). For more information, contact Peggy Moore at the Clearinghouse, 438 N. Skinker, St. Louis, MO 63130, telephone 314-727-4466. Thanks also to Pacific News Service for material in this article.

NICARAGUA

Roosters, Rice And Refugees

Marc Miller, a former Southern Exposure *editor now living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, sent us this letter after returning from a trip in March to Nicaragua with a Witness for Peace delegation:*

At either end of the trip, we spent a few days in Managua, but as foretold, the key is the week in the countryside. Actually, in the war zone. We stayed mostly in Wiwili, a town on the Rio Coco River, near the Honduras border. The first night there we heard gunfire, but it was drowned out by the roar of the animals. Did you know roosters start crowing at 3 a.m. and that when every family has one, 6,000 roosters make a lot of noise?

In Wiwili, we stayed with families, two or three of us to a house. They shared their food (beans and rice was the plan, but despite shortages they also gave us eggs, tortillas, a party cake once, chicken a few times, even beef). In fact, it was remarkable how welcome we were, how easily they separated us and Americans from Ronald Reagan.

It was also amazing to see how much the revolution had changed this remote province: from two schools for 30,000 people, the number is now 35. Wiwili now has a hospital and four clinics in the rural areas. But the town has no electricity (the *contras* knocked out the transformer two years ago) and no running water. Water came from a well or the river, where we (and the town, of course) bathed and swam every day, since the temperature was around 100.

Before Wiwili, we stopped for a night in a "safe" town, Quilali. Two days later, for two nights in a row, Quilali was attacked. The *contras* were after the granary, which they didn't get. But they did kill six people and knock out the town's electricity and water.

The final journey was a ride up the river in a dugout (the roads are too dangerous) to a refugee resettlement camp three miles from Honduras, where 720 people live in shacks. The first impression is of a refugee camp, but gradually it came to appear as almost a kibbutz. Although food was short, it was shared and we were given a fiesta! The camp has water piped in from further up the mountains. And it has a health shack, with a fulltime nurse. And three school "structures." One of these structures, a roof and poles, formed our bunkhouse: 20 hammocks. I spent the night awake, listening to animals, occasional gunfire, amazed at where I was.

Montgomery Before King

***The Montgomery Bus Boycott and the Women Who Started It: The Memoir of Jo Ann Gibson Robinson**, edited, with a foreword, by David J. Garrow (The University of Tennessee Press, June 1987), 186 pages, $24.95 (cloth), $12.95 (paper). Copyright © 1987, The University of Tennessee Press.*

IN 1953, THE MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S POLITICAL COUNCIL (WPC) WERE confronted with some 30 complaints against the bus company, brought to it by black people in the community.

This organization of black women had been founded in 1946, nine years before the boycott began, by Dr. Mary Fair (Mrs. N. W. or "Frankye") Burks, chairman of the English department at Alabama State College. . . . The early WPC members all lived in the general neighborhood of the college. Most were professional women. There were competent educators, supervisors, principals, teachers, social workers, other community workers, nurses — women employees from every walk of life. Many of the women from Alabama State College were members; so were many public school teachers. It must be remembered that the women of the WPC were laying their "all" on the line in organizing themselves to defeat segregation in the heart of the Confederacy.

One hundred members was the limit for one group. However, there were so many requests for membership that a second chapter was organized to cover another part of the city. Soon a third group had to be organized as furious women realized that everybody had to become involved if black Americans were to win their fight . . . . By 1955, then, the WPC had three chapters distinguished as Group 1 (the original group), Group 2, and Group 3.

The three divisions that resulted were organized in three different sections of the city and formed one of the best communication systems needed for operation of the boycott. Each group had its own officers — president, secretary, treasurer, telephone operators. The three chapter presidents were given all the information of an "expected" boycott, and were kept informed. Each group [would play] a part in the distribution of the notices that called riders off city transportation lines. The three presidents kept in close touch with each other, and each president passed the news on to her group's members.

I followed Dr. Burks as head of the organization in 1950. When Mary Burks asked me to accept the leadership of the main chapter of the WPC, I readily accepted. I had suffered the most humiliating experience of my life when [a] bus driver had ordered me off the fifth row seat from the front and threatened to strike me when I did not move fast enough. Thus, I was ready to take over the WPC when the time came. . . .

Since the WPC worked in community projects, sponsoring Youth City among high school seniors to train them in government and also sponsoring projects to encourage adults to become qualified voters, the community people came to the WPC for advice on many of their civic problems. Complaints came from people who were tired of abuse, wherever it occurred. It was during the 1954-1955 period, when complaints multiplied, that the WPC prepared to stage a bus boycott when the time was ripe and the people were ready. . . .

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THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN CLAUDETTE COLVIN WAS ARRESTED, SHE WAS A 15-YEAR-old student at Booker Washington High School — an "A" student, quiet, well-mannered, neat, clean, intelligent, pretty, and deeply religious.

On March 2, 1955, Claudette got on the bus and sat, not in the first ten reserved seats, but two seats from the rear door of the bus. Black and white riders crowded in, and soon no more seats were available. The aisle was jammed with passengers standing — many blacks, a few whites. The driver stopped the vehicle and demanded that blacks get up who were seated in rows not normally reserved for whites, those behind the first ten double seats. At first no one moved, for there was nowhere to move to. The aisle was crowded with whites and blacks. No seat was available.

The demand was repeated. Negro men sensed trouble. With their heavy responsibilities at home, they could ill afford arrest. The apprehensive ones got off the bus and walked away. Slowly but surely,

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Negroes who had been seated stood up. Whites sat in the vacated seats. Finally, the driver stood over Claudette and demanded that she relinquish her seat to a white person.

By now, the remaining standing black men had gotten off the bus and left the scene. The aisle was practically clear, except for a few whites waiting to take seats as they were made available.

Claudette looked around and saw no empty seat. She knew she was not in the restricted area, the first ten. She knew, too, that she was far enough back to be entitled to her seat. So, without any trepidation, she remained seated.

A pregnant Negro woman sat next to Claudette. At the driver's insistence she got up and stood in the aisle. A Negro man on the very last seat of the bus gave the pregnant woman his seat and then left the bus. That left Claudette occupying a double seat, alone. Still she did not move. None of the women standing sat down in the one empty seat beside her.

The driver, beside himself with rage by now, drove to town without stopping and called for a street policeman to make the arrest. The policeman came and then another. Obeying the driver's demand that Claudette be arrested, the officers commanded the girl to get up. When she refused, they dragged her, kicking and screaming hysterically, off the bus. Still half-dragging, half-pushing, they forced her into a patrol car which had been summoned, put handcuffs on her wrists so she could do no physical harm to the arresting police, and drove her to jail. There she was charged with misconduct, resisting arrest, and violating the city segregation laws. She remained in jail until bailed out by her pastor.

The news traveled fast. In a few hours every Negro youngster on the streets discussed Claudette's arrest. Telephones rang. Clubs called special meetings and discussed the event with some degree of alarm. Mothers expressed concern about permitting their children on the buses. Men instructed their wives to walk or to share rides in neighbors' autos.

The question of boycotting came up again and loomed in the minds of thousands of black people. We could see that black people — men, women, and children — were tired. The women intuited danger in their men's tiredness, in the limits of their children's and their own endurance. The women felt not that their cup of tolerance was overflowing, but that it had overflowed; they simply could not take any more. They were ready to boycott. On paper, the WPC had already planned for 50,000 notices calling people to boycott the buses; only the specifics of time and place had to be added. And, as tempers flared and emotions ran high, the women became active.

But some members were doubtful; some wanted to wait. The women wanted to be certain the entire city was behind them, and opinions differed where Claudette was concerned. Some felt she was too young to be the trigger that precipitated the movement. She might get hurt! The time for action was not now. Not everybody was ready. So, after getting opinions from various groups, the boycott was postponed.

There were some 68 Negro organizations in Montgomery — men's groups, women's groups, and political, religious, social, economic, educational, fraternal, and labor organizations. In the various groups were lawyers, doctors, educators, druggists, entertainers, musicians, farmers, builders, mechanics, maids, cooks, and so on. These organizations touched the total black population, male and female, young people, middle-aged, and old. All such organizations were in existence, yet we were not ready. Nobody came forth with a "time-to-act" suggestion. . . .

Instead of being exonerated as we anticipated, Claudette Colvin was found guilty and released on indefinite probation in her parents' care. She had remained calm all during the days of her waiting period and during the trial, but when she was found guilty, Claudette's agonized sobs penetrated the atmosphere of the courthouse. Many people brushed away their own tears.

The verdict was a bombshell! Blacks were as near a breaking point as they had ever been. Resentment, rebellion, and unrest were evident in all Negro circles. For a few days, large numbers refused to use the buses, but as they cooled off somewhat, they gradually drifted back. Cold weather and rain, too, encouraged a return to the buses. But there was much discontented grumbling; complaints streamed in from everywhere to attest to people's resentment. . . .

In October 1955, Mary Louise Smith, an 18-year-old black girl, was arrested and fined for refusing to move to the rear of the bus. Her case was unpublicized and no one knew about it until after her arrest and conviction. She, too, was found guilty; she paid her fine and kept on riding the bus.

Intermittently, 20,000 to 25,000 black people in Montgomery rode city buses, and I would estimate that, up until the boycott of December 5, 1955, about three out of five had suffered some unhappy experience on the public transit lines. But the straw that broke the camel's back came on Thursday, December 1, 1955, when an incident occurred which was almost a repeat performance of the Claudette Colvin case.

photo by Tom Gardner

Virginia Durr, Johnny Carr, and Rosa Parks at 25th anniversary celebration of the Montgomery bus boycott.

IN THE AFTERNOON OF THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, A PROMINENT BLACK WOMAN named Mrs. Rosa Parks was arrested for refusing to vacate her seat for a white man. Mrs. Parks was a medium-sized,

cultured mulatto woman; a civic religious worker; quiet, unassuming, and pleasant in manner and appearance; dignified and reserved; of high morals and a strong character. She was — and still is, for she lives to tell the story — respected in all black circles. By trade she was a seamstress, adept and competent in her work.

Tired from work, Mrs. Parks boarded a bus. The "reserved seats" were partially filled, but the seats just behind the reserved section were vacant, and Mrs. Parks sat down in one. It was during the busy evening rush hour. More black and white passengers boarded the bus, and soon all the reserved seats were occupied. The driver demanded that Mrs. Parks get up and surrender her seat to a white man, but she was tired from her work. Besides, she was a woman, and the person waiting was a man. She remained seated. In a few minutes, police summoned by the driver appeared, placed Mrs. Parks under arrest, and took her to jail.

It was the first time the soft-spoken, middle-aged woman had been arrested. She maintained decorum and poise, and the word of her arrest spread. Mr. E. D. Nixon, a longtime stalwart of our NAACP branch, along with liberal white attorney Clifford Durr and his wife Virginia, went to the jail and obtained Mrs. Parks's release on bond. Her trial was scheduled for Monday, December 5, 1955.

The news traveled like wildfire into every black home. Telephones jangled; people congregated on street corners and in homes and talked. But nothing was done. A numbing helplessness seemed to paralyze everyone. Very few stayed off the buses the rest of that day or the next. There was fear, discontent, and uncertainty. Everyone seemed to wait for someone to *do* something, but nobody made a move. For that day and a half, black Americans rode the buses as before, as if nothing had happened. They were sullen and uncommunicative, but they rode the buses. There was a silent, tension-filled waiting. For blacks were not talking loudly in public places — they were quiet, sullen, waiting. Just waiting!

Thursday evening came and went. Thursday night was far spent, when, at about 11:30 p.m., I sat alone in my peaceful single-family dwelling on a quiet street. I was thinking about the situation. Lost in thought, I was startled by the telephone's ring. Black attorney Fred Gray, who had been out of town all day, had just gotten back and was returning the phone message I had left for him about Mrs. Parks's arrest. . . . I informed him that I already was thinking that the WPC should distribute thousands of notices calling for all bus riders to stay off the buses on Monday, the day of Mrs. Parks's trial. "Are you ready?" he asked. Without hesitation, I assured him that we were. With that he hung up, and I went to work.

I made some notes on the back of an envelope: "The Women's Political Council will not wait for Mrs. Parks's consent to call for a boycott of city buses. On Friday, December 2, 1955, the women of Montgomery will call for a boycott to take place on Monday, December 5."

The WPC had plans in place for distributing 50,000 leaflets calling on people to boycott the buses.

Some of the WPC officers previously had discussed plans for distributing thousands of notices announcing a bus boycott. Now the time had come for me to write just such a notice. I sat down and quickly drafted a message and then called a good friend and colleague, John Cannon, chairman of the business department at the college, who had access to the college's mimeograph equipment. When I told him that the WPC was staging a boycott and needed to run off the notices, he told me that he too had suffered embarrassment on the city buses. Like myself, he had been hurt and angry. He said that he would happily assist me. Along with two of my most trusted senior students, we quickly agreed to meet almost immediately, in the middle of the night, at the college's duplicating room. We were able to get three messages to a page, greatly reducing the number of pages that had to be mimeographed in order to produce the tens of thousands of leaflets we knew would be needed. By 4 a.m. Friday, the sheets had been duplicated, cut in thirds, and bundled. Each leaflet read:

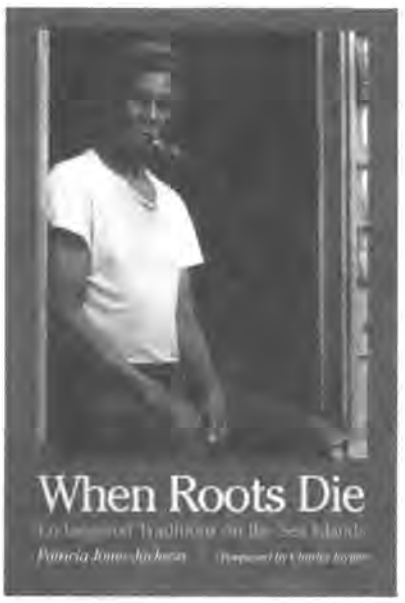
"Another Negro woman has been arrested and thrown in jail because she refused to get up out of her seat on the bus for a white person to sit down. It is the second time since the Claudette Colvin case that a Negro woman has been arrested for the same thing. This has to be stopped. Negroes have rights, too, for if Negroes did not ride buses, they could not operate. Three-fourths of the riders are Negroes, yet we are arrested, or have to stand over empty seats. If we do not do something to stop these arrests, they will continue. The next time it may be you, or your daughter, or mother. This woman's case will come up on Monday. We are, therefore, asking every Negro to stay off the buses Monday in protest of the arrest and trial. Don't ride the buses to work, to town, to school, or anywhere on Monday. You can afford to stay out of school for one day if you have no other way to go except by bus. You can also afford to stay out of town for one day. If you work, take a cab, or walk. But please, children and grown-ups, don't ride the bus at all on Monday. Please stay off of all buses Monday."

. . . Throughout the late morning and early afternoon hours we dropped tens of thousands of leaflets. Some of our bundles were dropped off at schools, where both students and staff members helped distribute them further and spread the word for people to read the notices and then pass them on to neighbors. Leaflets were also dropped off at business places, storefronts, beauty parlots, beer halls, factories, barber shops, and every other available place. Workers would pass along notices both to other employees as well as to customers. . . .

On Friday morning, December 2, 1955, a goodly number of Montgomery's black clergymen happened to be meeting at the Hilliard Chapel A.M.E. Zion Church on Highland Avenue. . . .

One minister read the circular, inquired about the announcements, and found that all the city's black congregations were intelligent on the matter and were planning to support that one-day boycott with or without their minister's leadership. It was then that the ministers decided that it was time for them, the leaders, to catch up with the masses.□

Why Rabbits Have White Tails



***When Roots Die: Endangered Traditions on the Sea Islands**, by Patricia Jones-Jackson (The University of Georgia Press, July 1987), 296 pages, $25 (cloth), $12.95 (paper). Copyright © 1987, The University of Georgia Press.*

THE LIFESTYLES, TALES, AND LANGUAGE PECULIARITIES CAPTURED IN THIS BOOK were unearthed during more than nine years of research with the Gullah- and Geechee-speaking Sea Islanders of Georgia and South Carolina and three months of field work in Nigeria, West Africa. Like most Americans, I was in total ignorance of the existence of the Sea Islands for many years — in my case, until 1972. Once I heard about them, no amount of library research and no amount of reading about the Sea Islanders could quench my desire actually to see for myself how they had managed to retain so many more remnants of their West African ancestry than African-Americans in other parts of the country.

On my first trip to the Sea Islands, in 1973, I crossed a bridge leading from Charleston to James Island, crossed another one from James Island to Johns Island, and then another one from Johns Island to Wadmalaw. On Wadmalaw the scenery changed drastically, and the farther I drove along the narrow, winding road into the depths of this remote island, the more unusual my surroundings became: hanging moss; dense woodlands; flat "boggy" swamps; and the musty, sweet aroma of ocean air.

A person could get lost forever on these islands, I remember thinking. As I would later learn, it was this very remoteness which contributed to the continuation of the African-derived culture of the Sea Island area. . . .

■

CRABBING AND FISHING ARE SO MUCH A PART OF SEA ISLAND CULTURE that many children learn the fine art of casting and netting as early as three years old. Some residents who earn their livings from fishing practice an old African method of netting fish in mass. An elderly gentleman explained to me that his grandfather had taught him to beat on the sides of his boat to attract fish and porpoises to the area. The porpoises scare schools of fish ahead of them, and the fish are then caught in the nets.

In a variant of this method, a group of fishermen will wade out into the water to beat on their drums or other instruments. The more noise they create above and below water, the more fish they attract to the area. One has to be careful in this venture, however, because the drums may also bring sharks.

Though much sustenance is taken from the rivers, the streams, and the ocean, another food source is provided by creatures that live at the edge of the water, such as "cooters" (slider turtles), bullfrogs, terrapins, alligators, and sometimes rattlesnakes (not everyone will eat the latter because the flesh is believed to be poisonous if the snake was angered before it was killed). The flesh from the cooter is particularly pleasing to some islanders owing to its unusual taste and tender texture. The alligator is a rare delicacy, now, being no longer as readily available as it was in the past. Yet Ber Gator and his swampy home continue to be lively topics in folklore and literature.

Under the slave regime, according to one source, when the islanders were denied the use of guns and powder, they hunted the alligator armed only with a long hook. They entered his hole at low tide and, at considerable risk to their lives and legs, dragged the alligator out and killed him quickly. The skin was saved to sell and the flesh taken home for cooking.

This dangerous method of hunting alligators is reminiscent of an even more dangerous method once used to trap the giant boa constrictors and pythons in Nigeria. One Igbo hunter explained to me that the snake hunters rubbed their bodies with a scent taken from captured boa constrictors and pythons before entering places where they were known to inhabit, in order to prevent the snake from smelling their approach. Once the quarry's hole had been located, either the hunters dragged him out with a hook or, at greater risk, one man would insert a leg into the snake's hole, allowing the snake to swallow it up to the hip. When the leg was pulled out the snake came along helplessly, unable to move with the hunter's leg in his mouth. The hunter quickly drew his knife, slit the snake's jaws and throat, and recovered his leg.

The account of this method of hunting was corroborated by some Nigerians and called a lie by others. The hunter who told me about it, however, swore that it was indeed done. Like the alligators in the United States, the giant snakes are captured in Nigeria chiefly for their hides. The larger the snake, the more dangerous his capture is, and thus the greater the price paid for his skin will be.

The woods provide a further excellent supply of food for the Sea Islanders. Many of the more remote islands still abound with large ducks, partridges, wild turkeys, geese, and many other edible birds. Likewise, the woodlands are alive with game. Deer often roam alongside the roads in the early morning. Opossums are baked with large sweet potatoes, and raccoons are delicacies no islander will refuse. The woods are also the home of rabbits, wolves, foxes, squirrels, skunks, wildcats, and even bears, all hunted, though bears are said to be rather rare now. . . .

The islanders, old and young, are fully acquainted with the ways of the local wild animals. Their partial dependency on these animals as a food source has caused them to pay closer attention to the animals' personalities and habits than would a hunter from another area. Thus their categorization of the animals into intelligent and not-so intelligent ones is based on day-to-day interaction. . . .

The evidence of literary continuity [between Gullah tales and African parallels] is most apparent in the handling of traditional themes and characters Both cultures delight in imbuing physically insignificant and seemingly helpless creatures with extraordinary mental acumen. Their superior intelligence and discretion make these small beings not only godlike in powers but models for much stronger creatures to emulate. The "helpless" animal may take the form of the spider of the Gold Coast, the turtle of the Slave Coast, the rabbit of the Sierra Leone region, or the *hlakanyana* of South Africa.

Regardless of the region, these animals are heroic figures in the same tradition as Ber Rabbit in Gullah and inland black literature, or Ananse the spider in Caribbean literature. . . . The animals' roles are seldom comic in the style of American cartoon characters like Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, or Bugs Bunny. Tales of Nnabe [tortoise] and Ber Rabbit are designed to represent mature individuals reacting in adult situations of daily life. In tale after tale, the listeners are confronted with multifaceted personalities which they sometimes like, sometimes dislike.

There are differences: Nnabe is far more vicious in his interactions, for example, than Ber Rabbit. In many tales he is consciously cruel and tyrannical. Ber Rabbit, on the other hand, is seldom depicted as self-seeking. He is known as a trickster, or one "smart too much," but he generally resorts to chicanery only to preserve his life.

* * *

Illustration by Jacob Roquet

BER RABBIT AND THE LORD
Mr. Jonas Mickell
Wadmalaw Island, South Carolina

Once upon a time Ber Rabbit went de the Lord for get more knowledge, more wisdom. And the Lord tell Ber Rabbit, "All right! I want you de bring anything white de me. Anything white."

Rabbit went out in the field, and he went out to meet [happened to meet] Ber Partridge: "I betcha all you, all couldn't full this bag [I bet you aren't big enough to fill up this bag]."

Partridge say, "How you mean?"

[Ber Rabbit told Ber Partridge], "Run in here, see if you can full this bag."

All the Partridge full up [spread his wings], run in, full the bag. Ber Rabbit put that on he shoulder and carry em de the Lord. [The Lord said], "All right!" [But the Lord] gone send em back. Ber Rabbit, he send em back.

"Well, I want you now, Ber Rabbit, de bring me a rattlesnake!" Danger!!! [The Lord was going to] put Ber Rabbit where all the danger [was]!

Ber Rabbit tell em, "All right!"

Ber Rabbit gone out in field and find a rattlesnake, and he have a cane and tell Ber Rattlesnake: "Ber Snake, you ain't long as this cane!" Ber Rattlesnake run alongside the cane.

Ber Rabbit say, "No! I don't mean that way. I want you run in!"

Ber Snake run in — rattlesnake run in Ber cane. Tshhht, Ber Rabbit stop this hole up, carry em de the Lord.

He say, "Now, all right now, Ber Rabbit, you put in five [you did well]! You good! You good enough! Now I want you, Ber Rabbit, I want you de bring a gator tail de me — from the water."

Rabbit say, "I can bring that!"

Rabbit drank up heself [got up his nerve], and he gone down de the river, and he tell Ber Gator, say, "Ber Gator???"

Ber Gator say, "Ber Rabbit, where you going?"

De say, "I going over here to Adale — and ain't no way I can get there. Ain't got no boat."

Ber Gator tell Ber Rabbit, say, "Jump on my head. I'll carry you over there."

Ber Rabbit jump on Ber Gator head. When Ber Gator get cross to other shore, Ber Rabbit knock the Ber Gator in e head and knock all he teeth out, and carry em to the Lord. All right!

Ber Lord [Rabbit] say, "All right, Ber Rabbit [Lord], what you want de do again?"

[Ber Lord] say, "I want you de bring me some cow milk."

Rabbit say, "All right!"

Rabbit bex [vex] the cow and the cow run around, run around, run around and twirl around, around, around, he feet. Rabbit snatch em! The cow fall down! The Rabbit got em up between the leg and milk that and carry milk to Ber Lord.

"All right," Ber Rabbit say, "Now Lord!"

[The Lord said], "I want you de bring me some bull milk."

"All right!"

Ber Rabbit jump down there de bex, de get out the bull, de bex the bull. Say, "Bull, you can't do the same ting [as the cow]. Say. "I want you to run around this tree."

The bull run around this tree and the bull fall down! The rabbit get between the bull de start to pull them two leg.

He gone back de Lord and he call, "Lord — e got e milk."

[But the Lord] tell Ber Rabbit, say, "Where the hell you see a bull give milk?"

The same milk what he carry, de cow milk, the Lord take that milk and sling em behind Ber Rabbit tail, cause em de [become] white. And tell Ber Rabbit, "Go head, [rabbit] and dog will be condition [enemies forever]. If the bush crack you got to go!!"

NNABE AND THE FRUITS

Told in Igbo by Raphael Amaugo
Translated into English by Chinere Ihejetoh

Chakpii!! Haa!!

Once upon a time, *And a time came* all the animals decided to do collective farming on a special day. That day was on a market day called *eke* in Igboland. That morning the town crier, who was called informant, took a bell and went ringing through the city telling everyone where the farm was to be. All the animals came out in answer to the bell and went to the farm. There they agreed that if any of them cut or hurt himself while working, that one would be permitted to go home. On their way to the farm, they saw some delicious fruits which they agreed that none would pick separately, but all would pick and share when the farming was done. It was agreed.

Now Nnabe the tortoise was up to his usual tricky ways. So while the other animals worked and thought of the fruits, he sneaked away and ate them. On his way back to the farm, he killed a baby antelope and spread some of its blood on his hand and showed it to the other animals saying that he had injured himself, and that he should be permitted to go home. The animals agreed.

On the way home, he stopped and finished all the fruits that may have been remaining. Then he did a loathsome deed! For each of the fruits that he had cut open and eaten he filled with his own feces, covered the insides with the outer parts, and sealed them up again so that nobody would know that they had been touched.

So when it was time for the other animals to go home, they went to pick the fruits. When one of them opened the first fruit and saw that it was filled with feces, they opened the second one and the same thing was in that one, and in the next one, and in the next one. So they began discussing among themselves who could have done such a dreadful deed. Yet they had no proof, so they decided that they would find out who the culprit was by traditional means used in those days.

So they dug a hole and all the animals were to come out and jump over the hole one by one, and whoever fell into the hole while jumping over it would be caught as the culprit. The tortoise, realizing that he would be exposed before the other animals, thought of a way to escape. He hired the rabbit to dig an underground path from his house to that hole and asked him to come and collect his fee on the *eke* market day. The rabbit agreed!

The day came on which all the animals were to go and jump. They all went to the hole to jump over. Before each one jumped he sang the following song:

The watcher — the watcher — the watcher
Who came here — who came here — who came here
Eh hi eh hi eh hi eh hi eh hi eh hi
Your legs — your hands that touched
Or picked the ripe fruit
Your legs — your hands that touched
Or picked the ripe fruit
Everyone should wait and watch patiently
Everyone should wait and watch patiently
If I did pick these fruits let me fall
Into this hole
If I did pick these fruits let me fall
Into this hole.

The lion started first and jumped across. Each of the other animals jumped across until at last it was Nnabe the tortoise's time to jump. He sang the song and jumped, but fell into the pit. In the pit he denied that he had eaten the fruit. He said that he fell into the pit because he was overdressed and too heavy to jump. Reluctantly, the other animals agreed that maybe his shell was too heavy and that he should be given another chance to clear himself.

So they pulled him out from the pit and let him put off his shell. When he finished, he sang the song again and jumped, but still he fell into the pit. The second time all the other animals were convinced that he was the culprit. For his punishment, he was buried alive in the pit and covered with dirt. However, the tortoise was indeed wise, for he had already had the rabbit dig a path from the pit to his house. So the tortoise went home quietly, laughing to himself and praising himself for outwitting the other animals.

Then the *eke* market day arrived, when the rabbit was to collect his money from the tortoise. So the rabbit went to the tortoise's house and told him that he came to collect his fee. The tortoise did not know what to do, since he did not have the money. So he set another day for the rabbit, explaining that his mother-in-law had died and that he had spent all his money for her funeral. On the newly agreed date, the rabbit went again to collect his fee, and this time the tortoise had conceived of a plan to kill the rabbit. He boiled a big pot filled with water and waited for the rabbit to come. When the rabbit came, the tortoise tried to grab him by his tail, but the rabbit was too fast, and pulled himself loose except for the outer cover of his tail, which was pulled off in Nnabe's hands. To this day that is why the rabbit's tail is whiter than the rest of his body.

Chakpii!! Haa!□

The South's Last Virgin Forest

Sawmill: The Story of Cutting the Last Great Virgin Forest East of the Rockies, by Kenneth L. Smith (The University of Arkansas Press, 1986), 256 pages, $28 (cloth), $15 (paper). Copyright © 1986, the Board of Trustees of The University of Arkansas Press.

IN THE FALL OF 1941, THE DIERKS MILL AT PINE VALLEY, OKLAHOMA, CUT out. Fourteen years after the mill had opened, its timber was gone. Dierks had cut everything in the upper Kiamichi valley, and even had built a truck road over Kiamichi Mountain in order to cut timber that earlier had been reserved for the mill at Wright City.

First the Pine Valley sawmill shut down, and after some months the planing mill did also. When the planer closed, a power plant operator tied down the whistle, as had been done ten years earlier at Graysonia. A Pine Valley resident recalls: "When that whistle blew the last time, it was so **lonesome**. It just blew and blew and blew. It was so sad."

People moved away and Dierks dismantled and salvaged. The big electric generator, the three tall smokestacks, and a number of shotgun houses were hauled to Mountain Pine. Other houses were taken to other Dierks mill towns. Nearly all the buildings were moved or torn down.

When Pine Valley closed, the remaining four Dierks mills (Mountain Pine, Dierks, Broken Bow, and Wright City) and Caddo River's mill at Forester, became the last remaining major sawmills in the Ouachitas. [In 1945, Caddo River Lumber Company sold the mill and company town of Forester to Dierks Lumber and Coal Company.]

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AFTER WORLD WAR II, SOME OF THE PEOPLE AT FORESTER WANTED to be independent; they didn't want the company (or people higher up in the company) directing their lives. Those having fundamentalist or Pentecostal beliefs broke away from the town's Baptist-Methodist church. There, as Lora Williams recalls, "They just didn't care anything about the Pentecost people. They didn't want you to have a guitar or anything like that in their church.

"An Assembly of God minister from Waldron asked the company if he could have a revival at Forester, out by the ball park. [The company agreed] and ran lights out and gave some lumber. The revival lasted six weeks. Brother Hale baptized 58 during the six-weeks revival."

The company observed the results of the revival (which took place one summer about 1950) and saw a means of providing for people who did not attend the community church. They gave Brother Hale a job at the planing mill, two small buildings, and permission to establish a church at Forester. The buildings had been toolhouses, and Hale's congregation scraped away dirt and grease as they patched the two structures together for a church ("We just taken scraps, nearly, and made it"). Forester's Assembly of God became known as the working man's church whose members and leaders lived in Cannon Town or Angel Town.

A more serious challenge to the company came around 1950, when employees started a drive to form a labor union. Many union backers were Fourche Valley people who worked in the new departments at the planing mill — Trim-Pak and the box factory. They had not worked at Forester during the Depression, so did not carry memories of the company providing jobs in lean times. Some had belonged to unions in defense plants during the war, and knew that they promoted better wages and working conditions. Also, since these employees lived outside Forester, they could campaign for a union without fear of being evicted from company-owned housing.

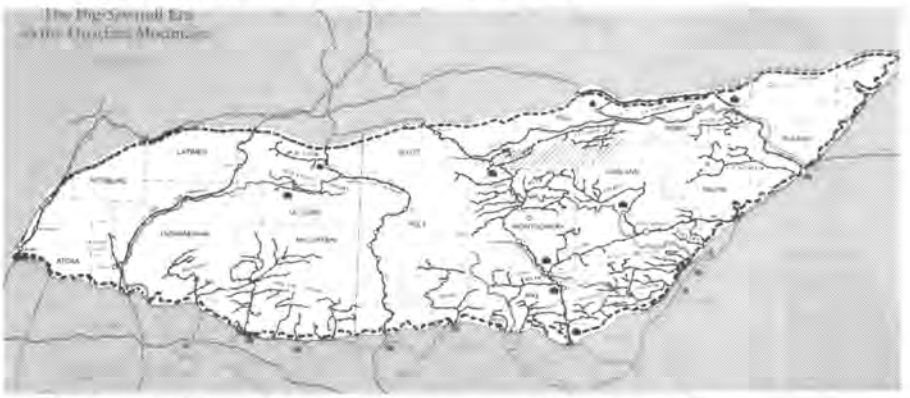
Bill Wilson, the younger son of Roy and Vada Wilson, remembers that the union was also desired by the log cutters. "When we'd have a prolonged rainy season they couldn't get [into the woods] and they didn't get paid and they just literally didn't have any food. I've been [in a home] where they'd have flour and honey for the entire meal. They'd just mix some flour and honey together and serve it around the table. I know that a lot of them fished and poached game to make it, have enough to eat. And they were the ones that were agitating for the union."

The entire Southern lumber industry, including both Caddo River and Dierks, had always been vehemently anti-union. In 1912, mill owners squelched a union

movement that had spread through mills in the Deep South, and unions got nowhere in the South for more than 20 years thereafter. In 1935, however, the National Labor Relations Act gave employees the legal right to organize. Some lumber companies soon formed their own "company" or "dummy" unions, with trusted employees in key posts, to avoid having to deal with the independents. The Caddo River Lumber Company in 1937 organized such a union, the Federated Employees Association (a replica of the Bradley County Lumber Company at Warren, Arkansas). Henry Overby, in the shipping department at Forester at the time, recalls that his supervisor told him to join the Employees Association. "The purpose of that union was to help the company sell their lumber. The company set it up so they could label their lumber 'union made.' I was treasurer of that union. I don't remember them doing much of anything."

Until World War II, lumber companies had a backlog of men wanting jobs. Nobody argued about lumber's low wages. New employees were often bankrupt farmers, and logging and sawmilling were the only means available for making a living. Many men found that the lumber industry was much like being on the farm. In the past they had bought on credit at the "furnishing" store whose owner provided for their needs until they sold their cotton; now they traded on credit at the commissary whose owner saw them through till payday. At times they had lived as tenants on farms; now they lived as tenants of the company. They had viewed the landlord, maybe, as a father figure; now they saw the lumber boss in the same light. They had hunted, fished, and socialized in their own community when on the farm; now they lived in much the same environment while at the mill. With little money, and no knowledge that anything better might exist elsewhere, many of these people remained tied to lumbering, but they were content with what they had. If they heard about labor unions, they distrusted them because they were run by outsiders. Whites especially distrusted biracial unions, for among laboring men, blacks competed with whites for jobs.

Mill owners also worked under restrictions that influenced their thinking about labor. Lumbering was boom-and-bust, very competitive; mill operators sometimes had to sell lumber below cost to cut their losses. From the 1920s on, all the Southern mills faced serious competition from the West Coast. Highly mechanized, cutting huge logs, the mills on the coast were twice as efficient as those in the South. (In one survey for the period from 1926 through 1935, West Coast mills produced 1,000 board feet of lumber with eight man-hours of labor; in Southern mills, it took 17 man-hours.) Western mills paid their workers twice as much as Southern mills and still remained competitive. (In 1943, the average hourly wage in Western mills was $1.04, in Southern mills, 48 cents.) Wages were a large part of the total cost of manufacturing lumber. (In 1939, wages averaged 16 percent of the total cost of manufactured products for all industries, but 28 percent for lumber.) And beginning in the 1920s, larger Southern mills faced new competition from thousands of small mills that were able to produce lumber with minimal overhead costs. In this environment, the large mill operators wanted to hold wages down. . . .



The Ouachita Mountains' sawmill country spans Arkansas and Oklahoma, with Forester at its north-center.

In the spring of 1946, the CIO launched "Operation Dixie" to organize unions in the South, especially in textiles and lumbering. Though the campaign lagged as time passed (the CIO's biracial organization was accused of being Communist, among other things), a mill as large as Forester's was worth a sustained effort to organize. Also, by the late 1940s the CIO had established local unions at all the other Dierks mills and wanted one at Forester for better leverage in negotiating with the company. Union people realized that when their other mills went on strike, Dierks could put their nonunion plant at Forester on overtime to fill the company's current orders for lumber.

Union organizers came to Forester and held meetings at night in the ball park (without lights, so attendees would not be recognized and punished). Will McKeown and other Dierks officials spread the word that if the mill went union there would be no overtime work (many would recall later that they said the mill would be shut down). McKeown reminded employees that they were already being paid the same wage scale as unionized employees in other Dierks mills. Pro-union men talked up the union among their fellow workers in the mill, and McKeown fired some of the more outspoken ones for creating what he saw as a disturbance. Feelings ran high; union supporters marched at night and threw eggs at the homes of management. Finally there was an election — and the union lost.

The CIO persisted. In 1951 another union election was held and the International Woodworkers Association of the CIO was voted in, 151 to 150, for both the mill and the woods crews. Forester, though, was not to be a closed shop; state law provided that employees were not required to join the union. Only about 85 became union members.

Among both union and nonunion people, there was an underlying dissatisfaction with Dierks. Vada Wilson recalls her husband's feelings: "Roy never was as happy with the Dierks organization as he was with Caddo River. The men who owned the thing were not as considerate of the employees as Caddo River. They'd be more critical, and maybe not as helpful as the owners of Caddo River had been." Harley Ferguson, who grew up near Forester, says: "Caddo River Lumber Company got along with the public much better than Dierks did. Doc Thornton doctored a lot of people in the rural area at no charge, [but] didn't call on many people in the rural area after Dierks came on the scene." Ferguson says further that Dierks stopped the sawmill's shop foreman from doing small jobs — bronze-welding broken

wash pots — free of charge for local farmers as he had done in the past. Sherman Hawkins says that Forester's work force, in having a union, "were searchin' for a refuge. Dierks Lumber and Coal Company, they drove 'em." And Vernon Hawkins says: "Talk about a sweatshop, that was it. But there wasn't nothing else in Scott County."

■

IN ADDITION TO HAVING TO WORK WITH THE UNION, THE COMPANY HAD AN increasing problem in getting timber for the Forester mill. In 1949 Dierks cut the last of Caddo River's reserved timber on the Ouachita National Forest. After that, they had to bid on tracts of government timber as the Forest Service put them up for sale. . . . Lynn Barker, who lived at Forester at the time, says: "I can remember when a big sale would come up. Employees would wonder if Dierks would get it. And they didn't every time. Somebody else did."

Actually, the higher quality national forest timber so earnestly sought by all the mills was some of the last virgin pine in the Ouachitas.

Rumors flew: The mill was going to close down for lack of timber. Employees listened and then looked for jobs elsewhere. One was Tellious Thompson, a black man who sought "more outreach" by working at one job during the day in the sawmill and another at night in the planer. He recalls: "I was already lookin' for somewhere to go. My brother-in-law came down there from Portland [Oregon] and he was talkin' about work was plentiful. So I packed up and loaded my stuff on the truck and headed for the West Coast. I left to better myself." In doing so, Thompson became one more participant in the mass migration of blacks and whites out of the South during the 1940s and 1950s. From 1940 (a year when Forester's population was at its maximum) to 1950 (the year when Thompson left), this out-migration reduced Forester's population from 1,306 to 818. . . .

Though Forester's sawmill closed in early September 1952, the planing mill remained in operation till past New Year's, processing millions of feet of rough lumber from the big storage shed. People were leaving town, first the loggers and the sawmill crew, then the employees from the rough shed, the planer, the shipping department. . . .

House movers came, knocked over fences and cut down trees to get at vacant dwellings, eased the buildings onto their flatbed trucks, and hauled them out to places around western Arkansas and eastern Oklahoma. A 12-by-36-foot shotgun house cost $250 delivered within 25 miles of Forester. Other small houses cost $100 per room, delivered. . . .

After the salvagers left, the Forester townsite became a cattle pasture, and it remained so for 20 years until a new owner of the land, Weyerhaeuser Company, planted the area in seedling pines. Forester had symbolized the end of the old cut-out-and-get-out era of lumbering, and now the same ground nurtured a tree plantation, evidence of changed thinking about timber. . . .

By buying Dierks, Weyerhaeuser acquired nearly 1.8 million acres of timberland, what had been the largest family-controlled landholding in the United States. About half of the land was in Arkansas and half in Oklahoma. Nearly nine-tenths of it lay within the Ouachitas. . . .

Weyerhaeuser offered the Dierks stockholders a price they could not turn down: $317 million in cash and Weyerhaeuser preferred stock. When concluded in September 1969, the acquisition was the largest in the forest products industry up to that time. The depreciated value of all the Dierks manufacturing facilities — three sawmills, paper mill, treating plant, and woodfiber plant, and a gypsum wallboard plant, two railroads, and several smaller facilities — totalled about $50 million. Most of the purchase price, then, was for timberland at about $150 per acre. . . .

Weyerhaeuser doubled or tripled the output of all three Dierks sawmills, added three plywood plants, enlarged the Dierks paper mill located in Arkansas, and built a very large paper mill in Oklahoma. By the 1980s their manufacturing capacity was about even with the output of marketable wood from their timberlands at that time. For plant expansion and for timberland conversion to even-age plantations, Weyerhaeuser had spent approximately one billion dollars. . . .

A great deal has happened in very little time. In less than 100 years, the place named Forester has been forest, farm, town, pasture, and pine forest again. Within the lifetimes of men and women still living as these words are written, virtually the entire story of sawmills cutting the great virgin forest of the Ouachitas has taken place.□

photo courtesy U.S. Forest Service

Smoke rises above the Caddo River sawmill's power house at Forester, Arkansas, 1937.

Professor Longhair's Carnival Rhythms

***Up From the Cradle of Jazz: New Orleans Music Since World War II**, by Jason Berry, Jonathan Foose, and Tad Jones (The University of Georgia Press, November 1986), 285 pages, $35 (cloth), $15 (paper). Copyright © 1986, Jason Berry, Jonathan Foose, and Tad Jones.*

ON A HOT, MUGGY SUNDAY IN MAY 1979, A CAMERA TEAM FROM THE "TODAY" SHOW wove through the crowd following an aging black man called Professor Longhair. With the tropical heat of the temperate zone just beginning, thousands of people were crowding to the open air stage erected on the grassy infield of the city's racetrack. Professor Longhair and the Blues Scholars were about to start their set. The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival was in full force. In the distance, the unorthodox piano player could see five other stages and thousands of sweaty spectators wearing cutoff jeans and tee-shirts, eating jambalaya, smoking marijuana, and drinking beer as musicians performed. The gospel tent looked like a big balloon, filled with people packed shoulder-tight, thumping to the Lord's music.

The whole scene was vintage New Orleans, talented musicians feeding the hedonistic temper of the town. And by 1979, Professor Longhair had reason to be satisfied. After years of obscurity, the jazz festival had given him an annual platform; fans had now come to adore the old man, a shaping force behind the city's musical rhythms.

The NBC cameras followed as Professor Longhair took the stage to an explosion of applause. Born Henry Roeland Byrd, he had taken the stage name Professor Longhair years earlier. Now, at 61, Byrd had arrived. For better than a decade he had been a distant legend to the blues faithful of America, Europe, and Japan. Now national pop critics were praising Fess's idiosyncratic style, built on a thumping boogie-woogie line with fusions of Carnival parade beats and a heavy rhumba flavor. . . .

The NBC cameraman edged closer to the piano as Byrd acknowledged cheers. His fingers hit the ivory chips. The camera was moving. It was not always this way.

■

IN 1949, HERB ABRAMSON AND AHMET ERTEGUN, OWNERS OF YOUNG ATLANTIC Records, went talent scouting in New Orleans. They had heard about a popular piano player called Professor Longhair and set out to find him. They managed to get the name of an Algiers club where he was playing, but the cab driver refused to take them all the way "because that's a niggertown." They got across the river and, following the cabbie's directions, trudged across an open field toward a distant light and pounding sounds of music. At the door of the strange honky-tonk, the bouncer wanted to know who these white men were. Nervously, they made up a story about *Life* magazine having sent them to hear Professor Longhair, but they were mistaken for police. An argument broke out at the door, some people fled through the back, but the pair finally got in and found seats behind the piano.

The band consisted of Professor Longhair alone, and Ertegun never forgot him: "He was sitting there with a microphone between his legs. He used to play an upright piano, and he had a . . . drumhead, you know, attached to the piano. He would hit it with his right foot while he was playing. He made a percussive sound. It was very loud. And he was playing the piano and singing full blast, and it really was the most incredible-sounding thing I ever heard. And he was doing it all by himself. . . . I thought, My God, we've finally found an original. And I said, 'No white person has ever seen this man.' So as soon as he finished, Herb and I, very excited, said, 'Look, we have to tell you, we're just astounded by your playing,' you know, and shaking his hand. 'We want very much to record you.' He said, 'Oh, what a shame. I just signed with Mercury.' "

The Mercury contract produced one hit, "Baldhead," in 1950. The lyrics gave hints of the street comedy and folk humor of Longhair's music: "Look-a-there, she ain't got no hair. Baldhead! My, look-a-there, how come no hair? Baldhead! . . ."

Later in 1950, Longhair did sign with Atlantic and in 1953 recorded "Tipitina," which years later became one of his most famous songs. But it had only a brief flurry of success in the local charts in March 1954 and soon sank into obscu-

rity, like Roy Byrd himself.

Byrd got his stage name in 1947, while playing at the old Caldonia Inn a few blocks outside the French Quarter. It was a popular watering hole and a bit offbeat, a haunt for black transvestites where Byrd once played for a gay wedding. Brawls were not uncommon. "We had long hair in those days," he explained, "and it was almost against the law." The Italian proprietor announced: "I'm going to keep this band. We'll call you Professor Longhair and the Four Hairs Combo." Various musicians passed through the combo's ranks. The band dissolved in the early '50s but Roy Byrd had his professional name.

In those days few places welcomed unorthodox black pianists; most played the honky-tonks and dives. And Byrd made the circuit. Rampart Street, stretching from the downtown wards across Canal Street to the uptown blocks, was a black city-within, much like Beale Street in Memphis, with small businesses, barrooms, pool halls, and music everywhere.

photo by Michael Smith

Professor Longhair (Henry Roeland Byrd) at New Orleans' Jazz and Heritage Festival, 1978.

BYRD WAS BORN IN BOGALUSA, LOUISIANA, ON DECEMBER 19, 1918. AFTER his father deserted the family, his mother moved with them to New Orleans. He grew up on a side street near the Ramp and as a kid gravitated there. His early influences came from church and dancing. With little formal education, he owed much of his musical knowledge to his mother, who was well versed in guitar and piano. "My mother took me to church when I was little," Byrd explained. "That's the best place to begin learning music for getting the soul up. We used to make our own instruments when I was a kid — like trap drums out of boxes; we got all kinds of noises out of that."

By his early teens, Byrd was haunting the clubs on Rampart Street where he heard honky-tonk pianists like Kid "Stormy" Weather and Isidore "Tuts" Washington. This was during the Depression, and he shined shoes, sold newspapers, and worked odd jobs to supplement his family's income. As a teenager, Byrd began to develop his sense of rhythm by learning to dance. He was influenced by the lanky, disjointed tap dancing of Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, and together with his friend Streamline Harris, Byrd began working the clubs along Rampart Street. He often sat in on piano, trading songs and music passages with Champion Jack Dupree, Sonny Boy Williamson, and other musicians working in the Crescent City.

The rhythms Byrd danced on nightclub stages were not enough to satisfy his musical desires; he took the drum-infused movements of his feet and translated them to the piano, adding layers of melody to intricate rhythm patterns. Chief among them was boogie-woogie, the barrelhouse keyboard style popularized in the '20s and revived in the late '30s. Byrd's choice of this style was probably influenced by Sullivan Rock, a blues pianist ten years his elder about whom nearly nothing is known. "Come here, boy," Rock would shout. "Let me show you the 'Pine Top Boogie Woogie' so you'll have something to play." Sullivan Rock is an obscure figure, but his influence rivaled that of other musicians who recorded sparsely, if at all, yet served as mentors to younger players with no access to formal music education.

Another mentor was Isidore "Tuts" Washington, a grand old pianist who remembers Byrd as "just a kid when I was playing them speakeasies and nightclubs on Rampart. That's where he came from. He jumped and learned how to play a few blues and things that made him famous. At that time I didn't play nothin' but blues."

American popular music was changing in the 1940s. White singers like Perry Como and Dinah Shore topped Cashbox charts but drew little interest from blacks. For fledgling rhythm-and-blues labels, the jukebox began as an alternative distribution to radio. Johnny Vincent of Ace Records, who recorded early New Orleans hits, recalls, "I went to Chicago with a record and a [disc] jockey told me, 'Man, I couldn't play anything like that. It's oriented black and I'm on top 40, mostly white pop.' I said, 'Listen, this trend is coming. You might as well get used to it.' "

Rhythm-and-blues replaced "race recordings" in the June 25, 1949 issue of Billboard, a trade publication. What was rhythm-and-blues? At root, it was a fusion of the blues idiom with a variety of other forms — gospel, jazz, swing, Afro-Cubano, hillbilly. As a popular music style, R&B was a less personal form of expression than the older, rural

blues. The rhythm of the new sound drew heavily on the intense, building rhythms in the churches, a gospel sound that merged into the blues sensibility.

By the 1950s, R&B was used to denote many forms of black music that were not jazz. The roots of R&B lay in different pockets of black culture. The richest wellspring of rural blues was the Mississippi Delta, where a generation of post-World War II bluesmen left the poverty for dreams of life in cities. B.B. King migrated from Sunflower County to Memphis and then the world, Muddy Waters from tiny Rolling Fork to the southside of Chicago. In Chicago the music changed to fit an urban pace. A down-home boy could hit a dozen city honky-tonks in half as many blocks. People could travel, had more dollars in their pockets. Poverty was still great, but an urban black culture was emerging.

Rhythm-and-blues was more than a music: it was a national phenomenon — the country sounds of the South flowing into the streets of the North and the West Coast; thumping gospel choirs and lonely bluesmen; little trios and folk quartets playing harmonica, washboard, and strings; and then the "doo-wop" vocalizers, inspired by sacred music, improvising on hundreds of street corners — all spread out and like a great current charged into the cities with electrified instruments, radio, and recording outlets.

Professor Longhair was very much a progenitor of R&B; his influence, however, was largely limited to New Orleans. In a very real sense, he lay the foundation of a unique musical sound that the coming generation revered and built upon. He played with the deep heart of a bluesman, but Fess's rhythms were a complex affair: the movement of feet translated to piano, boogie-woogie stride, a sizzling left-hand — to these layers he added "a mixture of mambo, rhumba, and Calypso." You can hear the fusion best in "Go to the Mardi Gras," the anthem played on hundreds of jukeboxes during Carnival. The tale of a man going to the city, it is sung to sounds of horns, rocking drums, and rippling through it all, a wave of piano. Horns burst through like the rush of a train. Byrd sings of black Mardi Gras — the parade of Zulu, the oldest Negro Carnival krewe. Members mask as mock Africans, adorned with bones and teeth, in minstrel face with gaudy white mouths: grown men wearing grass skirts, throwing gilded coconuts off floats to crowds below.

Well, I'm goin' to New Awleens,
I wanna see the Mahdi Graw.
When I see the Mahdi Graw,
I wanna know what's Carnival for.

Goin' down to New Awleens,
I've got m' ticket in mah hand.
Goin' down to New Awleens,
I've got m' ticket in mah hand.

When I get to New Awleens,
I wanna see the Zulu King.
Way down in New Awleens,
Down on Rampart and Dumaine.

Yesss, down in New Awleens,
Onnn Rampart and Dumaine,
Goin' make it mah standin' place
Until I see the Zulu Queen.

Rampart and Dumaine, in addition to being a hub for black Carnival, was also the location of J&M Music Shop, where Byrd's song was recorded in 1950, under the direction of Ahmet Ertegun.

Mac Rebennack (rock star Dr. John) states: "I think Fess put funk into music. I don't think . . . a Allen Toussaint or a Huey Smith or a lot of other piano players here would have the basics of style without Fess. . . . All those cats have absorbed a lot of other piano players, but Longhair's thing had a direct bearing I'd say on a large portion of the funk music that evolved in New Orleans."

■

BYRD'S LIFE REFLECTED THE LONELY ODYSSEY OF THE BLUES. IN THE EARLY YEARS he often relied on his skills as a gambler or worked hard jobs to support himself while he played the piano. "They called me 'Whirlwind' when I used to box. I was 135 pounds . . . I was pretty good, too. I gave it up, though. I quit the first time I got my ass whipped. I didn't really have that many fights, and they weren't anything fancy. We'd just fight in the alleys, back rooms, and take whatever they would throw on the floor. It was better than unloading bananas from ships. I still don't like the taste of bananas to this day."

In 1970 British blues journalist Mike Leadbitter visited New Orleans on a research trip. He went looking for Professor Longhair, whose music he and scores of English enthusiasts had come to venerate. He found him on South Rampart Street, sweeping out the One Stop Record Store. His playing was sporadic at best; he was broke. Then a young promoter, Quint Davis, went searching for Byrd in hopes of resurrecting his career.

"He was in a totally depreciated state physically," Davis recalls, "along with poverty and rejection. When he sat down, he couldn't get up. When he did stand up, his knee would rattle around until it set into a groove so he could walk. He had a vitamin deficiency, he had no teeth, no digestion, and he couldn't go to the bathroom." Davis began managing Byrd, now all but removed from the shifting trends of rock music.

At the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, which Davis and Allison Miner Kaslow helped launch, the renaissance of Professor Longhair began. He limped onto the stage in a black suit. Davis: "And when he started playing — this sounds like a cliche — everything else stopped dead on the other stages. There were four acts playing simultaneously, and the crowd just gathered and gaped. They had never heard anything like him. It was a truly magic moment."

Davis saw that Byrd got solid billing at the jazz festival each spring and began booking him into local clubs. By the mid-'70s, Byrd began to play festivals at Newport, Chicago, and Montreux, Switzerland. Atlantic Records released a collection of his work, further reviving his popularity and attracting the interest of writers and collectors. In Europe and Japan his reputation among blues fans accelerated. In 1976 he cut a new record, *Live on the Queen Mary*, with the help of Paul McCartney, who admired his work. Finally, in 1979, after the "Today" show appearance, Byrd set out on a North American tour with his band, the Blues Scholars. He played three packed nights at the Village Gate in New York (prompting a long, scholarly assessment of his career by Gary Giddens in the *Village Voice*) and then made a triumphant appearance in Toronto. . . .

Although he was nearing 61, Byrd had never been recorded with the sensitivity that his complex music deserved. The old hits were now blues gems, but in the evolution of his career, no modern LP had done his music justice. In 1977, when Allison Kaslow took over managing Byrd, she began to seek out recording companies. A live recording, produced by writer Albert Goldman, was made during the Mardi Gras of 1978. The money advanced to Longhair was substantial, but the tapes were not used until 1983, when *The Last Mardi Gras* was produced.

Alligator Records had established a reputation for production and distribution of urban blues. Bruce Iglauer, the company's founder, had been wanting to record Byrd for several years. During the summer of 1979, Iglauer, who also worked as a booking agent, spoke to Kaslow about booking Byrd at the Notre Dame Blues Festival coming up in November. Iglauer flew to New Orleans and heard Byrd play with the Blues Scholars, and an agreement was reached for an LP. . . .

Byrd's unique style built on a thumping boogie-woogie line with fusions of carnival parade beats and a heavy rhumba flavor.

After the album [*Crawfish Fiesta*] was completed, an independent television producer, Stevenson Palfi, arranged to videotape a concert with Byrd, Tuts Washington, and Allen Toussaint at Tipitina's. The idea behind the documentary was to trace three generations of New Orleans pianists, spanning blues, boogie-woogie, and the more funky, modern sound of Toussaint. The show, scheduled for February 3, 1980, foreshadowed Byrd's final emergence as a prominent musician, with the album and PBS program exposing his music to the broad audience that had long eluded him. He was earning decent money — $32,000 by 1978 — and finding his groove.

AT THREE IN THE MORNING ON WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1980, BYRD LAY QUIETLY IN bed with his grandson sleeping beside him. "He didn't moan, he didn't groan, he didn't move," recalled his wife, Alice. "His toe didn't even wiggle; he just slept away." At six o'clock that morning he was pronounced dead of pulmonary emphysema, chronic bronchitis, and advanced cirrhosis of the liver. Within hours of his death, radio stations and jukeboxes in local taverns began playing his music, a tribute that continued through the weekend.

Allison Kaslow drew together a coalition of friends to assist the family in burial expenses. The funeral was paid for by Allen Toussaint and Marshall Sehorn; other contributions came from the Musicians' Union and a handful of friends. Flower arrangements from Fats Domino, Paul McCartney, Irma Thomas, the Neville Brothers, and many others were delivered to the Majestic Mortuary on Dryades Street, just a few blocks from Byrd's home. The casket was opened for viewing on Friday afternoon, and long before the wake that night, a stream of people had paid homage.

Even in death, bitter irony stalked Byrd. The day he died, Alligator Records was shipping boxes of *Crawfish Fiesta* from Chicago. Bruce Iglauer said: "We'd already sold out of the first run of records. This is so sad; the guy was getting ready to take off. He played a concert at Notre Dame last November and the students, most of whom had never heard of him, mobbed him when he left the stage. The next night he played in Chicago and people were lined up around the block in the snow. Some of them had to wait for the second set and they stayed there in the snow. He could have really moved with this record, and now. . . ."

Naturally, the concert with Washington and Toussaint was cancelled, but rehearsal sessions and interviews had been videotaped earlier in the week. Producer Stevenson Palfi, like everyone around Byrd, was crushed. "I sent a camera crew (from Mississippi ETV) back to Jackson. I told his wife I wanted the wake to be sacred, but she wanted the documentary completed. So I called the crew and told them to come back."

Television coverage of jazz funerals in New Orleans has been common for more than a decade now; however, the presence of two cameras and video monitors inside the funeral home created a bizarre atmosphere. A few of the many musicians who had gone to pay respects did agree to talk on-camera for the local news, but the flashing lights and cameras seemed disrespectful to others. Art Neville, keyboard leader of the Neville brothers, noted: "These cameras are 65 years too late. Where were they all those years Byrd was playing, but couldn't cut records?" His brother, vocalist Aaron Neville, was more philosophical: "The body is dead, but Byrd's still here."

Byrd was laid out in the formal white suit he was to have worn for the television concert on Sunday. The casket was bordered by yellow chrysanthemums shaped in a musical note. A string of preachers, neighbors, and musical friends spoke passionately of the man and his music. Vocalist Johnny Adams sang gospel. Ernie K-Doe gave a rousing sermon laced with gospel phrasings, and Aaron Neville's voice rose magnificently in "One Fine Day." Allen Toussaint played a composition written for the occasion, weaving a gentle medley of Fess's standards into a touching tribute.

When the funeral began the next morning under cold, slate-colored skies, Henry Roeland Byrd was still a throbbing heartbeat in the city whose primal rhythms he had translated into a unique keyboard style. The Olympia and Tuxedo bands, two of the city's traditional marching brass ensembles, were stationed at the front and side entrances of the mortuary. The video truck was ready to move, and cameramen began to circulate among the crowd. Close to 3,000 people surrounded the old mortuary, blocking traffic on Dryades Street. The weather hovered at 40 degrees.

When pallbearers brought the casket down the front steps of the mortuary, a huge roar went up, almost as if Byrd himself had come in person to play. In a time-honored parade tradition, brightly colored umbrellas began to sprout like mushrooms above the crowd, the reds and silvers and yellows bobbing above the heads and shoulders of people wedging in tighter. Attendants had to burrow through the crowds to get the casket in the hearse. The Olympia band began "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," a gospel played in slow-time as a dirge. After 15 minutes the limousine was able to turn around and follow the procession.

"Lawda mercy," said an old black man. "Nobody could ring that piano like Fess!"

The funeral procession began to move, slowly, to the rhythms of the dirges, and still more people came, issuing out of the tottering honky-tonks and following the pumping umbrellas as the crowd paraded over scarred streets, past aging clapboard houses with black people leaning over the rusty iron-grilled balconies. This was Byrd's neighborhood and these were his people.

When the Olympia band reached Rampart Street, just four blocks from the funeral home, the crowd had grown to about 5,000 and the wall of people was so thick it took another ten minutes to prod them back from the middle of the street and onto the sidewalk so the limousines could pass. The band stopped playing temporarily, and as the hearse passed, people crowded in again to get one last look at the casket, shrouded by an American flag. Byrd had been a lieutenant in his neighborhood civil defense unit.

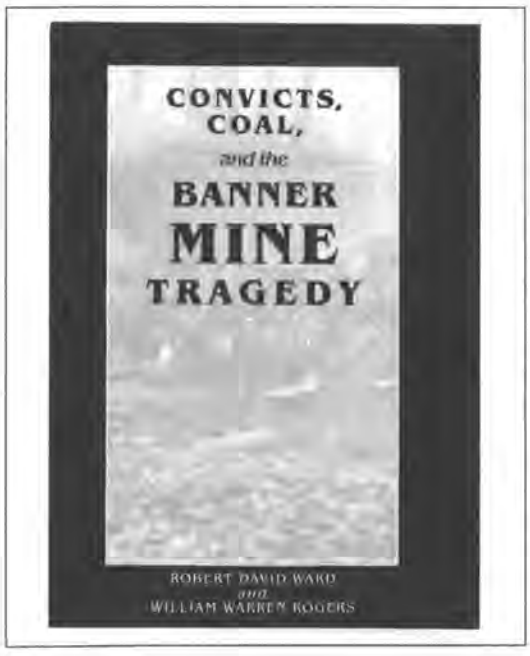
The funeral was moving along Rampart Street, wide enough to contain the chaotic procession, and as the band broke out of the dirges, the trumpet took the lead in Byrd's classic "Go to the Mardi Gras." A cheer erupted from the crowd and people burst forward in a second line, coursing ahead, waving handkerchiefs, hats, and scarves, parasols dipping and swaying to the beat of the band. As New Orleans jazz funerals go, it was one of the worst managed and most exciting ever, a fitting tribute to an artist whose idiosyncratic music almost defies description. . . .

Henry Roeland Byrd was buried in a cemetary far from the jazz funeral, in a grave that did not even bear his name. A hundred and fifty people attended the service at the grave site, and at least a third of them had cameras. After the minister finished the oration, Earl Turbinton, a longtime associate, played a soulful eulogy on the saxophone. As the last note of the sax faded into the cold wind, an old woman said, "That's just the way he'd have wanted it."

After that, all you could hear was cameras clicking.□

"The Black Damp Came On Us"

Disaster At Banner Mine



***Convicts, Coal, and the Banner Mine Tragedy**, by Robert David Ward and William Warren Rogers (The University of Alabama Press, April1987), 159 pages, $19.95 (cloth). Copyright © 1987, The University of Alabama Press.*

IT WAS A SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1911, ANOTHER DAY TO BE marked off by the convicts in Banner Mine prison. Days and weeks and months were the slow but cumulative units of progress that eventually could bring freedom from the coal mine.

That spring morning in the hills of north Alabama the sun first rose at 5:39. It was wrapped in clouds and mist. Those leaving the mine from the night shift would have cool sleeping, and deep in the mine, the rain would not disrupt the incessant labor of the day gang.

Before the sun came up the guards had aroused the convicts on the day shift. They left their peculiar swinging beds and ate their breakfast; they made their preparations for the last shift of the week before Sunday finally brought a day of rest. At 5:45 they marched out of the prison enclosure and entered the 1,700-foot chute that ushered them like cattle from prison wall to mine shaft entrance. They walked quietly, inured to another ten hours of back-breaking labor. The burden of another day's quota of coal would be borne, as usual, with stoic acceptance.

At 6:00 the night shift left the mine. Night fire boss William Sparks announced that the mine was in good condition. Mine boss John Cantley was not present; 30 minutes later he still had not entered the shaft. As the convicts filed past, the free laborers who ran the cutting machines lounged around the entrance. The shot firers collected their supplies of bituminite and fuse and paper and prepared to follow the convicts into the mine.

Convict foreman O.W. Spradling, a veteran who had worked with prisoners for 20 years, led his day shift into the shaft and issued his orders. The convict miners dropped off in the side galleries to start their work. They went into four left, five left, six left, seven left, and still deeper into the mine that already ran a mile into the earth. There were five free men in the mine that morning. Foreman Spradling, 50 years of age, lived with his large family in the town of Leeds. The

Prisoners from 15 counties worked in the mine 30 miles from Birmingham.

other free men were the shot firers. They handled and fired the explosive bituminite that blasted the coal from the face, permitting the fragments to be loaded into the cars. The shooters were Lee Jones, white; Mose Lockett, black; Dave Wing, black; and Daddy Denson, black. They went down the shaft, and they may have stopped near seven left. Near the shooters was John Wright, a white convict, doing electrical work in the mine as legal penance for assault and battery on a female.

The moment had arrived. At 6:30 an explosion and blast of flame occurred near seven left. John Wright was blown to pieces, and the four shooters were killed instantly. The next moments were that surreal interim of emergency when, for participants, time slowed down and every motion was magnified. There was noise, and the air was filled with dust. The miners near seven left entry heard and felt the explosion, while those deeper in the mine had no warning of danger. The huge 20-foot Crawford-McCrimmon fan, recently installed at a cost of $3,000, was blown out by the explosion. The steady movement of fresh air through the mine slowed and stopped, and the auxiliary fan, far away in number one shaft, did not come on.

Clarence Nicholson, working in five left, knew there had been an explosion. Experience told him that time was critical and that the deadly blackdamp would soon flow through the corridors, killing everyone in its path. The black convict, who could have run to safety, raised the alarm as he moved deeper into the mine, yelling a perhaps less stilted version of the reported "Get out, men, or you will all be destroyed." Eight men fell in behind Nicholson, and others joined them. They raced for the shaft, and probably 40 made it unharmed.

Another convict, Charley Brown, heard the yells and ran to safety but went back to lead 12 other miners out. Warned by Nicholson, Curlie Smith escaped. Like his fellow convicts Nicholson and Brown, Smith re-entered the shaft and guided three miners to safety. James Franklin, a black convict serving time for grand larceny, heard Nicholson's cries, dropped his pick, and started running. He saw Nicholson collapse, and he had a "horrible feeling . . . a most horrible feeling." Franklin found his way blocked by fallen coal and rock and turned back.

Nicholson somehow revived and, according to Franklin, "He urged me to try to get through some old work and I grabbed up my pick and started to work with him. The blackdamp came on us. I felt it. We renewed are efforts; we pushed on hard. Nicholson was about to give up when we succeeded in getting into a new air course and then we struggled out. It was an awful experience. I didn't believe I was going to get out."

As Nicholson and Franklin struggled to escape, J.T. Massengale, the white assistant foreman, was able to lead 16 men out. . . .

By [1:00 on Saturday afternoon] news of the disaster was spreading, and a crowd of several hundred from neighboring mining communities clustered around the mine shaft. But the tableau common to countless other mining disasters was missing at the Banner. These were convict miners, and their families were far away. The crowds, more detached than bereaved, stood in the rain and watched with professional interest as the rescue efforts continued.

As Saturday afternoon wore on, those rescue efforts began to slacken. The high gas concentrations left the rescuers increasingly groggy, and Inspector [James] Hillhouse had to be brought to the surface twice after lapsing into unconsciousness. . . .

It was inevitable, and not long delayed, that speculation on the causes of the explosion would flourish. . . . It was recalled that in 1910 three men had been killed at the Banner when their blasting caps and bituminite had exploded. Had it happened again on a larger scale?

The most fully developed story of causation held that John Wright, the white convict concerned with electrical repair, had accidentally sparked two wires together and thus set off the explosion — whether of gas, dust, or bituminite was not specified. Such evidence was both imaginative and circumstantial, but it gained some credence from the report that Wright's body and those of the shot firers were found in close proximity.

There was yet another possibility, hinted at but not explored in the public press. Since its opening the Banner had been listed as a gassy mine. If there had been any interruption in the ventilation system, it might have allowed dangerous levels of gas to build up. It was exactly this line of speculation that the Pratt Consolidated [the mine's owner] moved to block. The question of responsibility for the disaster opened the issue of claims made by the families of the dead convicts. The Pratt Consolidated immediately attempted to clear itself of any hints of negligence. . .

Six days after the explosion, the last of the bodies was removed. The total of deaths, fluctuating up and down in the daily newspapers, was finally and officially stabilized at 128. The difficulties of counting had been compounded when so many parts of bodies had been recovered. Two whites and three blacks made up the five free men killed. There were ten whites among the 123 convicts who perished. . . .

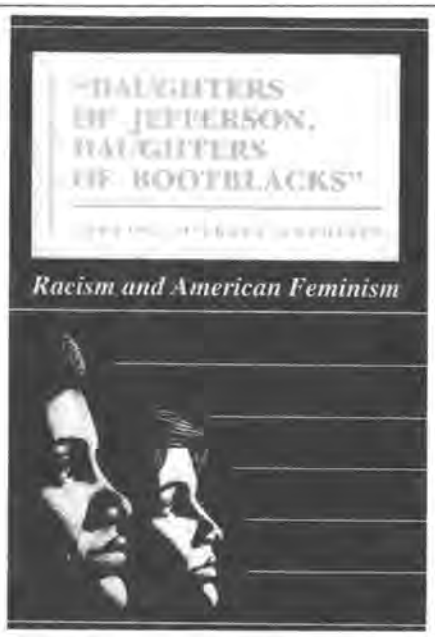
With the dead removed, it was announced that the Banner would be able to resume operation within ten days. This depended, however, not simply on making the necessary mine repairs but on the question of whether the counties would send in more convicts to resupply the labor force. That question would be answered according to the resolution of the conflicting pressures of material gain and the shock of public opinion. □

photo courtesy Birmingham Public Library Archives

A shaft at the Banner Mine.

Myths of True Womanhood

The Sins Of Our Mothers



"Daughters of Jefferson, Daughters of Bootblacks": Racism and American Feminism, by Barbara Hilkert Andolsen (Mercer University Press, June 1986), 130 pages, $21.95 (cloth), $12.95 (paper). Copyright © 1986, Mercer University Press.

THE HISTORY OF RACISM WITHIN THE AMERICAN FEMINIST MOVEMENT HELPS us to understand the magnitude of the moral challenge that faces contemporary white feminists as we struggle to overcome our own racism. To investigate this history is to learn that those of us who are white feminists, no matter how noble our original intentions, can claim no special moral power in the struggle against racism. In the early 1840s, an early generation of white feminists began their struggle for women's rights with the avowed intention of promoting human rights for blacks as well as whites. Yet many white women suffragists shared an ideology of white supremacy with the men they lived with and among and never held full social equality for blacks as a goal. By the end of the nineteenth century many white suffragists, functioning within a racist political system, found it to their own benefit to cooperate with racist social practices and to manipulate racist ideology.

Nineteenth-century white feminists were involved in a more subtle racism when they used the social myth of True Womanhood to bolster their demand for the ballot. These white feminists extolled the influence the virtuous, educated, cultivated homemaker and mother could wield if she possessed the vote. When white feminists used such images, tainted with class and race privilege, in an uncritical manner, they were ignoring the experience of black women. . . .

[Elizabeth Cady] Stanton's shift from a radical abolitionist stance to staunch support for educated suffrage illustrates the dominant movement within the woman suffrage movement on the race question, that is, from basic egalitarianism to overt Anglo-Saxon noblesse oblige. There were, of course, supporters of woman suffrage who fought such a shift. Frederick Douglass, Mary Church Terrell, William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Alice Blackwell, Ida B. Wells-Barnett, and others criticized racism within the movement. But it was women like Stanton, who accepted and acted upon the racist spirit of the time, who prevailed. . . .

■

STANTON'S INTEREST IN THE SUFFERING OF SLAVES WAS OF LONG STANDING. AS A YOUNG woman she had been deeply moved by the plight of a slave girl she had encountered in the home of her cousin, the prominent philanthropist and reform leader Gerrit Smith, whose home was a stop on the underground railroad. During her youth, Stanton was also touched by the misery of married women who were legal clients of her father. Some of those women had been deprived of property and even child custody by cruel or drunken husbands. Stanton used these youthful memories when she drew an analogy between the plight of slaves and married women. . . .

In a piece in *The Revolution*, Stanton contended that the laws governing married women in 1868 were as unjust as the slave codes of the Old South. In an editorial two months later she portrayed the parallel suffering of white women and black people. Neither blacks nor white women had a voice in government. Both groups heard the Bible quoted to justify their subjection to white masters. Both were denied access to professional training and practice. Both were used as objects to satisfy the white man's evil urges: black people were used to satisfy his avarice; women, his lust. Stanton failed, however, to observe that *black slave women* were used *both* as forced laborers and as sex objects by white masters. . . .

In the 1890s suffragists' attempts to organize Southern states on behalf of woman suffrage met with some limited success. Until that time the bitterness of white Southerners over the prominent role of early women's rights leaders in the abolitionist movement made suffrage organization in the South nearly impossible. Now suffrage leaders faced a new decision. Should they cooperate with and tacitly condone Southern segregation practices in order to attract white Southerners to their cause? Suffragists almost never debated this question openly. But a series of actions taken after 1890 reveals that white suffrage leaders chose to refrain from any chal-

lenge to Southern segregation practices in order to gain support from those white Southerners dedicated to the preservation of a white supremacist society.

Records of conventions of the National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA) between 1894 and 1910 reflect this policy of cooperation with racism. In 1894 the NAWSA held its first convention in the South — in Atlanta, Georgia. Although Frederick Douglass had been an honored guest at association meetings for many years, Susan B. Anthony personally asked him not to attend the Atlanta convention. She feared that white Southerners newly interested in woman suffrage would be repulsed by any show of "social equality" between white women and blacks.

Fear of "the lower orders of Chinese, Africans, and Irish"

At the 1899 national meeting a black delegate, Lottie Wilson Jackson, rose to propose the following resolution: "Be it resolved that colored women ought not to be compelled to ride in smoking cars, and that suitable accommodations should be provided for them." Jackson explained that black women who sought to travel in the South were often forced to ride in a segregated section of filthy smoking cars, even when they had paid for better accommodations. . . .

White Southern delegates opposed the resolution vigorously. They charged it was an inappropriate interference in the customs of one region of the country. . . . After heated debate, NAWSA members voted to table the resolution on the grounds that it was beyond the legitimate scope of a woman suffrage group. . . .

On some occasions suffrage leaders did more than passively cooperate with segregationists. Sometimes they utilized arguments for woman suffrage that were explicitly racist and nativist. They appealed in racial terms to the Anglo-Saxon males who controlled access to the ballot box.

Stanton feared the enfranchisement of black men (without accompanying full female suffrage) because she viewed "degraded" black men as even more prone to oppress women than were Saxon men. When she came into conflict with black men, her own feelings of superiority came to the fore. . . . As early as 1869 Stanton appealed to racial and ethnic prejudice when she urged, "American women of wealth, virtue and refinement, if you do not wish the lower orders of Chinese, Africans, Germans and Irish, with their low ideas of womanhood to make laws for you . . . demand that woman, too, shall be represented in the government." A few weeks later she reminded her readers that American women found it difficult enough "to bear the oppressions of their own Saxon Fathers, the best orders of manhood." Unless they obtained the suffrage, she warned, they were faced with the far more repulsive prospect of rule by "Patrick and Sambo and Hans and Yung Tung."

. . . In 1869 Frederick Douglass chided Stanton for exhibiting racial and class bias in an address: "There was in the address to which I allude, a sentiment in reference to employment and certain names, such as 'Sambo' and the gardener and the bootblack and the daughters of Jefferson and Washington. . . . I have asked what difference there is between the daughters of Jefferson and Washington and other daughters."

. . . White suffragists attempted to move Anglo-Saxon men to support suffrage for Anglo-Saxon women by drawing lurid contrasts between the political situation of white women and Native American men as well as white women and black men. . . . Descriptions by [Anna Howard] Shaw and [Carrie Chapman] Catt of Indians they observed while campaigning in South Dakota in 1890 perpetuated the notion that such men were less capable of self-government than were white women. Catt recoiled from the respect shown to the three Sioux delegates to the Republican convention. They appeared, she said, "with the moccasins still on their feet and their long dishevelled hair so full of inhabitants you could see them clear across the room."

. . .According to some white, native-born feminists, not only was it unfitting that uncivilized Native American men should vote while white American women did not, it was also unjust that the franchise should be extended to foreign-born men while it was withheld from native-born women. Throughout the 1890s Catt decried the wave of new immigration drawn increasingly from southern and eastern Europe. She expressed concern that immigrants in this period were coming from areas plagued with illiteracy, poverty, and crime. . . .

Native-born, black suffragists were not immune from resentment toward the foreign-born who seemed to have easy access to rights denied native-born blacks. . . . In her eloquent 1891 plea for Negro suffrage, Frances Ellen Watkins Harper voiced a negative, stereotypical view of immigrants as dangerous troublemakers. She insisted that blacks were not among the dynamite carrying, red banner waving anarchists threatening the nation. Blacks were loyal to the American flag. In return, the government should guarantee that "every *American-born* child shall be able to read upon its folds liberty for all and chains for none."

THE HISTORY OF RACISM WITHIN THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT HAS important implications for the contemporary feminist movement. The woman suffrage movement had a bold vision and noble principles. In its best moments it was a movement dedicated to the rights of black women, immigrant women, Native American women, working-class women, poor women — all women, not just economically privileged white women.

But this is also a story of a vision betrayed. For the white women who led this movement came to trade upon their privilege as the daughters (sisters, wives, and mothers) of powerful white men in order to gain for themselves some share of the political power those men possessed. They did not adequately identify ways in which that political power would not be equally accessible to poor women, immigrant women, and black women. As a group, white women suffrage leaders did not develop strategies to ensure that the access to the ballot box guaranteed in principle by the Nineteenth Amendment would become a reality for most black women.

In theological terms, a study of racism in the woman suffrage movement is a study of the enduring reality of human sinfulness. Human sin has been an important topic in feminist theology. Contemporary feminist theologians have challenged the inappropriate identification of women with evil. We have named

patriarchy as sin and have offered detailed descriptions of its multiple manifestations. We have probed women's complicity with our own oppressors. All of these lines of investigation are important and need to be pursued. However, feminist theologians have given less attention to other aspects of women's experience of sin. A careful analysis of racism in the woman suffrage movement provides an instructive case study of feminist sinfulness.

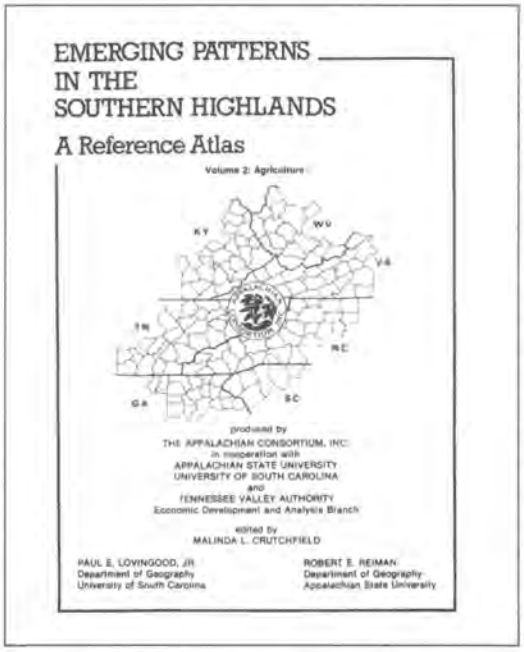
A review of the history of the woman suffrage movement demonstrates the importance of understanding sin as *both* individual wrongs and as perversions in social structures. Stanton had morally offensive attitudes toward persons of lesser education and "refinement" and she coupled those views with demeaning racial and ethnic stereotypes. Catt seems to have had strong fearful and negative attitudes toward Native Americans. Nonetheless, Stanton, Shaw, and Catt were also women of integrity who had genuine commitment to the struggle for the recognition of the rights of all women. In my judgment, these women did not passively condone Southern segregation practices and actively manipulate racist ideology solely, or even primarily, because of personal bad intentions. These white woman suffrage leaders made their strategic choices to use racist ideology to their own advantage within the context of a racist society that put intense political pressure upon them. In a racist society these women had severely limited choices. They did, however, have the option of actively resisting racism, although at the likely cost of a significant delay in obtaining woman suffrage.

Sin is not the only, or the final, theological word in response to the history of the woman suffrage movement. It is important also to speak about grace — the empowering of persons to change their orientation toward racism, to make a firm commitment to the struggle for racial justice, to develop new relationships characterized by mutual respect between black and white people, and to join in transforming social structures so that social institutions will sustain, not impede, mutuality. Grace empowers white women to examine critically the impact of our attitudes and actions on black persons; grace enriches white women with the wisdom to balance assertions of our own claims for justice with a commitment to do justice to others who suffer forms of oppression we do not share; grace strengthens white women to remain faithful to the long process of transforming sexist, racist, and classist structures. Grace is the basis for what Anna Julia Cooper called a "courageous, unwavering, stalwart heart."

The history of the woman suffrage movement also highlights the limitations of the myth of True Womanhood. An investigation of the limitations of the myth is important, because it is being revived in new ways by some contemporary feminists. Some feminists are asserting once again that women *as women* have a special moral sensitivity — one not shared by men. This new vision of the myth of True Womanhood could be dangerous to the extent that it obscures feminists' capacity for sin. To the extent that some white feminists come to believe that they are part of a female moral elite, they may be less self-critical on issues such as race.

In order for those who are white feminists to be self-critical of our racism, we must be part of communities in which we are held responsible for the impact of our actions on the black community. The severing of ties between the black freedom movement and the women's movement during the Reconstruction period left too many nineteenth-century white feminists without structures of accountability on racial issues. After the American Equal Rights Association collapsed, leaders of the National Woman Suffrage Association and its successor (NAWSA) were no longer a part of larger structures in which black women and men could critique their actions as peers. . . . Incidents such as the defeat of the resolution calling for adequate railroad car accommodations for black women seem to demonstrate that many white feminists were ignorant of or unconcerned about the special burdens of black feminists who were subject to both racism and sexism. White, middle- and upper-class feminists appear to have held a largely unexamined assumption that what benefited them would automatically benefit other less socially privileged women. The Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution passed, but it did little to ensure a voice in government for large numbers of black women. In the late twentieth century, there is still a strong risk that many white feminists will remain ignorant about the experiences and priorities of black feminists and that white feminists will devise strategies too limited to contribute to the liberation of all women.□

Small Farms Of the Highlands



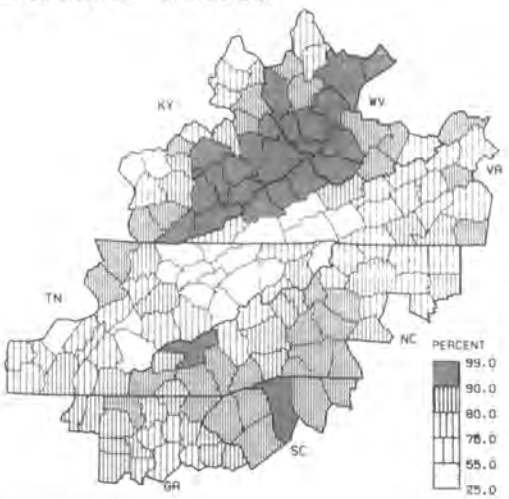
***Emerging Patterns in the Southern Highlands: A Reference Atlas, Volume II — Agriculture**, by Paul E. Lovingood, Jr. and Robert E. Reiman (Appalachian Consortium, Inc., January 1987), 163 pages, $5 (paper). Copyright © 1987, Appalachian Consortium, Inc.*

SMALL FARMERS HAVE BEEN AN ELEMENTAL PART OF THE FABRIC of the Highlands culture and economy. Small farms continue to be important to this region because they build community and promote a democratic, less corporate political base. Clearly it is important that national policy shift towards encouraging the economic viability of small-scale farms. Even in terms of national security, it is important to maintain the viability of small farms as they relate to a dependable, national food supply. Small-scale food production means decentralized, independent systems of production which are not so dependent on huge machines, large energy input, and extensive transportation requirements.

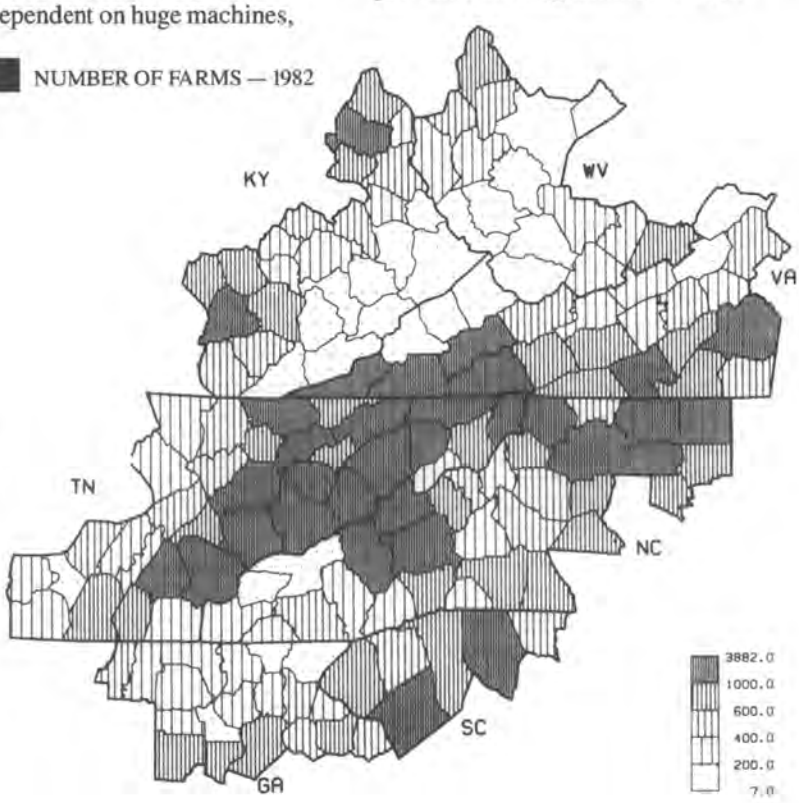
In Wendell Berry's words, "There are, to be sure, urgent political and cultural arguments for the preservation of the small farm. . . . But perhaps it is most necessary now to insist upon its *practical* justification: the overwhelming likelihood that its survival is indispensable to a sound, durable agriculture and a dependable food supply."

For many southern Appalachian residents, part-time farming provides a substantial supplement to their yearly income. Also many families depend on being able to raise a good deal of their annual food supply. Loss of farmland in the region, therefore, is affecting not only full-time farming families but also part-time farming families as well.

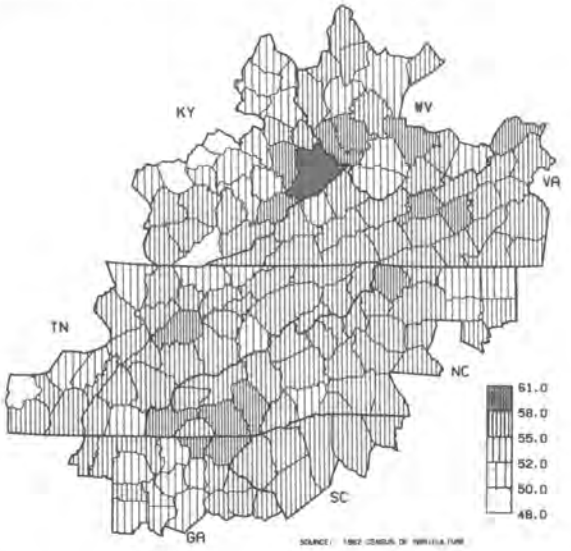
PERCENT DECREASE IN NUMBER OF FARMS — 1945 TO 1982



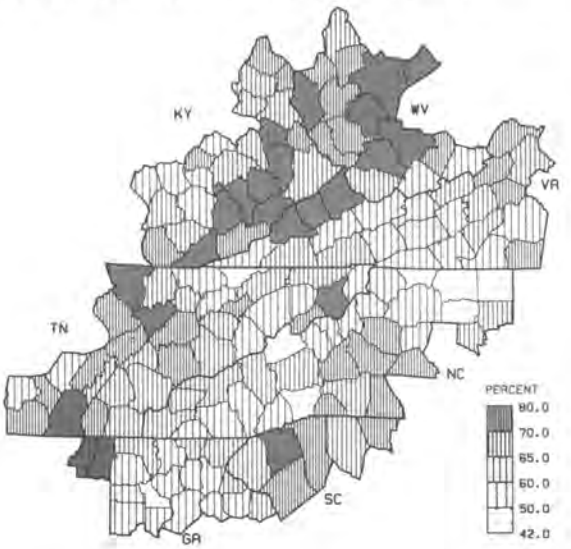
NUMBER OF FARMS — 1982



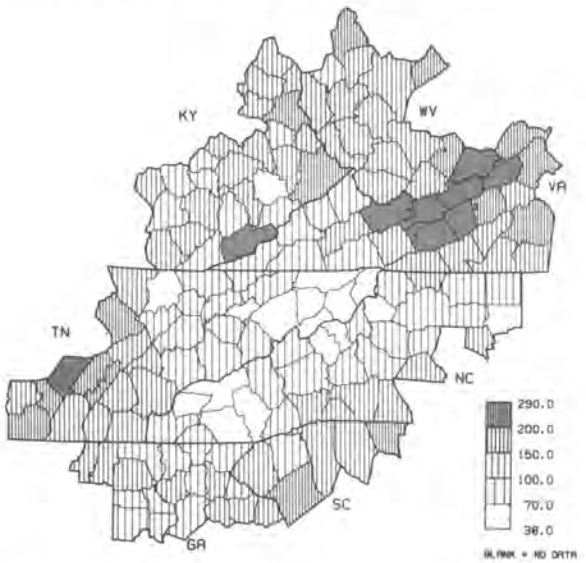
AVERAGE AGE OF FARM OPERATORS — 1982



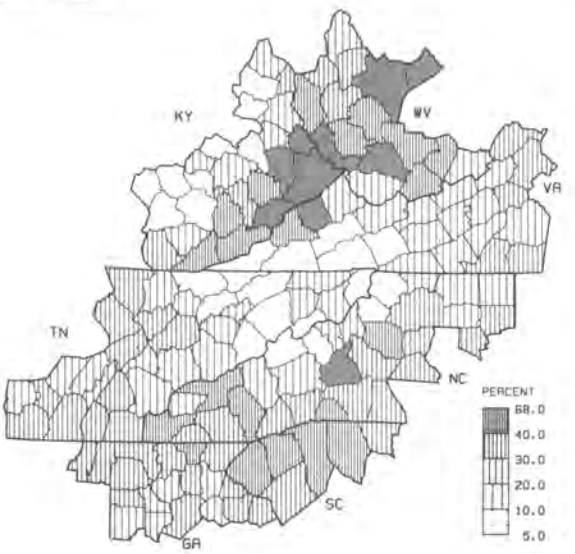
PERCENT OF FARM OPERATORS WHOSE PRINCIPAL OCCUPATION IS OTHER THAN FARMING — 1982



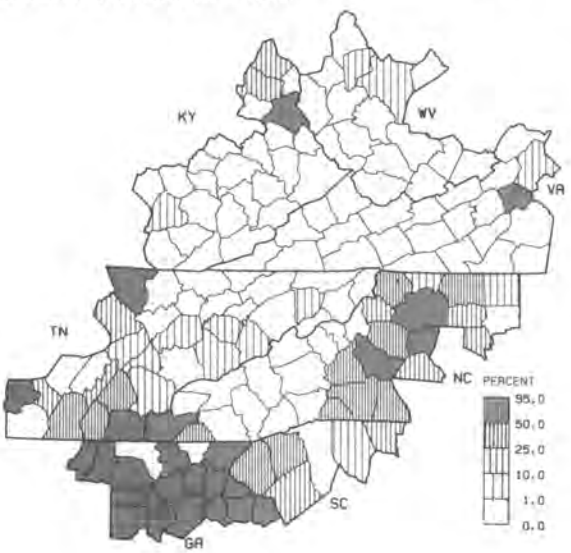
AVERAGE SIZE FARM IN ACRES — 1982



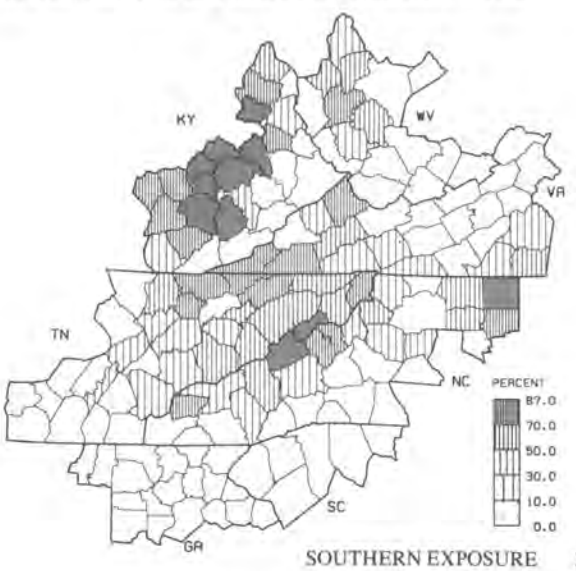
PERCENT OF TOTAL FARMS WITH SALES LESS THAN $1000 — 1982



PERCENT OF TOTAL SALES FROM POULTRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS — 1982



PERCENT OF TOTAL SALES FROM TOBACCO — 1982



Grease Boys & Girl Shuckers

***Lewis Hine: Photographs of Child Labor in the New South**, edited by John R. Kemp (University Press of Mississippi, April 1986), 108 pages, $19.95 (cloth). Copyright © 1986, University Press of Mississippi. Photographs from the Edward L. Bafford Photography Collection, University of Maryland (Baltimore) Library.*

FROM 1908 TO 1916, LEWIS WICKES HINE PHOTOGRAPHED CHILDREN AT work as part of a national effort to document, expose, and eliminate child labor in the New South and throughout the country. The photographs in this book tell the story of Hine's personal, often emotional, encounter with ignorance, poverty, brutality, and human degradation. . . .

Lewis Hine was born the son of a coffeeshop owner in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, in 1874. He moved to New York to teach school in 1901, but he soon turned to photography. In 1904, he joined a project to photograph newly arriving immigrants at Ellis Island. His photographs of those wide-eyed, frightened, but hopeful faces have become important historical documents of the era. Like New York police reporter Jacob Riis, who photographed New York slums in the 1890s, Hine understood that photographs could be a valuable tool for social reform. By 1907 he had gained a solid reputation among social reformers for his dramatic photographs at Ellis Island and for work appearing in *Charities and Commons*, a New York weekly dedicated to social reform. . . .

His work came to the attention of the National Child Labor Committee, which hired Hine in 1906 or early 1907 to work part time photographing the daily lives of the workers who inhabited the tenements of New York. In August 1908 he began working full time, at $100 a month, photographing the industries of the South, where the committee had been founded and where most of its efforts were spent. . . .

By September 1909 Hine had taken more than 800 photographs of textile mill workers in the South and New England, of workers in tobacco and seafood-packing plants in the Gulf States, in canneries along the Atlantic coast, and in coal mines, glassworks, and other industries in the Mid-Atlantic region. During his 11 years with the NCLC, he traveled more than 12,000 miles around the country, photographing what one writer called the nation's "evil and hidden purity." During these most critical and successful years for the committee, Hine photographed the "grease boys" who oiled machinery in the coal mines, the "carrying boys" in the glassworks, the boys and girls who rolled cigars, and the newsboys and messengers in the tenderloin districts of New Orleans, Dallas, Birmingham, and other Southern cities. . . .

By 1912 all Southern states had enacted statutes regulating working hours and wages for children, but the laws, which varied from state to state, favored the manufacturers. In the textile states, for example, a worker had to be at least 12 and could work no more than 64 hours a week. Such regulations were far less stringent than the prevailing standards in the rest of the country, and many states failed to enforce even the lax laws on the books.

In 1912 the NCLC was instrumental in persuading the United States Department of Commerce to create the United States Children's Bureau, which was charged with investigating working conditions and mobilizing public opinion against child labor. That same year the committee turned its lobbying efforts to Congress, hoping for a national solution to the problem. In 1916 Congress managed to pass a child labor law against opposition that came chiefly from the South, which stood on the doctrine of states' rights; but two years later the Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional. Efforts then centered on a constitutional amendment.

In 1924, after two years of debate, Congress submitted a child labor amendment to the states for ratification. Again, the South led the opposition, and the amendment died after a ten-year battle. Federal regulation of child labor did not succeed until 1938, when Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the Fair Labor Standards Act. . . .

In the spring of 1911 and 1916, Hine traveled along the Gulf Coast, investigating child labor conditions in the oyster and shrimp canneries in Bayou La Batre, Alabama; the Mississippi towns of Pass Christian, Biloxi, and Bay St. Louis; and Dunbar, Louisiana. In a series of reports and articles, Hine claimed that these canneries exploited immigrant children more than any other industry.

Young cigarmakers in Englehardt & Company, Tampa, Florida January 1909

Oyster shuckers brought from Baltimore to Dunbar, Louisiana March 1911

Georgia Cotton Mill Janaury 1909

Young spinner in Yazoo City, Mississippi May 1911

Doffers and sweepers at Ivey Mill Company, Hickory, North Carolina November 1908

He found thousands of Polish and Bohemian immigrants who had been hired by bosses, or "padrones," in Baltimore and other Southern cities and shipped by train to the Gulf Coast. They worked most of the year, either picking berries or following the oyster and shrimp seasons. As one padrone said: "I keep 'em a-workin' all the year. In the winter, bring 'em down here to the Gulf. In the summer, take 'em to the berry fields of Maryland and Delaware. They didn't lose many weeks' time, but I have a hard time to get 'em sometimes. Have to tell 'em all kinds of lies."

In Macon, Hine met L.J. Kilburn, at one time an important figure in Georgia's child labor reform movement, who told him child labor conditions in Macon were "the best in the South." Hine brushed aside the booster rhetoric and told Kilburn that photographs of child laborers in Macon mills "would give the lie to such a statement." In the face of Hine's evidence, the Georgian backed down. "Child labor reform is a great joke," he said, reflecting the frustration of his earlier efforts. "I worked night and day for years trying to do something that would result in some kind of reform, but I had to give it up. We cannot fight the money of the mill men."

In Birmingham, Hine visited the Avondale Mill, which was owned by Governor Comer. He introduced himself to the foreman as a postcard photographer and salesman. While waiting to see the mill manager, who was the governor's son, Hine sneaked into the factory through a back door and photographed the lint-covered children. After he got what he wanted, he returned to the office to meet the manager. At first young Comer did not want the workers photographed. They are "dirty" and "not very pretty" he said. But when Hine dismissed these objections, Comer's real reason came out: "There are persons who come around getting material for an Anti-Cotton-Mill crusade."

On January 2, 1914, a reporter from the *New York Sun*, who had been accompanying President Woodrow Wilson on his tour of the Gulf Coast, described the president's visit to a Pass Christian cannery. With photographers and newsmen buzzing around him, the president decided to tour one of the canning factories. "He saw children 7 and 8 years old, working their ten-hour shift in steam and blustering wind, their little hands sore and bleeding from the action of the acrid juices and brine. The President started to take a walk through the oyster packing plant, but a whiff of the noisome steam struck him and he retired to the motor car." The president's motorcade moved on, and the shuckers continued at their tables. □

Newberry, South Carolina December 1908

A greaser in Bessie Mine, Alabama November 1910

Regressive
Plutocracy

The End Of Democracy

Southern Capitalism: The Political Economy of North Carolina, 1880-1980, by Phillip J. Wood (Duke University Press, September 1986), 272 pages, $37.50 (cloth), $12.95 (paper). Copyright © 1986, Duke University Press.

THE PERIOD BETWEEN RECONSTRUCTION AND THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

[in North Carolina] was dominated as much by class struggle at the level of the State as at the point of production. Until the 1890s capital was able, within certain limits, to maintain control of the State. During the 1890s, however, an interracial coalition opposed to the domination of planter-industrial capital and the process of proletarianization captured the State, threatening to undermine the social and political basis of capital accumulation.

This threat was averted by capital between 1898 and 1900 in a series of moves that redefined the social, political, and legal limits of political practice and the role of the State, limits that lasted at least until the passage of the 1965 Voting Rights Act. . . .

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FROM 1870 TO THE EARLY 1890s, THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY RULED

North Carolina in the interests of capital. The economic and racial policies of the post-Reconstruction Democrats provided a fertile soil for local textile capital and for attracting external capital. As a result, [writes Helen Edmonds], "the industrial growth of North Carolina in the 1880s and 1890s was reflected in the growth of the Democratic party, into whose ranks came many lawyers, textile mill-owners, and railroad magnates. While the leadership of the party was not captured by the industrial or capitalist element until the 1890s, its presence gave the party in the 1880s a 'procorporation' attitude which was further enhanced by 'machine' politics."

Throughout this period the relationship between State and capital was a symbiotic one. Party leaders and public officials, who were for the most part large landowners, often also held free rail travel passes, served as lobbyists and legal counsels for railroads, textile companies, and other corporations, and frequently held stock in these businesses. Far from adopting a laissez-faire attitude to capitalist development, the Democratic State intervened aggressively to facilitate proletarianization, labor control, and low wages. A laissez-faire attitude was adopted only in areas where the possibility of regulation existed. On the major national labor issues of the late nineteenth century — railroad regulation, the control of monopolies, and the limitation of the working day and child labor, as well as on the "local" social and economic consequences of proletarianization — the State was inactive. . . .

Despite Democratic efforts to reorganize political conflict around the issue of white solidarity, the influence of the class struggle continued to be felt in a number of ways. The most significant and most enduring source of opposition to the domination of capital through the Democratic party came from upland white farmers in the western part of the state, who were traditionally Republican and hostile to the power of the planters. In addition, the Republicans were able to maintain the allegiance of large numbers of blacks who were being proletarianized. [J. Morgan] Kousser has estimated that 60 percent of adult black males voted Republican in the gubernatorial elections of 1880, while only 17 percent voted Democratic and 14 percent abstained. For 1884 the estimates are 74 percent, 20 percent, and two percent, respectively. As a result, between 1880 and 1896 Democrats were never able to win more than 54 percent of the vote in gubernatorial elections. . . .

The struggles arising from the process of class formation also generated political conflicts within the Democratic party. During the late 1880s, as conditions in agriculture deteriorated, a number of insurgent farmers' organizations emerged as pressure groups within the Democratic party. The Farmers' Association, a network of local clubs within a statewide network, had some success with this strategy, when in 1887 they were able to persuade the state legislature to create an agricultural college. In the industrializing Piedmont region, the association was both challenged and stimulated in 1887 by the Knights of Labor, who sought support from both black and white farmers for an independent political strategy. Such a

strategy was defeated, however, when the Democrats charged that the Knights were dominated by Republicans and blacks, causing many white farmers to withdraw their support.

In January 1888, the Farmers' Association was absorbed by the Farmers' Alliance, a more aggressive organization that advocated cooperation in marketing and supply as a means to counter the effects of the lien system and falling commodity prices, and which appealed predominantly to the interests of smaller planters, white yeoman farmers, and the more stable tenants. Neither the most impoverished tenants and sharecroppers nor the larger planters were recruited, nor were blacks. The alliance provided aid to blacks in establishing a Colored Alliance, but contacts between the two organizations remained limited. . . .

Bankers, railroad officials, manufacturers and newspaper editors closed ranks against the Populists.

Constrained politically by the state's racial practices, the white insurgent coalition that emerged was composed of class factions whose contradictory positions in the process of production outweighed their (sometimes) common interest in changes in the credit system, tariff policy, freight rates, marketing, and electoral politics. Further, because the Colored Alliance was composed largely of tenants and croppers, racial and economic cleavages overlapped, making cooperation between the two organizations doubly difficult.

. . . Despite an expanded Democratic effort to restrict voting by illiterates and to brand the Populists as traitors to white supremacy, the Democrats failed to enforce party and racial discipline in the 1892 elections. Although turnout declined from 85.7 percent in 1888 to 78.4 percent in 1892 and the Democrats won both houses of the legislature and the governorship, the Populists (with 17.1 percent) and Republicans (with 33.4 percent) accounted for a majority of the votes cast.

This warning was ignored by the Democrats, who continued to ostracize the dissenting farmers after 1892. In a context of collapsing prices and a speedup in the process of proletarianization caused by the Panic of 1893, the Democrats refused to address farmers' grievances and continued their policies to aid capital. In addition, they amended the alliance's charter to prohibit its cooperative business activities.

For the 1894 elections the Populists negotiated a cooperative agreement with the Republicans. Both parties supported a single ticket on which both were represented, both would share public offices, and both would stand on a common platform of reforms in tax laws, election laws, county self-government, a nonpartisan judiciary, and expansion of public services. The Democratic platform consisted exclusively of national issues and the commitment to white supremacy. The "Fusion" coalition won virtually all the elected state and congressional offices and won control of both houses of the legislature by large majorities. In 1896, using the same strategy, the Fusionists again won both houses. In addition, the Republican party elected a governor in a race in which all three parties nominated their own candidates.

Many of the Fusion reforms of the 1890s repeated those of the Reconstruction period. The registration law of 1889, which discriminated against illiterate voters, was repealed and replaced with what J. Morgan Kousser considers to be the fairest and most democratic election law in the post-Reconstruction South. This law provided for election judges, nominated by each party, to monitor vote counting; a voting place for every 350 voters to prevent deliberate counting delays; limited registrars' powers to make disqualification of voters more difficult; and it placed the burden of proof on the challenger in case of vote challenges. To facilitate voting by illiterates, the 1895 law allowed colored ballots and party symbols on ballot papers. As a result, compared with 1892, turnout in 1896 rose by 49,696 votes, of which only 9,767 went to the Democrats. Black turnout increased from 64 percent to 87 percent. Fusion majorities in both houses were increased. Despite population increases, the 1896 turnout figure was not exceeded until women voted in 1920.

Second, the 1875 county government law was repealed and replaced by a system that returned the selection of county officials and justices of the peace to local electorates. Once again, local political control and the enforcement of the lien laws was jeopardized. In eastern counties with large black populations, blacks gained political office in some cases.

Third, public services were again expanded. State appropriations for public schools were increased by 20 cents per $100 property value, a 60-cent poll tax, and a further state allocation. Between 1896 and 1900 the proportion of state funds going to black schools increased by six percentage points. . . .

Fourth, to reduce farmer indebtedness, the legal rate of interest was reduced from eight to six percent per annum. The alliance's business charter was restored, and property in the state was revalued upward to increase the tax base. The powers of the state Railroad Commission were enlarged. . . .

The Fusion governments of 1895 and 1897 failed to implement their more polemical and radical promises, such as the breakup of trusts, large banks, and railroad monopolies. Yet the significant political and social reforms that were carried out, their consequences with respect to political mobilization, and the fact that such issues as public ownership became the subject of political discussion were sufficient to galvanize capital in North Carolina into opposition. In this opposition, capital was aided by the growing fragility of the Fusion coalition. Disputes about the distribution of patronage and the election of a U.S. senator in 1897 increased the frictions caused by contradictory class interests within the coalition. . . .

It is clear that the main reason for the Democrats' narrow 52.8 percent majority in 1898 lay elsewhere. Threatened by the Fusion reforms, and the rhetoric of Governor Russell, capital solidified in support of the Democrats. The Democrats in turn campaigned in 1898 on a platform that consciously attempted to combine the appeal to white supremacy in response to the threat of "Negro domination" with policies to facilitate capital accumulation, while simultaneously proposing education expansion, action against governmental corruption, and the popular election of U.S. senators in order to bid for Populist support. . . .

Furnifold Simmons, the North Carolina State Democratic chairman,

sent former Governor T.J. Jarvis to secretly visit bankers, railroad officials, and manufacturers to solicit funds and other aid in return for a promise that taxes on capital would not be increased for at least two years.

. . . Business interests also participated in other aspects of the campaign. The Red Shirt clubs, which were responsible for large-scale intimidation of both black and white voters in the eastern half of the state (and, in Wilmington, for a full-scale local "revolution" that overthrew the legally constituted city government, caused large numbers of blacks to leave the city, and left ten blacks dead) were "composed of respectable and well-to-do farmers, bankers, school teachers and merchants — in many cases the best men in the community."

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FOLLOWING THE 1898 VICTORY, THE DEMOCRATS MOVED TO UNDO THE reforms enacted by the previous two Fusion legislatures. County government was again turned over to the general assembly, allowing it to revert to control of capital at the local level. In order to placate former insurgent farmers, the legislature appropriated $100,000 for public schools, made the commissioner of agriculture an elective office, and replaced the Railroad Commission with a three-man corporation commission empowered to supervise railroads, banks, telephone and telegraph companies, street railways, and express companies. The commission's three members were to be appointed by the governor.

More important, however, the Democrats realized that the degree of political control necessary for continued capital accumulation could not be guaranteed given the existing political structure. Their experiences since the Civil War demonstrated the fragility of political control in a situation in which significant white Republican support continued in the western part of the state, and in which blacks continued to be able to vote. Democratic policies could not serve as a basis to attract the votes of black tenants and sharecroppers, and electoral manipulation and white supremacy had been shown to be an unsure basis for control in the depressed conditions of the 1880s and 1890s.

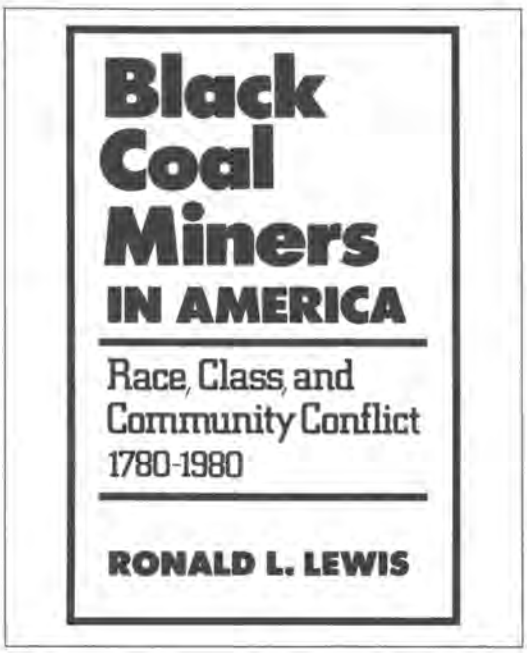
Therefore, in order to obtain the necessary degree of control, the Democrats moved to eliminate blacks permanently from North Carolina politics. Josephus Daniels, editor of the *Raleigh News and Observer* and a major figure in the 1898 white supremacy campaign, was sent to seek advice from other Southern states that had responded to the farmers' revolt by disenfranchising black voters. The 1899 legislature subsequently passed a constitutional amendment containing requirements that any applicant for voter registration must have paid his poll tax and must be able to read or write any section of the state constitution. A "grandfather clause" [was] included to strengthen the white supremacist interpretation of disenfranchisement. . . .

The Democratic candidate for governor in 1900, C. B. Aycock, branded opponents of the amendment as "public enemies," and the Red Shirts openly intimidated voters of both races. Alfred M. Waddell, a former Democratic congressman from Wilmington, told an election eve crowd to "go to the polls tomorrow, and if you find the Negro out voting, tell him to leave the polls, and if he refuses, kill him, shoot him down in his tracks."

Compared with 1898 the Fusionist vote fell by 25 percent in 1900, its support virtually disappearing in areas of black concentration. Total turnout fell from 85.4 percent in 1896 to 74.6 percent. The disenfranchising amendment was approved by 59 percent of those who voted. . . . County votes for the amendment were positively correlated (0.41) with county per capita white wealth. For every increase of $1,000 in white per capita wealth, there was a 12.4 percent increase in the white vote for the amendment.

The exclusion of black workers from political participation allowed plantation capital in North Carolina to strengthen its control over the black labor force. . . . Between 1870 and 1900 almost 50 percent of skilled workers in Greensboro, North Carolina, were black. They included brickmakers, carpenters, foundry workers, and railway employees. After 1900, however, blacks were progressively excluded from these occupations. In lumber, woodworking, and furniture factories, black labor was replaced with white agricultural labor. White women replaced blacks in the tobacco industry. The local office of the Southern Railway Company fired all black conductors, engineers, and firemen. By 1910 not a single black was listed as a factory worker.

The Battle for Blair Mountain



***Black Coal Miners in America: Race, Class, and Community Conflict, 1780-1980**, by Ronald L. Lewis (The University Press of Kentucky, July 1987), 231 pages, $25 (cloth). Copyright © 1987, The University Press of Kentucky.*

EVEN THOUGH RACIAL LINES WERE NOT SO STRINGENTLY ENFORCED IN WEST VIRGINIA as they were in the Deep South, or even in neighboring central Appalachia, social life in the Mountain State was segregated by custom and management design. Nevertheless, race relations *were* unique. Perhaps the key to understanding the distinctive qualities of race relations in southern West Virginia was the freedom of expression enjoyed by blacks. Only in education and intermarriage was integration specifically barred by statute. Unlike its Appalachian neighbors, West Virginia did not disenfranchise blacks, and they continued to enjoy full political equality. . . .

Afro-Americans took full advantage of this political freedom. Their enthusiasm for politics left the prominent black politician and Charleston attorney T.G. Nutter to conclude in 1924 that "the Negro is the balance of power in this State and this fact is recognized by the two great parties." Consequently, Nutter wrote, "in no other section of the country does the Negro wield the power and enjoy the political prestige" he had in West Virginia. Although Nutter exaggerated, it is true that blacks were a political force to be reckoned with in the Southern part of the state. Since they were staunchly Republican until the New Deal era, blacks exerted considerable influence in the party's local machinery. . . .

Afro-Americans held such offices as state librarian, state supervisor of rural schools, and director of the Bureau of Negro Welfare and Statistics. Three blacks sat in the House of Delegates in 1912, two in 1921, and one in 1923. They were neither the first (the first was Christopher Payne who was elected in 1896 from Fayette County) nor the last. At least one Afro-American held a prominent position in every department of the state government. At the local level, blacks served as city councilmen, justices, deputy sheriffs, postmasters, and clerks.

McDowell County was frequently referred to as the "black county of West Virginia." There, Afro-Americans made up 34.1 percent of the 17,200 total male population of voting age in 1910, and they were the best organized bloc in the state. Of this total, native whites represented 7,172; foreign-born whites, 4,196; and blacks, 5,883. Of the foreign white population, not more than 250 were naturalized citizens, and few of them actually voted. Moreover, a smaller percentage of native whites exercised the franchise than did blacks. Blacks were politically very active through the McDowell County Colored Republican Organization, which had organized clubs in nearly every town in the county. The organization itself was run by a black deputy sheriff. With approximately 7,000 whites splitting their votes between Democrats and Republicans and with blacks solidly Republican, the 6,000 black voters were the decisive element in the county electoral process. For example, when the white incumbent mayor of Keystone ran for reelection in 1914, he was supported by the local black Republican organization. When the votes were counted, he had defeated his opponent 351 to 284. Inasmuch as blacks cast at least 225 of the votes, the mayor clearly owed them his election. . . .

Dual school systems were expensive to operate, but blacks did not suffer from underfunding in West Virginia as they did in Southern and border states. Because all teachers were paid on the basis of qualifications rather than race and because teaching was one of the few professions open to a significant number of Afro-Americans, a higher percentage of talented youths were channeled into that career. Consequently, black teachers tended to possess higher qualifications as a group and, therefore, to receive higher average salaries than whites. West Virginia also spent more per pupil for black students ($111.47) than for white students ($100.63). In 1913-1914 the two black colleges were being operated for only 5.3 percent of the state's population, but they received 18 percent of total state appropriations for higher education.

The children of black miners took advantage of the educational opportunities available to them. In 1910 nearly 80 percent of the black children between ages six and 14 in McDowell County attended school, as compared with 75 percent of native-white children in the same age

bracket. By 1930 a larger percentage of black youths attended high school than in any other Southern or border state. Similarly, in 1933-34, 94 of every thousand blacks between ages 18 and 21 were enrolled in public colleges, whereas the ratio for whites was only 53 per thousand. In the 17 Southern and border states which maintained dual systems of education, the enrollment for blacks in public colleges was 12 per thousand. . . .

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BLACK MINERS MAY HAVE ACHIEVED AN APPROXIMATE EQUALITY WITH THEIR white counterparts in southern West Virginia, but the coal companies extended their feudal power over blacks and whites alike. The UMWA offered the only alternative source of institutional power in a political order so thoroughly dominated by the coal interests.

By the end of World War I southern West Virginia operators would lock horns with a people unified by a class consciousness which at least temporarily rendered race and nationality insignificant to the larger cause. Details regarding the role of black miners in the mine wars of Mingo and Logan counties between 1919 and 1921 are as elusive to document as in the Paint and Cabin creeks wars of 1912-1913. Whatever their precise numbers, however, blacks certainly played a major role in both conflicts.

The Mingo and Logan round in the seemingly endless cycle of violence in the West Virginia coalfields began in September 1919, when the UMWA called for a national shutdown of the mines in an effort to regain wages lost during World War I. West Virginia miners refused to comply with a federal injunction prohibiting the strike, and before long the dispute degenerated into guerrilla warfare between miners and company gunmen. Nowhere in the state or, for that matter, in the entire region did the conflict equal the scale it assumed in the nonunion bastions of Mingo and Logan counties, where 13,000 miners dug coal under the rule of company gunmen. UMWA organizers saw the area as crucial, believing that they must establish a solid organization in Mingo and Logan before a drive to enlist the miners in southernmost West Virginia or across the Tug River in eastern Kentucky could possibly succeed.

By May 1920, half of the 4,000 miners in Mingo County had joined the UMWA, but they were summarily discharged and forced to move into UMWA tent colonies. Then, on May 19, eleven Baldwin-Felts guards arrived at the independent town of Matawan on their way to evict union stikers from company houses. When the gunmen attempted to board a train, however, they were intercepted by the Matawan mayor and Chief of Police Sid Hatfield. Hatfield had been a coal miner and UMWA member, and both men sympathized with the miners. The exact sequence of events remains unclear, but when the shooting ended, the mayor, two strikers, and seven guards lay dead. Among the dead gunmen were Albert and Lee Felts, brothers of Tom Felts, co-owner of the hated agency that bore his name. "Two-gun Sid" Hatfield, who was credited with their deaths, became a folk hero among the miners, but Baldwin-Felts men marked him for revenge. Hatfield was indicted, but he would never see the courtroom, for on August 1, 1921, he and another defendant were assassinated by two Baldwin-Felts gunmen on the courthouse steps in broad daylight. Even though the two Matawan officials were murdered before a crowd of witnesses, the gunmen were acquitted on the grounds of self-defense.

Such brutality infuriated and further radicalized coal miners throughout southern West Virginia. If anything, Logan was worse than Mingo. There, Sheriff Don Chafin manipulated all local elections to ensure that only those whom he controlled were elected to office. In turn, Chafin was on the payroll of the coal operators to the tune of $32,700 per year to guarantee that the county and its residents were subservient to the interests of the companies. The coal companies owned or controlled all social institutions, and professionals or independent shopkeepers dared not run afoul of the coal establishment on penalty of being run out of the county or beaten by Chafin's gunmen. In fact, a company-maintained private guard system constituted the only police force in Logan County, and that force was designed to do one thing: keep Logan County nonunion. A single railroad served Logan, the only incorporated town in the county, and Chafin's gunmen patrolled the depot around-the-clock for strangers who might be union organizers.

Blacks represented a large proportion of the 9,000 miners in Logan County, numbering 1,752 in 1920 and 2,068 in 1921. That number increased to 3,022 in 1922, reflecting the importation of nonunion Afro-Americans during the strike. In 1923 their numbers fell to 2,415, about one-quarter of the work force. "Chafin justice" was not discriminatory, and these black miners were as oppressed as their white counterparts. . . .

A black minister, the Reverend Alfred Eubanks, who was friendly to the UMWA cause, delivered a pro-union speech to his flock one Saturday night, and a spy quickly informed the "high sheriff" of Logan County. The next morning on his way to church the minister was attacked and pistol-whipped by a deputy sheriff and two strangers. Eubanks was then charged with resisting arrest and received the usual fine and jail sentence. Such treatment was not reserved for professionals, however. On one occasion, Logan company guards reportedly "stood two negro citizens against a box car and riddled them with bullets." [The *United Mine Workers Journal* further reported that] during the organizing drive the operators' hired thugs also beat hundreds of workers into insensibility, and "slugged negro women in the public highways, evidence of which has been presented to the governor by sworn affidavits."

As early as November 1919 Kanawha County miners, black and white, were ready to arm themselves to put an end to this mockery of democratic government. A rumor circulated that month that Logan gunmen were beating and killing the organizers sent into the county by UMWA district president Frank Keeney, and almost overnight approximately 4,000 armed miners gathered near Marmet to prepare for a march against Logan County. Governor John Cornwell hastened to the encampment to plead with the men to disband and avoid bloodshed. From a platform, Governor Cornwell stated that the gunman system had been implemented before his time, and he promised to do everything in his power to eradicate it.

The men had grown weary of such promises, however, for experience had taught them otherwise. When the governor finished his speech, according to one participant in the event, a "burly Negro said to him, 'Mr. Governor, you made a nice speech, we likes yo' talk, but it don' mean nothin,' and I'se erfraid you done lose.' " His remark apparently expressed the sentiments of the entire gathering for it was greeted with much applause. Keeney finally persuaded the men to return to their homes, and thus ended the first march on Logan. It is

photo courtesy Regional History Collection, WV University

A motorman in West Virginia mine, 1950s.

probable that many other black miners were at this gathering, for the labor force in the Marmet area was 50 percent native white, 30 percent black, and 20 percent foreign-born.

The second march on Logan was precipitated by the assassination of Sid Hatfield on August 1, 1921, and it would lead to far more dramatic consequences than the first. For the miners, his murder at the hands of company gunmen, and their unseemly quick release, constituted irrefutable evidence that the companies had destroyed the last vestige of legitimate authority. The miners had long since abandoned the political system as a means of protecting their rights because of its complete domination by the coal interests. There was little left for them to do but fight.

Between August 20 and 23, 1921, thousands of armed miners once again converged near Marmet. Estimates of how many blacks joined the second march to "free Logan" vary considerably. The director of the West Virginia Bureau of Negro Welfare claimed that "less than 200 Negroes took part in the march, while on the other hand more than 500 Negroes in Mercer, McDowell, Mingo and Logan counties volunteered their service to go to the battle line and repel the invaders." But it is likely that the bureau was attempting to defuse the issue to prevent a wedge from entering between the employers and black miners, or the bureau itself, which faithfully followed the Booker T. Washington line on industrial relations. Reporter Heber Blankenhorn probably was more accurate when he estimated that one-quarter of the 8,000 men who gathered at Marmet were blacks.

After several days the miners slowly began to move toward Logan, their ranks swelling with each mile until they numbered between 15,000 and 20,000. Many joined the marchers temporarily to "get in a lick" against the "gun-thug" system before retiring to the safety of their homes. The march was better organized than might be expected from the diversity of its makeup. There were doctors, nurses, and hospital facilities for the miners' army, and about 2,000 of the marchers were World War I veterans who set patrols, drilled and used passwords as a precaution against infiltration by company spies. Trenches were dug at Blair Mountain, the high ridge which formed the western border of Logan County, and the last physical barrier obstructing the marchers' approach. Here too Chafin deployed hundreds of his gunmen, as well as others whom he either bribed or pressed into service at the point of a revolver. "Pinhead" Jones, a black miner living at Logan, remembered that Chafin offered to pay him to fight, but Jones was frightened and "just hid out all that week."

The battle raged for more than a week. The miners were more numerous by at least ten to one, but the Logan gunmen were better equipped, better trained, and had a more centralized command structure. The guards also had machine gun nests on high ground, operator money, a limitless supply of ammunition, and small aircraft for dropping hand bombs. More importantly, the federal government was on their side. By September 1, 1921, the marchers controlled half of the long ridge, but they would never liberate Logan, for President Warren G. Harding dispatched 2,500 federal troops to the scene to interdict the marchers. Disappointed, the men slowly dispersed and returned to their homes. They could fight the operators' gunmen, but the miners were patriots, and they refused to bear arms against the federal government.

The number of people who died in the battle for Blair Mountain has never been authenticated. Neither side in the conflict ever revealed the number of deaths or casualties, and of course, no one was charged with tabulating battlefield statistics. A reporter for the *Baltimore Evening Sun* estimated that 100 Chafin men and ten miners lost their lives. His estimate was based on the word of eyewitnesses, one of them a black miner who claimed that he had observed truckloads of dead "constabularies" returning from the battle zone. At least two black marchers were either killed or seriously wounded. . . .

Hundreds of miners were arrested and charged with crimes ranging across the legal spectrum, including murder and treason. UMWA district official Fred Mooney was placed in the Kanawha County Jail along with about 200 white miners and 400 blacks. Conditions were deplorable, especially among the black prisoners. According to Mooney: "The 'whipping jack' among the Negroes was an old Negro preacher, nicknamed 'St. Albans.' It was he who applied the 'cat o'nine tails' for from 10 to 150 lashes according to the 'kangaroo' judge's decision or the findings of a jury when an offender was found guilty. At one time we saw him whip another Negro until his shoes were full of blood."

The so-called treason trials had to be moved to Charles Town in the far eastern tip of the state to obtain a jury sufficiently uninfluenced by the event. The miners were tried in the same courthouse in which John Brown was convicted for his 1859 raid on Harper's Ferry; fortunately, the results were not the same. In the end, most of the charges were dropped, or the defendants were acquitted. John L. Lewis bitterly de-

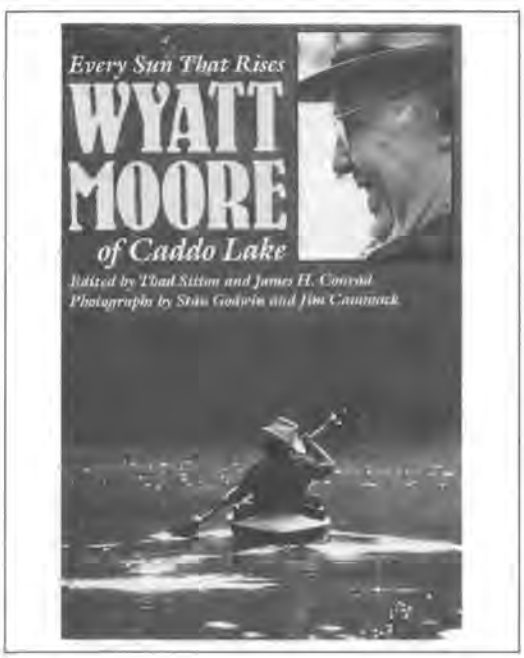
nounced District 17 officers for trying "to shoot the union into West Virginia," even though the UMWA had spent $8 million between 1920 and 1922 in its efforts to enlist southern West Virginia miners. The officers were replaced, and the starving miners were forced to return to the pits.

One scholar of southern West Virginia miners, David Corbin, treats the march on Logan as class warfare, "an uprising of the southern West Virginia miners against the coal establishment." But many participants on the miners' side were not mine workers at all. Actually, this was a much broader struggle for democratic ideals, a conflict between freedom and tyranny, an effort to break the all-pervasive power of the coal companies, which owned two-thirds of all privately owned property in the state. At this level of consciousness nearly every West Virginian, black or white, miner or not, could identify with the cause, and nearly everybody who understood it did. All along the way marchers received assistance from nonminer citizens. Early Ball, a white school teacher who lived on a Logan County farm near Lake, claimed that although they were called miners, "men come up there from every walk of life — doctors, lawyers, people that ran drugstores, and got out there and took to the hills with high-powered guns with the expression, 'I want to get a crack at those S.O.B.'s.' "

The battle for Blair Mountain was the largest single armed conflict between labor and capital in American history. In this confrontation blacks and whites fought side by side for a common cause. Out of necessity the southern West Virginia coal companies had established a new industrial society based on equal opportunity, and the state reinforced economic opportunity by maintaining equality at the ballot box and in the schoolhouse. The ironic fruit of this policy was that within a generation black and white miners had not only accepted equality as a democratic ideal, at least in rough outline, but had also come to identify along class lines on economic questions. □

Every Sun Rises For Me

Moonshine and Loopholes



***Every Sun That Rises: Wyatt Moore of Caddo Lake**, edited by Thad Sitton and James H. Conrad, photographs by Stan Godwin and Jim Cammack (University of Texas Press, December 1985), 167 pages, $17.95 (cloth), $8.95 (paper). Copyright © 1985, University of Texas Press.*

BACK YONDER DURING PROHIBITION THERE WASN'T A LOT OF TRYING to find stills. Mostly the stills that was destroyed was reported by some hunter or by somebody who was mad at you. And if you did found it tore up, you'd just put up another one. The main thing you'd try to save was the copper coil. You kept it and took off and the rest of the stuff was expendable. You could get you another drum and barrel and be back in business pretty quick if you had your copper coil — 30 or 40 feet of half-inch pipe that you could run into a water barrel or down into the lake.

Finally, the revenuers began to come around and attempt to buy stuff. One time a man in Waskom who had formerly been a moonshine buyer, and who had got captured, began to help 'em a little, we think. One day he joined a man from Tyler named McInturf, the revenuer, and they made a sweep through the Karnack area buying liquor all the way down to my place. . . .

In the end they got to chasing them with airplanes. Old Scotty Railney was the liquor control agent, and he was pretty diligent. He got to flying with a National Guard fellow from Austin, and I told him — I'd quit making whiskey by then — "You oughtn't do people that way. You ought to chase a moonshiner in the same way of locomotion. If he's in a car, you use a car. If he's walking, walk. If he's riding a mule, ride. It ain't fair to chase him in an airplane, because he hasn't got one." Well, they was flying and looking for stills one day and this plane crashed down there in the State Park. It killed the pilot and like to have killed Scotty. He told me when he saw me next, he says, "You were the first thing I thought of when I hit the ground!"

There was bootleggers around, too. They'd get it for about a dollar a quart and sell it for two dollars a quart. It was customary for a bootlegger to sell to a customer and then have a drink with him to prove to him that he wasn't afraid of it.

My uncle (Perry Bonner) was caught as a bootlegger. He was an uneducated

person, except he could count money. He got into the moonshining and had a little store out in Karnack, but mostly he'd get other people to make it. Finally, he and his wife decided that if they'd move to Marshall they'd get richer faster, and it wasn't long before they had him in the penitentiary.

If he'd stayed on the lake where things was wild like he was, he would never have got caught. Once I went down there to try to spring my uncle and old man Artie Jackson from here, who had also got caught, but we didn't have no luck. Mr. Jackson had charge of the chicken house down at the Imperial Penitentiary Farm out of Houston on the Brazos. He says — Dan Moody was governor then — "Dan's all right. He never has refused me nothing, except, of course, I ain't asked him for anything yet."

A lot of my neighbors went to the Federal Correctional Institutes of Texarkana and Tyler, but somehow I managed to squirm by. I guess you might say I'm really the only uncaught one in the area. I don't attribute it to anything uncanny, except that maybe there didn't as many people know about me as I thought. People wanted to know, "Wasn't I scared?" And I told 'em, "Yessir, I'm scared, I stay scared." Maybe that's the reason I didn't have any trouble. I had a grand jury vote to bill me once, but I got underground wind of it and pulled a few strings that night, and the next day they voted that they didn't have enough evidence for conviction and believed they'd throw it out. I never did have a trial. . . .

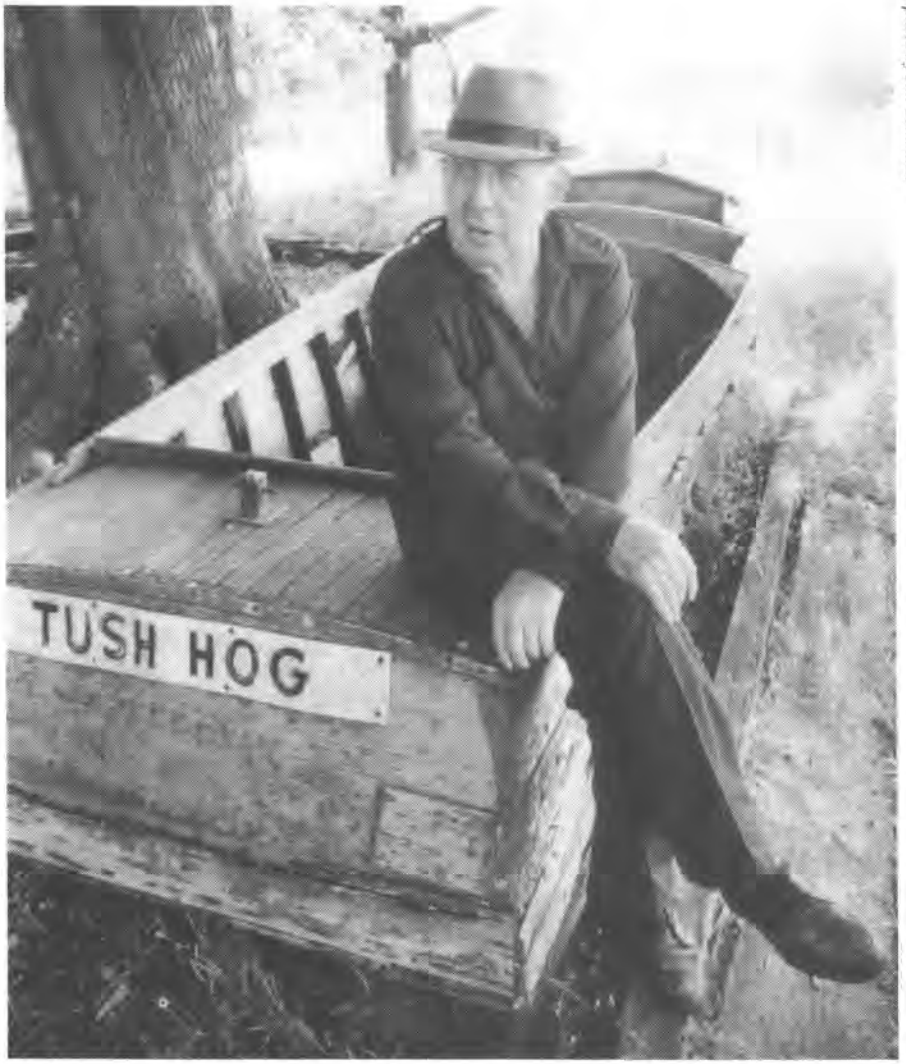


photo by Jim Cammack

Wyatt Moore: "Everything I have is wore out, broke down, falling over, or rotting off."

I GUESS WHAT I DONE AND WHAT I BEEN ACCUSED OF COVERS EVERYTHING, YOU

put 'em both together. But there's almost always a loophole around any law, or a way around most any occasion that you get into. In fact, I think sometimes of the tights I been in and the alibis that I have had to come forth with, and I always do better when I'm completely surprised and don't have an answer at all and need to tell a big lie. It comes to me better than if I have time to plan it ahead. It won't work planned ahead — the question won't fit the lie — so you end up having to save your lies till the question arises.

Well, that brings up my closest brush with the law. Fishing was pretty good at my camp in the '30s. Lots of people would come get fish, get drinking material, and to fish some themselves. But in the spring of the year we'd have a closed season, whereby you couldn't fish for white perch March and April. That applied for several years, but Louisiana wasn't closed, and we recognized it to some extent. The fishermen couldn't fish in those months, but 'long about March of 1931 the game warden was bringing some Louisiana licenses down to my camp and leaving them for some of the courthouse bunch from Marshall to come down and get their license and go to Louisiana and fish, which gave 'em a limit of 25 fish a day on each license caught in Louisiana. It was recognized as being an up-and-up procedure, which it was. . . .

Well, those licenses were only good for a week, and didn't cost much, but I didn't buy any because I didn't see that I needed 'em. But this particular morning on Friday the 13th of March — you'll look at the calendar someday and find that in 1931 Friday came on the 13th of March — I got up real early and went out on the lake and doubled up a hoop net with a wing on it I had out, and caught a bunch of fish. Then I went by a box and poured out a few more in the boat — didn't count 'em, but they were all big ones. Anyway I made a lot of noise out there, 'bout getting daylight. I had a lantern light with me and some scales, and I weighed the fish up and strung 'em in two- and three-pound packages. . . .

Just as I rolled 'em to the bank, two game wardens stepped down from the edge of the lake. They'd been up there behind the next house. They said, "Look like we've trapped you," and I said, "Do, don't it." We talked a little and I began to look for loopholes, if there was any. Lawyers call 'em "technicalities," but us common criminals call 'em loopholes!

The game wardens started counting the fish, I don't know why, but after they counted 'em they started counting 'em again, and I watched 'em that time.

There was 47 head, and I begin to see one loophole already. You was allowed two days' limits of game, them days, and I didn't quite have that. I thought on that a little, but I couldn't see where it'd help me any. I talked to 'em a little, and they said they was going out on the lake and find my net and check my fish box. I said, "All right." I didn't have any net out. I'd done doubled it up and throwed a big piece of something on it. I'd just stretch it out at night.

I told 'em, "Well, could it be arranged where I might could just meet y'all in town? I need to milk my cow and shave before I go to jail." They agreed I could. As soon as they left and got out in the lake a ways, I went through the house, it was 7:30 then, and put on some slightly different clothes. My wife and little baby still in the bed didn't know I was having a brush with the authorities. I thought on the matter a little, and I got in my old A-Model Ford coupe and took off for Shreveport.

Well, when the sheriff's office opened in the courthouse, I was standing in front of the window where they sold fishing licenses. I needed a shave bad, and I felt kind of bad too. I noted a name there on the window, a Mr. Pitchford. I had known a Pitchford some 15 years before down in Louisiana in the oil fields, and I called the old man's attention to it. "Yes," he said, "that was one of my cousins." We got up a little conversation, and I told him, "Me and my wife is down here from Texas visiting friends in Shreveport and they want to go on a fishing trip somewhere out here." I says, "I understand you can get a week's license here?" "Yes," he said, "we have those licenses. We don't sell many of them." I says, "Well, we'd better get some, I guess. We don't want to get in any trouble down here in Louisiana."

So he got his book down and started getting ready to write, and I says, "What day of the month is this?" He kind of chuckles and says, "This is Friday the 13th." I says, "I don't want to be superstitious, but it's early this morning. Couldn't you date them yesterday? I've had some bad things happen to me on Friday the 13th." "Well," he says, "that'll butcher up my record." I says, "You said you didn't sell many, you didn't sell any yesterday, did you? Just let it go on yesterday." He seemed to weaken a little, and I came forth with more excuses and mentioned the fact that I guess I better get one for my wife too because she might be fishing some.

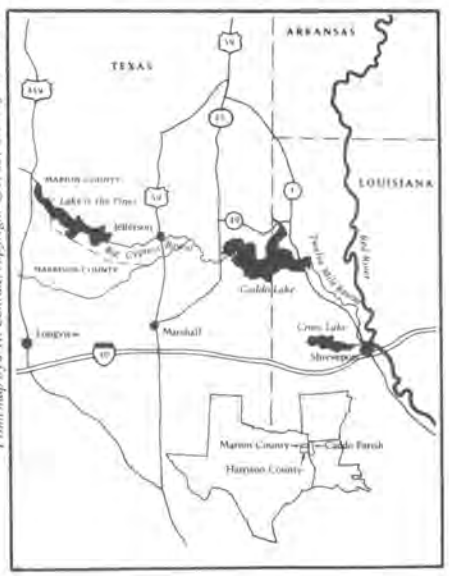
He went over and talked to this other fellow a little, and they kind of laughed. He come back over and said that they guessed it'd be all right to date 'em the day before. So he began to write 'em, and I got so nervous I couldn't hardly keep from ramming my hand under that little iron window and grabbing that first one he wrote out, but I managed to hold myself back. Soon as he got 'em wrote I thanked him profusely and already had the money shoved way under there for 'em. They was about $1.50 apiece, something like that.

■

AFTER I GOT THOSE LICENSES, I TORE OUT TO WASKOM AND GOT A SHAVE and came on to Marshall. I went in the courthouse and encountered Mr. Ben Woodall, who was assistant county attorney. I knew Ben. He'd been down to the house some. He mentioned how come me in town so early? And I told him I run up to get a few things done and get back to work. I mentioned the fact that Russick the game warden brought licenses down there for Ross Faulkner and Frank Green, and they fished over in Louisiana. Yes, he said, he understood that, and it was all right and so forth.

Well, when the game wardens showed up I was setting there with my feet practically up on the county attorney's desk. They proceeded to want Ben to file charges against me, and that was when Mr. Ben Woodall discovered why I was there in the first place! He said, "Wyatt, I didn't know you were in trouble."

I says, "I'm not. I've got two licenses and didn't have but 47 head of fish. Me and my wife both fished the day before with Frank Galbraith over in Louisiana."



From map by J. H. Conrad, copyright © 1985, Univ. of Texas Press.

The game warden wanted to know why I didn't show 'em earlier? I said, "You didn't ask me about 'em." He got pretty hot, then, and said, "I'm gonna charge you with possession for purpose of sale."

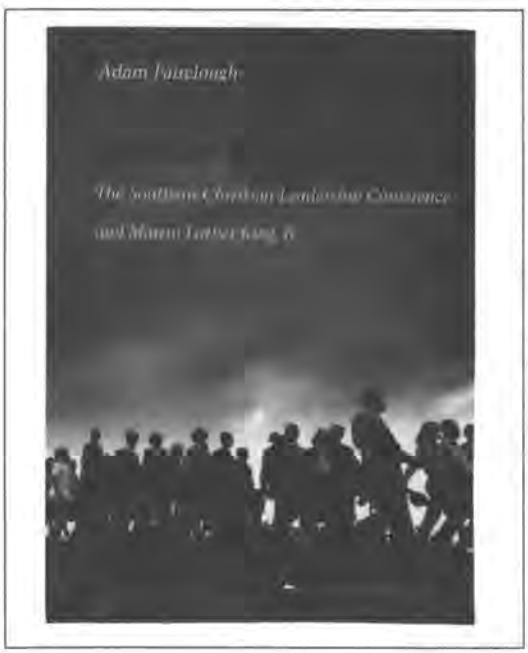
Well, that made me mad. I says, "Why don't you file charges against them other fellows for purpose of sale? They had fish just like me." He got real nervous and started to shaking and Ben Woodall says, "Y'all can't hardly fight it out here!" Anyway, in filing the charges, Ben Woodall didn't put down possession for purpose of sale, but just possession. They got the charge wrote out and bond made, and I went over to Mr. Frank Scott's, and he says, "Well, we'll just make bond."

The trial was held in Mr. John Henderson's court four days later. Mr. Sam Hall came over there to defend me, but he didn't offer any rebuttal evidence, and the justice of the peace stuck me a fine and cost. Hall says, "That's all right. You were going to be convicted anyway. We'll just appeal it in the county court.". . . We finally tried it in September. I was firing a boiler then out on the Haggerty place, a wildcat-drilling well out there they'd rigged up, but I got off and come to town for the trial. The prosecution had a weatherman there to prove it was too rough for me to have been on the lake the day before, like I claimed. But that just suited my lawyers fine, and they went to talking about, "Too rough for *him* to go on the lake? He'll go out there anytime!" They made a good issue out of that, and we produced a license to show I could legally fish, too.

So, after what evidence they could scrape up together on it, Mr. John Taylor the prosecutor made one of his eloquent speeches. He put his hand in his pocket and raised his leg way up high and shook his finger in my face; in fact, he made me feel real good. He put it on like a murder case, and I kinda fancied myself as an Al Capone, or something, the way he was laying things on. Then the jury went out, and we gave 'em the two licenses to look at, and they was back pretty quick. Justice had at last prevailed!

. . . It's a wonderful world, ain't it? It's a wonderful world for them people that is alive. I know a whole lots of people staggering around that is dead as hell, don't see nothing, been dead most of their lives. Some people never see a sunrise, or if they see it, never thought nothing about it. I think every sun that rises done it just for me. □

After Selma What Next?



***To Redeem the Soul of America: The Southern Christian Leadership Conference and Martin Luther King, Jr.**, by Adam Fairclough (The University of Georgia Press, May 1987), 476 pages, $35 (cloth), $17.95 (paper). Copyright © 1987, The University of Georgia Press.*

FOR BLACKS IN THE NORTH, NO MORE THAN HALF THE NATION'S BLACK POPULATION, the reforms of 1964-65 meant little. They could already vote, eat in restaurants, and attend "integrated" schools, yet segregation still circumscribed their lives. "More Negroes attend *de facto* segregated schools today than when the Supreme Court handed down its famous decision," Bayard Rustin noted. "And behind this is the continuing growth of racial slums, spreading over our central cities and trapping Negro youth in a milieu which . . . sows an unimaginable demoralization." Trapped within the ghetto, victimized by poverty, discrimination, police brutality, and political neglect, life often amounted to little more than a daily struggle for survival. Events in the South merely highlighted the magnitude of this social crisis, underlining the black powerlessness and pushing black frustration to the boiling point.

. . . [By 1966] the civil rights coalition demonstrated its fragility and instability by breaking up under the impact of the white backlash, the war in Vietnam, black nationalism, and urban rioting. . . . Not only were demands for further reform rejected; existing reforms came under attack from the reconstituted alliance of Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans. Congress blunted the thrust of school desegregation, reduced outlays for the War on Poverty, and defeated a civil rights bill. With the "conservative coalition" stymieing reform, the parallel with the 1930s became all too obvious. Moreover, hopes that the Voting Rights Act might liberalize the South received a sharp blow as the political career of George Wallace went from strength to strength and, fueled by the Northern "white backlash," acquired even greater national significance.

As SCLC moved north to grapple with the economic problems of the big-city ghetto, it found itself caught in the middle of these abrupt and confusing changes. With bewildering suddenness it stood isolated, bereft of political influence. By 1966 SCLC's impotence had become painfully apparent, and [Martin Luther] King, recognizing the demise of the civil rights movement, embarked on a radical path that eventually led to the Socialist-oriented Poor People's Campaign.

In the afterglow of Selma, the possibility of decline seemed remote. Financially, SCLC had never been better off: between September 1964 and June 1965 its income exceeded $1.5 million, more than double the total for the preceding year. Some contributions were munificent. The Teamsters Union gave $25,000; Ann Farnsworth, a wealthy heiress, gave an equal amount. But the bulk of SCLC's income came in the form of small donations — the average was ten dollars — from members of the public. Many gifts were unsolicited, but most arrived in response to the various appeals put out by SCLC's New York office. . . .

The financial windfall produced by Selma enabled SCLC to grow at a time when falling receipts were forcing SNCC and CORE to contract. By the summer of 1965 SCLC had taken on 125 new workers, giving it a full-time staff of about 200 people. SCLC now had field secretaries in every Southern state except Florida and Tennessee. Most of the new staff members were black Southerners, but they also included many Northerners as well as a sprinkling of whites. . . .

■

[IN EARLY 1965, KING BEGAN CONSIDERING] A PROPOSAL FOR AN ECONOMIC BOYCOTT of Alabama. . . . The boycott idea had originated with [Jim] Bevel, who envisaged the Selma protests as merely the opening phase of a much larger campaign. Instead of being satisfied with the voting rights bill, Bevel argued, SCLC should insist on the immediate participation of blacks in the government of Alabama; it had to expose Wallace and the legislature as an undemocratic and illegitimate regime, forcing the federal government to supervise new state elections on the basis of a free and universal franchise.

Bevel pressed for a direct action cam-

paign in Montgomery of at least a month's duration, accompanied by a nationwide economic boycott of Alabama. If, as he anticipated, the protests culminated in thousands of arrests, SCLC could then appeal to foreign nations to join in the boycott. Explaining his plan to SNCC, he argued that whites in Alabama should be compelled to choose between "eating and fucking around with Negroes." If they responded with further repression, "We want the federal government to come in here, register Negroes, and throw out the present government as un-Constitutional."

Hosea Williams, on the other hand, argued that SCLC ought to concentrate on voter registration and had drawn up a plan for a program, "Summer Community Organization and Political Education" (SCOPE), which called for the recruitment of 1,000 Northern students to work in 120 Black Belt counties. Williams's program had much to commend it. SCLC had often been accused of neglecting voter registration. It had wanted to mount such a drive for some time, and finally had the money to finance it. SCOPE appealed to the board of directors; it also received a warm welcome from the affiliates, which often complained about lack of contact and support from Atlanta. Above all, SCOPE was a logical follow-up to the Selma campaign, and had the obvious attraction of taking advantage of the voting rights bill, which SCLC expected to become law shortly.

King hesitated to decide against either plan. He did not relish the prospect of further demonstrations so soon after Selma; that campaign had exhausted the staff, himself included, and he felt that the voting rights bill gave SCLC a valid reason to call "Victory" and pause for a rest. Yet Bevel had proved himself to be a resourceful tactician — he and Diane [Nash] had, after all, put together the plan which resulted in Selma. King found the boycott idea appealing. He had briefly considered a boycott of Mississippi, in conjunction with SNCC, at the end of 1964. With Wallace still obdurate after Selma, and with white terrorism on the rise, why not try it in Alabama? SCLC's internal politics, moreover, made King reluctant to reject the boycott idea out of hand: Bevel and Williams were bitter rivals, and he did not wish to side with one against the other. There were, in addition, people on the executive staff who doubted Williams's organizing abilities and strongly opposed entrusting the entire field staff to his control.

Photo by Fred Baldwin

By 1966 SCLC's impotence became apparent and King embarked on the more radical Poor People's Campaign.

Torn between the two proposals, King approved both. After a two-day staff meeting in Selma, he decided to press ahead with a national economic boycott of Alabama, with the aim of free elections and an end to violence. Unveiling the plan on the March 28 edition of "Meet the Press," he disclosed that SCLC would call the boycott for an initial period of ten days, extending and escalating it according to Wallace's response.

Two days later, a delegation led by Joseph Lowery met the governor for an hour and a half; they asked him for evening and weekend voter registration hours, the removal of the poll tax, the employment and upgrading of blacks by state agencies, and the curtailment of violence and police brutality. "We didn't attack him in any vicious manner," said Lowery, "but I did try to impress him with the moral responsibility that was his."

On April 2, at the Baltimore board meeting of SCLC, King elaborated on the proposed "escalated economic withdrawal" from Alabama. The first stage called upon businesses to stop building new plants in the state and halt the expansion of existing ones; SCLC also expected the federal government to enforce Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act by cancelling grants, loans, and contracts if it found racial discrimination in federally assisted programs. If the boycott moved into stage two, SCLC would ask churches, trade unions, corporations, and other private institutions to remove their investments from the state. The third stage involved a consumer boycott of goods produced by companies which, like the Hammermill Paper Company, persisted in locating new plants in Alabama. The board approved the plan in spite of strong misgivings. The Atlanta office put out, under King's name, a lavishly produced pamphlet explaining the boycott — *An Open Letter to the American People*.

King's Northern advisers regarded the Alabama boycott as impractical and misguided. [Bayard] Rustin thought it "stupid," and warned the SCLC board that it would cause an effusion of white support. [Stanley] Levison argued that SCOPE, not a boycott of Alabama, represented the logical next step after a struggle for voting rights. "The casual manner of proposing the boycott and the impression that this was your central program caused deep disquiet," he told King. And so it did. The *New York Times*, which had backed King so forthrightly during the Selma campaign, called the boycott "wrong in principle and . . . unworkable in practice." Liberal governors like Mark Hatfield of Oregon and Edmund Brown of California refused to support it. The NAACP and the Urban League were distinctly cool towards the idea. President Johnson emphatically opposed it. Most damaging of all, the boycott attracted little backing from organized labor and received near universal condemnation from businessmen. . . .

The direct action phase of Bevel's plan also misfired. Some blacks considered

King was reluctant to choose Jim Bevel's idea of an economic boycott of Alabama over Hosea Williams' plan for voter registration.

the plan too radical; others were simply exhausted and, like Frederick Reese of Selma, wanted to suspend demonstrations. In any event, it proved difficult to spread the protests into surrounding Black Belt counties. Although SCLC had bases in Perry and Wilcox counties, it failed to establish a bridgehead in Lowndes and had trouble expanding into Hale and Greene. In Greensboro, Hale County, it took two weeks to gain access to a meeting place, and no demonstrations occurred until July. In Eutaw, Greene County, SCLC staff members were twice "run out of town" by conservative blacks. Demopolis, in Marengo County, proved more welcoming, and beginning on April 15 SCLC mounted daily marches to the courthouse. Even so, the Black Belt failed to catch fire.

In mid-May, King formally opened "Phase Two" of the Alabama campaign with a call for demonstrations outside the capital building in Montgomery. But people failed to show up to the mass meetings in any strength, and the turnout for a demonstration on May 25 was embarrassingly small. SCLC received little help from the Montgomery Improvement Association, whose conservative-minded leaders wished to avoid a confrontation with the city administration.

Jesse Douglas, the MIA's president, complained to Randolph Blackwell that "the relationship between SCLC workers and the MIA workers is at an all time low." According to Douglas, Bevel's staff treated the MIA office with scandalous disrespect: "Reports are: gambling, stealing, disrespectful conduct, opening of mail, discarding of mail, breaking of locks, entering unlawfully, thievery, etc." Without the MIA behind it, SCLC found it impossible to build a strong local base. By the end of May, "Phase Two" had fizzled out, and the Alabama boycott was quietly dropped. . . .

■

SCOPE FINALLY GOT UNDER WAY AT THE END OF MAY, THE VOLUNTEERS WERE self-selected in that Williams asked Northern colleges to do their own recruiting after "adopting" one of the Black Belt counties on SCLC's list. Bayard Rustin organized the training sessions in Atlanta. In addition to the usual indoctrination into nonviolence, the volunteers received talks on politics and voter registration from Andy Young, Clarence Mitchell, and Norman Hill. Anxious to avoid some of the tensions and problems which had arisen from the influx of white students into Mississippi in 1964, Rustin told the volunteers to dress conservatively, behave modestly, and defer to the local SCLC affiliate. Demonstrations, unless authorized by Williams, were forbidden.

SCOPE turned out to be far smaller than originally envisaged. King and Williams claimed that 650 students took part, but the SCLC records show that only about 300 attended the training sessions, and the project covered 51 counties rather than 120.

SCOPE produced only a modest rise in black registration. By mid-August, SCLC claimed to have 26,000 new voters, but this estimate is a liberal one. The disappointing results stemmed, in part, from the unexpectedly late passage of the voting rights bill, which did not become law until August 6. Before then, most applicants were rejected. In Selma, for example, the drive led by Harold Middlebrook produced only 56 new voters out of 1,470 applications. By the time the Voting Rights Act took effect, SCOPE had less than a month to run, and the departure of the students after Labor Day "brought many voter registration drives to an almost complete halt," King reported to the SCLC board.

In Georgia, about 100 SCOPE volunteers worked in 15 counties. They often encountered tough white opposition. Repression summoned forth demonstrations when Williams lifted the ban on direct action at the end of July. In Crawfordville, Taliaferro County, SCOPE workers were beaten and jailed, and SCLC used marches, picketing, and an economic boycott in an effort to desegregate the town. A high school principal and five teachers were fired by the board of education for their connection with SCOPE.

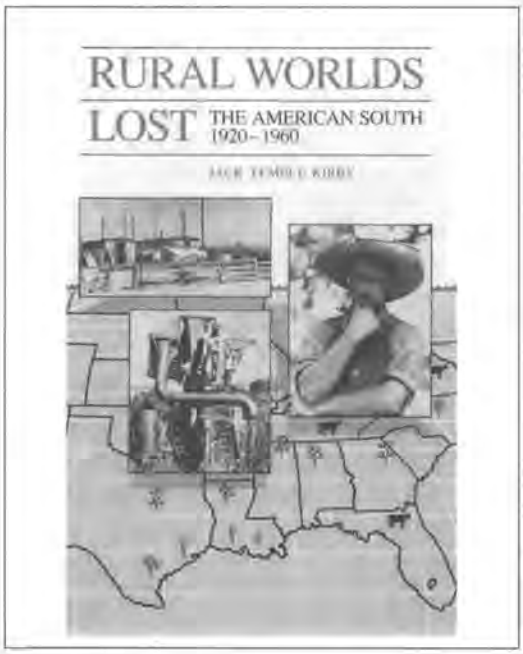
Later, when SCLC pressed for school desegregation, whites in Crawfordville retaliated by firing their maids and domestic workers. SCOPE also moved into the surrounding counties of Lincoln, Warren, and Wilkes. Among the poorest in Georgia, these northeastern counties represented virgin territory for the civil rights movement. "For virtually all of the white people here," the *New York Times* observed, "resistance of one kind or another appears to be the reaction to Negro protests." In terms of new black voters, the results were meager.

Southwest Georgia remained equally hostile. In Americus, where SNCC had been working since 1963, SCOPE volunteers from Washington State University managed to register only 45 blacks in a month. When four Negroes were arrested on July 20 for standing in the "white" line during a local election, Williams sent Ben Van Clarke and Willie Bolden, his young lieutenants from the Savannah movement, to organize demonstrations. At a press conference on July 26, Williams and John Lewis demanded a new election, the release of those arrested, longer registration hours, the appointment of black registrars, and a biracial committee.

A federal court soon freed the prisoners, but SCLC pressed on with demonstrations and began a boycott of white stores. As Bolden put it, "From now on, we're going to live black, sleep black, buy black, walk black, and wear black." City and county officials resisted the demand for a biracial committee. But after semiofficial talks began (instigated by Sumpter County Attorney Warren Forsten, who was later forced to leave Americus when Clarke publicly revealed his role as mediator), the county agreed to appoint three black polling clerks. In the space of two days, 647 blacks were registered. Within a week there were 1,500 new voters.

. . . On August 5, King had urged the President to appoint federal registrars in all the counties covered by the Voting Rights Act. But during the 12 months following the passage of the bill, the government appointed registrars in only 42 counties — fewer than one-fifth of the number eligible.□

A New Deal For The Cotton South



***Rural Worlds Lost: The American South 1920-1960**, by Jack Temple Kirby (Louisiana State University Press, January 1987), 390 pages, $40 (cloth), $16.95 (paper). Copyright © 1987, Louisiana State University Press.*

AT THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WAR, HARDLY TEN PERCENT OF THE VAST ALLUVIAL lowlands of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta were under cultivation. It was not until the late 1880s that legal conundrums were untangled, releasing the land to timber companies. So only in the early twentieth century was this future cotton empire cleared, ditched, leveed, and ready for the mule and plow.

One of the last and greatest of the plantation bonanza regions was northeastern Arkansas and the boot heel of Missouri just to the north. Until World War I these rich lowlands were a heavily forested country with sparse population and local economies probably much like that of the Georgia upper piedmont 40 years before. Then came lumber companies, which nearly denuded the landscape and cut drainage ditches, exposing vast expanses for agricultural development. Purchasers were in the main wealthy families (such as that of R.E. Lee Wilson) and corporations (such as Singer Sewing Machine Company). Their plantation managers subdivided huge tracts among thousands of black and white sharecroppers during the 1920s and brought this last delta frontier under the plow.

By 1930, of approximately 1,200 counties in all or parts of 15 Southern states (the former Confederacy minus west Texas, plus Kentucky, eastern and southern West Virginia, eastern Oklahoma, and southeastern Missouri), more than half were committed to cotton. West Virginia was the only state usually considered Southern without at least one cotton county.

Plantations do not reflect the entire Southern rural experience, ante- or postbellum, but they have ever been the locus of economic power and the vanguard of change. Twentieth-century planters, probably more so than their predecessors, were landlords, bosses, and creditors to many times their numbers. They organized and dominated much of the flatland and hill South. When planters decided to alter their mode of production fundamentally — as they did most dramatically during the 1930s and 1940s — much of the region was convulsed. Millions of people were dispersed to cities. Sharecropping, a system three-quarters of a century old in 1940, shrank rapidly to insignificance. And mules, symbols and factotums of traditional farm life, became rare. The Southern landscape was depopulated and enclosed: agriculture at last became capital intensive. . . .

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THE ARCHAIC PLANTATIONS ABOUT TO BE TRANSFORMED WERE OVERWHELMINGLY of the fragmented type. Following emancipation, landless freedmen and some whites agreed to live and work on pieces of formerly centralized estates and large farms and to share, typically "on halves," in risks and profits. (During the first third of the twentieth century, whites came almost to equal black sharecroppers in numbers.) The centralized occupance pattern of antebellum plantations dissolved as the first tenants moved from slave quarters to cabins surrounded by the fields for which they were responsible. Planters, now also landlords, supplied work stock, tools, seed, and fertilizer — and a great deal of supervision, although certainly management of fragmented plantations was not as efficient or centralized as that of slave-labor antebellum estates. Other planters, especially those in hilly, white-majority areas, divided cultivation of their land among share and cash tenants, usually white, who supplied their own work stock and tools and realized greater shares both of risks and profits. . . .

Fragmented plantations were predicated upon and endured in a world of scarce capital and abundant labor. For most planters capital remained scarce until the 1930s, when New Deal subsidy checks and low-interest loans became available, but two interconnected threats to the supply of labor appeared as early as the 1910s. By 1915 the cotton boll weevil had crossed the Mississippi River, and by 1922, it had reached the northeastern limits of cotton culture in North Carolina and south-central Virginia.

High World War I-era prices for cot-

ton compensated for some losses, but as sociologist Arthur Raper observed in the Georgia black belt, many farmers in the worst-hit areas, where the land was already overcropped, were ruined. Landless farmers — most of them black sharecroppers — fled to cities, never again to be available as rural laborers. The boll weevil and a host of other Southern miseries provided a classic push to black migration. And for the first time since emancipation, World War I-generated industrial jobs outside the region presented generous alternatives to farm work — the classic pull. Between 1910 and 1920 fully 10.4 percent (or 200,400) of the black population of Alabama and Mississippi left the region.

Yet the boll weevil and migration did not substantially dislocate the fragmented population. Planters retired the worst weevil-infested fields, opened new land, rotated crops, and learned to poison pests with arsenic. . . .

The Depression-deepened crisis of Southern agriculture and especially the infusions of New Deal money into the region finally began the end of traditional plantations. It seems impossible to generalize briefly and fairly about New Deal agricultural and rural welfare programs. They brought both succor and suffering. Perhaps a fair summary, subject to many exceptions, would be that in predominately white, nonplantation areas of the South, the programs were inadequate as relief but positive and beneficial in the short run. In predominately black plantation areas, on the other hand, the programs rescued and enriched planter-landlords and inflicted frustration and suffering on the already poor and landless.

The Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA, 1933-1944) and the Works Progress Administration (WPA, 1935-1939) provided limited and temporary aid to multitudes of poor Southerners, particularly whites, in every subregion. It was estimated that during the fall of 1933, one-fifth of all Appalachian and Ozark highland families were on relief. At the same time, in the eastern cotton areas, where landlessness was more common and there was less subsistence capability than in the mountains, almost two-thirds of whites and somewhat less than half of all black families received emergency federal help.

THE RESETTLEMENT ADMINISTRATION, THE FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

(FSA), and its successor, the Farmers' Home Administration (FHA), aimed at long-term antipoverty goals: the rehabilitation of "worthy" tenants in homestead communities and the granting of low-interest, long-term loans and free supervision in agronomy to particularly promising nonlandowners. Out in Titus County, Texas, Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Blackstone, a young white couple, purchased a 61.5-acre farm in 1938 with FHA assistance. The following year the Rural Electrification Administration turned on the electricity, and the Civilian Conservation Corps, yet another New Deal agency, fenced most of the property and sodded a pasture at no cost to the Blackstones except the fencing materials. A federally subsidized tractor owned by the county then terraced most of their crop land for $13. . . .

Yet Congress was stingy with such small-farm programs. Many of the homestead communities were capital starved or incompetently managed or both, but their inhabitants were blamed for their failures. Between 1937 and 1947 the FSA and FHA made farm purchase loans to only 47,104 tenants (nationally), leaving in 1945 about 1.8 million nonowners who were never assisted. The FSA made loans (averaging $4,500) to a grand total of 46 tenants in the entire commonwealth of Virginia. At this miserly rate of support, the elimination of tenancy and the achievement of the Jeffersonian dream of an America of stable freeholders would have required about 400 years.

Causes of the New Deal parsimony toward the rural poor and small farmers are complex and, of course, political. Long-term solutions to poverty and change in the distribution of wealth did not figure much in New Deal policy, which aimed at recovery, not reform. Then, too, the nation's largest agricultural lobby, the Farm Bureau Federation, actively and effectively fought structural change. Between 1937 and the mid-1940s, the Farm Bureau and congressional allies crippled, then killed the FSA as well as the USDA Bureau of Agricultural Economics, a research agency whose studies were thought to

photo by Walter Smalling, Jr.

The New Deal gave farmers the capital to invest in the machines and chemicals that gradually replaced manual labor.

comprise reform agenda. During these years the Farm Bureau was led by Edward Asbury O'Neal, a large planter-landlord from the rich Tennessee River Valley region of northern Alabama.

Planters such as O'Neal were fearful of New Deal welfare, workfare, resettlement, and small-farm support, however modest. Another large northern Alabama farmer-employer declared, "Why, they [the WPA] are going to take all our hands away from us and put them to work on the big road. They are going to give them $2 a day, and it would break me to pay that much." The self-proclaimed champion of Georgia farmers, Eugene Talmadge, wrote testily to Franklin Roosevelt, "I wouldn't plow nobody's mule for 50 cents a day when I could get $1.30 for pretending to work on a ditch."

. . . The keystone of the New Deal's program for the plantation districts of the South was not the WPA or the FSA but the cotton and tobacco crop-reduction and subsidy programs administered by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (AAA). A few middle-level bureaucrats and a great many landless Southerners hoped that the Depression might occasion thorough reform, a redistribution of land and the realization of the early Reconstruction dream of "40 acres and a mule" for every family. But the AAA was in fact never more than a relief agency designed to raise the incomes of land-owning farmers. Administrators of the cotton and tobacco programs were able men who identified with growers and who worked with legislation that took slight notice of tenancy. . . .

Under the first AAA contract, cotton landlords were vaguely committed to divide government payments with their tenants, but noncompliance was seldom punished by local AAA boards, which were themselves dominated by planters. Meanwhile, reports of massive tenant evictions poured into the AAA and the public press throughout the winter of 1933-1934. Of 1,457 complaints against landlords investigated, the committee recommended cancellation of only 21 contracts.

A group of young "liberals" within the AAA — notably Jerome Frank and Alger Hiss of the legal section and Gardner Jackson of the Consumer Council — were outraged. Accordingly, they decided to add explicit protection of tenants to the 1934-1935 AAA cotton contract. This celebrated document was apparently written by many hands. Oscar Johnston made important contributions, and Alger Hiss took a part in drafting the controversial Section 7, which dealt with tenants, even though he agreed with Johnston that the tenant-retention provision of the new contract was unenforceable.

From the perspective of half a century later, it seems obvious that their situation, like that of the renters with whom they sympathized, was impossible; they were trying to protect the poor and reform society from a base within a bureaucracy dedicated to saving (perhaps enriching) the rural upper and middle classes. The furor within the AAA persisted until early in 1935, when the Secretary of Agriculture fired and silenced the liberal band. . . .

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Landlords were supposed to divide government payments with tenants, but non-compliance was seldom punished

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THE FIRST STAGE IN THE CONSOLIDATION OF PLANTATIONS WAS THE WHOLESALE eviction of tenants of all classes, especially sharecroppers. This process was protracted, but it seems to have been underway all over the South by 1934, the first full crop year following creation of the AAA. Some eviction occurred as soon as the program began in 1933, when one-fourth of growing crops were plowed under to reduce production for that first crop season. A white sharecropper's wife of Henry County, northwestern Tennessee, recalled that her husband "was still sheer cropping when the sign-up with the gov'ment come along." The landlord told them "he'd rented every acre of his [the tenant's] land to the gov'ment. He didn't say a word about our crops we was about middle ways of. The move jist came on us before we could plan for it."

Across the river in Mississippi County, Arkansas, the enormous R.E. Lee Wilson Plantation made the same decision for hundreds of sharecroppers in 1934. In black-belt Georgia, Arthur Raper discovered in 1934 that sharecropping had declined almost 15 percent since his previous visit in 1927, while wage labor had risen 14 percent. The same year the Coleman-Fulton Pasturage Company (the Taft Ranch) evicted its white and black sharecroppers in San Patricio County, Texas. Observers noted the phenomenon over much of the rest of Texas and Oklahoma as well. . . .

A southeastern Missouri officer of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union (STFU) wrote early in 1938, a full year before the celebrated roadside demonstration of stranded sharecroppers, that there were "at least 10,000 people in Pemiscot County on starvation."

. . . Finally, an economist employed by the AAA itself conceded wide disregard for the agency's unenforceable subsidy-sharing rule. Norman Thomas and the Socialist party condemned the cruelty of evictions in his carefully documented tract *The Plight of the Sharecropper* (1934), and liberal Southerners Will Alexander, Charles S. Johnson, and Edwin Embree conducted inquiries and published a devastating indictment of the New Deal's shortcomings in 1935, *The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy*. . . .

The decline of fragmented plantations was most rapid in the cotton country, especially in black-majority areas. Although displaced tenants were not counted, there is a strong corroboration for this view in the form of statistics on the demise of traditional tenancy and sharp increases in the employment of hired labor. In fact, the substitution of the latter for the former constitutes a second stage, almost simultaneous with the evictions, in the evolution of neoplantations.

When the manager of the Taft Ranch evicted his sharecroppers in 1934, he hired Mexican daily and weekly laborers to replace them. Mexican migrants appeared in western Texas and Oklahoma cotton fields about the same time, and in August of 1937 they arrived to help pick the southeastern Missouri crop. Most cotton laborers were certainly not long-distance migrants,

however, but local folk whose status had suddenly changed. This was Arthur Raper's impression in the Georgia blackbelt; it was also true of western Texas tractor drivers. During January 1939, the STFU questioned almost 300 families in southeastern Missouri about their status between 1937 and 1938. The survey revealed 52 fewer sharecroppers and 54 more day laborers, and no Mexicans were identified in the study. . . .

■

THE END OF THE AGE OF HIRED LABOR (THE MID-1950s) SIGNALED THE consummation of the third stage in the development of neoplantations. Mechanization of plantations began modestly during the 1920s, then proceeded at an accelerated pace during the 1930s and especially the 1940s. Tractors, grain and corn combines, and finally cotton harvesters replaced many thousands of human workers. Yet until agricultural chemistry found ways to prevent the emergence of weeds or to kill them after emergence, many human hands, hoes, and some mules were still required. Despite such ingenious experiments as elevating tractors on stilts, machinery could not work well in high corn and cotton. During the 1940s federal funding and corporate and state experiment station research led to the development of pre-emergent weed killers, which were first marketed during the 1950s. So as farmers of virtually all crops turned not only to capital-intensive machines but also to chemicals, labor-intensive agriculture gradually died.

An excellent means of dating and measuring the impact of mechanization on cotton production is the formula used by economists for the average labor input (both skilled and unskilled) required to produce each hundredweight of a commodity. In 1940, 33.82 hours (33.5 of them unskilled) were needed. By 1946 the figure had dropped dramatically to 24.57 (23.5 unskilled). The real plunge came between 1949 and 1952, however: 20.7 in 1949 to 12.95 in 1950 to 10.04 in 1951 to 4.82 (only 3.0 unskilled) in 1952. In 20 rapidly mechanizing Mississippi Delta counties between 1949 and 1952, employment of unskilled agricultural labor dropped by 71 percent. . . .

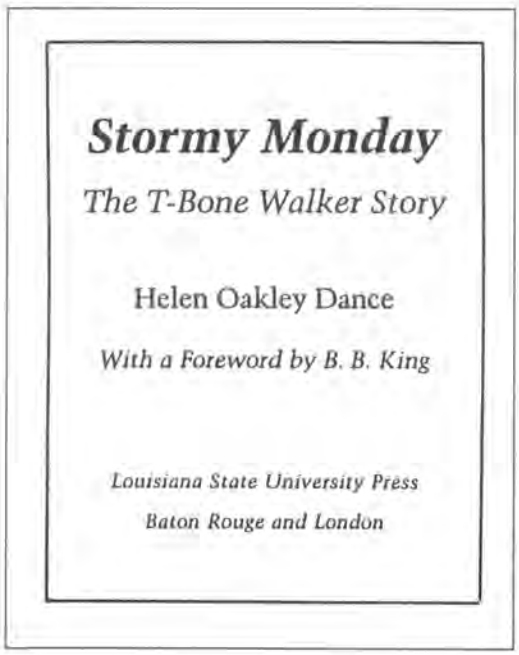
During the 1950s nearly three million Southerners left the region altogether. The exodus exceeded even that of the wartime 1940s.

In the heart of the cotton plantation country the demise of labor-intensive farming and the rise of neoplantations proceeded somewhat faster. . . . The ultimate cotton plantation, the Delta and Pine Land Company, illustrates the profound changes in both occupance and production. During 1935-1944 the corporation maintained an average of 850 tenant houses. As early as 1947, 325 of them were vacant, awaiting destruction. Shortly, D&PL began to diversify, especially with soybeans (in the 1950s), then with rice as well (in the 1960s). . . .

Wherever and whenever neoplantations arose, cotton culture was diminished or abandoned. For decades, Southern farm editors and agents of the Extension Service had appealed in vain for cotton crop reduction and diversification. AAA and PCA dollars at last produced change. Throughout the richer flatland, planters turned to dairying, beef cattle production, and alternative crops such as hay, grain sorghum, soybeans, and in the Mississippi Delta, rice. By 1959 there were only 11 counties in four Southern states where cotton amounted to more than 50 percent of crops harvested.□

"Come On Like Gangbusters"

Father of the Electric Blues



***Stormy Monday: The T-Bone Walker Story**, by Helen Oakley Dance, foreword by B.B. King (Louisiana State University Press, June 1987), 277 pages, $24.95.*

IN PLACES LIKE SHERMAN AND WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS IN THE MID-1930s, FOUR OF them — a pianist, drummer, a horn player, and T-Bone — could work three-day weekends and earn $45 or $50 to split. They had a chance to blow, and when he went into his act, a lot of customers tossed change his way. Other weeks he worked the sawmill towns as a single, showing up in juke joints where local talent hogged the piano bench and hammered out an accompaniment on battered keys. If things got too noisy, his feet took over. The dance routines got as good a hand and were safer, because sometimes a good blues meant a fight would break out. Whoever was back of the bar would dim the lights and close up, shoving everyone outside. T-Bone didn't care. If he had made enough in tips, he would go somewhere and shoot dice.

"In a lot of those games the dice were loaded," he recalled. "But I never turned a game down and in some towns fellows would be waiting for me to show up. I found that out when I was touring with Bee Kelly, because I was headlining his show. This break meant more to me than a whole lot of stuff that came later. We started out in Corpus Christi, going from club to club. We picked up so good, Kelly got to book us out on the road. He was a funny guy and did comedy bits. I was head dancer and the blues guitar man. Believe it or not, I was making a name as a dancer. Guys came into bars where I was working to steal my stuff. In the show I'd be playing and singing and then have to jump up right away because someone had called for me to dance. . . ."

(Walker's claim to fame as a dancer was confirmed by bluesman Tom Courtney in *Living Blues*, No. 20, March 1975: "I learned to dance from the head dancer in Bee Kelley's show — T-Bone Walker. I used to slip into bars and see T-Bone when I was younger, back in Waco. He was the best dancer around, and known all over Texas. Through most of the '40s, I stayed around Lubbock and worked in the honkies with T-Bone and others. He and I would play a while, and then we'd dance. Later I told him how, when I was little, I stole all his steps. He said, 'I knew you was doin' it!' ")

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IN THE SUMMER OF 1956, T-BONE STARRED IN THE IDLEWILD REVUE. IT WAS THE first of many times he was booked at this island resort 200 miles north of Detroit. After the summer season the show went on the road and toured for three months, as did Larry Steele's Smart Affairs out of Chicago. At Idlewild, T-Bone's friendship with stand-up comic Bill Murray began. . . .

"People flocked to the island from all over," Murray recalls. "This was when blacks congregated in their own locales, before things opened up. New Yorkers not booked at the Sir John Hotel in Miami came over to us, and a lot of the clientele hailed from Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois. Not all the artists presented were well-known names. There were unknowns as well, many on the verge of fame, people like Della Reese or the Ravens or the Four Tops, who made a name for themselves when they signed up with Motown. A lot of performers got a start in our show.

"We operated two clubs, and I was comic, MC, and show director for the one they called 'budget,' and over where T-Bone was working was the heavy show. Both opened at the same time, and those who couldn't get in to hear T-Bone came across to us. After the first performance we'd allow a half hour so people could switch, and then begin again. . . . The show lasted two hours, with the star appearing just ahead of the finale, and the audience sat spellbound.

"We always allowed T-Bone as much time as he wanted. How he handled the people depended on how he sized the audience up. No two occasions were ever the same. If he thought the reception warranted it, he was the kind of pro who would break the format to do a *vibration*. Today when you refer to a guy's *vibes* you mean the same thing — a 'happening,' I guess, at a decisive moment in the show. T-Bone would start to ad-lib, then elaborate, and often ended having the audience entertain itself. He'd cater to the ladies at ringside, who always went ape. They considered it a black heritage

thing, and he was the blues man supreme. If he could have held on to the momentum he'd established at that time, no one could have topped him, not even Elvis Presley, who, everybody knows, stole his act.

"But he was on the scene too early, ahead of his time. A lot of artists who followed picked up on him and cashed in when the blues became hot stuff. In some ways, though, he was inimitable. Like how he handled his guitar, holding it near horizontal, wrist bent way over. Instead of strumming at the bottom like the rest, he picked closer to the neck and would get a thing going where, at certain tempos, he'd strut. Later he'd lift the guitar off his neck, letting it drag behind, fretting it with one hand. Try it for a minute, and you'll find your fingers lock.

"Then he'd raise it to his shoulders, put it back of his head, and play from there. Since he had records out all the time, often on the charts, he had plenty of hits: 'Bobby Sox Baby,' 'Cold, Cold Feeling,' 'Mean Old World,' 'Strolling with Bone.' He'd keep the lyrics coming and finally start up the number that climaxed the show. The people would be waiting for this and would go haywire before he was through. Playing and singing, keeping the guitar back of his head, he'd go down slow in a long sideways split. Without losing a beat he'd first twist around and face front, then inch all the way up. He always closed that way so no act could follow.

"I learned a lot from Bone. 'Until you know how to come on and get off, and have shit,' he said, 'come on like gangbusters, and go off the same way. Leave 'em hungry, you know.' "

"No one could have topped T-Bone Walker, not even Elvis Presley, who, everybody knows, stole his act."

"WHEN YOU LOOK BACK ON YOUR CAREER, IT'S LIKE A CHAIN," T-BONE SAID. "WITH some years — a string of them, I guess — ending one part of your life and sending you in another direction. Parts of what you remember make you feel pretty good. Others are a drag. That first period in my life [in the middle 1930s] when I was fooling around in Dallas was great. The future never crossed my mind. The way Seymour remembers it, we were just having a good time and figured we knew all the answers. We had the world on a string. Even the racial bit didn't bother us because we didn't let it intrude.

"Some memories stay with you because they mean a lot at the time. Like my friendship with Clyde Barrow. After I left Dallas, I never saw him again, so I didn't know him during the years he was supposed to be Public Enemy Number One. But for a long time we boys hung out together. Color didn't bother him. I slept over at his place, or he slept at mine. It was OK with his folks and my mother, too. She said that later on people in Dallas called him Robin Hood. They were sorry to see him captured and see him die, and me, I'm sorry to this day.

"A thing I enjoy is thinking back to L.A. when I first landed in town. Those must have been maybe ten years all told that were exciting as hell, and they never faded that much. Maybe you enjoy your first successes most. I get a kick out of remembering my reign at Little Harlem, my name in lights at the Troc, and entertaining at the Rhumboogie in Chicago in the star's dressing room. I appeared with Ed Sullivan on 'The Toast of the Town,' my first time on TV, and after my records got going, I had quite a few hits. Once I had four all at one time on the charts.

"You remember these things because of what they signified right then. For a dozen years you're still climbing, and then all of a sudden — boom! You're taken by surprise. You find out you have a name to maintain. Guys in the band are dependent on you, so you can't fool around anymore. For a while that was great, but not for long, because when you have to think ahead all the time, you've tied a stone around your neck.

"That's why Harold Oxley [T-Bone's manager] meant so much. Harold brings another period to mind. The best, maybe, depending on your point of view." He smiled, remembering his

arguments about not wanting so much to make money as to have a good time. "For a long while we made plenty, as long as Harold was on the job. But then he died. Afterwards it seemed like I got sick more often."

He was silent a moment, recalling. "In the end I had to quit dodging," he said. "I was down to 93 pounds. Then the doctors took over and finally cut me up. Robbed me of my stomach pretty near. But I came round all right. It was a real load off my mind, although I didn't snap back that fast and had to let the band go. What a drag! Still, the bookings were too hard to handle, so that's when I broke in R.S. [Rankin, T-Bone's nephew].

"He played great, you know — better'n me, I would say. But you had to build his confidence up. He wasn't much more than a kid, and the only bad thing about him, he couldn't drink either. Some people are like that, you know, crazy when drunk." Again he smiled. "It was the blind leading the blind, because after the operation I liked to indulge a little myself. But we played a whole lot of spots for a good number of years, places like the Bronze Peacock in Houston, the Celebrity Club in Providence, the Showboat in Philly, the Sportstown Club in Buffalo, the Flame Show Bar in Detroit, the Chatterbox in Cleveland, the Blue Mirror and the Sugar Hill in San Francisco, the Five-Four Ballroom in L.A., the Savoy Club in Richmond, California, and the Longhorn Club in Dallas.

"Then one night in San Francisco — we were at the Blue Mirror, I think — that boy got so high he ran up a tab at the bar that took me all week to cover. After he'd treated every barfly in sight, he got fired outright! That put a period to another phase in my life.

"Things hadn't exactly slowed at that time, because guys like Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker were doing OK, and B.B. [King] was climbing fast. But for me the situation wasn't so hot. Word got around my condition was poor. One time when I was laid up, I know people said it was heart, but the only thing the doctors said was to take it easy awhile. Then in 1960 I got me a break. And blew it to hell!"

He shook his head, still mad. "I have never yet figured myself out. The deal was a big-time package show built around Count Basie and the band, and there were other stars like George Shearing and Ruth Brown. Jimmy Rushing was long gone from Basie, and

"The first part of my life was great. The future never crossed my mind."

"T-Bone was on the scene too early. Others who picked up on him cashed in when the blues became hot stuff."

Joe Williams had split too, so I was being hired to appear with the band. We were getting together in New Orleans and going to work our way back to the Coast. Don't get me wrong. I wasn't drinking any more than the rest, but somehow I felt my act had fallen kind of flat. That's what *I* thought. I got to feeling real bad. It wasn't how I was handled, because Basie treated me great. And it wasn't the money either, because I'd have paid my own salary just to hear those cats blow. I can't account for what I did then. I quit halfway and went home. 'Now, Bone, don't do like this,' Basie said. 'It's gonna be hard to live down.' I knew he was right. Nothing came between us, but my mind was made up.

"The Basie band went to Europe the following year, and because I ought to have been with them, I was griping. But in '62 I got my chance, with a package called "Rhythm and Blues U.S.A." It was a tour booked by Lippman and Rau, and what made it great was that Horst Lippman had hired a whole bunch of people who were friends: Memphis Slim, Shakey Jake, Willie Dixon, John Lee Hooker, Helen Humes, the drummer Jump Jackson, plus Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee.

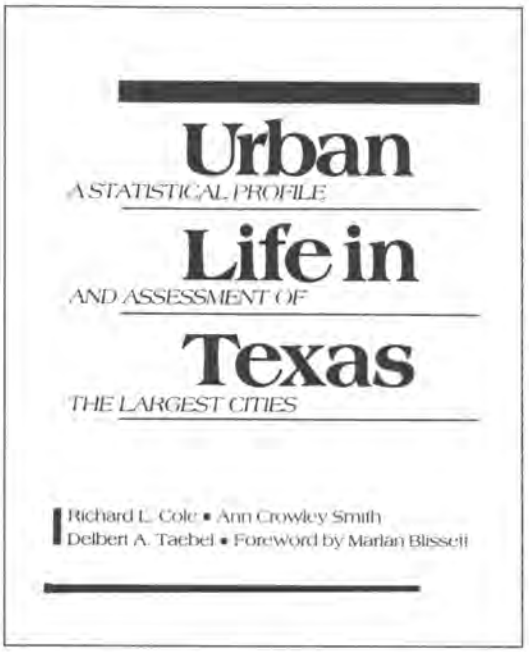
We had a ball, start to finish, and couldn't believe the kind of audiences we had. People there *listen*. You've got to be a showman back here. Over there first time I did the splits the fans booed! That was hard to credit, but it was all right with me. They came to hear the music. From there on, I played, wherever we were. The Concert Bureau had us booked for concerts in France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, and England as well. Then when we got to Hamburg, Memphis Slim and the rest of us recorded."

Released in the United States by Decca as the Original American Folk Blues Festival, the album was a success. The session took place October 18, 1962, after a concert that was presented at Hamburg University's ultramodern Auditorium Maximum. Although the affair, held in Deutsche Grammophon's studio in Rahlstedt, did not begin till after midnight and did not end till 5 a.m., the musicians were keyed up and responded to an audience that materialized like magic. Side 1 opened with Memphis Slim at the piano and T-Bone on guitar, backed by Willie Dixon on bass and Jump Jackson on drums. During the next two numbers, which T-Bone sang, the group remained the same. Then Memphis followed Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, this time without T-Bone, to deliver his original version of a song about a racing mare called Stewball who stumbled at the track and left Memphis behind.

"Let's Make It Baby" featured not only John Lee Hooker's voice and guitar but a rhythm section that was built around T-Bone at the keyboard. He produced his same driving style on piano, and this inspired the rest of the band. He enjoyed being a sideman in company like this. It was not his nature to squeeze-play anyone, so he was happy back of Hooker in a Kansas City style that gave John Lee a lift. Hooker can be heard shouting, "Mighty eighty-eight man, T-Bone Walker," as the audience begins cheering as T-Bone's solo concluded. Carried over onto Side 2 as "Shake It Baby," this number was the most successful recorded.□

Medium Sized Cities

The Best Schools In Texas



***Urban Life in Texas: A Statistical Profile and Assessment of the Largest Cities**, by Richard L. Cole, Ann Crowley Smith, and Delbert A. Taebel (University of Texas Press, July 1986), 83 pages, $25 (hardcover). Copyright © 1986, University of Texas Press.*

THIS IS A STUDY OF LIVING CONDITIONS IN THE 52 TEXAS CITIES WITH OVER 25,000 people. We attempt to assess and compare these cities on several dimensions of living quality for both the 1970 and 1980 decades and to evaluate all cities in terms of an overall scale. Briefly stated, we seek answers to the following questions: How do Texas cities compare in terms of public safety, economic opportunities, education, health and the environment, housing, transportation, culture and recreation, and politics? Which has the highest overall rating? And in those areas where comparisons are possible, what changes have taken place from 1970 to 1980?

. . . Because it affects living conditions in many fundamental ways, education has always been an important focus of community concern. . . . For our study, we selected seven indicators to measure three aspects of education: education attainment, resources committed to education, and teacher qualifications. The high, low, and mean values for the seven indicators among the state's 52 largest cities are presented in Table 1.

. . . The indicators for each of the three components of education are measured on a ten-point scale, with a score of ten representing the "best" city. The scales for each aspect are summed to produce an overall score for each city, and this core is converted to a ten-point scale. The standings of the top 37 cities are presented in table 2. . .

The most striking feature of Table 2 is the number of high-ranking cities that are college towns. Four of the top eight scores are held by cities that have large college enrollments relative to their total populations. These are College Station, Denton, Nacogdoches, and Austin. A large college or university has an enhancing effect not only on . . . individual attainment levels, but also on resource commitments and teacher qualifications. . . .

City size seems to be of some importance in explaining these rankings. . . . Medium-sized cities seem to have some advantage over smaller and larger cities. . . in both teacher qualifications and commitment of resources to education. Mesquite was found to be the best city in Texas in terms of qualified teachers, followed by Baytown (in third place), Midland (sixth), Richardson (seventh), and Port Arthur (ninth). In Mesquite, 61.2 percent of teachers held advanced degrees.□

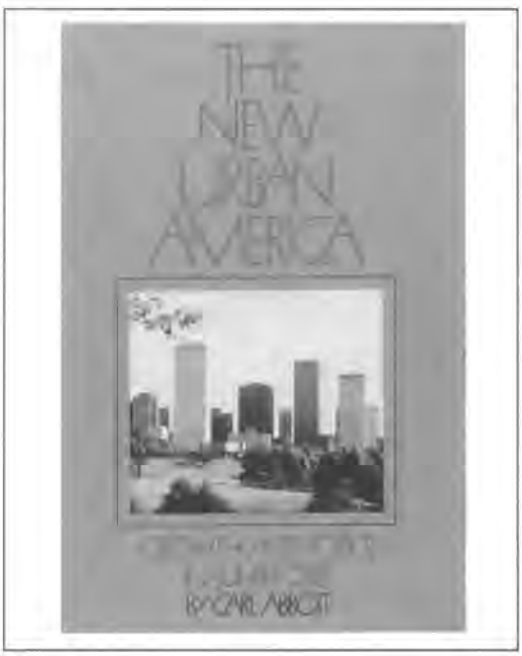
Table 1. *Overall Education Indicators*

Indicators	*Mean*	*Low*	*High*
Educational Attainment			
Percentage of total population enrolled in school	29.1	23.6	43.7
Percentage of population 25 and over who have at least 4 years of college	18.9	6.6	54.0
Resources Committed			
Per pupil expenditures	$ 1,860	$ 1,425	$ 2,821
Median teacher salaries	$15,795	$12,240	$19,440
Pupil-teacher ratios	18.7:1	15.8:1	21.5:1
Teacher Qualifications			
Percentage of teachers with M.A. or Ph.D. degree	38.0	21.3	64.8
Incentive structure (difference between B.A. and M.A. salaries)	$ 3,326	$ 2,329	$ 5,177

Table 2. *Values and Rankings on Education*

Rank	*City*	*Individual Educational Attainment*	*Commitment of Resources*	*Teacher Qualifications*	*Overall Score*
1	College Station	10.00	6.83	6.16	10.00
2	Dallas	3.85	9.05	8.68	9.39
3	Denton	6.41	7.65	7.45	9.36
4	Richardson	6.28	7.11	8.12	9.35
5	Nacogdoches	5.31	6.97	8.84	9.18
6	Baytown	3.25	9.00	8.82	9.16
7	Midland	4.31	8.37	8.18	9.07
8	Austin	5.25	8.68	6.46	8.88
9	Port Arthur	2.58	9.86	7.80	8.80
10	Galveston	3.60	10.00	6.57	8.77
11	Mesquite	3.21	6.10	10.00	8.40
12	Sherman	3.47	7.07	8.77	8.40
13	Lubbock	4.49	7.70	7.06	8.37
14	Kingsville	4.31	7.89	6.89	8.30
15	Houston	4.00	7.52	7.47	8.26
16	Tyler	3.82	7.20	7.81	8.19
17	Plano	6.00	6.58	6.02	8.09
18	Texas City	2.93	9.42	6.18	8.06
19	Beaumont	3.54	8.56	6.17	7.95
20	Odessa	3.15	8.32	6.51	7.82
21	Waco	3.67	8.06	6.25	7.82
22	Longview	3.35	7.37	7.25	7.82
23	Duncanville	4.45	6.34	7.14	7.80
24	Carrollton	4.78	7.16	5.96	7.78
25	Fort Worth	3.43	7.74	6.64	7.75
26	Garland	4.02	6.48	7.29	7.74
27	Texarkana	3.06	7.36	7.26	7.69
28	Abilene	3.70	7.11	6.67	7.60
29	Amarillo	3.33	7.30	6.71	7.54
30	Corpus Christi	3.48	7.14	6.67	7.52
31	Hurst	4.03	6.88	6.31	7.49
32	Paris	2.75	6.69	7.41	7.33
33	San Antonio	3.38	6.92	6.55	7.33
34	Lufkin	3.31	6.60	6.92	7.32
35	Bryan	3.59	5.73	7.40	7.27
36	Arlington	4.76	6.27	5.65	7.25
37	Irving	3.63	6.85	6.11	7.22

Neighborhood Militants



The New Urban America: Growth and Politics in Sunbelt Cities *(Revised Edition), by Carl Abbott (The University of North Carolina Press, May 1987), 327 pages, $10.95 (paper). Copyright ©1981, 1987, The University of North Carolina Press.*

WHAT IS NEW IN RECENT YEARS IS NOT THE EXISTENCE OF DISTINCT NEIGHBORHOODS and communities but rather their increasing prominence as focal points for political action. . . . For some, the trigger for political mobilization has been the desire to defend an older established neighborhood from the encroachment of commercial uses, from rapid racial turnover, or from a planned expressway. Others have embraced the cause of limited growth because they fear that continued development will foul the air, eat up recreational space, raise taxes, and limit the amenities of residential areas. . . .

Many supporters of the new neighborhood politics are members of the "post-industrial" middle class. Scientists, professors, government workers, and executives of national corporations are "cosmopolitan in outlook and pecuniary interest." They depend on statewide or national markets for their talents rather than on local markets for their goods and services. They therefore tend to see the city as a residential environment rather than an economic machine. . . .

The growth of political power among black and Hispanic residents in sunbelt cities during the 1970s has complemented and amplified the impact of middle-class neighborhood activists. During the decades of growth politics, the business establishment in cities from Norfolk to San Antonio to Phoenix tried to satisfy minority demands for participation in public decisions by consulting informally with community leaders and by slating single black or Hispanic leaders on citywide tickets for at-large council elections. Although minority residents were certainly dissatisfied with their subordinate citizenship, they traded their votes and sometimes their neighborhoods for gains in legal treatment, city jobs, and public housing. They also put much of their energy into civil-rights issues, where power within city governments was less important than influence on state and national policies.

The late 1960s and early '70s brought several changes in the tacit alliances. Younger minority politicians replaced the generation of older leaders who ratified the deals with the "good government" establishment. As the costs of highway and renewal programs mounted in minority communities, the newer leaders argued that token representation brought no real influence on the outcomes of municipal decisions. They also realized that geographical concentration in ghettos and barrios could work as a political resource. The same programs for targeting community improvement funds on low-income neighborhoods and the same structures of neighborhood decision making that environmental liberals promoted and utilized could also be used for meeting the needs of black and Hispanic citizens. The consequence in several cities has been a change in political allies for minority residents from growth-oriented whites to neighborhood-oriented whites. . . .

ATLANTA

The politics of neighborhood interest in Atlanta emerged directly from dissatisfaction with the spectacular transportation and redevelopment programs of [Mayor] William Hartsfield, [Mayor] Ivan Allen, and their big business colleagues. Very specifically, black Atlantans decided at the end of the '60s that their own establishment of Auburn Street merchants, bank and insurance executives, and university presidents had given up more than they had gained in the urban renewal coalition. Blacks had certainly done well in teaching and government employment and occupied two-fifths of available city positions, but they were also excluded from lucrative unionized jobs on city construction projects.

Figures on the reduction of the city's housing supply also showed the problems with closed-door decisions. Between 1957 and 1967, the city erected 5,000 units of public housing. Renewal and public construction simultaneously destroyed 21,000 dwelling units. Most of the 67,000 displaced residents were blacks from core communities who had little choice but to crowd other black neighborhoods or to force racial turnover in previously white communities.

The steady increase in the black share of Atlanta's population from 38 percent in 1960 to 51 percent in 1970 provided the political resource for transforming dissatisfaction into action. The first black alderman was elected under the city's system of at-large voting in 1965, the same year as Ivan Allen's overwhelming victory for mayor. . . .

Observers originally viewed the victory of Sam Massell over Rodney Cook as the end of a political era in Atlanta. As the lackluster "chamber-of-commerce candidate," Cook was unable to hold together Allen's several bases of support. Massell, who had been active in the promotion of minority interests while vice-mayor, drew 92 percent of the black vote along with 27 percent of the white vote. The city simultaneously increased the number of black aldermen from one to five out of 18 and elected Maynard Jackson as vice-mayor with the backing of 98 percent of the black voters and 33 percent of the north-side whites.

Massell's administration was less revolutionary than expected. During the first three years of the '70s, Massell promoted MARTA [rapid transit], applauded the continued real estate boom, and pushed for the construction of I-485, a freeway connector that promised to gut a half-dozen neighborhoods on the near east side. He also . . . lobbied the legislature for the annexation of large parts of Fulton County in order to dilute the city's black electorate with suburban whites. In response to Massell's efforts to reinvigorate the growth program of the '60s, younger black leaders began to identify their own agenda for public action. In particular, they offered to trade support of the annexation for a charter change under which nine of the 18 aldermen would be elected *in and by* districts. . . . They also drove a hard bargain for black support of the second MARTA referendum in 1971.

During the same years of the late 1960s and early 1970s, stubborn advocacy of I-485 by the downtown business establishment helped to generate increased activism in white neighborhoods. The leaders of the anti-freeway campaign since 1965 had been the neighborhood association for Morningside-Lenox Park, an established middle-class community dating from the turn of the century. By delaying the project with court challenges to its environmental impact statement, Morningside-Lenox Park created enough time to add the support of other affected neighborhoods such as Virginia Highlands. Inman Park was another older white community that enjoyed a revival of popularity among quality-of-life liberals at the start of the '70s. Together, these and other affected neighborhoods formed the core for an informal coalition of neighborhoods and were able effectively to kill the freeway in 1973.

As with the development of an independent political agenda for black Atlanta, the increase of neighborhood militancy reflected the demography of the city in the '70s. From Grant Park and Inman Park to Virginia Highlands and Ansley Park, an entire tier of neighborhoods on the east side of Atlanta have become targets for reinvestment by a new generation of urbanites who are attracted by the older homes and amenities of mature trees, parks, and access to downtown. What is striking about these neighborhoods is not that they have attracted suburbanites back to the city, but that they are holding city residents who previously would have moved to the suburbs as they built careers and families. In effect, these quality-of-life liberals have stabilized many Atlanta neighborhoods by replacing earlier residents with a new generation of middle-class homeowners. In turn, however, they expect city policies to meet their own needs by reducing the growth pressures that have historically caused neighborhoods to cycle from middle-class white occupancy to black occupancy to reuse for commercial, institutional, or transportation facilities.

It was the municipal election of 1973 that brought together the trends toward black militancy and neighborhood activism to produce a basic change in Atlanta politics. With a shaky base of support, Sam Massell tried to turn his reelection contest with Maynard Jackson into a confrontation over race. Jackson countered by campaigning on the promise of increased citizen participation and consultation with neighborhoods. Jackson's majority of 59 percent approximately reassembled the same coalition that had elected Massell four years previously, including 95 percent of black voters and 18 percent of white voters. Neighborhood activists also applied their organizing skills to several city council races. The new city charter created a city council of 12 districts with members elected from each district and six paired districts with members elected at large from each pair. The new council split evenly among blacks and whites, while the new school board had a majority of five blacks to four whites. . . .

SAN ANTONIO

The American war in Indochina brought flush times to San Antonio in the later 1960s after two decades of moderate growth. The metropolitan area added 200,000 residents between 1965 and 1974, most of whom found their housing in new subdivisions and apartment complexes around the northern quadrant of interstate loop I-410. The expansion of a suburban medical center including four hospitals and the University of Texas Medical School, the relocation of the city's largest private employer just outside the I-410 loop, a decision in 1970 to build a new University of Texas campus eight miles beyond I-410, and the proposal of a 9,300-acre San Antonio Ranch new town 12 miles outside the freeway loop all focused attention in the early '70s on the far northwestern fringe. Planning department projections in 1976 indicated that a continuation of existing trends through the last quarter of the century could bring a decline of 8,000 residents within I-410 and an increase of 310,000 residents in the outlying sections of Bexar County, four-fifths of whom would locate northeast, north, or northwest of the old core of San Antonio. Retail and office expansion have also concentrated almost exclusively along the northern segment of I-410 since 1970.

The geographical imbalance of growth in San Antonio has provided the central issues for city politics during the past decade. Because of San Antonio's vigorous and successful annexation policy, the entire range of sociospatial conflicts that typically arise in a fast-growing metropolis have been fought within the framework of city politics. Disputes and clashes of interest between downtown property owners and housing developers, between residents of older middle-class neighborhoods and new subdivisions, and between the Mexican-American community of the inner west side and the Anglo-American communities of the north side have all centered on issues of city planning and zoning, the geographical allocation of public services, and the equitable sharing of public costs among different sections of the city. In consequence, the evolution of neighborhood politics in San Antonio has involved not only the demand for participation at the neighborhood level but also bitter battles among the city's neighborhoods and sections over the issues of land use and service levels that lie at the heart of local

government. The situation differs significantly from Atlanta, where quality-of-life liberals and blacks were able to agree on a common agenda of structural reforms and substantive policies. In San Antonio the adoption of district elections to facilitate community representation has provided a formal structure through which different sections of the city can pursue widely divergent goals and demands.

One of the unanticipated results of San Antonio's headlong growth was a deep split within the San Antonio business community that destroyed the Good Government League between 1973 and 1975. After 20 years of control, the GGL collapsed under the weight of its own age and its inability to bridge the growing gap between older and newer neighborhoods. Residents of the old north side around Hildebrand Avenue and Breckinridge Park had an interest in preserving the amenities and market value of established Anglo communities. Many of them were also involved in downtown businesses and downtown real estate. Developers, retailers, and homeowners of the new north side around I-410, in contrast, had an insatiable demand for public investment in schools, libraries, roads, sewers, fire stations, and all the other paraphernalia of suburban growth. In the early '70s, businessmen in this new north side organized the North San Antonio Chamber of Commerce to speak for their own particular interests as an alternative to the Greater San Antonio Chamber of Commerce. At the same time, the Good Government League failed to reach out to a younger generation of business and professional leaders or to rethink its proven electoral strategy. . . .

The other remarkable reaction to the boom in San Antonio was a growing demand by the Mexican-American residents of the west side for a fair share in the prosperity. By any standards, many of the west-side neighborhoods were classic examples of low-rise slums. . . . The undeniable inequities in the allocation of city services became the issue that mobilized Mexican-American voters in 1974 and 1975. The catalyst was a flash flood on August 7, 1974 that drowned large sections of the west side in the runoff from the Anglo-American highlands. The organization that was able to channel the frustration into a positive program was Communities Organized for Public Service (COPS), a coalition of west-side neighborhood groups and parishes that had slowly grown over the past year with the assistance of the Catholic archdiocese and the facilitation of community organizer Ernesto Cortes. Following the strategy that Cortes had learned at Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation in Chicago, COPS defined a list of very specific grievances, dug out hard supporting data, and pursued its demands through loud and persistent confrontations with decision makers. . . .

The establishment of district council elections in 1977 was a formal recognition that the locus of power in San Antonio had shifted from a business establishment which claimed to speak for the city as a whole to individual sections and neighborhoods within the city. As early as 1972-73, the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund (MALDEF) had successfully used the federal courts to replace multi-member legislative districts with single member districts in Dallas and San Antonio. Because the GGL had carefully balanced its tickets with safe black and Hispanic candidates, it had been more difficult to prove the discriminatory effects of at-large council elections.

In 1975, however, Congress extended the 1965 Voting Rights Act to cover Texas. MALDEF immediately challenged the 1972 annexations on the grounds that the addition of 55,000 Anglo-American residents diluted the influence of Mexican-American voters on their city government. In April 1976 the Justice Department disallowed voting in the annexed areas, an action that not only disfranchised thousands of San Antonians but also threatened the city's ability to market its bonds. Under federal pressure, the city council developed an acceptable ten-one plan under which the mayor would be elected at large and each of ten council members from separate districts.

The plan passed on January 15, 1977 with 51 percent of the total vote. The organized opposition came from development and real estate interests, the most active support from COPS. The north-side vote was 20-to-one against the new charter with every precinct north of Hildebrand voting no. The vote on the west side was 20-to-one in support. The first election under the new charter in May 1977 resulted in a council evenly balanced among five Mexican-Americans, one black, and five Anglo-Americans (including Mayor Lila Cockrell). □

NEW BOOKS ON THE SOUTH

Books on the South

This list contains books noted in the Subject Guide to Forthcoming Books in Print, *January 1987. Dissertations appeared in* Dissertation Abstracts *from November 1986 through February 1987. All books were published in 1987 and dissertations appeared in 1986 unless otherwise noted.*

Copies of the dissertations are available from University Microfilms International, Dissertation Copies, P.O. Box 1764, Ann Arbor, MI 48106; 800-521-3042.

AFRO-AMERICANS

"Afro-American Opposition to the United States' Wars of the Twentieth Century: Dissent, Discontent and Disinterest," by Gerald Robert Gill. Howard Univ. 1985.

Afro-American Voices: Interviews with Prominent Black Americans, by Jeffrey M. Elliot. Borgo Press. $14.95/6.95 paper. Date not set.

Aretha: A Personal & Professional Biography, by James Haskins and Kathleen Benson. Stein and Day. $16.95.

"Autobiography by Black American Women: A Tradition Within A Tradition," by Joanne Margaret Braxton. Yale Univ. 1984.

"The Autobiography of a Parader Without a Permit," by Endesha Ida Mae Holland. Univ. of Minnesota.

Black Sanity: A Collection of Quotes from Black America, ed. by Terry Williams, et al. William Stery Co. $12.95.

Blackball Stars, by John H. Holway. Meckler Publishing. $24.95/12.95 paper.

Charles N. Hunter and Race Relations in North Carolina, by John H. Haley. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $17.95.

Class, Race, and the Civil Rights Movement, by Jack Bloom. Indiana Univ. Press. $35/12.50 paper.

The Color Line and the Quality of Life: The Problem of the Twentieth Century, by Reynolds Farley and Walter Allen. Russell Sage Foundation. $37.50/15.95 paper.

Coloring the Soaps: Blacks on Television and Radio Soap Operas — A History and Bibliography, by George Hill. Daystar Publishing Co. $11/6 paper.

Invented Lives: Narratives of Black Women, 1860-1960, by Mary H. Washington. Doubleday. $6.95.

Long Gone: The Mecklenberg Six and the Theme of Escape in Black Folklore, by Daryl C. Dance. Univ. of Tennessee Press. $18.95.

Racism and Equal Oppportunity Politics in the 1980s, ed. by Richard Jenkins and John Solomos. Cambridge Univ. Press. Price not set. Date not set.

Search for the Beloved Community: The Thinking of Martin Luther King, Jr., by Kenneth L. Smith and Ira G. Zepp. Univ. Press of America. $8.25 paper.

BIOGRAPHY

Andrew Durnford: A Black Sugar Planter in Antebellum Louisiana, by David O. Whitten. Northwestern State University Press of Louisiana. $12.50. Date not set.

Bombast and Broadsides: The Lives of George Johnstone, by Robin F. Fabel. Univ. of Alabama Press. $21.50.

Boone, by T. Boone Pickens. Houghton Mifflin. $18.95.

Carpetbagger of Conscience: A Biography of John Emory Bryant, by Ruth Currie-McDaniel. Univ of Georgia Press. $30.

Claude McKay, Rebel Sojourner in the Harlem Renaissance: A Biography, by Wayne F. Cooper. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $29.95.

I Remember Jazz, by Al Rose. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $24.95.

Jule Carr: General Without an Army, by Mena Webb. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $19.95.

Keeper of the Rules: Congressman Howard W. Smith of Virginia, by Bruce Dierenfield. Univ. Press of Virginia. $25.

This Awful Drama: General Edwin Gray Lee, C.S.A., and His Family, by Alexandra L. Lavin. Vantage. $14.95.

"William Pitt Ballinger: Public Servant, Private Pragmatist," by John Anthony Moretta. Rice Univ.

CULTURAL PERSPECTIVES

Afro-American Media: Challenges and History, by George H. Hill. Daystar Publishing Co. $14/7 paper.

The Alabama Catalog Historic American Buildings Survey: A Guide to the Early Architecture of the State, by Robert S. Gamble. Univ. of Alabama Press. $55.

Alabama Trivia, by Jill Couch and Ernie Couch. Rutledge Hill Press. $5.95 paper.

The Arbitrariness of the Death Penalty, by Barry Nakell and Kenneth A. Hardy. Temple Univ. Press. $37.95.

The Arts at Black Mountain College, 1933-1957, by Mary E. Harris. MIT Press. $50.

" 'Born and Bred' in Texas: Three Generations of Black Females: A Critique of Social Science Perceptions on the Black Female," by Merle Yvonne Miles. Univ. of Texas at Austin.

Capital Punishment and the American Agenda, by Franklin Zimring and Gordon Hawkins. Cambridge Univ. Press. Price not set. Date not set.

Charleston Ironwork, by Charles Bayless. Sandlapper Publishing Co. $32.95.

"Cultural Myth and Class Structuration: The Downtown Group of Charleston, South Carolina," by Nancy Press. Duke Univ.

Deep South: A Social Anthropological Study of Caste and Class, by Allison Davis, et al. Center for Afro-American Studies at UCLA. Price not set.

Digging Our Own Graves: Coal Miners and the Struggle Over Black Lung Disease, by Barbara E. Smith. Temple Univ. Press. $24.95.

The Foxfire Book of Wine Making: Recipes and Memories in the Appalachian Tradition, edited by Hilton Smith. Dutton. $17.95/ 9.95 paper.

From Claire and Weezie to Julia and Beulah: Black Women on TV: Historical Perspective and Bibliography, by George Hill. Daystar Publishing Co. $12/7 paper.

Laughter in Appalachia: A Festival of Southern Mountain Humor, ed. by Billy E. Wheeler and Loyal Jones. August House. $16.95/8.95 paper.

" 'My Family is Me': Women's Kin Networks and Social Power in a Black Sea Island Community," by Virginia Kay Young Day. Rutgers Univ.

Nashville Trivia, by Steve Karr, et al. Rutledge Hill Press. $5.95 paper.

The Natural World of the Texas Big Thicket, photos by Blair Pittman. Texas A & M Univ. Press. $24.95/12.95 paper.

"The Negro Renaissance from America Back to Africa: A Study of the Harlem Renaissance as a Black and African Movement," by Codjo Achode. Univ. of Pennsylvania.

Racism, the Inevitable in America, by Edward Faison, Jr. Vantage. $11.95.

Reading of the Alamo, by John F. Rios. Vantage. $20.

The Restaurants of New Orleans, by Roy F. Guste, Jr. Norton. $12.95 paper.

" 'Shalom Y'all': The Folklore and Culture of Southern Jews," by Carolyn Lipson-Walker. Indiana Univ.

Shreveport: A Photographic Remembrance, by Patricia Meador and Bailey Thomson. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $24.95.

Sisterhood and Solidarity: Feminism and Labor in the 1980s, by Diane Balser. South End Press. $25/9 paper.

Southern Folk, Plain and Fancy: Native White Social Types, by John S. Reed. Univ. of Georgia Press. $13.95.

Southern Ghosts, by Nancy Roberts. Sandlapper Publishing Co. $5.95 paper.

The Texas Longhorn: Relic of the Past, Asset for the Future, by Don Worcester. Texas A & M Univ. Press. $12.95.

This I Can Leave You: A Woman's Days on the Pitchfork Ranch, by Mamie S. Burns. Texas A & M Univ. Press. $16.95.

The Ultimate Coercive Sanction: A Cross-Cultural Study of Capital Punishment, by Keith F. Otterbein. Human Relations Area Files Press.

Under the Texas Sun: Adventures of a Young Cowpuncher, by Anna M. Dana. Texas A & M Univ. Press. $12.50.

Work and Racial Equality in a Coal Mining Community, by Dorothy Schwieder, et al. Iowa State Univ. Press. $24.95.

EDUCATION

"An Analysis of Characteristics Influencing the Withdrawals of Academically Eligible Black Students in a Predominantly Black University: 1981-1984," by Ernest Leon Pickens. Temple Univ.

"The Arkansas Teacher Retirement System: An Overview of Sixteen Southern Retirement Systems," by Sandra Lynn Vann. Univ. of Arkansas.

"A Comparison Study of Southern Educated and Northern Educated Black Women Teachers," by Vera Thompson. Fairleigh Dickinson Univ.

"A Content Analysis of American Indian Literature as Presented in North Carolina High School Textbooks," by James P. Charles. Univ. of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

"The Courts and Special Education in Virginia," by Andrea B. Chisick. Univ. of Virginia. 1985.

"An Educational History of the Gullahs of Coastal Carolina from 1700 to 1900," by Elizabeth Hoit-Thetford. East Tennessee State Univ.

"The Effect of Women's Studies and Black Studies on the Self-Concept and Careers of Black Women," by Carmen Buford. UCLA.

"High School Dropouts in Georgia," by Elizabeth Hoole McArthur. Univ. of Georgia.

"A History of Education in Marlboro County, South Carolina, 1737-1895," by Marilynn Hayes McLeod. Univ. of South Carolina.

"The Impact of Population Growth on Public Schools in Selected Coastal Counties of North

Carolina," by Kay Bender Gresham. Duke Univ.

"An Input-Output Analysis of Selected Rural Elementary Schools in West Texas," by Ellen Desrosiers. Texas Tech Univ.

"Institutionalization of Clinical Supervision in the Public Schools of North Carolina," by William Lloyd Dobney. Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State Univ.

"An Investigation of Educators' Attitudes Toward the Louisiana Professional Improvement Program and Its Impact on Education in Louisiana," by Mary Beth Almerico. University of New Orleans.

"A Model for Instructional Improvement in Southern Baptist Colleges," by Gary Alexander Chapman. The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Mountain Rhetoric and Mountain Rhetoric Teacher's Guide, by Heidi Koring. Appalachian Consortium.

"Perceptions of Tennessee Public School Principals Concerning Their Managerial Authority Under Collective Negotiations," by Oliver Eugene Eller. East Tennessee State Univ.

"Professional Barriers and Facilitators for Minority Women in Educational Research," by Sharon Elizabeth Artis-Goodwin. Harvard Univ.

Ringing the Children In: Texas Country Schools, by Thad Sitton and Milam C. Rowold. Texas A & M Univ Press. $16.95.

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VOICES FROM THE PAST

"The brightest and best was killed in Nat's time."

We all know about Nat Turner — or do we? He led a slave insurrection in Southampton County, Virginia, on August 22, 1831. Some 60 whites died, and a greater number of blacks were killed in the repression. "In Nat's time," a black woman named Charity Bowery recalled, "the patrols would tie up the free colored people, flog 'em, and try to make 'em lie against one another, and often killed them before anyone could interfere. The brightest and best was killed in Nat's time."

What did black Southerners have to hide during the months of widespread reprisals? White opinion was split from the start. Some sensed a well-planned "abolitionist plot" across much of the South. Others downplayed the incident as a spontaneous outburst prompted by a single "fanatical" leader. Virginia Governor John Floyd became "fully convinced that every black preacher in the whole country east of the Blue Ridge was in the secret."

"In relation to the extent of this insurrection," Floyd wrote in November, "I think it greater than will ever appear." Unfortunately, most of the documents forwarded by Floyd to the Virginia House of Delegates have never been found. Only a few tantalizing items still survive in his "Slave and Negro Letterbook, 1831" at the Virginia State Library in Richmond. Eventually, they may help a new generation of historians rewrite this crucial but shadowy chapter of Southern history.

One undated scrap of paper, pictured here, set the day for rebellion as the last Sunday in October and carried the postscript: "do burne this as soon as yo read it." The author signed himself Joe Dr. — conceivably the same "Dr. Joe" who had been active in Virginia at the time of Prosser's Revolt three decades earlier, or a follower who had taken up his name and his cause. This document, Floyd noted at the bottom, had been "Furnished by a gentleman near Richmond city after the insurrection. It was found in the road below the City five or six miles."

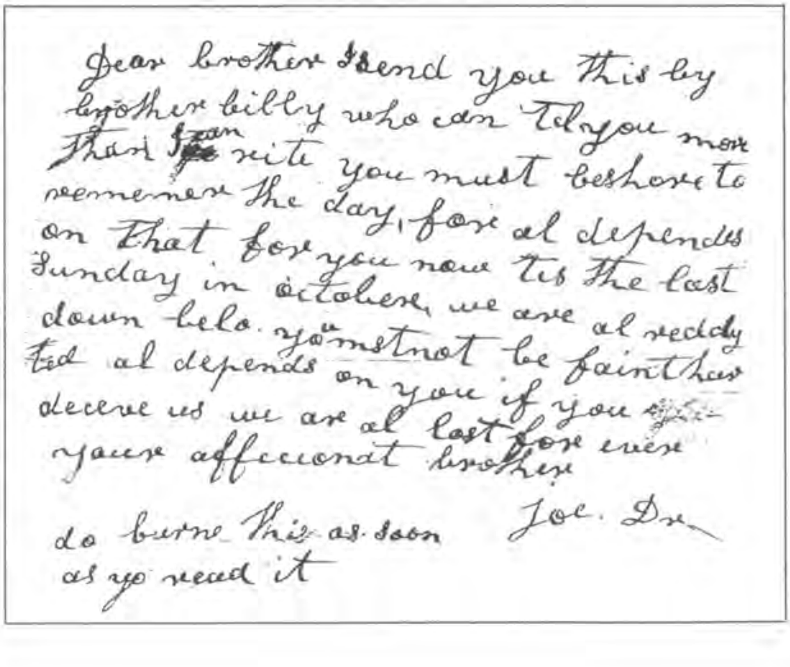
Another hastily written item in the same letterbook is from an anti-slavery white in Chesterfield County, between Richmond and Petersburg. The author, whose last name remains unclear, was writing to a free black in Richmond named Ben Lee, a week after Turner's Southampton uprising. When combined with other evidence, his note suggests — as many have speculated — that Nat's action may well have been a premature outbreak in a loose-knit plan that was to encompass a far larger area. The spelling and punctuation in the text below have been modified for clarity.

— Contributed by Peter H. Wood
Hillsborough, N.C.

Chesterfield Aug 29 1831
My old fellow Ben —

You will tell or acquaint every servant in Richmond & adjoining counties they all must be in a strict readiness; that this occurrence will go through Virginia with the slaves & whites. If there had never been an association & a visiting with the free & slaves, this would never had of been. They are put up by the free about their liberation. I've wrote to Norfolk [to the southeast], Amelia, Nottaway [to the west] & several other counties to different slaves. Bob Hill, Miller Bowles, John Furguson, Fed Toney(?) & several other free fellows has put up Dr. Crump's, Mr. Field's, Mr. Scott's & a great many gentlemen's private servants how they must act in getting of their liberation. They must set fire to the city, beginning at Shockoe Hill, then going through, east-west-north-south, set fire to the bridges. They are about to break out in Goochland [to the northwest] & in Mecklenburg County [to the southwest] & several other counties very shortly. Now there is a barber here in this place [known] as Jery(?) [who] tells me [that] a Methodist of the name Edwards has put a great many servants up how they should do & act by setting fire to this town. I do wish they may succeed. By so doing, we poor whites can get work as well as the slaves or colored. . . . Ruben, Mr. Archer's servant, say that Billy Hickman has just put him up how to revenge the whites. All the bright mulattoes of Richmond wants to be white. So boys, you all must do the best you all can for yourselves. . . . They has stopped your all's religion, Edwards says. So you all ought to get revenge some way. Every white in this place is scared to death, except myself & a few others. This Methodist has put up a great many slaves in this place how to do, I can tell you. So push on boys, push on.

Your friend, Williamson Mann (?)


dear brother I send you this by
brother billy who can tel you more
Than I can rite you must beshore to
remember the day, fore al depends
on That fore you now tis the last
Sunday in october, we are al reddy
down belo. you must not be faint har
ted al depends on you if you
deceve us we are al lost fore ever
youre affecionat brother
do burne this as soon Joe. Dr
as yo read it

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