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SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE has been published since 1973 by the Institute for Southern Studies. With its combination of investigative reporting, historical perspective, oral histories, photography, and literature, the magazine has earned a national reputation. In the past five years, the magazine has received two Project Censored Awards, the Sidney Hillman Award for courageous reporting on racial injustice, two Alternative Press Awards for best regional publication, a National Magazine Award, and the John Hancock Insurance Company award for economic reporting.

THE INSTITUTE FOR SOUTHERN STUDIES is a nonprofit center working for progressive change in the region. Since its founding in 1970, the Institute has sponsored research, education, and organizing programs to (1) empower grassroots organizations and communities with strong local leadership and well-informed strategies, (2) provide the information, ideas, and historical understanding of Southern social struggles necessary for long-term fundamental change, and (3) nourish communication, cooperation, and understanding among diverse cultural groups.

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COVER DESIGN *by Mia Kirsh*

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SOUTHERN EXPOSURE is published quarterly by the Institute for Southern Studies and is available with a membership in the Institute for $24 per year. Manuscripts and photos may be submitted if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address correspondence to P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.
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SOUTHERN EXPOSURE is indexed in *Alternative Press Index, The American Humanities Index*, and *Access: The Supplementary Index to Periodicals*, and is available on microfilm from University Microfilm, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Periodical postage is paid at Durham, NC 27702 and additional offices.

ISSN: 0146:809X. Post Office No. 053470.
POSTMASTER: Send form 3579 with address changes to *Southern Exposure*, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

"At all times antagonize the selfish interests"

Southern Exposure stands in a proud tradition of journalism that questions the inner workings of power and exposes the facts about ownership and how it affects our lives. Today, one of the industries most in need of such scrutiny is the media itself. This issue of *Southern Exposure* goes to the heart of the competing forces in the Southern media: on one hand, the dizzying pace of consolidation, as control over information falls into fewer and fewer hands; and on the other, the tenacity of good reporters who document injustice and celebrate struggles for change.

The trend towards media monopolization is evident. Throughout the South, the days of the locally-owned paper and station are long gone. Starting with our "Focus on the Media" issue in 1975, through a report on mega-mergers in 1992, up to the research published in this issue, *Southern Exposure* has traced the evolution of the Southern media into a business dominated by a few corporate giants.

However, the consequences are not entirely clear. Some editors told us that they have more freedom when the hands holding the purse strings are further removed. One of us grew up in Owenton, Kentucky, where the publisher of the weekly paper also owned a laundromat, a pizza parlor, and a good deal of the county's low-income housing, besides sitting on the local industrial board. When the *Owen County News-Herald* was sold to Landmark Communications—a media chain based in Norfolk, Virginia—local coverage became markedly more objective.

> *What we may be losing — besides the quirky charm of the hometown paper—is an honest look at global corporate and political practice.*

What we may be losing with the growth of multinational media—besides the quirky charm of the hometown paper—is an honest look at global corporate and political practice. One of the most censored stories of 1996, according to Project Censored in California, was Ron Nixon (Institute Research Director) and Michael King's reporting for the *Texas Observer* on the investments of Shell Oil (based in Houston, Texas) in the Nigerian delta. The story—untouched by most mainstream outlets—brought to light Nigeria's execution of nine activists who challenged Shell's appropriation of native lands. Such is the fate of many stories that threaten dominant institutions, or someone's bottom line.

Clearly, whether a newspaper is backed by local or multinational power, the challenge to provide coverage that serves common cause is the same. And that is why this issue, in publishing this year's winners of the 10th-annual Southern Journalism Awards, also honors those mainstream journalists willing to question entrenched power.

What makes these stories remarkable is their courage and their candor, qualities that have always been at odds with the imperatives of business media. As a journalist named E.W. Scripps said nearly one hundred years ago, "A newspaper must at all times antagonize the selfish interests of that very class that furnishes the larger part of a newspaper's income. The press in this country is so thoroughly dominated by the wealthy few that it cannot be depended upon to give the great mass of the people the correct information concerning political, economical and social subjects which is necessary ... to protect themselves from the brutal force and chicanery of the ruling and employing classes."

Now E.W. Scripps Newspapers has a daily circulation of 1.3 million, making it the 10th largest newspaper owner in the nation. The struggle for candid and courageous voices carries on.

—Jordan Green and Chris Kromm

Publishers Note:

Dear Readers:

I want to take this opportunity to tell you about some changes and new faces at the Institute. As you know, last year the Institute conducted an assessment to reevaluate its role in the social justice movement in the South. Under the leadership of Tema Okun, who was the Institute's Interim Director for part of 1996, the Institute conducted an organizational assessment of its strengths and challenges.

The results of the assessment helped us recognize that our strength lies in community-based research work and investigative journalism. To better meet the needs of our readers and constituents and to take advantage of emerging technologies, we realized that we would have to go through a period of transition, including changing job descriptions. In this case, we have broadened the role of the editor of *Southern Exposure* replacing it with the new job of Communications Director.

The Communications Director will spend much of this year assessing the Institute's communications tools, including *Southern Exposure*. We want to know what our readers find interesting and important in furthering their work. Please take a few minutes to complete the survey included in this issue. Your comments and recommendations will definately help us improve *Southern Exposure!*

During this period of transition we had to say farewell to two key staff people who are now pursuing new endeavors. I want to thank Pat Arnow, former SE Editor, and Ron Nixon, former Institute Research Director, who did an incredible job of helping the Institute navigate through uncharted waters during this period of transition. We will miss their insight and tireless work for the Institute.

I would also like to take this opportunity to welcome Chris Kromm as the Institute's new Communications Director. Chris comes to us after an exciting career as an organizer and a journalist. He most recently was a Program Director and Organizer for the NC Student Rural Health Coalition, where he helped organize community health projects for over 200 activists in five chapters, and founded an Action Research program which sponsored several community-based investigations.

He brings years of editorial expertise to *Southern Exposure* from his days as Publications Director at the Student Environmental Action Coalition, where he edited their national monthly magazine on environmental justice, *Threshold*. He has also written and researched for *The Nation*, *Southern Exposure* and the *Independent Weekly*, and done communications work for several grassroots organizations.

We are extremely excited and fortunate to have Chris on board and at the helm of *Southern Exposure!*

—Pronita Gupta

Dr. Feelgood

HOUSTON, Tx—A Houston federal judge declared a mistrial in the case of a local doctor charged with illegally dispensing an experimental cancer drug to patients. After seven days of deliberation, jurors said they were unable to reach a verdict in the case of Dr. Stanislaw Burzynski.

Burzynski was charged with violating federal drug laws. He was dispensing the drug antineoplaston, an experimental drug not yet approved by the Food and Drug Administration. The doctor was accused of giving the drug to patients across the country for ailments ranging from AIDS and cancer to skin diseases and baldness.

Illustrations by Paul Walters

South Ranks at Bottom for Children

ROANOKE, Va—Children in the South live worse than children in any other region in the United States, according to a coalition of Southern children's advocacy groups. A report released by the group called *Ending the Southern Deficit* shows that Southern states consistently rank at the bottom when it comes to infant mortality, poverty, education, and juvenile crime.

Drawing on data from the annual *Kids Count* report, published by the Anne E. Casey Foundation, the report shows that every Southern state except Virginia and North Carolina exceeded the national average in number of children in poverty. Virginia was the only Southern state to rank in the best 20 states in the national ranking. Kentucky was the next highest Southern state at 36th.

North Carolina ranked 39th; Arkansas 40th; Georgia 43rd; Tennessee 44th; West Virginia 45th; South Carolina 46th; Alabama 47th; Florida 48th; and Mississippi 49th. Louisiana ranked last.

"Clearly it does show that the South is having more struggles with children's issues than other regions of the country," Susan Gholston, *Kids Count* project director at the Action Alliance for Virginia's Children and Youth, told the *Roanoke Times*.

"One of the things we are looking at is what is the culture of the South," she said. "It's endemic in not tackling some issues more strongly. There is a kind of tendency to take care of one's own family but not necessarily reach out to others."

Patriot Games

MONTGOMERY, Al—Violent extremist groups have grown in number and vehemence since the Oklahoma City bombing two years ago, according to a group that monitors hate groups across the United States.

The Southern Poverty Law Center, based in Montgomery, Alabama, said that at least 858 so-called Patriot groups were active in the United States last year, including 380 armed militias. The figures represented a six percent increase in the number of groups identified in 1994 and 1995.

Two members of one of these groups, the Militia-at-Large for the Republic of Georgia, were charged with conspiracy to possess explosive devices after allegedly planning to construct homemade bombs for distribution among militia members. In June 1996, the leader of this group's "special operation team" was arrested on charges of conspiring to possess bombs and having an unregistered destructive device. All were convicted last November.

In West Virginia, seven men with ties to a militia group were arrested for plotting to blow up an FBI complex near Clarksburg, West Virginia. According to authorities, at least one of the plotters believed that the complex would be the command center when the "new world order" moved against American citizens.

The Center warned that these groups have begun developing a national intelligence network.

Marijuana is a major Kentucky cash crop, but who profits?

MONTEREY, Ky—Every summer, starting in late May, Kentucky Drug Strike Force helicopters scour the hillsides and hollers of Kentucky, grazing tree tops in their search for marijuana. It's been said that marijuana is Kentucky's number one cash crop, though representatives of the Kentucky State Police say that the crop only accounts for a little more than a tenth of the profits that tobacco generates. The Department of Agriculture does not keep statistics on illegal crops.

Most commonly, marijuana grown on national forest land, along river banks, or on private property will be destroyed onsite without an arrest. But every summer, at least a couple of names familiar to people in the community appear in the county paper alongside charges of "possession of marijuana." When the helicopters start to circle a particular part of a ridge, speculations fly as neighbors wonder who is going to get caught next.

Edison Stamper of Monterey, Kentucky, was arrested in 1992 for a crop of 11 plants and spent 33 months in prison. He suspects that the plants were divided among the arresting officers. Stamper believes that marijuana is kept illegal so that politicians can glean profits from organized crime, which benefits from artificially inflated prices. "They don't have a problem with busting up the small marijuana farmer, but the major drug traffickers operate freely," he says. Stamper likes to rally support for the legalization of this major Kentucky cash crop with the acronym HEMP: Help Eliminate the Menace of Prohibition.

A local worker, under the supervision of the Kentucky Drug Strike Force, burns a recently discovered marijuana crop. Many Kentuckians wonder how much is actually destroyed.

Stamper's suspicions of law enforcement involvement in the marijuana trade aren't as far-fetched as they seem. In 1990, much of the Lee County police force was implicated in a regional narcotics ring. The county sheriff and a city police deputy were indicted for conspiracy to traffic cocaine. Two years later, a new sheriff in Lee County was charged with conspiracy to distribute marijuana. He subsequently pled guilty to obstruction of justice in the investigation, resigned, and spent nine months in jail.

Bob Smith, editor of the weekly *Three Forks Tradition* in Lee County, sees the illegal status of marijuana as the cause of serious social problems in his community. "Most of the killings and serious crime in Lee County are drug-related," he says. "The state destroys a lot of marijuana. In the process, they drive the price up. The only way to take the crime out of it is to take the profit out of it."

Gatewood Galbraith, a Lexington lawyer, has run twice for governor with the

Green Democrat Party. He also advocates the legalization of marijuana. He, too, believes that corruption in law enforcement is widespread.

Galbraith tells about an experience he had representing a client charged with marijuana possession. "When we arrived at the courthouse for the trial, there was no jury, nobody there. We see the prosecutor running up the street. He says, 'I want to offer you a deal: Your client can go free with his charges reduced to misdemeanor if he leaves the state.' My client said, 'That sounds pretty good.' Then the prosecutor told us that the evidence had been stolen by a juvenile, so he couldn't release his name. Yeah, right!"

In another instance, Galbraith says that 1200 plants were allegedly stolen from the Owsley County Jail in 1995.

Most Kentucky sheriffs claim that when they run across a marijuana crop they cut the plants, douse them with diesel, and burn them onsite unless they have a suspect, in which case they save the plants as evidence until they receive a court order to destroy them.

Sheriff Randy Clark in Trigg County says his department generally does not handle disposal. All plants are delivered to the Pennyroyle Narcotics Task Force, an agency which serves nine counties in western Kentucky.

In the eastern Appalachian region of Kentucky, Clay County sheriff Ed Jordan says that all of the plants seized by his department are turned over to the Federal Forestry Department in London, Kentucky.

Most Kentucky sheriff's departments do not keep records of the disposal of seized plants. When asked if the state mandates guidelines for marijuana disposal, Woodford County sheriff John Coyle says, "I imagine each county has its own policy and procedure." Local sheriff's departments are not required to report to the state the amounts of marijuana they have confiscated and destroyed. The Kentucky State Police Department has no oversight over local law enforcement officials, who are accountable only to themselves.

However, the vast majority of marijuana arrests and disposal of seized plants are not carried out by local sheriff's departments alone. Special Agent Tracy Perry, a spokesperson for the U.S. Forest Service in Atlanta, says that statewide marijuana eradication efforts are coordinated between the Kentucky State Police, the National Guard, the Forest Service, and county sheriff's departments, known collectively as the Kentucky Drug Strike Force.

"Very rarely will you find only one agency involved in the disposal of marijuana," says Perry. He says that the Strike Force consists of a flight team, a surveillance team, and an eradication team made up of members of different agencies. Perry says that at the end of each growing season, they are required to report how many people were arrested and how many plants were destroyed to the Governor's Drug Task Force.

Gatewood Galbraith is not convinced that state law enforcement is above corruption. "Time and time again, these multi-jurisdictional task forces have come under scrutiny for poor record-keeping," he says angrily. "In eastern Kentucky, the Mountain Area Drug Task Force was found to have forged records, falsifed arrests and falsifed statistics so they could take credit for eradication. They have no accountability."

—Jordan Green

First, Do No Harm

RALEIGH, NC—The hospital you visit in hopes of making you well may be making you sick. That is the conclusion of a new report named after the physician's pledge, "First, Do No Harm."

According to the report, released by a coalition called Health Care Without Harm, hospitals, nursing homes and other health care facilities nationwide produce a mountain of medical waste totaling 2 million tons annually. This waste includes mercury, cadmium, and lead, major sources of pollution that have been linked to a number of illnesses, including cancer.

Health Care Without Harm is a nationwide coalition of more than three dozen organizations, including community groups, environmental justice organizations, scientists, physicians, nurses, other health care professionals and environmentalists.

According to the report, hospitals and other medical facilities are among the top two or three sources of dioxin, an extremely potent carcinogen that has also been linked to reproductive, immune, and developmental diseases.

Among the other findings in the report:

▲ More than 5.6 million American children under the age of 16 live within two miles of a permitted medical waste incinerator.

▲ More than 7 million people of color—15 percent of the minority population—live within two miles of a permitted medical waste incinerator. By comparison, nine percent of white Americans live within two miles of such facilities.

▲ One American in seven who is living below the poverty level also lives within two miles of a medical waste incinerator.

"As a physician who battles cancer and reproductive abnormalities on a daily basis, I find it ironic that the very institutions we look to for relief from life-threatening illnesses are themselves leading sources of pollution," said Mark McClure, a urologist in Raleigh, North Carolina.

Gimme a [Tax] Break

THE SOUTH—Encouraged by economic growth in the region, several Southern states have begun cutting millions of dollars from unemployment insurance taxes that businesses pay.

Businesses pay into these funds based on the size of their workforce, the number of layoffs at each company and the size of their state's fund. The funds are designed to grow with a strong economy.

Many Southern politicians feel that this is no longer necessary. Due to a recent boom in Southern states—marked by high job growth and falling unemployment—states are no longer wanting to save for a rainy day, and are moving to stop requiring business to pay into unemployment insurance funds. Lowering tax rates on businesses, leaders in the South say, will lure more industry to the region, putting the money directly into the local economy.

North Carolina governor Jim Hunt told the *Wall Street Journal* the cuts "send a message to business across the country. . . [that] North Carolina is serious about developing a business climate that will help us retain existing businesses and recruit others."

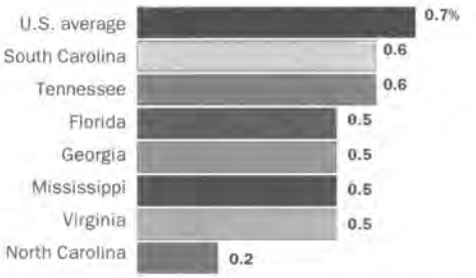
Florida Governor Lawton Chiles is proposing a $145 million tax cut for business in the Sunshine state.

Other Southern states are following suit. Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida are all considering lowering the amount businesses will have to pay into the unemployment insurance fund.

CUTS IN THE UNEMPLOYMENT TAX: EASIER FOR BUSINESS, HARDER FOR WORKERS

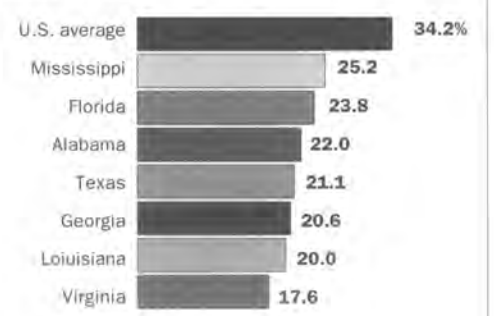
Southern companies pay the lowest unemployment taxes in the nation.

TAXES PAID AS A PERCENTAGE OF INCOME, 1994-96



And Southern states are the hardest places to collect unemployment benefits.

PERCENT OF UNEMPLOYED COLLECTING UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS IN 1995



Yet, Southern States are leading the charge to reduce the tax.

STATES THAT HAVE CUT UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE TAXES OR HAVE PROPOSALS PENDING

*Source: U.S. Department of Labor & Wall Street Journal

Many economists warn that the cuts could be premature. They say that the states have failed to consider how quickly a downturn can happen despite the recent prosperity in the South.

"These states will face the consequences of the cuts in the next recession," says Wayne Vroman, an economist with the Urban Institute in Washington, D.C. "The only way these cuts make sense is if you ignore the experiences of past recessions."

Figures from the Department of Labor show that most Southern states could only afford to pay unemployment benefits for a little under a year now in the event of a recession. Cutting money going into it could make it worse.

But at the same time that they are cutting taxes for businesses, states are making it harder for workers to collect unemployment compensation. Barbara Austin of Salem, Virginia, is one of those people. When she left her job at a Salem laundry to move with her husband, who moved to take care of his aging mother in another county, she applied for unemployment compensation. The Virginia Employment Commission turned her down. Virginia law stated that workers couldn't collect benefits if they quit a job to move with a spouse, even if their spouse's employers transferred them.

Federal figures show that Virginia has the lowest number of people—18 percent—in the nation collecting unemployment benefits. Other Southern states also rank near bottom. Nearly every state except Arkansas, 11th in the nation for the number of workers getting unemployment, ranked in the bottom half of the nation.

Study Shows Modest Declines In Residential Segregation

Ann Arbor, Mich—A new study by University of Michigan researcher Reynolds Farley found that residential segregation declined throughout the United States in the 1980s. Areas with rapid population growth in the South and West saw the greatest declines. Although most Americans still live in neighborhoods that are largely inhabited by one racial group, the strict divisions of the color line have abated somewhat.

Jacksonville, North Carolina, is the least segregated metropolitan area in the country, according to the study. Jacksonville's relatively low level of segregation is largely attributed to Camp Lejeune, a Marine Corps base. The study reports that towns where the military and higher education provide a strong economic base have the lowest levels of segregation.

Other cities that topped the list were Lawton, Oklahoma, with Fort Sill; Anchorage, Alaska, with Elmendorf Air Base; Fayetteville, North Carolina, with Fort Bragg; and Lawrence, Kansas, with the University of Kansas. Northern and Midwestern industrial cities that absorbed the migration of southern blacks 75 years ago are still the most segregated areas of the country and show the most resistance towards integration. Gary, Indiana; Detroit, Michigan; Chicago, Illinois; and Cleveland, Ohio topped the list of the most segregated cities in the nation.

Farley attributed the decline in residential segregation to several factors:

▲ Whites' racial attitudes have changed. The study claims the majority of urban whites no longer believe that African Americans should live in separate sections of town, as they did 50 years ago.

▲ Federal housing policy has become more regulated. Congress enacted the Fair Housing Law and other measures governing community investing and mortgage lending in the 1970s. The Supreme Court ruled in favor of equal opportunities, overturning policies that intensified segregation in cities.

▲ New housing developments, which lack a reputation for racial discrimination, continue to be built at a high rate, especially in the southern and western areas of the country. New housing developments lack the reputation of old neighborhoods where the perception of white hostility still lingers, says Farley.

New housing also comes under greater scrutiny by the open housing movement which tests for discrimination and government regulations passed in 1972 requires that developers using government-backed loans market their properties to people of color.

▲ Both the black upper and middle classes have grown. In the past 30 years the number of African-American households with incomes over $60,000 rose by 9 percent. "The share of black households that can afford expensive housing and that have the social and economic characteristics that minimize white flight doubled between 1970 and 1990," says Farley.

Race is still the overwhelming factor in how homes are chosen, but there may be a shift occurring in housing patterns. "Despite changes in the 1980s, segregation is still the rule, not the exception, in many of the older centers of African-American population," says Farley.

The 1990 Census shows that African Americans are migrating away from the most highly segregated centers of the Northeast and Midwest to less segregated areas such as San Diego, Sacramento, and San Bernardino-Riverside in the West; Minneapolis in the Midwest; and Orlando and Dallas in the South.

—Jordan Green

"It's just a disgracefully low number," said Hugh O'Donnell, a southwest Virginia lawyer who represents hundreds of unemployed people. "You're not talking about a safety net. You're talking about a hole, basically."

Workers in Virginia, however, may soon get a break. An agreement between labor and business leaders would ease the qualifying requirements for jobless benefits. To qualify, workers in Virginia currently must earn at least $3,250 over a six-month period before they lose their jobs. The agreement would reduce that to $2,500 by 1999, making it easier for part-time and seasonal workers to earn benefits.

The agreement would also increase the state's maximum unemployment benefit from $224 a week to $232 a week over the next three years. Virginia has ranked in the bottom half of the nation in benefit levels. The agreement would also decrease the proposed unemployment tax break businesses from an estimated $199 million to $175 million.

—Ron Nixon & Mike Hudson

Toxic Science

CARRBORO, NC—Five years is a long time for two state agencies to study groundwater contamination from pesticides. For Allen Spalt and Erick Umstead of the Carrboro, North Carolina-based Agricultural Resources Center (ARC), it wasn't quite enough.

In August 1996, the North Carolina Department of Agriculture and the Department of Environment, Health and

Natural Resources announced their study results in a press release with this headline: "Study reports no widespread contamination of groundwater."

The problem was, the actual report acknowledged that pesticides were found in 18 percent of 97 wells set up across the state to look for agricultural chemicals. And Umstead and Spalt, who advocate strict rules on pesticide use, said the reality was even worse than that. While researchers retested wells that had shown traces of pesticides in the water, they did not retest where no chemicals were found. So the study subjected positive results to stricter scrutiny than the negative ones.

But the final report, which the agriculture department's Pesticide Board adopted in February, was a different story. The first part of the two-stage study detected contamination in 13 percent of 55 existing wells not necessarily near farms or other fields. The second part set up 97 wells, each within 300 feet of where pesticides had been applied in the last five years. Twenty-seven percent of those were contaminated. The ARC thought saying as much amounted to exposing the truth when it had been buried before.

"The state has a serious problem," Spalt said. "The system is broke and needs to be fixed. The only startling thing is the numbers are higher than anyone expected, and we're pessimists on this issue."

The re-release of the study still represented something of a victory for the ARC. The group has swayed few opinions on the Pesticide Board in its 10-year lifetime. The seven-member board has usually been stacked with agriculture- and chemical industry-friendly representatives and has not often listened closely to Spalt's and Umstead's concerns. Getting them to review a study according to conservationists' requests was no small feat, they said.

"Oh, yeah, we're very happy," Umstead said. "They made about all the changes we asked for."

But why do they face a new situation now? The changing makeup of the Pesticide Board itself is partly to thank. Until recently, few members have raised a voice for environmental or health issues. The slot for a "non-governmental conservationist" was never appropriately filled until biological consultant Benson Kirkman took his seat in early 1996. Combined with Greg Smith and Linda Rimer of the DEHNR, Kirkman is part of a group that considers health concerns at least as much as it does economic ones.

"Now there's a legitmate debate," Umstead said. "Years ago there was no debate at all."

But the work is not done yet. The Pesticide Board will have a larger issue to consider now that the chemical study is complete. The EPA is giving each state two years to devise a plan for regulating five herbicides—alachlor, atrazine, cyanazine, metalochlor, and simazine. Atrazine and simazine were among the 16 currently-used chemicals found in the study wells. Many of these are known to cause cancer and are poisonous to the immune system, Spalt said.

A statewide management plan could range from an outright ban on the five chemicals to more education for farmers and more specific labels on pesticide containers. Kirkman thinks his state is in a strong position to ensure safety for its groundwater.

"I'm optimistic," he said. "This interagency study needed to be cleared, but now I'd like to sit down and talk with people from the agriculture industry and see what we can work out."

Scott Whitford, a farmer and the chairman of the Pesticide Board, says the study doesn't reveal serious problems and that it is too early to say what the board would recommend to the EPA.

"The study was set up to look at the very worst-case scenarios where pesticides would be found," he said. "In some of those you're only talking about parts per billion. So we don't have any specific ideas [about the EPA plan] but it would be premature to speculate on what might or might not be done."

—David Smyth

Hard Labor

COLUMBIA, S.C.—Nearly five years after the U.S. Department of Human Services stopped a program at the Medical University of South Carolina that jailed pregnant women who tested positive for drugs, a jury in South Carolina ruled that forcing women at the hospital to get drug treatment or face jail was neither unconstitutional nor racist.

The program was originally halted after the South Carolina ACLU and the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy—a Washington, D.C.-based policy group—filed a lawsuit charging that the program singled out black women. Nearly all of the women arrested in the treatment or jail program were black.

Charlie Condon, South Carolina's Attorney General, says a statewide effort will be set up to protect newborns. He said the program is not about prosecuting mothers. But a representative from the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, which represented 10 black women who sued MUSC for discrimination five years ago, said the program will harm women and children.

"Medical experts all agree that you don't get healthy babies by throwing their moms in jail," Priscilla Smith said.

Smith said that groups like the American Medical Association and other national organizations oppose prosecuting pregnant drug users. The threat of prosecution, they believe, causes addicts not to seek medical help.

Despite the opposition, Condon, who helped establish the original program, is moving ahead. He said he might propose a law to make cocaine testing mandatory for all pregnant women to avoid charges of racism. "Unless there's mandatory testing, discrimination is always a concern in the testing criteria," he said. SE

Mississippi Catfish Workers Face New Challenges

Workers fight for workplace and civil rights

DELTA PRIDE STEWARDS, UFCW LOCAL 1529, INDIANOLA, MISSISSIPPI.

By Michael Flug

Nearly six years ago more than 1,000 catfish processing workers at Delta Pride's Indianola, Mississippi plants won a bitter and widely publicized, three-month-long strike. The strikers, more than 90 percent of them black women, many former welfare recipients, forced the white farmers who own Delta Pride to sign an agreement making sweeping changes in working conditions and grievance procedures. Their strike still stands as the largest labor dispute in Mississippi history, and it focused national attention on the struggles of black workers in the Mississippi Delta.

The most visible impact of their victory has been a dramatic drop in the number of crippling injuries. Carpal tunnel syndrome, a work-related injury afflicting hundreds of workers before the strike, is now rare.

But the strike's most far-reaching effect, the workers say, was its impact on their own thinking. For Sarah White, then a steward at the huge Delta Main plant and one of the original organizers who brought in United Food and Commercial Workers (UFCW) Local 1529, "The strike was something I'll never forget. In Mississippi we were in a world of our own. We always knew it should be different, but during the strike I saw how different it could be."

Today catfish workers at Delta Pride and other Mississippi processing plants are facing new challenges. From 1985 to 1995, rank-and-file activists, working with UFCW Local 1529 staff, transformed catfish processing in the Delta from an industry with no unionized plants into one where only a single non-union plant— American Catfish— remained. In a right-to-work state with a virulent anti-union climate, nearly 3,000 workers joined the union. But early in 1996 a second attempt to organize American Catfish was defeated.

Inside Delta Pride's Indianola plant, the workforce, until last year normally more than 900, has plummeted to around 650, even though catfish production is still nearly equal to the 400,000 pounds per day the plant averaged in 1990. Margaret Hollins, a Delta Pride shop steward, says that the cuts are only partially due to the introduction of a series of new machines on the kill line. "A large part of it," she explains, "is just that they are rushing up the speeds again. It puts you in mind of the bad old days at Delta."

The union contract ran out on Oct. 31, 1996, and negotiations with Delta Pride on a new contract have stalemated. The 1993 contract included a provision even many long-unionized workers in the North had not won— time-and-a-half pay after eight hours in a day, not only after 40 hours in a week. The Delta Pride workers, many of them women who are single heads of households, had insisted on this provision after years of working up to 13 hours a day, often without any advance notice. Now, however, the company is refusing to discuss any issue seriously unless the union agrees to drop overtime protections.

These new challenges have set rank-and-file activists rethinking. "What I want to see is Mississippi becoming a state that casts out the plantation mentality," Sarah White says. "The AFL-CIO is going to spend millions to hire and train new organizers to work in the South next year. Why can't we do it?"

White and Hollins are working on a book on the struggle at Delta Pride. Arguing that the "most important change is in the mind," they relate their union experiences to their view of the civil rights movement as an "unfinished revolution."

"Dr. King died for the freedom of Black workers in the South," White and Hollins write. "We didn't know much about unions before we worked at Delta Pride, but we know that what Dr. King and the sanitation workers started in Memphis, it was up to us to finish." SE

Michael Flug has been travelling to Mississippi since the civil rights movement of the 1960s. He is archivist for the Vivian G. Harsh Research Collection of Afro-American History and Literature, Chicago Public Library.

Who owns the Southern Media?

Photo by M.J. Sharp

By Ron Nixon and Jordan Green

FRANK DANIELS, III, WAS EXECUTIVE EDITOR OF THE RALEIGH NEWS & OBSERVER UNTIL THE PAPER WAS SOLD TO A CALIFORNIA CHAIN LAST YEAR.

How has the recent consolidation of media affected the South?

The Raleigh *News & Observer (N&O)* is one of the South's best newspapers. Its reporters are among the most skilled in their profession. They have been honored with the highest awards in journalism, including the Pulitzer Prize. They rarely miss a story.

But on May 18, 1996, even they were caught off guard by a news story—a story involving their employer. Just before the paper was about to go to press, publisher Frank Daniels, Jr., walked into the newsroom and informed the staff that the paper had just been bought by the McClatchy Newspaper group, a newspaper chain based in California. The news of the buyout was startling to most of the staff since management had never hinted at a sell. Rumors had surfaced, but management was quick to dispel them. Frank Daniels, Jr., had even once criticized corporate ownership of newspapers. And in 1990, the *N&O* sold off a number of other newspapers that it owned to McClatchy for $74.1 million to prevent a takeover. But things changed in 1996. Daniels told the Durham *Independent*, "We had no desire to sell in 1989. Business was extremely good," he said. "Business is still good, just not as good."

The *N&O* was one of the last remaining family-owned papers in the South. Josephus Daniels bought the paper in 1894 for $10,000, and ran it for 50 years. His children and grandchildren continued the tradition. Frank Daniels, Jr., publisher at the time of the McClatchy purchase, was the third generation Daniels to be publisher. Frank Daniels III was the paper's executive editor. The McClatchy purchase ended the 116-year ownership of the Daniels family. The family, how-

ever, still maintains a limited relationship with the paper. Frank Daniels, Jr. now serves as a board member of the *N&O*.

Free Press, Free Markets

The selling of the Raleigh *News & Observer* reflects a growing trend among newspaper and other media chains across the country. In the last few years, an unprecedented number of media buyouts and mergers have occurred. The resulting concentration has many observers worried that fewer independently owned papers means less focus on local news, fewer diverse voices and opinions and news content being driven more by the corporate bottom line.

Fred Crisp, editor of the *N&O*, doesn't see it that way. Using his paper as an example, he says that hardly any changes have occurred since the change from family to corporate ownership.

"They [McClatchy] have never questioned or had any problems with us," Crisp said. "They told us that they are a hands-off company in terms of coverage or editorial direction." Readers of the paper may not have noticed a change in the editorial content of the paper, but other news outlets in the Raleigh-Durham area were visibly nervous when the McClatchy chain bought the *N&O*. They note that McClatchy has waged aggressive advertising wars against competitors in other cities, driving several of them into decline.

So far that hasn't happened in the Triangle area, but as Erwin Potts, chair of McClatchy board of directors, told the *Independent*, " We are a public company and we do have financial disciplines that haven't been as pronounced at Raleigh as they might be with us."

The trend toward concentration of the media is not new to the Southern region. In 1975, when *Southern Exposure* first explored the question of media ownership in the South, chains owned 248 daily newspapers. Just five years ago, when *Southern Exposure* published a followup report, the number was 318. Today 344, or 84 percent of all dailies, are owned by chains.

This concentration of media has not happened only in newspapers. Television, where the majority of people get their news, has also been affected. Thanks in large part to the Telecommunications Act of 1996, which increased the share of TV stations a single company could own from 25 percent to 35 percent, media chains also own 40 percent of all Southern television stations.

For some in the media, chain ownership of papers in the South is a plus. "The effect of national ownership of dailies is that regional prejudices and predilections are less dominant than they were with family-owned papers," says Gil Thelan, editor of *The State*, a Knight-Ridder owned newspaper in South Carolina. " National ownership has made papers in the South more open minded in some ways."

Critics of conglomeration disagree. "What it [media consolidation] means is that there's rapid decline in the number of independent avenues by which people can have access to the media, which is necessary for a true democracy," says David Kirsh of Balance & Accuracy in Journalism, a media watchdog group in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. "For the South in particular it means that there are even less available sources of non-corporate news."

Merger Mania

Former *Washington Post* editor and author Ben Bagdikian first raised the alarm about the concentration of the media in fewer hands when he published his now famous study of media concentration "The Media Monopoly" in 1982. According to the original study, 50 individuals and companies owned the majority of media accessed by most Americans. In a later edition, the number of owners dropped to 19. Media concentration has since become the topic of numerous conferences and research and news reports.

Even media mogul Ted Turner, founder of the Atlanta-based Turner Broadcasting System, warned of the conglomeration of media ownership. Speaking to a cable TV convention in 1995, Turner told the audience, " It would be a very, very sad day if we just had four or five big companies controlling all the programming and all the pipelines in the country." Ironically, weeks later Turner Broadcasting merged with Time-Warner to form the world's largest media company.

Two months prior to the merger of Turner and Time-Warner, Walt Disney Co. and Capital Cities/ABC merged, making it the world's largest media company. During the same period, Westinghouse, one of the nation's largest suppliers of nuclear power, bought CBS for $5.4 billion. Another nuclear power supplier, General Electric, owns NBC. And in 1996, NBC and Microsoft, the nation's largest supplier of computer software, jointly formed a 24-hour cable channel and Internet online service.

With record profits expected to be generated by these mergers and cross ownerships (when companies own several types of news outlets, i.e. newspapers owning TV stations or vice versa), many industry observers expect the trend to continue. According to a December 28, 1995, Associated Press article, there were 8,773 mergers in 1995 worth an estimated $466.34 billion. This was up from $347 billion the previous year. The trend continued into 1996.

But media giants like Time-Warner and Disney aren't the only ones in the merger and expansion business. In 1996, newspaper companies also had an unprecedented rate of expansion, much of it into the television market. One of the biggest was the Southern based A.H. Belo Corporation, owner of the *Dallas Morning News*. The company acquired the *Providence Journal* company in Rhode Island for $1.5 million. Along with the prize-winning *Providence Journal* newspaper, A.H. Belo gained several television stations with the deal. The acquisition made the company the nation's tenth largest TV operator in viewership and eighth in revenue. The company now reaches 12.3 percent of the nation's television viewers. Because of the lucrative cross ownership market, other media outlets in the South may soon follow the A. H. Belo Corporation's example.

To understand how the media ownership in the South has changed since *Southern Exposure's* first survey in 1975 and the followup in 1992, *SE* looked at every chain that owned daily newspapers and television stations in each of the 13 Southern states. The sur-

continued on page 17

Who Owns Your Hometown Paper?

Since 1992, the number of daily Southern newspapers owned by corporate chains has jumped from 318 to 344. This list includes companies that control two or more dailies in different cities, as reported by *Editor & Publisher Yearbook 1996*.

Alabama

City	Paper	Owner
Alexander City	*City Outlook*	Boone
Andalusia	*Star News*	Boone
Athens	*The News Courier*	Bryan
Birmingham	*News*	Advance
Birmingham	*Post-Herald*	Pulitzer
Cullman	*Times*	Bryan
Dothan	*Eagle*	Thomson
Enterprise	*Ledger*	Thomson
Florence	*Times Daily*	New York Times
Fort Payne	*Times Journal*	Southern Newspapers
Gadsden	*Times*	New York Times
Huntsville	*News*	Newhouse
Huntsville	*Times*	Newhouse
Jasper	*Daily Mountain Eagle*	Cleveland Newspapers
Mobile	*Press & Register*	Advance
Montgomery	*Advertiser*	Gannett
Talladega	*Daily Home*	Consolidated
Troy	*Messenger*	Boone
Tuscaloosa	*News*	New York Times

Arkansas

Arkadelphia	*Siftings Herald*	Donrey Media
Benton	*Courier*	Hollinger International
Camden	*News*	Wehco Media
Conway	*Log Cabin Democrat*	Morris
El Dorado	*News-Times*	Wehco Media
Fayetteville	*Northwest Arkansas Times*	Hollinger International
Fort Smith	*Southwest Times Record*	Donrey Media
Harrison	*Daily Times*	Hollinger International
Helena	*Daily World*	Hollinger International
Hot Springs	*Sentinel-Record*	Wehco Media
Little Rock	*Ark. Democrat-Gazette*	Wehco Media
Magnolia	*Banner-News*	Wehco Media
Mountain Home	*Baxter Bulletin*	Gannett
Mountain Home	*Daily News*	Phillips Media
Newport	*Daily Independent*	Hollinger International
Paragould	*Daily Press*	Paxton Media
Pine Bluff	*Commercial*	Donrey Media
Russelville	*Courier*	Paxton Media
Searcy	*Daily Citizen*	Paxton Media
Springdale	*Morning News*	Donrey Media
Stuttgart	*Daily Leader*	Hollinger International

Florida

Boca Raton	*News*	Knight-Ridder
Bradenton	*Herald*	Knight-Ridder
Crystal River	*Citrus County Herald*	Landmark Communic.
Daytona Beach	*News-Journal*	Cox Newspapers
Fort Lauderdale	*Sun-Sentinel*	Tribune Co. group
Fort Myers	*News-Press*	Gannett
Fort Pierce	*Tribune*	Freedom Communic.
Fort Walton Beach	*Northwest Florida Daily News*	Freedom Communic.
Gainesville	*Sun*	New York Times
Jacksonville	*Florida Times-Union*	Morris Communications
Key West	*Citizen*	Thomson Newspapers
Lake City	*Reporter*	New York Times
Lakeland	*Ledger*	New York Times
Marianna	*Jackson County Floridian*	Thomson Newspapers
Melbourne	*Florida Today*	Gannett
Miami	*Herald*	Knight-Ridder
Naples	*Daily News*	Pulitzer
New Smyrna Beach	*Observer*	Hollinger International
Ocala	*Star-Banner*	New York Times
Okeechobee	*The Daily Okeechobee News*	Independent Newsprs.
Orlando	*Sentinel*	Tribune
Palatka	*Daily News*	New York Times
Palm Beach	*Daily News*	Cox Newspapers
Panama City	*News-Herald*	Freedom Communic.
Pensacola	*News Journal*	Gannett
St. Augustine	*Record*	Morris Communications
Sarasota	*Herald-Tribune*	New York Times
Sanford	*Herald*	Haskell Newspapers
Stuart	*News*	Pulitzer
Tallahassee	*Democrat*	Knight-Ridder
Tampa	*Tribune & Times*	Media General
Vero Beach	*Press-Journal*	Pulitzer
West Palm Beach	*Palm Beach Post*	Cox Newspapers
Winter Haven	*News Chief*	Morris Communications

Georgia

Albany	*Herald*	Gray Communications
Americus	*Times-Recorder*	Thomson Newspapers
Athens	*Banner-Herald/Daily News*	Morris Communications
Atlanta	*Journal*	Cox Newspapers
Atlanta	*Constitution*	Cox Newspapers
Augusta	*Chronicle*	Morris Communications
Carrollton	*Times-Georgian*	Paxton Media
Cartersville	*Daily Tribune News*	Cleveland Newspapers
Columbus	*Ledger-Enquirer*	Knight-Ridder
Conyers	*Rockdale Citizen*	Gray Communications
Cordele	*Dispatch*	Thomson Newspapers
Dalton	*Daily Citizen-News*	Thomson Newspapers
Douglasville	*Douglas Co. Sentinel*	Paxton Media
Gainesville	*The Times*	Gannett
Griffin	*Daily News*	Thomson
Lawrenceville	*Gwinnett Daily Post*	Gray Communications
Macon	*Telegraph*	Knight-Ridder
Milledgeville	*The Union-Recorder*	Knight-Ridder
Moultrie	*The Observer*	Gannett
Savannah	*News-Press*	Morris Communications
Statesboro	*Herald*	Morris Communications
Thomasville	*Times-Enterprise*	Thomson Newspapers
Tifton	*Gazette*	Thomson Newspapers
Valdosta	*Daily Times*	Thomson Newspapers
Warner Robbins	*Daily Sun*	Media General

Kentucky

Ashland	*The Daily Independent*	Ottaway
Corbin	*Times-Tribune*	Hollinger International
Covington	*The Kentucky Post*	Pulitzer
Danville	*The Advocate-Messenger*	Schurz Communications
Elizabethtown	*The News Enterprise*	Landmark Communic.
Glasgow	*Daily Times*	Donrey Media
Harlan	*Daily Enterprise*	Hollinger International
Lexington	*Herald-Leader*	Knight-Ridder
Louisville	*The Courier Journal*	Gannett
Madisonville	*The Messenger*	Paxton Media
Mayfield	*Messenger*	Haskell Newspapers
Middlesboro	*The Daily News*	Hollinger International
Owensboro	*Messenger-Inquirer*	A.H. Belo group
Paducah	*Sun*	Paxton Media
Richmond	*Register*	Hollinger International
Somerset	*The Commonwealth-Journal*	Media General

Louisiana

Alexandria	*Daily Town Talk*	Central Newspapers
Bogalusa	*Daily News*	Wick Communications
De Ridder	*Beauregard Daily News*	News Leader group
Houma	*The Courier*	New York Times
Jennings	*Daily News*	Fackelman Newspapers
Lafayette	*The Advertiser*	Thomson Newspapers
Leesville	*Daily Leader*	News Leader group
Monroe	*The News-Star*	Gannett
New Iberia	*The Daily Iberian*	Wick Communications
New Orleans	*The Times-Picayune*	Advance Publications
Opelousas	*The Daily World*	New York Times
Ruston	*Daily Leader*	Fackelman Newspapers
Shreveport	*The Times*	Gannett
Slidell	*Sentry-News*	Wick Communications
Sulphur	*Southwest Daily Leader*	News Leader
Thibodaux	*Daily Comet*	New York Times

Maryland

Cambridge	*The Daily Banner*	Independent Newsprs.
Cumberland	*Times-News*	Thomson Newspapers
Easton	*The Star-Democrat*	Chesapeake Publishing
Elkton	*Cecil Whig*	Chesapeake Publishing
Hagerstown	*The Daily Mail*	Schurz Communications
Lanham	*The Prince George's Journal*	Journal Newspapers
Rockville	*The Montgomery Journal*	Journal Newspapers
Salisbury	*The Daily Times*	Thomson Newspapers
Westminster	*The Carroll County Times*	Landmark Communic.

Mississippi

Biloxi	*The Sun Herald*	Knight-Ridder
Cleveland	*The Bolivar Commercial*	Cleveland Newspapers
Clarksdale	*Press Register*	Emmerich Enterprises
Corinth	*The Daily Corinthian*	Paxton Media
Greenville	*Delta Democrat Times*	Freedom Communic.
Greenwood	*Commonwealth*	Emmerich Enterprises
Hattiesburg	*American*	Gannett
Jackson	*The Clarion-Ledger*	Gannett
Laurel	*Leader-Call*	Hollinger International
McComb	*Enterprise-Journal*	Emmerich Enterprises
Meridien	*Star*	Hollinger International
Natchez	*Democrat*	Boone Newspapers
Pascagoula	*The Mississippi Press*	Advance Publications
Picayune	*Item*	Donrey Media
Starkville	*Daily News*	Hollinger International
West Point	*Daily Times Leader*	Hollinger International

Who Owns Your Hometown Paper?

North Carolina

Aberdeen	*Citizen News-Record*	Park Communications
Asheboro	*The Courier Tribune*	Donrey Media
Asheville	*Citizen-Times*	Gannett
Burlington	*Times-News*	Freedom Communic.
Charlotte	*Observer*	Knight-Ridder
Clinton	*The Sampson Independent*	Media General
Concord	*Tribune*	Media General
Concord/Kannapolis	*Daily Independent*	Media General
Eden	*The Daily News*	Media General
Elizabeth City	*The Daily Advance*	Cox Newspapers
Elizabethtown	*Bladen Journal*	Park Communications
Gastonia	*The Gaston Gazette*	Freedom Communic.
Greensboro	*News & Record*	Landmark Communic.
Henderson	*Daily Dispatch*	Paxson Media
Hendersonville	*The Times-News*	New York Times
Jacksonville	*The Daily News*	Freedom Communic.
Kannapolis	*The Daily Independent*	Media General
Kinston	*The Free Press*	Freedom Communic.
Laurinburg	*The Exchange*	Mid-South Mngmnt.
Lenoir	*News-Topic*	Paxton Media
Lexington	*The Dispatch*	New York Times
Lumberton	*The Robesonian*	Media General
Marion	*The McDowell News*	Media General
Monroe	*The Enquirer-Journal*	Thomson Newspapers
Morganton	*The News Herald*	Media General
Mount Airy	*News*	Mid-South Mngmnt.
New Bern	*The Sun Journal*	Freedom Communic.
Newton	*The Observer-News-Enterprise*	Hollinger International
Raleigh	*News & Observer*	McClatchy Newspapers
Reidsville	*Review*	Southern Newspapers
Roanoke Rapids	*Daily Herald*	Wick Communications
Rockingham	*Richmond County Daily Journal*	Media General
Rocky Mount	*Telegram*	Cox Newspapers
Salisbury	*Post*	Evening Post Publishing
Shelby	*Star*	Thomson Newspapers
Statesville	*Record & Landmark*	Media General
Tarboro	*The Daily Southerner*	Hollinger International
Wilmington	*Morning Star*	New York Times
Winston-Salem	*Journal*	Media Journal

South Carolina

Aiken	*Standard*	Evening Post Publishing
Anderson	*Independent-Mail*	Harte-Hanks Communic.
Beaufort	*Gazette*	McClatchy Newspapers
Charleston	*Post & Courier*	Evening Post Publishing
Columbia	*The State*	Knight-Ridder
Florence	*Morning News*	Thomson Newspapers
Greenville	*News*	Gannett
Hilton Head Island	*The Island Packet*	McClatchy Newspapers
Myrtle Beach	*The Sun News*	Knight-Ridder
Rock Hill	*The Herald*	McClatchy Newspapers
Spartanburg	*Herald-Journal*	New York Times
Union	*Daily Times*	Mid-South Mngmnt.

Tennessee

Athens	*The Daily Post-Athenian*	Media Services
Clarksville	*The Leaf-Chronicle*	Gannett
Cleveland	*Daily Banner*	Cleveland Newspapers
Columbia	*The Daily Herald*	Donrey Media
Cookeville	*Herald-Citizen*	Cleveland Newspapers
Dyersburg	*State Gazette*	Paxton Media
Greenville	*Sun*	Media Services
Jackson	*Sun*	Gannett
Johnson City	*City Press*	Carl A. Jones Newsprs.
Knoxville	*News-Sentinel*	Pulitzer
Lebanon	*Democrat*	Carl A. Jones Newsprs.
Memphis	*Commercial Appeal*	Pulitzer
Murfreesboro	*The Daily News Journal*	Morris Newspapers
Nashville	*The Tennessean*	Gannett
Oak Ridge	*The Oak Ridger*	Morris Communications
Sevierville	*The Mountain Press*	Paxton Media

Texas

Abilene	*Reporter-News*	Harte-Hanks Communic.
Alice	*Echo-News*	Boone Newspapers
Amarillo	*News-Globe*	Morris Communications
Athens	*Daily Review*	Donrey Media
Austin	*American-Statesman*	Cox Newspapers
Bay City	*Tribune*	Southern Newspapers
Baytown	*Sun*	Southern Newspapers
Beaumont	*Enterprise*	Hearst Newspapers
Big Spring	*Herald*	Hollinger International
Borger	*News-Herald*	Donrey Media
Brenham	*Banner-Press*	Hartman Newspapers
Brownsville	*Herald*	Freedom Communic.
Brownwood	*Bulletin*	Boone Newspapers
Bryan-College Sta.	*Eagle*	A.H. Belo
Cleburne	*Times-Review*	Donrey Media
Clute	*The Brazosport Facts*	Southern Newspapers
Conroe	*Courier*	Westward Communic.
Corpus Christi	*Caller-Times*	Harte-Hanks Communic.
Corsicana	*Daily Sun*	Hollinger International
Dallas	*Morning News*	A.H. Belo
Del Rio	*News-Herald*	Hollinger International
Denison	*Herald*	Donrey Media
El Paso	*Times*	Gannett
El Paso	*Herald-Post*	Pulitzer
Fort Worth	*Star-Telegram*	Capital Cities/ABC
Gainesville	*Daily Register*	Donrey Media
Galveston	*Galveston County Daily News*	Walls Investment
Greenville	*Herald-Banner*	Hollinger International
Harlingen	*Valley Morning Star*	Freedom Communic.
Henderson	*Daily News*	Hartman Newspapers
Houston	*Chronicle*	Hearst Newspapers
Huntsville	*Item*	Hollinger International
Jacksonville	*Daily Progress*	Donrey Media
Kerrville	*Daily Times*	Southern Media
Kilgore	*News Herald*	Donrey Media
Killeen	*Daily Herald*	Frank Mayborn Entrps.
Laredo	*Morning Times*	Hearst Newspapers
Longview	*News-Journal*	Cox Newspapers
Lubbock	*Avalanche-Journal*	Morris Communications
Lufkin	*Daily News*	Cox Newspapers
Marshall	*News Messenger*	Hollinger International
McAllen	*The Monitor*	Freedom Communic.
McKinney	*Courier-Gazette*	Hartman Newspapers
Mexia	*Daily News*	Hollinger International
Midland	*Reporter-Telegram*	Hearst Newspapers
Nacodoches	*The Daily Sentinel*	Cox Newspapers
New Braunfels	*Herald-Zeitung*	Southern Newspapers
Odessa	*American*	Freedom Communic.
Orange	*Leader*	Hollinger International
Pampa	*News*	Freedom Communic.
Paris	*News*	Southern Newspapers
Pasadena	*Citizen*	Westward Communic.
Plainview	*Daily Herald*	Hearst Newspapers
Plano	*Star Courier*	Harte-Hanks Communic.
Port Arthur	*News*	Hollinger International
Rosenberg	*Herald-Coaster*	Hartman Newspapers
San Angelo	*Standard-Times*	Harte-Hanks Communic.
San Antonio	*Express-News*	Hearst Newspapers
San Marcos	*Daily Record*	Hollinger International
Seguin	*Gazette-Enterprise*	Southern Newspapers
Sherman	*Democrat*	Donrey Media
Stephenville	*Empire-Tribune*	Boone Newspapers
Sweetwater	*Reporter*	Donrey Media
Taylor	*Daily Press*	Dixie Newspapers
Temple	*Daily Telegram*	Frank Mayborn Entrps.
Terrell	*Tribune*	Hartman Newspapers
Texarkana	*Gazette*	Wehco Media
Texas City	*Sun*	Walls Investment
Waco	*Tribune-Herald*	Cox Newspapers
Waxahachie	*Daily Light*	Boone Newspapers
Weatherford	*Democrat*	Donrey Media
Wichita Falls	*Times Herald News*	Harte-Hanks Communic.

Virginia

Alexandria	*Journal*	Journal Newspapers
Arlington	*Journal*	Journal Newspapers
Arlington	*USA Today*	Gannett
Charlottesville	*The Daily Progress*	Media General
Culpepper	*Star-Exponent*	Media General
Danville	*Register & Bee*	Media General
Fairfax	*Journal*	Journal Newspapers
Harrisonburg	*Daily News-Record*	Byrd Newspapers
Hopewell	*News*	Lancaster Management
Manassas	*Journal Messenger*	Media General
Manassas	*Prince William Journal*	Journal Newspapers
Martinsville	*Bulletin*	Haskell Newspapers
Newport News	*Daily Press*	Tribune
Norfolk	*The Virginian-Pilot*	Landmark Communic.
Petersburg	*The Progress-Index*	Scranton Times
Richmond	*Times-Dispatch*	Media General
Roanoke	*Times*	Landmark Communic.
Staunton	*The Daily News Leader*	Gannett
Suffolk	*News-Herald*	Media General
Waynesboro	*The News-Virginian*	Media General
Winchester	*Star*	Byrd Newspapers
Woodbridge	*Potomac News*	MediaNews

West Virginia

Beckley	*The Register-Herald*	Thomson Newspapers
Bluefield	*Daily Telegram*	Thomson Newspapers
Charleston	*Daily Mail*	Thomson Newspapers
Elkins	*The Inter-Mountain*	Ogden Newspapers
Fairmont	*Times-West Virginian*	Thomson Newspapers
Huntington	*The Herald-Dispatch*	Gannett
Lewisburg	*West Virginia Daily News*	Moffitt Newspapers
Logan	*Banner*	Smith Newspapers
Martinsburg	*The Journal*	Ogden Newspapers
Parkersburg	*News & Sentinel*	Ogden Newspapers
Weirton	*Daily Times*	Ogden Newspapers
Welch	*Daily News*	Moffitt Newspapers
Wheeling	*The Intelligencer/News Register*	Ogden Newspapers
Williamson	*Daily News*	Mid-South Mngmnt.

Southern Newspapers: Breakdown of Ownership

Alabama

chain ownership	20	91%
single owners	2	9%
total	22	100%

Arkansas

chain ownership	23	77%
single owners	7	23%
total	30	100%

Florida

chain ownership	35	88%
single owners	5	12%
total	40	100%

Georgia

chain ownership	27	82%
single owners	6	18%
total	33	100%

Kentucky

chain ownership	16	67%
single owners	8	33%
total	24	100%

Louisiana

chain ownership	19	73%
single owners	7	27%
total	26	100%

Maryland

chain ownership	10	83%
single owners	2	17%
total	12	100%

Mississippi

chain ownership	16	76%
single owners	5	24%
total	21	100%

North Carolina

chain ownership	37	74%
single owners	13	26%
total	50	100%

South Carolina

chain ownership	14	88%
single owners	2	12%
total	16	100%

Tennessee

chain ownership	18	64%
single owners	11	36%
total	29	100%

Texas

chain ownership	71	85%
single owners	13	15%
total	84	100%

Virginia

chain ownership	22	81%
single owners	5	19%
total	27	100%

West Virginia

chain ownership	15	80%
single owners	5	20%
total	20	100%

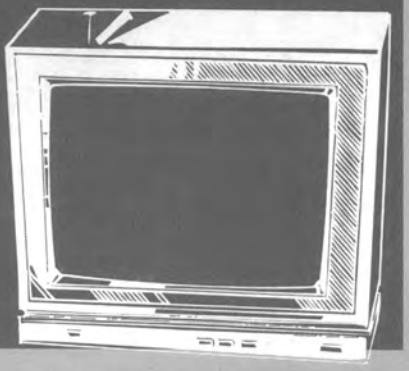
All Southern Newspapers

chain ownership	345	84%
single owners	71	16%
total	426	100%

Top 16 Newspaper Owners in the South

Rank	Company	Holdings	Rate of Growth or Decline
1	Hollinger	27	100%
2	Media General	20	567%
3	Thomson	19	-42%
4	Donrey	18	0
5	Gannett	18	6%
6	NY Times	15	-28%
7	Freedom	14	0%
8	Cox	11	83%
9	Morris	11	36%
10	Knight Ridder	11	10%
11	Paxton	10	100%
12	Pulitzer	8	100%
13	Harte-Hanks	6	0%
14	Wehco	6	0%
15	Boone	6	33%
16	Southern	6	-33%

Who Owns Your Local TV Station?



Alabama

Anniston	WJSU Ch. 40	Osborn
Birmingham	WABM Ch. 68	Glencairn
Birmingham	WBMG Ch. 42	Media General
Birmingham	WBRC Ch. 6	Fox
Birmingham	WVTM Ch. 13	New World
Dothan	WDHN Ch. 18	Morris
Dothan	WTVY Ch. 4	Benedek
Huntsville	WAFF Ch. 48	American Family (affiliate of AFLAC)
Huntsville	WHNT Ch. 19	New York Times
Huntsville	WZDX Ch. 54	Grant
Mobile	WALA Ch. 10	SF Broadcasting
Mobile	WMPV Ch. 21	Sonlight
Mobile	WPMI Ch. 15	Clear Channel
Montgomery	WMCF Ch. 45	Sonlight
Montgomery	WSFA Ch. 12	Cosmos
Tuscaloosa	WCFT Ch. 33	Federal

Arkansas

El Dorado	KTVE Ch. 10	Gray
Fayetteville	KHOG Ch. 29	Sigma Broadcasting
Fort Smith	KFSM Ch. 5	New York Times
Fort Smith	KHBS Ch. 40	Sigma Broadcasting
Hot Springs	KVTH	Agape Church
Jonesboro	KAIT Ch. 8	Cosmos
Little Rock	KARK Ch. 4	Morris
Little Rock	KATV Ch. 7	Allbritton
Little Rock	KLRT Ch. 16	Clear Channel
Little Rock	KTHV Ch. 11	Gannett
Pine Bluff	KASN Ch. 38	Mercury
Pine Bluff	KVTN Ch. 25	Agape Church

Florida

Cape Coral	WFTX Ch. 36	Hulman & Co.
Clermont	WKCF Ch. 24	Press Broadcasting
Daytona Beach	WESH Ch. 2	Pulitzer
Fort Lauderdale	WSCV Ch. 51	Telemundo
Fort Myers	WBBH Ch. 20	Waterman
Fort Walton Beach	WFGX Ch. 35	Bowers
Gainesville	WCJB Ch. 20	Diversified
Hollywood	WYHS Ch. 69	Silver King
Jacksonville	WAWS Ch. 30	Clear Channel
Jacksonville	WJKS Ch. 17	Media General
Jacksonville	WJXT Ch. 4	Post-Newsweek

Who Owns Your Local TV Station?

Jacksonville	WNFT Ch. 47	RDS Broadcasting
Jacksonville	WTLV Ch. 12	Gannett
Melbourne	WBSF Ch. 43	Blackstar
Miami	WBFS Ch. 33	Viacom
Miami	WDZL Ch. 39	Tribune
Miami	WFOR Ch. 4	CBS
Miami	WHFT Ch. 45	Trinity
Miami	WLTV Ch. 23	Perenchio
Miami	WPLG Ch. 10	Post-Newsweek
Miami	WTVJ Ch. 6	NBC
Naples	WZVN Ch. 26	Ellis
Ocala	WOGX Ch. 51	Hulman & Co.
Orlando	WCPX Ch. 6	First Media
Orlando	WFTV Ch. 9	Cox
Orlando	WOFL Ch. 35	Meredith Bcstg. Group
Panama City	WJHG Ch. 7	Gray
Panama City	WMBB Ch. 13	Spartan
Pensacola	WEAR Ch. 3	Heritage
Pensacola	WJTC Ch. 44	Mercury Broadcasting
St. Petersburg	WTOG Ch. 44	Hubbard
Sarsota	WWSB Ch. 40	Calkins Newspapers/ Southern Broadcast
Tampa	WBHS Ch. 50	Silver King
Tampa	WFLA Ch. 8	Media General
Tampa	WFTS Ch. 28	Pulitzer
Tampa	WTVT Ch. 13	New World
Tequesta	WPBF Ch. 25	Paxson
Tice	WRXY Ch. 49	Christian Television Networking
West Palm Beach	WFLX Ch. 29	Malrite
West Palm Beach	WPTV Ch. 5	Scripps-Howard

Georgia

Albany	WALB Ch. 10	Gray
Atlanta	WAGA Ch. 5	New World
Atlanta	WATL Ch. 36	Fox
Atlanta	WGNX Ch. 46	Tribune
Atlanta	WSB Ch. 2	Cox
Atlanta	WTBS Ch. 17	Turner/TCI/Time-Warner
Atlanta	WVEU Ch. 69	Paramount
Atlanta	WXIA Ch. 11	Gannett
Augusta	WAGT Ch. 26	Schurz
Augusta	WJBF Ch. 6	Spartan
Augusta	WRDW Ch. 12	Gray
Bainbridge	WTLH Ch. 49	Pegasus
Columbus	WLTZ Ch. 38	Lewis
Columbus	WTVM Ch. 9	AFLAC
Dalton	WELF Ch. 23	Sonlight
Macon	WMGT Ch. 41	Morris
Macon	WMAZ Ch. 13	Multimedia
Monroe	WHSG Ch. 63	Trinity
Rome	WTLK Ch. 14	Paxson
Savannah	WJCL Ch. 22	Lewis
Savannah	WSAV Ch. 3	Ellis
Savannah	WTOC Ch. 11	AFLAC

Kentucky

Bowling Green	WBKO Ch. 13	Benedek
Bowling Green	WKNT Ch. 40	Billy Speer
Cambellsville	WGRB Ch. 34	Billy Speer
Hazard	WYMT Ch. 57	Gray
Lexington	WKYT Ch. 27	Gray
Lexington	WTVQ Ch. 36	Media General
Louisville	WDRB Ch. 41	Blade
Louisville	WAVE Ch. 3	Cosmos
Louisville	WHAS Ch. 11	AH Belo
Louisville	WLKY Ch. 32	Pulitzer

Louisiana

Alexandria	KALB Ch. 5	Media General
Baton Rouge	WAFB Ch. 9	AFLAC
Baton Rouge	WBRZ Ch. 2	Manship Stations
Lafayette	KLFY Ch. 10	Young
Lake Charles	KPLC Ch. 7	Cosmos
New Orleans	WDSU Ch. 6	Pulitzer
New Orleans	WGNO Ch. 26	Tribune
New Orleans	WVUE Ch. 8	SF Broadcasting
New Orleans	WWL Ch. 4	A.H. Belo
Shreveport	KSLA Ch. 12	Ellis
West Monroe	KARD Ch. 14	Petracom Broadcasting of Missouri

Maryland

Baltimore	WBAL Ch. 11	Hearst
Baltimore	WBFF Ch. 45	Sinclair
Baltimore	WHSW Ch. 24	Silver King
Baltimore	WJZ Ch. 13	Westinghouse
Baltimore	WMAR Ch. 2	Scripps-Howard
Baltimore	WNUV Ch. 54	ABRY

Mississippi

Biloxi	WLOX Ch. 13	Cosmos
Columbus	WCBI Ch. 4	Imes Communications
Greenwood	WABG Ch. 6	Bahakel
Hattiesburg	WDAM Ch. 7	Federal
Hattiesburg	WHLT Ch. 22	Ellis
Holly Springs	WBUY Ch. 40	Sonlight
Jackson	WDBD Ch. 40	Pegasus
Jackson	WJTV Ch. 12	Ellis
Jackson	WLBT Ch. 3	Civic
Meridien	WTOK Ch. 11	Benedek

North Carolina

Asheville	WHNS Ch. 21	First Media
Asheville	WLOS Ch. 13	River City Broadcasting
Belmont	WJZY Ch. 46	Capitol Broadcasting
Charlotte	WBTV Ch. 3	Jefferson-Pilot
Charlotte	WCCB Ch. 18	North Carolina Broadcasting Cy N. Bahakel, pres.
Charlotte	WCNC Ch. 36	AH Belo
Charlotte	WSOC Ch. 9	Cox
Durham	WRDC Ch. 28	Glencairn
Durham	WTVD Ch. 11	Capital Cities/ABC
Fayetteville	WFAY Ch. 62	Robinson O. Everett (owns 95%)
Greensboro	WFMY Ch. 2	Gannett
Greensboro	WGGT Ch. 48	Robinson O. Everett
Greenville	WITN Ch. 7	AFLAC
Greenville	WNCT Ch. 9	Media General
High Point	WGHP Ch. 8	Fox
New Bern	WCTI Ch. 12	Lamco
Raleigh	WLFL Ch. 22	Sinclair
Raleigh	WRAL Ch. 5	Capitol Broadcating
Wilmington	WECT Ch. 6	Ellis
Wilmington	WSFX Ch. 26	Robinson O. Everett
Winston-Salem	WXII Ch. 12	Pulitzer
Winston-Salem	WXLV Ch. 45	Act III

South Carolina

Anderson	WFBC Ch. 40	River City Broadcasting
Charleston	WCBD Ch. 2	Media General
Charleston	WCIV Ch. 4	Allbritton
Charleston	WCSC Ch. 5	Jefferson-Pilot
Charleston	WTAT Ch. 24	Act III
Columbia	WACH Ch. 57	Ellis
Columbia	WIS Ch. 10	Cosmos
Columbia	WLTX Ch. 19	Lewis
Florence	WBTW Ch. 13	Spartan
Florence	WPDE Ch. 15	Diversified
Greenville	WGGS Ch. 16	Carolina Christian Broadcasting
Greenville	WYFF Ch. 4	Pulitzer Broadcasting
Myrtle Beach	WGSE Ch. 43	Carolina Christian Broadcasting
Spartanburg	WSPA Ch. 7	Spartan

Tennessee

Chattanooga	WDEF Ch. 12	Media General
Chattanooga	WDSI Ch. 61	Pegasus
Chattanooga	WTVC Ch. 9	Freedom
Hendersonville	WPGD Ch. 50	Sonlight
Jackson	WMTU Ch. 16	Chesapeake Bay Holding Co.
Johnson City	WJHL Ch. 11	Media General
Knoxville	WATE Ch. 6	Young Broadcasting
Knoxville	WBIR Ch. 10	Multimedia Broadcasting
Knoxville	WTNZ Ch. 43	Ellis
Memphis	WHBQ Ch. 13	Fox
Memphis	WLMT Ch. 30	Chesapeake Bay Holding Co.
Memphis	WMC Ch. 5	Ellis
Memphis	WPTY Ch. 24	Clear Channel
Memphis	WREG Ch. 3	New York Times
Murfreesboro	WHTN Ch. 39	Christian Television Network
Nashville	WKRN Ch. 2	Young Broadcasting
Nashville	WSMV Ch. 4	Meredith Broadcasting
Nashville	WTVF Ch. 5	Landmark
Nashville	WZTV Ch. 17	Act III

Texas

Abilene	KRBC Ch. 9	Abilene Radio & TV
Abilene	KTAB Ch. 32	Shamrock
Alvin	KHSH Ch. 67	Silver King
Amarillo	KCIT Ch. 14	BSP Broadcasting
Amarillo	KFDA Ch. 10	R.H. Drewry
Amarillo	KVII Ch. 7	Marsh Media
Arlington	KXTS Ch. 21	Paramount
Austin	KEYE Ch. 42	Granite Broadcasting
Austin	KTBC Ch. 7	New World
Austin	KVUE Ch. 24	Gannett
Austin	KXAN Ch. 57	LIN
Beaumont	KBMT Ch. 12	McKinnon
Beaumont	KFDM Ch. 6	Freedom Communic.
Brownsville	KVEO Ch. 23	Tom Galloway
Conroe	KTFH Ch. 49	Paxson
Corpus Christi	KIII Ch. 16	McKinnon
Dallas	KDAF Ch. 33	Tribune
Dallas	KDTX Ch. 58	Trinity
Dallas	WFAA Ch. 8	A.H. Belo
El Paso	KDBC Ch. 4	Imes Communications
Fort Worth	KDFW Ch. 4	New World
Fort Worth	KXAS Ch. 5	LIN Television
Galveston	KTMD Ch. 48	Telemundo
Garland	KUVN Ch. 23	Perenchio
Houston	KHOU Ch. 11	A.H. Belo
Houston	KHTV Ch.39	Gaylord Broadcasting
Houston	KPRC Ch. 2	Post-Newsweek
Houston	KRIV Ch. 26	Fox
Houston	KTRK Ch. 13	Capital Cities/ABC
Houston	KTXH Ch. 20	Paramount
Irving	KHSX Ch. 29	Silver King
Jacksonville	KETK Ch. 56	Lone Star Broadcasting
Kerrville	KRRT Ch. 35	The Jet Broadcasting Co.
Lubbock	KLBK Ch. 13	Petracom Broadcasting of Missouri
Lubbock	KPTB Ch. 16	Prime Time Christian Broadcasting
Lufkin	KTRE Ch. 9	Civic Communications
Odessa	KMLM Ch. 42	Prime Time Christian Broadcasting
Odessa	KOSA Ch. 7	Brissette Broadcasting
Odessa	KPEJ Ch. 24	Associated Broadcasters
Odessa	KWES Ch. 9	R.H. Drewry

Texas (cont.)

Port Arthur	KJAC Ch. 4	Price Communications (debtor in possession)
Rosenberg	KXLN Ch. 45	Perenchio
San Angelo	KACB Ch. 3	Abilene Radio & TV
San Antonio	KABB Ch. 29	River City Broadcasting
San Antonio	KENS Ch. 5	Harte-Hanks Communic.
San Antonio	KMOL Ch. 4	Chris Craft Industries
San Antonio	KSAT Ch. 12	Post-Newsweek
San Antonio	KVDA Ch. 60	Telemundo
San Antonio	KWEX Ch. 41	Perenchio
Sweetwater	KTXS Ch. 12	Lamco
Tyler	KLTV Ch. 7	Civic Communication
Victoria	KAVU Ch. 25	Withers Broadcasting
Waco	KWKT Ch. 44	Associated Broadcasters
Waco	KWTX Ch. 10	KWTX Broadcasting
Waco	KXXV Ch. 25	RH Drewry
Weslaco	KRGV Ch. 5	Manship Stations
Wichita Falls	KAUZ Ch. 6	Brissette Broadcasting
Wichita Falls	KFDX Ch. 3	Price Communications (debtor in possession)
Wichita Falls	KJTL Ch. 18	BSP Broadcasting

Virginia

Bristol	WCYB Ch. 5	Lamco
Charlottesville	WVIR Ch. 29	Waterman
Hampton	WVEC Ch. 13	A.H. Belo
Harrisonburg	WHSV Ch. 3	Benedek
Lynchburg	WJPR Ch. 21	Grant
Lynchburg	WSET Ch. 13	Allbritton Communic.
Norfolk	WTKR Ch. 3	New York Times
Norfolk	WTVZ Ch. 33	Sinclair
Portsmouth	WAVY Ch. 10	LIN Television
Petersburg	WRIC Ch. 8	Young
Richmond	WRLH Ch. 35	Act III
Richmond	WTVR Ch. 6	Media General
Richmond	WWBT Ch. 12	Jefferson-Pilot Communic.
Roanoke	WDBJ Ch. 7	Schurz
Roanoke	WFXR Ch. 27	Grant
Roanoke	WSLS Ch. 10	Media General

West Virginia

Bluefield	WVVA Ch. 6	Quincy Newspapers
Charleston	WVAH Ch. 11	Act III
Clarksburg	WBOY Ch. 12	Imes Communication
Huntington	WOWK Ch. 13	Gateway Communic.
Huntington	WSAZ Ch. 3	Lee Enterprises
Martinsburg	WYVN Ch. 60	Paxson
Parkersburg	WTAP Ch. 15	Benedek
Weston	WDTV Ch. 5	Withers
Wheeling	WTRF Ch. 7	Brissette

continued from page 12

vey indicates that like their national counterparts, media companies in the South have enjoyed an enormous rate of growth and expansion in the past few years.

Among *SE's* findings:

■ Hollinger International, a Canadian-based chain formally known as American newspapers, replaced Thompson, another Canadian company, as the largest owner of daily newspapers. Four years ago the company didn't exist. The company now owns 27 newspapers in the South from Harlan, Kentucky, to New Smyrna Beach, Florida. Most of Hollinger's acquisitions are papers with small circulations, says Paul Healy, a spokesman for the company.

■ Thompson, the number one owner of daily papers five years ago, sold off a number of its papers. Despite the losses, the company is still the third largest owner of newspapers in the southern region with 19 papers. Together, the two Canadian companies own more than 10 percent of all Southern dailies.

■ Canadian companies weren't the only ones that made significant gains in the South. Media General, a Virginia company that owns the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, grew from three papers in 1992 to 20 in 1997. More significantly, Media General expanded into television. In the last year, the company acquired TV stations in Birmingham, Alabama; Jacksonville and Tampa, Florida; Charleston, South Carolina; Chattanooga, Tennessee and in its hometown of Richmond, Virginia. Thanks in large part to its buyout of Parks Acquisitions, a media company based in Lexington, Kentucky, that owned 10 stations Media General now reaches 22 percent of all Southern households.

■ Though Hollinger, Thompson and Media General have the largest number of newspapers, their circulations rank well below national media chains with southern holdings such as Knight-Ridder, with a circulation of several million readers per day. Knight-Ridder is followed by Gannett, Cox, Hearst, Scripps-Howard, the *New York Times* chain, Tribune and Newhouse. In contrast, Hollinger's combined circulation is 114,000.

■ As in *SE's* 1992 survey, media ownership in Alabama is the most concentrated in the region. Chains now own 91 percent of all dailies in the state, up from 84 percent. Florida and South Carolina are second to Alabama in the number of papers owned by chains. Eighty-eight percent of dailies are owned by chains in these two states.

■ South Carolina leads the region with the number of TV stations owned by media chains. Sixty percent of all television stations in the state are owned by chains.

■ In January 1996, Cox Enterprises of Atlanta became the nation's third largest cable company when it purchased Time Mirror's TV operations for $2.3 billion. Cox is also owner of the *Atlanta Journal* and the *Atlanta Constitution*.

■ In July, 1996, Gannett, the nation's largest newspaper chain, based in Virginia, bought Multimedia Inc. for $1.7 billion. With the purchase, Gannett gained several TV and radio stations, cable franchises and the rights to several national talk shows including *Donahue*, *Sally Jesse Raphael* and *Rush Limbaugh*.

Big Media

Though media mergers are likely to continue in the South as well as the rest of the nation, a recent survey by the Roper Center published in the March 2, 1997, issue of *Parade* magazine reveals public uneasiness about the increasing growth in corporate ownership of news organizations. Eighty-eight percent of those surveyed said they believe corporate ownership influenced news content. Ninety percent said advertisers influenced the news. The recent cases of *60 Minutes'* and ABC's capitulation to the tobacco industry were cited as an example. Ninety percent of those polled in the Roper survey also felt that the corporate bottom line influenced the news.

For some observers, the poll results are a reflection of Americans' suspicion and mistrust of the concentration of power in the hands of a few. David Lawrence, editor of the *Miami Herald*, Knight-Ridder flagship paper, told *Parade* magazine the survey "reflects a general antipathy toward bigness—big government, big business and big media."

Frank Rich, a columnist with the *New York Times*, put it another way. Speaking to an audience at a forum on media consolidation, Rich said, "If you believe, as I do, that culture is also news, this consolidation of power not only affects whether stories about Phillip Morris run. It really affects our values, what we think of as our culture." SE

Ron Nixon is a co-editor of Southern Exposure. *Jordan Green is an SE intern and student at Antioch College, and associate editor for this issue. Media ownership data was researched by Jordan Green.*

A League of Their Own

A professor confronts the Southern League

A group of angry white scholars have joined forces to recreate the South in their own image.

By Diane Roberts

I am a traitor to my heritage. I am a traitor to my race. I am committing "cultural genocide" against my own kind: white, Christian, Anglo-Celtic Southerners whose ancestors fought against the Army of Northern Aggression. I am, according to the Southern League—a rapidly-growing secessionist group of mostly middle-class, often academic, certainly angry, white men—the Enemy.

Me, Bill Clinton, "the nest of pernicious neo-conservatives in Manhattan," Ken Burns, the U.S. Civil War Center, Governor David Beasley of South Carolina, Wall Street, the Ivy League, Jews, feminists, the NAACP and especially the "Yankee professors" who have infiltrated Southern universities. We're all at it, practicing what the League calls "cultural ethnic cleansing" on the tattered but valiant remnants of the Old South.

I teach at the University of Alabama. One day in late 1995 the president of the student branch of the Southern League, a big, dark-haired, fifth-year senior named George Findlay, walks into my office and tells me he is investigating a "complaint" that I am disrespectful about the South in my classes. Stalking back and forth in front of my desk, he says the Southern League has ways of dealing with liberals like me. He says they will be watching me, "monitoring" my courses; he promises the Southern League will be vigilant. Findlay leans forward, looking at me: "I heard you tell your classes that slavery was a sin." He jabs a finger at my Bible: "Show me in *there* where it says slavery is a sin!"

Images of a career dogged by the Dixie version of Accuracy in Academia are jump-cut in my head with half-remembered newspaper stories of disturbed students shooting professors in their offices. The one thing I know about the student Southern League is that they raffled off a rifle earlier in the semester. Of course they all have guns. It is Friday afternoon, not many people around. I make sure I can reach the phone. Suddenly George Findlay sits down in my spare chair, heavy as a bag of sand, staring at the bits of paper pushpinned to my office walls. He demands to know where I'm from and where I went to school. I tell him I'm a sixth generation north Floridian with two degrees from Florida State University and a doctorate from Oxford University.

Sitting up just as straight as his mama undoubtedly told him to, Findlay can't decide between menace and icy politeness. He says white Southerners are tired of being "harassed" and "insulted" over their Confederate heritage. He has heard that I ask my (mostly white) classes what it must feel like to be a black student on this Tara-fied campus (even the Business School parking garage has white columns) where the plantation house is reit-

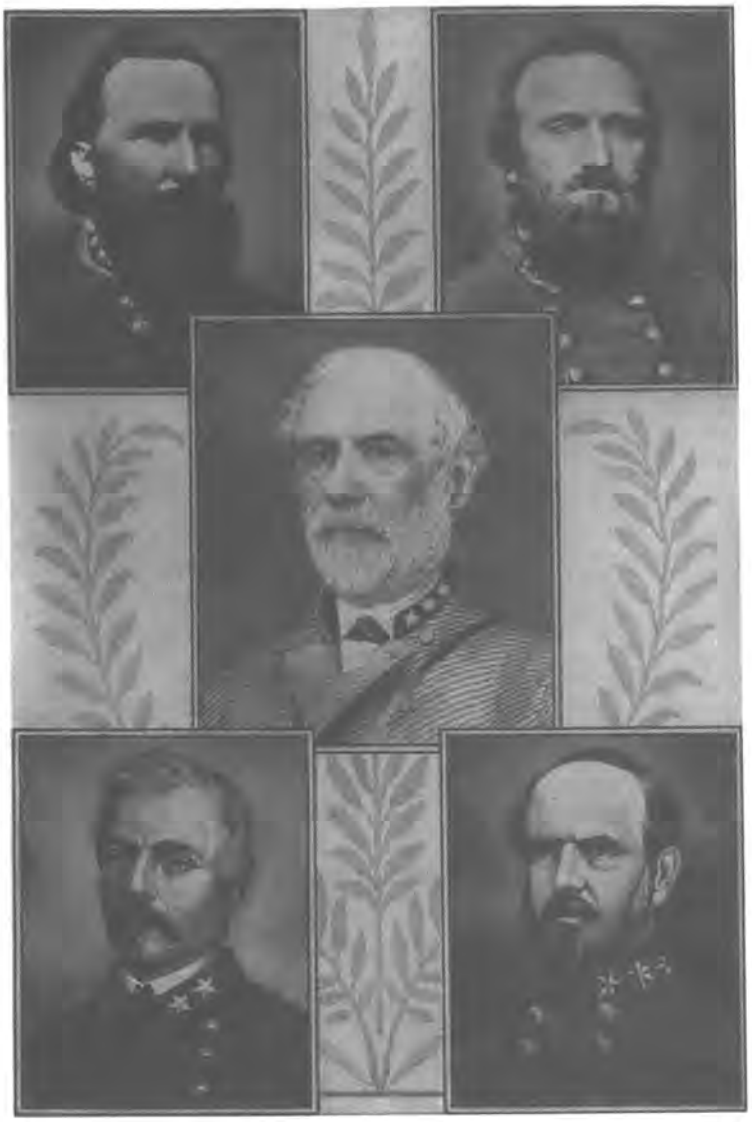
erated over and over again. "Don't, Dr. Roberts," says George Findlay, "don't let it get back to me *ever* again that you have bad-mouthed our Southern heritage."

Findlay is breathing as if the air in my office hurts him. I realize that he is just a kid, after all. Somehow he and the couple of dozen other Alabama fraternity boys in the student Southern League (they refer to themselves as "young high-minded gentlemen" in their charter documents and list "chivalry" as the chief membership requirement) have convinced themselves they are oppressed, victimized by an administration they see as deferential to minorities and a faculty they see as tenured radicals out to smear the honor of the Old South.

They don't understand what happened to the University of Alabama their parents enjoyed, the football-obsessed party school where the children of the Deep South elite went to join the right clubs, drink, get into law school, get engaged, and meet future political backers, minds unchallenged by anything outside of *ancien regime* decorum. At that Alabama, the only blacks around were serving chicken Marengo and sweet tea at the Delta Kappa Epsilon house.

But behind George Findlay and the "chivalric" students who booed Alabama's black homecoming queen lies the grown-up Southern League, the collection of 4000 or so members—many of them academics—in chapters all over the country but headquartered here in Tuscaloosa.

The League is the brainchild of Dr. Michael Hill and several other white, pro-Confederate scholars, founded in 1994. Its mission, they say, is to "affirm the proud legacy of our Anglo-Celtic civilisation (sic) with no apology." I am just about to ask George Findlay about them when he gets up and leaves, as stiff and as dangerous as he can be and still remain—as he calls himself—a gentleman. A Southern gentleman.



ROBERT E. LEE (CENTER) AND OTHER CONFEDERATE GENERALS ARE HONORED BY THE SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Rising Again

The Southern League goes way beyond bumper stickers with Yosemite Sam in Confederate gray howling "Surrender, hell!" or re-enactments of First Manassas where the guys alternate being Yanks and Rebs from year to year in the sure and certain knowledge of barbecue later on. The Southern League isn't into dress-up: they want the South to leave the Union. Again. Their name sounds like a weekend baseball outfit but actually comes from two of their philosophical inspirations: the League of United Southerners, an antebellum group organized in 1858 by two pro-slavery thinkers, the Alabamian William Lowndes Yancey (a secessionist before secessionism was cool—he wanted out of the Union as early as 1851), and the Virginian Edmund Ruffin who, according to legend, fired the first shot at Fort Sumter in 1861. Ruffin had a blow-hard, die-harder allegiance to a South made free from democracy. After the surrender at Appomattox, he scribbled a note declaring "unmitigated hatred . . . to the malignant and vile Yankee race" then blew his brains out.

The other source is modern and European: the Northern League of Italy, the separatist party advocating an independent "Republic of Padania" from Turin to Venice. The Northern League did well in the spring Italian elections, no doubt bolstering the Southern League's ambitions for some day fielding actual candidates in American elections.

The League's "New Dixie Manifesto"

paraphrases Metternich: "America is only a geographical expression." They want Confederate battle flags flying from statehouse domes. They want Robert E. Lee honored with a federal holiday—just like Martin Luther King, Jr. They want to reassert what Dr. Michael Hill, national president of the Southern League, calls "the natural social order of the South."

And they're coming to your town. In October 1995 the League had only 10 state chapters: Now they have more than 30, from the Old Confederacy to Arizona, Illinois and Oregon. There are city chapters and university chapters. There's a tax-exempt educational organization and plans to house it, according to the League's newsletter, in "an antebellum Greek Revival plantation house" in South Carolina. There's the web page (http://www.dixienet.org), e-mail (the Rebmaster at FREECSA@aol.com), an electronic shopping service, booklists, national conventions, and Plantation Balls. Tenured professors at the University of Alabama, the University of South Carolina, the University of Georgia and Texas Christian write position papers for the League and serve on its national board of directors. The League has occasioned articles in *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Washington Post*, *The New York Times* and *The Village Voice*, protests in *USA Today*, an exchange between slavery historian David Brion Davis and Marxist-turned-Southern-apologist Eugene Genovese in *The New York Review of Books*, and an admiring column by George Will. All this attention is paying off in membership numbers: "To use a Southernism," says Michael Hill, "we've grown like kudzu in the last year and half."

The Southern League isn't in to dress-up [reenactments]: They want the South to leave the Union. Again.

Michael Hill and I are having lunch, though he calls it "dinner," the old Southern word for the midday meal. (In a recent issue of *Southern Patriot*, the League newsletter, James Kibler, an English professor at the University of Georgia, urges Southerners to go back to their grandparents' language and re-adopt British orthography, *Webster's Dictionary* being an instrument of Northern imperialism).

We are at the 15th Street Diner in Tuscaloosa, a white soul food place with a bottomless glass of iced tea (if you don't want it sweet, you'd better tell the waitress fast). Michael Hill is scrupulously polite, courtly even, sporting the sort of beard Confederate generals used to wear. Over chicken gumbo, field peas, and cornbread, he tells me George Findlay is no longer president of the student Southern League—he's dropped out of school. The former student president is called Nathan Bedford Forrest W. Davis, named after the Confederate guerilla general and founder of the Ku Klux Klan.

But Michael Hill doesn't want to talk about the rebel flag-waving excesses of the student chapter: They are, he says, just boys. He wants to justify the righteous ways of the Southern League in its fight against "the Bush-Clinton New World Order," affirmative action programs, "exorbitant taxation," and other diseases of the Yankee Leviathan: "What we'd like to see, basically, is regional cultures respected," he says. "There was a Southern nation before there was a United States and there will be a South long after the American Empire collapses on its own hollow shell."

Hill argues that consumer capitalism has failed the South, traditionally a rural, communitarian society. He says Southerners should "abjure the realm," opt out of the "cesspool of modern culture—throw the TV out of the window." He thinks both the Democrats and the Republicans have betrayed the South in their lust for centralized government controlling the citizenry. I point out that he sounds like a sixties radical, and he allows as how he did come up during the years of dissent: of course, he reached vastly different conclusions from the hippie left. He read Mao and Lenin; Gramsci was, he says, a goldmine of ideas.

Hill is a historian by training and by profession, a scholar of Celtic warfare who got his B.A., M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Alabama. He was much influenced by conservative Constitutional scholar Forrest McDonald and historian of the "Celtic ways in the Old South," Grady McWhiney, now at Texas Christian University. McWhiney's book *Cracker Culture* is a central text for the Southern League, celebrating, says Hill, "the white Anglo-Celtic Southern culture," rightfully "dominant" in the South, but now under attack from the forces of political correctness. McWhiney traces every tried-and-true Southern cliche to the "blood" of the Picts and the Gaels, the Brythons and the Scotii. In the introduction to *Cracker Culture*, Forrest McDonald declares that the Celts' "entire history had prepared them to be Southerners."

This is racial thinking, totalizing the complicated and gloriously miscegenous tangle of Southern society. It is also rejected by mainstream scholars. Historians like McWhiney, Clyde Wilson of the University of South Carolina, editor of the John Calhoun papers, and Hill, are revising the "revisionism" of the last 40 years, uncomfortable with acknowledging the cultural interlarding of native people, people of all sorts of European backgrounds, and, most importantly, African Americans.

When the Southern League says "Southern," they mean *white*, they mean British-descended, they mean Confederate, despite Michael Hill's careful insistence that he does not see Southern culture as "monolithic," that African Americans have made contributions to it (the "New Dixie Manifesto" invokes Louis Armstrong and Ray Charles), that, in short, they are not racist.

Indeed, Michael Hill teaches British history at Stillman, a small Presbyterian liberal arts college. Stillman is a historically black institution. "My students love

A MAP OF THE ORIGINAL CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

me." Hill smiles like there's nothing weird here, nothing unusual. "They flock to my classes." He says he's never made a secret of his politics. "I've always worn my little Confederate battle flag on Robert E. Lee's birthday. The students ask, 'What is that? Why are you wearing that?' And I'll tell them. They say it's no big deal—you celebrate your culture, we celebrate ours. Like wearing an X cap."

It seems a pungent irony that a man who believes in Old South values should be teaching kids who, if the Confederacy had won what the Southern League calls the War for Southern Independence, would not be in college at all.

Hill rejects the idea that the League longs for the old times on the plantation: "Not everything our ancestors did was perfect." And yet the Southern League has made a fetish of the Confederate battle flag. And of Confederate "heroes." The Dixienet site monitors "Heritage Violations," yet another kind of "cultural ethnic cleansing," or "presenting a hateful and revisionist version of the history of the Southern people and their struggle for independence," removing a flag or a statue or renaming a street. They call Chancellor Robert Khayat of the University of Mississippi a "bigot" for suggesting that Ole Miss should re-evaluate some of its Confederate symbols, such as the mascot, Colonel Rebel.

In a letter to the "compatriots" dated March 3, 1997, Michael Hill thunders: "Instead of educating Southern Confederate youth to be proud of their culture and heritage, liberal Yankee professors and administrators have taught them to be ashamed of their ancestors and thus to be ashamed of themselves. IT IS TIME WE MADE A STAND AGAINST THIS SORT OF CULTURAL IMPERIALISM, AND OLE MISS IS THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO IT."

The League is not quite as unsubtle as *Confederate Underground*, a *samizdat* tabloid out of Memphis (the League does not produce it but they advertise in it, and student members, at least, distribute it). *Confederate Underground*'s articles are unsigned, and its politics smell of Old Klan rather than New Right. At the moment it howls with outrage over plans to place a statue of Arthur Ashe in his home town of Richmond, finally integrating the white marble rows of Confederate generals. *CU* calls the planned image "the lawn jockey of Monument Avenue." Michael Hill himself pitched a hissy fit when a historical marker went up in Montgomery, commemorating James Harrison Wilson, a Union general. He wrote to the local paper: "I wonder how the good citizens of Washington, D.C., would react to a Jefferson Davis Memorial placed next to the Lincoln Memorial. Personally, I would hate to see President Davis in such low company."

Right now the League's main scrap is over the Confederate battle flag. They are mobilizing against the Cracker Barrel restaurant chain for removing objects with the battle flag from their gift shops. They are railing against "cowardly" South Carolina Governor David Beasley who, in 1996, decided that the battle flag should no longer fly from the capitol dome in Columbia. Former Alabama Governor Jim Folsom had the flag taken down at the instigation of black lawmakers and the (largely white) Chamber of Commerce, fearful of convention boycotts.

The League savages those who see the flag as racist, the banner of the Ku Klux Klan, the backdrop to George Wallace's "segregation forever" speech. Gary Mills, professor of history at the University of Alabama, writes in *The Southern Patriot*: "The so-called Rebel flag is *the* flag of the South—the symbol of many good things about our culture and history that are dear to the hearts of Southerners white, black and red. It becomes racist only in the hands of a racist, just as a gun murders only in the hands of a murderer."

Heritage or Hate?

By the time Michael Hill and I get on to the banana pudding, the great grandmotherly dessert of the white, black and, for all I know, red South, he asks me the central question of Southern social placement bearing all the weight of history, ethnicity, and class: "Who are your people?" It used to be "who's your daddy?" but that sounds a little old-fashioned now, even for us.

The answer is: My people are Michael Hill's people. I am an Anglo-Celtic white Southerner, descended from wearers of the gray on both mother's and father's sides. My great-great uncles Luther and Milton Tucker fought at the Battle of Natural Bridge, where 16- and 17-year-old boys from the West Florida Seminary scrapped with tired Union troops outside Tallahassee, the only Confederate capitol not to fall to the Yankees. My great aunt Vivienne used to run the Daughters of the Confederacy in Leon County (and tried for years to get me to join the Children of the Confederacy). The names in my family are Roberts, Gilbert, MacKenzie, Tucker, Taft, Vaughn, Broadwater, Bradford. We have skin like skimmed milk and red hair. I can sing "Dixie." I have worn a hoop skirt.

It's clear that Michael Hill, who describes himself as "an old hillbilly from North Alabama," and I have a lot in common. We can talk about college football: he tells some good Bear Bryant stories; I am a Florida State fan. Like him, I despise the way the South is still largely an eco-

nomic colony of what Clyde Wilson calls "the deep North," a dumping ground for the toxic waste richer regions truck to us. Like him, I regret the South's mall-and-McDonald's-driven assimilation into fluorescent America. Like him, I resent the way white Southerners are stereotyped as dumb rednecks—even if some of us are. I detested the movie *Forrest Gump*, ashamed of how the rest of the world saw us as virtuously stupid unconscious conservatives. And I hate that "Anglo-Celtic" Southerners are assumed to be racist the way we are assumed to eat grits every morning, winter or summer, whether there are Belgian waffles on offer or not.

Despite the virtual apartheid of Northern, Western and Midwestern cities, the riots, the racist policing, the rest of the country, officially absolved from the past just as we are officially prisoners to it, isn't surprised whenever a couple of white soldiers stationed at a Southern base shoot a black man for the hell of it, or a couple of white sorority girls stuff basketballs up their shirts and go in blackface and afro wigs to a "Who Rides the Bus?" fraternity social, or various people for various reasons burn black churches to the ground.

But we are guilty. Michael Hill and I can deplore the reduction of the complex culture of the South to one big cartoon lynching party (the Southern League blames the "national media" for this, even though CNN is headquartered in Atlanta, Dan Rather is from Texas, and Howell Raines, editorial page editor of *The New York Times*, graduated from the University of Alabama—scalawags all), but there is a new wilderness of intolerance growing up below Mr. Mason's and Mr. Dixon's metaphor-charged line; we are slipping our New South tether and running off back to our Old South ways. A cross was burned on the lawn of *The Crimson White*, the student newspaper at the University of Alabama, in January 1996. A black professor in Tuscaloosa, a woman, was sent a threatening and racist anonymous letter.

And dozens of black churches have been torched over the last year, their shocked congregations recalling the vicious day in 1964, the nadir of the Movement, when a bomb tore the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. Four of these chapels, Mount Zion, Little Zion, Mount Zoar and Jerusalem, smoulder in the Alabama Black Belt hamlet of Boligee, just down the road from where Michael Hill and I sit, being polite to each other over bottomless iced tea.

"Diversity has become the greatest threat to our survival as a people that we have ever faced," writes Michael W. Masters, chairman of the Southern League of Virginia, in an essay called "We Are A People." Yet Michael Hill, in a speech to a debating society at the University of Alabama, appears comfortable with diversity, asking "What would American literature be without Mark Twain, Edgar Allan Poe, William Faulkner, Walker Percy, and Eudora Welty? What kind of popular music could we listen to if white 'crackers' like Hank Williams and Merle Haggard and Southern blacks like Louis Armstrong and Ray Charles had been content with the bland commercial music turned out by Tin Pan Alley?"

Michael Hill says the Southern League is not a militia ("I don't even know anyone in a militia"), and yet he was quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* at a rally in South Carolina, wallowing in rhetoric the Montana Freemen would not be ashamed of: "Our enemies are willing to kill us. It is open season on anyone who has the audacity to question the dictates of an all-powerful federal government or the illicit rights bestowed on a compliant and deadly underclass that now fulfills a role similar to that of Hitler's brown-shirted street thugs in the 1930s."

On the Dixienet page "Hatemongers Not Welcome," the League distances itself from the hyperlinking of its website to the Aryan Nations' "Stormfront," rejecting a "race-hate agenda," then attacks the "persistent campaign of hate aimed at Confederate symbols by the NAACP and other black racial extremist groups."

As ever, we come back to the question of race, the sorrowful central story of the South—of the nation really, but so much more graphically articulated in the world that slavery made—the narrative we try to avoid, to consign to a past that won't leave us alone. Michael Hill gives me the user-friendly stuff, about as fire-eating as your average issue of *Southern Living*, knowing on the one hand that I'm white like him; knowing on the other hand that I'm one of those traitors who has stolen the discourse on the South with our African- American studies courses and our slavery-centered readings of the Civil War and our feminist assessments of Harriet Beecher Stowe and *Gone With the Wind*.

It might appear that there is deep confusion in the Southern League over race—maybe they believe their own bumper sticker: "Heritage Not Hate." But calling blacks "a compliant and deadly underclass," implying they are both brainless and violent, referring to the NAACP as "extremist"—the Southern League embraces the politics of white rage during the Reconstruction when the Klan rose up to "defend" the South against the federal government and its "unnatural" notions of equality, integration and opportunity. The Southern

The Southern League sells hysteria as history. It doesn't matter to them that George Wallace hoisted the Confederate battle flag in Montgomery to spite Bobby Kennedy and the whole integrationist project in 1963.

League sells hysteria as history. It doesn't matter to them that George Wallace hoisted the Confederate battle flag in Montgomery to spite Bobby Kennedy and the whole integrationist project in 1963. They act like the thing has been flapping in the wind over the dome since Jeff Davis stood on those white marble steps and proclaimed secession. It doesn't matter that there were (large) parts of the South that did not secede, that were not Anglo-Celtic, that were not even English-speaking. It doesn't matter that the very Southernness they cherish is a product of cultural miscegenation; our speech, the food we eat (yams, okra) and our music come from the close (though unequal) interaction of white and black. The Southern League clearly longs for the time when men were men, women were ladies, and black folks knew their place.

Michael Hill's genteel academic restraint is the exception. I met the Tuscaloosa chairman of the Southern League, David Cooksey, at a debate on the University of Alabama campus. He's a big, light-eyed guy with what's called around here a "country" accent. He sells Little Debbie snack cakes for a living. Cooksey got notorious in town for flying various Confederate flags in front of his house. When a white student at the meeting suggested that those banners might be offensive, he leapt to his feet saying "Negroes" threatened him with death for exercising his constitutional right to freedom of expression. In the pocket of his plaid shirt he had stuck a little battle flag on a gold-painted stick. If he fell down, it would have stabbed him right through the heart.

At my second meeting with Michael Hill, in a studio at the university radio station, he's less careful than before. He deplores the "attack" on Anglo-Celtic culture and "traditions" that began about 40 years ago—that being the time of the Civil Rights Movement. He says that interracial marriage is wrong because it "dilutes" both races. He says the Southern League is against affirmative action; he implies it has little time for democracy as well: "You know the South has never bought into the Jacobin notion of equality." He says there is a "natural hierarchy, a natural social order." Just because "one group" is on the bottom does not mean it will be mistreated. People find their levels, Hill says.

This echoes the speeches of Pat Buchanan, the presidential candidate the League liked best (though they do not officially endorse) Buchanan once mused about whether it was better to have "10,000 Englishmen or 10,000 Zulus land in the state of Virginia." Michael Hill looks hard at me; I know what he's talking about. And he knows I know. This, like Willie Horton, like the pale hands tearing up the job rejection letter in Jesse Helms' infamous TV ad, is white code.

It is no freak of resurgent racism that the Southern League's chosen battle ground is the university, where the ownership of history is always disputed. But the disaffected historians the League is top-heavy with don't speak only to each other with books called *The South Was Right!* and position papers explaining that "the War of Northern Aggression was not fought to preserve any union of historic creation, formation, and understanding, but to achieve a new union by conquest and plunder," or revealing that the abolitionists were socialists, atheists and "reprehensible agitators" whose commitment to equality is to be deplored as "unnatural."

Like the paranoia of the anti-government militias, the recasting of the white South's past as a combination of triumph and victimization poisons the general waters. Michael Hill's contention that "anyone who is honest" and understands the 10th Amendment will see that "the South's position, constitutionally, in 1861 was the correct one" feeds the sullen return of attention to states' rights.

Alabama State Senator Charles Davidson, who briefly ran for Congress, may not be a card-carrying member of the Southern League (Michael Hill says that though he helped Davidson's office with some "facts," he is not acquainted with the senator), but his notorious speech, excerpted on every wire service in the country last May, displays the logical conclusions of the Southern League version of history. Davidson argues that the abolitionists were obviously wrong because slavery is in the Bible and so they cannot "call something evil that God obviously allows." He goes on: "To say that slaves were mistreated in the Old South is to say that the most Christian group of people in the entire world, the Bible Belt, mistreated their servants and violated the commandments of Jesus their Lord. Anyone who says this is an accuser of the Brethren of Christ. Not a very good position to take."

The old easy, urbane, Northern dismissal of Southerners is that we are still fighting the War. Maybe we are, though I think the War metamorphoses every generation or so into something that tells about the South of the moment, the South of our present making.

The South is like a cellar for all the old stuff—a class system, racial inequality, rigid gender roles, vigilante violence, history itself—the rest of the country decides is worn out or embarrassing (they just buy themselves a new model). Old times here are never forgotten. But the stuff doesn't go away—it isn't biodegradable. It's right under the floorboards, *down there*: you don't even have to dig to find it.

The Olympic flame in Atlanta was supposed to illuminate the New South, the South of sunbelt business, of black mayors in great cities, of integrated institutions. But it should also remind people of the burned churches, piles of charred hymnals and pews reduced to ashes that dot the Old Confederacy.

What do we do with all this history? All this pain? You can't eat magnolias; you can't get dignity from a scrap of red and blue cloth with white stars crossed on it. The Southern League marches on, another dinosaur joining our Dixie Jurassic Park, another living fossil for the political tourists to stare at, and hear the echo of Faulkner's Anglo-Celtic Hamlet, Quentin Compson, sitting in his cold Harvard room crying, *"I dont! I dont hate it! I dont hate it!"*

SE

Diane Roberts is author of several books and a professor of English at the University of Alabama.

Ties that Bind

Song links Southern black woman to African heritage

By Herb Frazier

SENEHUN NGOLA, Sierra Leone — Along the meandering West African coastline a black person born in the American culture can find his African roots, if he knows where to look.

Is it at the flat, sandy coast of Senegal and The Gambia, where women sew coiled baskets that resemble the golden sweetgrass baskets in South Carolina? Is it tangled in the mangroves at the Bandama River, the beginning of the old Gold Coast, a source of yams like Southern-style sweet potatoes? Is it hidden in the thick coastal forest of the Congo Basin from Zaire to northern Angola, where Bantu culture spoke words like biddy (for a small chicken) and jambalaya?

Sketchy bits of culture may have guided a few to their roots. For millions more, the nagging mystery has lingered since birth.

Mary Moran, a mother of 13 and a homemaker from Harris Neck, Georgia, has her answer now. It's been hidden in her high-pitched voice for most of her 75 years.

While playing at a tidal creek, shelling peas at her mother's knee or skipping under a moss-draped tree, young Mary sang a song.

Ah wakah muh monuh kambay yah lay kwambay.
Ah wakah muh monuh kambay yah lay kwan.
Hah suh wiligo seeyah yuh banga lilly.
Hah suh wiligo dwellin duh kwan.
Hah suh wiligo seeyah yuh kwendieyah.

The song came from her mother, Amelia Dawley. Amelia Dawley got it from her mother, Tawba Shaw, and her grandmother, Catherine, both born in slavery. Shaw and Catherine likely got it from their mothers, whose names are lost in time.

The song had no meaning to them. It's in a language they do not know. Still, they sang the jibberish lyrics, thinking it came from Gullah; thinking it was an old African song. They used it to entertain the children. To make them dance.

Four thousand miles away in Sierra Leone, another woman passed a song along in a similar fashion.

Mariama Suba sang to her granddaughter, Baindu. Unlike the Moran family, Suba knew the meaning of her song. In the decades before Suba died, a changing religious culture forced her culture to abandon the song. But Suba passed it on anyway, believing it to be an important part of her heritage.

For about 200 years, each song stood apart. But in 1989 they began gradually inching closer, unlocking secrets along the way.

Now Mary Moran knows the song she sings is a funeral song from the Mende people of southern Sierra Leone. Baindu Jabati knows her Mende funeral song traveled on a slave ship to America in the 1790s; twisted some by time but not much changed from the way it has been sung through the generations in Moran's family.

On a steamy March morning, Mary Moran of coastal Georgia met Baindu Jabati of Senehun Ngola, a rural rice-farming village hacked out of a dense tropical forest. They hugged. They cried. They exchanged their cultures and their songs.

> "The song had no meaning to them. It's in a language they do not know. Still, they sang the jibberish lyrics, thinking it came from Gullah; thinking it was an old African song."

The Sierra Leonean government invited Moran to come. After her family coaxed her out of a fear of flying to a strange, distant land, she agreed. Twelve of her relatives and the pastor of the family's church arrived in Freetown on Feb. 26 for an 11-day visit. It was a dizzying tour during which Moran sang the five-line song for the country's president and other leaders and was greeted on the streets of Freetown, the capital city of

Photos by Herb Frazier

MARY MORAN, CENTER, SINGS HER VERSION OF THE MENDE FUNERAL SONG WITH HER GRANDDAUGHTER, JARETTE MORAN, LEFT. BAINDUY JABATI, RIGHT, OF SENEHUN NGOLA, SIERRA LEONE, ALSO SINGS A VERSION OF THE FUNERAL SONG.

some 500,000 people, like a rock star.

Banners strung up around Freetown welcomed her. People stopped her on the street and in her hotel lobby to shake her hand. One woman, who appeared to be waiting on a taxi, approached the small bus carrying the Morans and waved at Mary Moran. "Welcome," the woman shouted.

"It is amazing that this little song has brought me to Africa," Moran said before arriving in Senehun Ngola. She fanned herself with a Freetown newspaper that carried a story about her visit. "This doesn't seem real. It seems like I'm still in America."

All of what the Morans had seen and done and would do seemed unimportant when compared with Senehun Ngola and Jabati. But first, they had to get there. After a nervous one-hour flight from Freetown on an old Russian-made helicopter, the Morans arrived in the village, about 80 miles from the Liberian border.

When the thick, red dust in the village's school yard, kicked up by the whirling rotors, had settled back to earth, the craft was quickly surrounded by a crowd of singing people, like ants invading a dead bug. When Moran and her brother, the Rev. Robert Thorpe of Savannah, stepped off the helicopter, the crowd scooped them up and dropped them in separate boxed-framed hammocks that sat on the heads of men stationed at each corner.

As she swung in the hammock, Moran laughed wildly as if she were on an amusement park ride. "This is kinda funny. I've never in my life gotten a welcome like this."

During the lengthy, musical welcoming procession — reserved for local chiefs and visiting VIPs — hundreds swarmed through the hot, dusty village of Senehun Ngola to greet Moran and her family. The procession stopped in the center of the village. Then all eyes were focused on the Morans, seated in the Barri Court, where village elders settle disputes.

"We are so happy to find our roots, the Mende," Moran told the approving crowd. "We will come again."

Joseph Opala, an American anthropologist who lives in Freetown, leads a team of two other scholars who've researched and translated the Mende song to English and brought Moran and Jabati together. Opala told the Mende audience their song went to America on a slave ship and today it has come back.

With those words, Jabati was overcome. She fell to her knees and buried her face in Moran's lap. She sobbed. Later, she said, the occasion would have been better if her ancestors could have welcomed Mary Moran, too. Moran has found something most black people in America can only dream about. A real

MORAN FAMILY HOMECOMING: MARY MORAN DID NOT COME TO SIERRA LEONE ALONE. SHE BROUGHT WITH HER 12 MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY AND THEIR PASTOR. DURING THE VISIT EACH WERE GIVEN A MENDE NAME. MARY MORAN IS IN FIRST ROW, THIRD FROM LEFT. HER MENDE NAME IS YEWAH (ELDERLY MOTHER).

connection with her roots. When compared with another American - the late Alex Haley - who decades ago found his roots in Africa, the Moran link is stronger, historians say.

Guided by a few words in the Mandingo language, Haley's odyssey took him to a village called Juffury in The Gambia, north of Sierra Leone. There, he claimed to have found people whose oral tradition includes the story of Kunta Kinte, who Haley said was his ancestor, being carried off on a slave ship to Virginia.

Haley had a few words. Moran has a lot more. She has a five-line song that is essentially the same as Jabati's song, Opala said.

The song is believed to be the longest text in an African language that has been preserved in a black family in the United States, said Dr. Cynthia Schmidt, an ethnomusicologist who teaches at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. Schmidt said she and Opala have looked for longer songs or stories but so far they've not found one.

Opala, Schmidt and Tazief Koroma, a lecturer in linguistics at Njala University College in Sierra Leone, would not have found the songs had it not been for coincidences and good fortune. The songs—on each side of the Atlantic—teetered on the edge of being lost forever.

But to understand that, go back to 1932 when a linguist met Amelia Dawley and heard her song.

First Recording

During the late 1920s and early 1930s, Lorenzo Dow Turner taught summer school at black colleges in South Carolina and his native North Carolina. The peculiar speech of his students from coastal South Carolina and Georgia piqued his interest in Gullah words and culture and its African influences. Soon, Turner traveled the sea islands collecting words and stories.

In 1932, Turner, a Howard University linguist, recorded Dawley singing a song in a language he later identified as Mende. His translation of the song, along with other Gullah words, were published in his 1949 book, *Africanism in the Gullah Dialect*.

In 1989, Opala and Schmidt located Turner's recording of Dawley. In Sierra Leone, they gave it to a Freetown choral group, who sang it for visitors from South Carolina and Georgia who had come on a Gullah homecoming. Mende people were surprised to learn that a song in their language had been recorded in Georgia.

"This song is going to heal a lot of wounds left by slavery, and it's going to bring two cultures together."

MARY MORAN, HER BROTHER, THE REV. ROBERT THORPE, AND MOMOH LAMINA, REGENT CHIEF OF THE JIMMI-BAGBO CHIEFDOM, ARE CARRIED TO THE CENTER OF SENEHUN NGOAL ON HAMMOCKS SUPPORTED ON THE HEADS OF FOUR MEN.

Schmidt and Opala were surprised too to learn from one of the Gullah visitors, Loretta Sams of Darien, Georgia, that Amelia Dawley's relatives were still around.

When Schmidt and Opala visited Mary Moran in 1991, to their amazement she could sing the song that her mother sang for Turner.

In Sierra Leone, Koroma, who's from the Mende tribe, joined Schmidt on a search for the song in Sierra Leone. They went from village to village. Finally, Schmidt came upon Baindu Jabati. When Schmidt played a tape recording of the song, Jabati sang along.

Now the mission became getting Moran and Jabati together. But that would not come quickly.

In April 1992, rebels attacked villages in Sierra Leone, just across from the Liberian border. Soon the violence spread. Within a few years, Senehun Ngola was burned and flattened. Jabati, apparently the last person in the country who knew the Mende funeral song, was captured and held by rebels. She came close to being killed.

During her eight-month captivity, she was forced to collect food from the forest. None of the best food went to her. She survived on green papaya. None of the best foods went to her 6-year-old granddaughter, Sattu, either. Sattu died from starvation.

Jabati's grandmother, Mariama Suba, and her family owned the song because it was Suba's job in the Mende village to conduct the funerals. No one else had that right. When Suba died, the responsibility fell to Jabati. She did not pass it along.

Even though Jabati could sing the funeral song, she had no reason to perform it within its original context. The song and the funeral rite, Tenjamei, that went along with it were discouraged by Christianity and Islam, she said.

The song and the Tenjamei had became pagan rituals to be shunned, she said. The song took on a new meaning. It became a social song. But with little to cheer about in a village smashed by war, she had not sung it in years. Jabati said the song came to her lips the night she buried Sattu.

Teaching the song

Because Mary Moran did not know the Mende words or the song's context, she did not teach it to her children until 1991, when Opala and Schmidt visited her and told her the song was connected to the Mende people.

Moran's 9-year-old granddaughter, Jarette Moran, knows the song now, and they sang duets around Freetown and in Senehun Ngola.

Women in the Mende culture preside over funerals and births. The men do not sing it. The men in the Moran family, however, are learning the song now because of its new-found celebrity.

Mary Moran's son, Wilson Moran of Harris Neck, said, "If the song hadn't been found and revived, it would have been lost. It will be here for another 200 years."

"This song is going to heal a lot of wounds left by slavery, and it is going to bring two cultures together. My mother is alive. She is real, and she is the other link in the chain." SE

Herb Frazier is a reporter with The Post and Courier *in Charleston, South Carolina.*

Best of the Press

In 1996, many critics proclaimed investigative journalism dead. They noted that in the previous year several media organizations — most notably CBS's *60 minutes* and ABC News — backed down from controversial stories in the face of possible lawsuits.

In other news, ABC lost in court to Food Lion. In a unique move, Food Lion didn't challenge the legitimacy of the news accounts, which said the company sold out of date and tainted meat to its customers. Instead the company sued two ABC news producers, who had gotten jobs at Food Lion under false pretenses, for fraud and trespassing.

Four of the nation's largest newspapers, the *Washington Post*, *New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times* and *Baltimore Sun*, attacked the reporting of the *San Jose Mercury News* for a series that ran in the paper linking a CIA trained army in South America to drug trafficking in California.

Other examples of the media flinching in the face of controversy abound.

Much of the decline in investigative journalism, however, was attributed to the increasing consolidation of media companies. This, critics say, puts the focus more on profits than in-depth reporting, which is often costly, time-consuming and rarely profitable.

Fortunately, all is not lost. As the winners of this year's Southern Journalism Awards show, investigative journalism is alive and well.

Each year *Southern Exposure* and our publisher, the Institute for Southern Studies, honor those reporters whose stories broaden the range of issues, voices and sources in the regions daily newspapers. By asking tough, imaginative questions and by probing untapped sources of information, these writers show how the media can analyze a community's problems and contribute to positive change.

This year we celebrate the tenth year of the Southern Journalism Awards. From nearly 100 entries in two categories—investigative journalism and working people—winners were selected in three divisions based on the size of the newspaper's circulation.

Our panel of judges included journalism professors, magazine and newspaper editors, reporters, authors and community leaders. Our thanks to: Bill Adler, Lane Windham, Loretta Ross, Cynthia Martin, Michael Yellin, Marc Miller, Becci Robbins, Bertie Howard, Nan Freeland, Pat Arnow, Jordan Green, Pronita Gupta, David Kirsh, Michael King and Nayo Watkins.

We are pleased to present excerpts from the first-place winners in this special section. Their power and perspectives extend well beyond the readership of their hometown paper, touching on issues of importance to all of us who consider the South home.

While it is true that media organizations in the South, like their national counterparts, are increasingly concentrated in fewer and fewer hands (see "Who Owns The Southern Media" p.10), it's still good to know that there are editors and reporters in the South who continue to fulfill the , media's traditional role of watchdog.

—Ron Nixon, Co-Editor

1st Prize
Investigative Reporting Division One

Alabama Forest Cut Short

Photos by Mike Kittrell/Mobile Press-Register

Alabama's forest is being cut far short of its potential in a rush for pulp chips and quick profits

By Bill Finch, Sam Hodges, Sean Reilly, Carol B. McPhail, Robert Buchanan, Dewey English, Jeff Darby and Mike Kitrell
The Mobile Press-Register,
Mobile, Alabama, Published October 27, 1996

MOBILE, Alabama—Little trees, lesser trees, junk trees—they may be the forest of Alabama future, because the great, tall forest of Alabama's past is gone, its progeny cut hard, cut young and cut short.

King Cotton has given way to King Pulp, with profound implications for the economy and the land, and the people that the economy and the land sustain.

Something like a gold rush has been under way in Alabama the past few years. Demand for wood has gone up, prices have gone up and the trees have been coming down at a record pace.

"Used to be we'd sit outside our plant door and count the coal trucks going by," said Lawson Murphy, president of Murphy Furniture Manufacturing Co. in Jasper. "Now we count logging trucks."

OTHER WINNERS *(dailies with Sunday circulation of over 100,000):* **Second Prize**—Steve Patterson and Martin Wisckol of the *Flordia Times-Union* for their look at the impact of growth and development in the city of Jacksonville.
Third Prize—John McQuaid, Mark Schleifstien and Bob Marshell of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* for an extensive look at the fate of the world's fisheries.

The problem is not that Alabama is about to be stripped bare of trees. Forest-related industry—Alabama's largest manufacturing employer—plants back with a vengeance. Even if they didn't, nature endowed Alabama with abundant rain and a long growing season. Trees grow like crazy here.

The problem is that Alabama is stripping its forest of its extraordinary potential. This forest isn't close to what it could be. It isn't as sheltering, isn't as beautiful, isn't the economic engine that such a vigorous land promises.

Once, Alabama had a magnificent forest. Early European visitors recorded their astonishment at the age, size and beauty of the trees. A regionwide "cut-and-get-out" period occurred from 1880 to 1920. All Southern states are, to some degree, recovering. Forest industry deserves credit for helping make the region green again.

But in Alabama, more than any Southern state, industry has rushed that recovery. A monumental impatience attends forestry in this state. The prevailing practice is to cut, plant and cut again as soon as possible—all in the interest of cashing in.

Alabama might have made pulp and paper one part of a diversified forest economy. Instead, Alabama bet the farm.

Paper companies own or lease a huge chunk of Alabama forest land, about 4 million acres, 19 percent. Their influence extends beyond what they own because they buy trees—pines and hardwoods—from landowners. They also give free forestry advice and free seedlings.

To feed their mills, paper companies require pulpwood. That's about any kind of wood: young wood, immature wood, wood that hasn't yet aged to strength and high value. Pine trees are cut for pulpwood long before they're old enough to make good lumber.

Any forest is going to produce some pulpwood. We should be glad—newspapers especially—because we all use paper products. But Alabama shoulders a huge, disproportionate share of the pulpwood demand.

No other state produces as much pulpwood as Alabama, where oaks and other hardwoods have been chopped and chipped by the millions, right along with pines.

LOGS WAITING FOR THE CHIPPER AT A FACILITY ALONG MOBILE BAY. PAPER COMPANIES OWN OR LEASE ABOUT ONE OF FIVE ACRES OF FOREST IN ALABAMA.

Alabama's forest emphasizes quantity—fiber—over quality, and the forest looks like it. It has been greatly altered in composition.

A pulpwood emphasis, with rotations held to as short a period as possible, as few as 15 years, necessarily reduces the overall age of the stands. Youth is a fine thing in a racehorse, but in a forest it presents problems.

It's not just the plants and animals that depend on stable, mature forest for their survival, and it isn't the stable, mature forest that produce the best lumber.

Paper companies, eager for fiber, favor trees that grow fast. That means the trees

Alabama might have made pulp and paper one part of a diversified forest economy. Instead Alabama bet the farm.

AN OAK STRUGGLES UP OUT OF A SOUTH ALABAMA CLEARCUT.

found commonly in Alabama's forest are no longer those that made Alabama famous—the hard, straight longleaf pine; the weather-proof cypress; the red oak that laid the floors of the post-World War II housing boom.

These days, the dominant species in Alabama are the loblolly pine and the sweetgum.

Loblolly historically has had a small place in Alabama forest land. Now, it's all over the place. Susceptible to pine beetle attacks, not as good for lumber as the longleaf, loblolly is preferred by paper companies because it is easy to grow and grows fast.

At least loblolly, if allowed to age 30 years or so, can make commercially viable lumber. Sweetgum, which rushes in to take advantage of fresh clearcuts and sells only as chips, can't.

Higher value trees struggle to find a place in today's Alabama. When they do, they don't survive long. Trees that within a few years could be cut for top-dollar lumber are sometimes pulled out along with everything else when loggers clearcut a stand for pulp chips.

"You see some 12- to 14-inch-diameter cherrybark oaks going to the chipper," said Glover Allgood of McShan Lumber Co. in Pickens County, west of Tuscaloosa. "That's what hurts."

A good, big cherrybark oak would fetch the landowner $400 or more for its potential as fine lumber. But a slim, young hardwood cut and mashed for pulp is worth only about $4.50.

"The way they're cutting the pulpwood, 10 years from now you won't have any hardwood logs," said Jamie Gibbs, co-owner of a small sawmill in the northeast Alabama town of Brilliant. "It's getting more scarce every day."

Sixteen pulp and paper mills operate in Alabama, more than in any other state but Wisconsin. Another two dozen or more wood chip mills serve them and a rapidly expanding export market.

Alabama gave the paper companies financial incentives to come here, and they continue to enjoy a sweet deal in taxes. Champion International Corp., for example, pays less in state and local taxes on its northwest Alabama mill—the world's largest white paper mill—than it does on its smaller mills across the Florida line in Pensacola.

Moreover, Alabama politicians lobbied hard to get the federal government to build the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway. Paid for by taxpayers, maintained by taxpayers, it has reduced paper companies' transportation costs and made possible the export chip business, the freighter full of chips leaving the Port of Mobile, bound for Japanese paper plants.

One could argue that Alabama did what it had to do in courting so many pulp and paper mills. A poor state needs jobs. Forestry constitutes the backbone of Alabama's rural economy, now that textiles and agriculture have declined.

But for all its accommodations to pulp and paper, Alabama underachieves compared to other Southern states in forestry related employment and earnings.

Yet, some 66,000 people have jobs related directly or indirectly to the Alabama forest. But on a per-forest-acre-basis, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi do better in employment because they are stronger in either furniture manufacturing, sawmilling or even paper-making. A cruel irony is that Alabama's pulp and paper mills specialize in unfinished products that don't require as many employees as those that make boxes and envelopes.

There's scant evidence that Alabama political leaders recognized this trend and are planning a course of action, or that they are concerned about the health of the woodlands. In the Pacific Northwest and the Northeast, reconciling forest health and forest economics is a top item on the political agenda. Here, it doesn't even make the list.

The sad thing is, the stakes couldn't be higher.

There's a question as to whether Alabama will even be able to compete in the pulp market in the future. The same multinational paper companies that are so heavily represented in Alabama have invested in Southeast Asia and Central and South America, where labor is cheaper, the growing seasons are longer and pulpwood can be produced in half the time it takes here.

Meanwhile, the market for quality sawtimber has soared and promises to keep going up. But Alabama rides pulp's back, and nobody seems to be questioning—at least out loud—the wisdom of that strategy.

Maybe a pulpwood state is all Alabama could ever hope to be. Maybe, though, Alabama could do better.

Exactly who calls the shots in Alabama forestry is a long-standing and emotionally charged issue. Some say it's the paper companies. Others point to the vast number of individual owners.

What's not disputed is that Alabama is overwhelmingly a private property state. Just 5 percent of its forest land is publicly owned, the smallest percentage of any Southern state.

When it comes to private timberland, Alabama has about 20.7 million acres. The majority is owned by individuals. A 1993 survey by the U.S. Forest Service found more than 450,000 different owners of forest land in Alabama.

It's the number of owners in that group —and their reputation for independence—that makes them a powerful but unwieldy force, said Charles Raper, a forestry professor at Auburn University. "You can't steer that ship," he said.

But Raper's Auburn forestry colleague, John Bliss, points out that most of those individuals actually own little land. In fact, the 1993 Forest Service survey showed that about 400,000 of them owned fewer than 50 acres. In Alabama and across the South, the number of individuals who own between 100 and 1,000 acres actually declined 14 percent from 1978 to 1993, said Thomas Birch, who helped conduct the Forest Service survey.

For all its accommodations to pulp and paper, Alabama underachieves compared to other Southern states in forestry related employment and earnings.

Meanwhile, corporate ownership has increased, a trend that's likely to continue, in part because of the estate tax.

When individuals hand down timberland, the federal government taxes their estate both on the value of the land and the standing timber. Higher timber prices have meant higher estate taxes. To pay the taxes, heirs often end up selling the property to a paper company.

Birch points out that in Alabama about 4 million acres of forest land belong to individuals age 65 or older. "That's a quarter of your forest right there," Birch said. "What happens to the land is really important to the future of forestry in Alabama."

Already, corporations own 34 percent of Alabama's private forest land. That's 8 percent higher than the average corporate ownership among Southern states.

Paper companies lead the way. Most of those that own mills in the state are, as might be expected, major timberland owners. But other paper companies—Weyerhauser Co. and Georgia Pacific—also own thousands of acres of Alabama trees to help feed their mills in neighboring states. Of the paper companies that own timberland in Alabama only one, Tuscaloosa's Gulf States, is based in the state.

The two paper companies with mills in Mobile are Alabama's biggest corporate timberland owners. Kimberly-Clark Corp., based in Dallas, owns 669,000 acres more land than the four National Forests in the state combined. The company has an additional 53,000 acres in long-term leases. International Paper Co., based in Purchase, N.Y., owns 432,000 acres and leases another 139,000.

Champion International Corp. (Stamford, Conn.), MacMillan Bloedel (Vancouver, British Columbia) and Gulf States own or lease more than 400,000 acres each.

Some paper companies grow a percentage of their trees on longer rotations for sawtimber. But in the main, paper companies are committed to producing the maximum amount of pulpwood in the shortest period of time. They clear-cut their pine plantations after about 20 years, then replant, using fertilizer for growth and herbicides to suppress competing hardwoods.

They extend their influence through their assistance programs to private landowners. From Champion, for example, private landowners can get free forestry advice, free help with accounting and free tree seedlings.

In exchange, the company wants to be notified when landowner is ready to sell the timber. But the landowner is under no obligation to sell to Champion, said Marshall Murphy, company spokesman.

Advice from paper companies tends to be weighted toward growing pulpwood, the product they need for their mills, said Lee Laechelt, executive vice president of Alabama Forest Owner's Association.

Laechelt, through his newsletter, tries to alert his members to the high prices they can get it they postpone selling their timber until it reaches sawlog age.

"You're not going to hear that in a speech from a paper company forester," he said. SE

Ritalin: Miracle Cure or Mind Control?

The rise of Ritalin ignites a debate

By Mary Loftus
The Ledger
Lakeland, Florida, Published August 18, 1996

LAKELAND, Florida—Devin, 8, takes his first pill be-fore he gets out of bed in the morning, in a spoonful of applesauce. Samantha, 15, takes one of her pills if she can't concentrate at her part-time job. And Scott, 16, takes a pill before his mom will get in the car with him to practice his driving.

These Polk County children have been diagnosed with Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD), the most common psychiatric disorder among children under 18 in the nation, and are taking the stimulant Ritalin, the most common medication used to treat it.

ADHD has permeated Florida, from the lunch lines that form at nearly every elementary school to the office in Plantation that serves as headquarters for the national Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD) support group.

An estimated 135,000 children in Florida have ADD, a disorder whose main symptom is an inability to focus, usually accompanied by hyperactivity.

Locally:

- More than 1,600 Polk Elementary students—about 4 percent—take Ritalin at school each day.
- The first charter school in Polk County, and the fifth to open in the state, is for students with ADD. The Apple School was approved unanimously last week by the Polk County School Board.
- Psychologists and psychiatrists say up to 70 percent of the children they see are being treated for ADD.

The rapid increase in Ritalin use in the past few years has given rise to a debate: Do this many children have Attention Deficit Disorder?

Is Ritalin being used to unlock the potential of students who can't focus, or as the drug of choice to control unruly kids?

"We're very medically- and drug-oriented in this country. There's no question in my mind that we probably use too much Ritalin," said Dr. John J. Ross, professor of pediatric neurology at the University of Florida.

But educators, parents, and doctors say they have seen the medication work miracles with children—curbing impulsive behavior, improving concentration.

"I treat 300 patients a year with ADHD," said Dr. J. David Moore, a Tallahassee psychiatrist. "I've also lived with the disorder. There's no controversy, in my mind, that this is real. I know kids who will tell you in a heartbeat that (Ritalin) has changed their lives."

Local success stories abound: an elementary-school boy whose reading went up by two grade levels a few months after taking Ritalin; a middle-school girl in danger of being suspended

OTHER WINNERS (*Investigative Reporting, Division Two*): **Second Prize**—Richard Coe of the *Anniston Star* for "Shadow of Influence," an investigation into lobbying efforts of the Alabama Farm Federation, the most aggressive special interest group in Alabama.

Third Prize—"No Shortage of Poverty," by Kim Douglass of the *Freelance Star* in Fredricksburg, Virginia. The series explored the lives of rural Virginians who lack access to the most basic of needs: clean water.

Photo by Pierre DuCharme/The Ledger

DEVIN BROYLES OF LAKELAND, FLORIDA (AGE 8) IS ONE OF 1,600 STUDENTS AT POLK ELEMENTARY TAKING RITALIN.

who is now in the gifted program; a toddler who couldn't sleep at night or sit still during the day who now bird-watches with his grandfather.

Ritalin has been used for 40 years with children, and there are several hundred studies that show it to be a safe drug with minimal side effects.

Yet many parents and professionals feel torn, worried about the implications of giving medications that influence brain chemistry and behavior to so many young children.

"I prescribe a lot of Ritalin but am still in amazement," said Dr. Robert Eanett, a pediatrician at Watson Clinic South in Lakeland. "I have self-doubts. I can't resolve it, even though I know science."

"There's not a parent who comes in here who begs for it—most want me to say their child doesn't need it. But once they see the results, they won't accept a lower level of performance."

A National Trend

The state is mirroring a national trend toward more children being diagnosed and medicated for Attention Deficit Disorder.

Levels of methylphenidate consumptions in Florida have more than doubled in the past 10 years, going from 0.41 grams per 100 residents in 1985 to 1.09 grams per 100 residents in 1994.

Florida's annual consumption of Ritalin is mid-range for the country, according to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. In 1994, Florida ranked 36th in the nation in Ritalin use, up from a ranking of 43 in 1992.

Georgia, Michigan and Ohio used the most Ritalin, while Hawaii, Guam and Puerto Rico used the least.

The increase in Ritalin production corresponds to the increase in diagnosed cases of ADHD in children.

Since ADHD was recognized by the American Psychiatric Association in 1980, it has been the primary childhood psychiatric disorder in America.

Three million school-age children—about 5 percent— are estimated to have ADD; that's at least one in every classroom. The vast majority of cases—about 80 percent— are thought to have the form that includes hyperactivity: Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder.

The main symptoms: an inability to concentrate, complete a task or follow instructions; a tendency to fidget, squirm and interrupt; impulsiveness.

Most children who are being treated medically for ADD/ADHD take doses of Ritalin, or its generic, methylphenidate, several times a day. Since 1990, the use of Ritalin in this country has increased sixfold. Sales of Ritalin and methylphenidate in 1995-96 topped $350 million.

Ritalin works, doctors believe, by elevating levels of the chemical dopamine, which transmits messages in the brain. When most children concentrate, their brains release extra dopamine to block out competing sounds or sights. Children with ADHD seem to have a shortage of this chemical.

Public concern

There is, however, evidence of significant public and scientific concern about the widespread use of Ritalin:

- Use dropped in 1987 due to well-publicized claims—some say started by the Church of Scientology, which is anti-psychiatry—that the drug has dangerous side effects and was prescribed indiscriminately to uncooperative students.
- Last year, a critical PBS documentary, *Attention Deficit Disorder: A Dubious Diagnosis?* concluded that the dramatic growth in the number of children labeled as ADD have been "largely man-made." It also claimed the CHADD (Children

and Adults with Attention Deficits Disorder) support group had been propped up by $1 million unpublicized donations from Ciba-Geigy, Ritalin's manufacturer, which used the group to distribute information exaggerating the benefits of drug therapy.

■ The deaths of two young men in 1995, in Virginia and Mississippi, were attributed to the abuse of Ritalin combined with other drugs. The DEA cited reports of abuse of Ritalin by adolescents, who discovered they could get a rush by crushing the tablets and snorting the powder, sometimes called "Vitamin R," "R-Ball," or "the smart drug."

■ In February of this year, the International Narcotics Control Board released a report saying that methylphenidate and Ritalin could pose dangers to children's well-being over the long term and lead to adolescent addiction when improperly used. In response, Ciba-Geigy launched a national campaign called "The 3R's of Ritalin: Read, Respect, Responsibility." The company sent out educational pamphlets to more than 100,000 pharmacists and 110,000 doctors to pass on.

The message: Make sure Ritalin is taken only by the child for whom it's prescribed, in the appropriate dose.

"We're essentially encouraging parents and school nurses to eliminate any opportunity for diversion of the medication," Ciba's spokesman Todd Forte said.

Schools respond

But schools, already charged by law with recognizing and responding to ADHD students in the classrooms and making special accommodations for them, are hard-pressed to keep up with regulating and dispensing the medication.

Since most schools lack full-time nurses, Ritalin and other medications are often given out by part-time clinic aides, secretaries or principals who have had minimal training on medical procedures.

"The biggest thing that would help is a full-time clinic aide in every school. That would be an absolute blessing to the health and welfare of our kids," said Christina Landeck, a health services specialist with Polk County Schools.

The schools also have been called upon to educate teachers and principals about ADHD.

Teachers may be the first to call a parent's attention to a child who is disruptive, not performing at grade level, or unable to complete in-class tasks or homework. They may recommend to the parents that a school psychologist or a pediatrician examine the child.

"The two most common times for ADHD to be discovered are when students are entering the first grade and the third grade," said psychiatrist Moore. "That's academically when they start tightening the screws."

The Polk County School has an ADD/ADHD liaison who works with parents, teachers, and the medical or mental health community, with the goal of helping these students to succeed in school.

But public schools just aren't able to do enough, says Dr. Brenda Harris, a Lakeland mother who is opening a charter school for ADHD students in Polk County.

"These kids are getting lost in the school system," said Harris whose 4-year-old son has ADHD. The Apple School will include kindergarten to fifth grade. There will be no more than 12 students per class, and teachers will use techniques that help ADHD students stay focused and motivated.

"They won't be marked as the bad kids in the class anymore," Harris said.

The ADD industry

As ADD numbers in Florida grow, so does the support system and industry surrounding it.

CHADD, the national support group founded in Plantation in 1987, now has 2,000 members and 37 chapters statewide, and a national budget of $2.2 million.

The ADD Warehouse, also in Plantation, is a for-profit business run by the co-founder of CHADD, Harvey Parker. It stocks hundreds of books, videos and other ADD resources, most of which are sold by mail order.

Ritalin and other medications used to treat ADD are purchased by thousands of families each month. At Walgreens, a monthly dose of 40 milligrams a day, totaling 120 tablets, is $66 for Ritalin and $37 for the generic, methalphenidate. Many insurance policies cover at least a portion of the cost.

Pediatricians must review dosages and update prescriptions of Ritalin monthly, which may involve frequent office visits.

And a psychological work-up for an ADHD diagnosis can range from $400 to $600.

Alternative treatments for ADHD—including special diets, vitamins, chiropractics, biofeedback, or massage—have proven not to be effective in treating the disorder. And yet, they are touted everywhere from the Internet's World Wide Web to nutritional catalogs.

"ORDER NOW—Pycnogenol, a patented extract from the bark of the French Maritime Pine Tree, has been shown to effectively and naturally control symptoms of ADD," flashes continually on one ADD Web site.

"As long as there are no satisfactory answers—and stimulants are terrific, but they only control the symptoms—people become sitting ducks for all kinds of claims," said Rapport, from the National Institute for Mental Health. "With ADHD, they are legion: repatterning, eye movement therapy, diet. People should definitely check out the treatment before investing in it, and make sure there are controlled studies supporting its results.

"The ones that are cheap and harmless don't bother me as much," she said. "Drinking herbal tea is one thing, but spending $500 to $1,000 on something that is unproved, most families can't afford that."

ADHD is considered by most researchers, doctors and psychologists to be a legitimate, clinical and treatable disorder. But as awareness has increased, some say the rapid rise in diagnosis might be more indicative of the lens through which a child's behavior is viewed.

One Lakeland mother said she took her son to see a psychiatrist to deal with grief, and the first thing the doctor told her was: "Well, he doesn't have ADD."

"It has become presumed," she said, "that you are taking your child in to be screened for ADD." SE

Between the Cracks

Mentally ill defendants languish behind bars

By John DeSantis
The Courier
Houmas, LA
First in series published September 2, 1996

JACKSON, Louisiana—James Anderson has been quiet lately. Correction officers at the Terrebonne Parish Jail say he hasn't thrown feces at them in awhile or displayed any of the other bizarre behavior that led to frequent housing in an isolation cell since his Nov. 14, 1994 incarceration on a robbery charge.

Doctors found that Anderson, who has a long history of mental illness, was incapable of standing trial and reported those findings to state District Judge John Pettigrew of Houma.

On Oct. 25, 1995, Pettigrew ordered Anderson committed to the Feliciana Forsenic Facility, a state-run mental hospital in Jackson. Once there, Anderson would receive care from doctors, nurses and other professionals who would treat his illnesses and try to bring him to a point where he might be able to go ahead with his court case.

He never went there.

Now, nearly a year after Pettigrew's order was issued, Anderson spends his days lying on a bunk, staring at the ceiling. Correction officers who see him every day say he appears "off in another world."

Anderson is one of 61 inmates in Louisiana receiving minimal mental health treatment in jail because there is no room at the Jackson hospital. They have waited months and even years for a bed at the hospital, locked in what experts describe as a mental health crisis in the state's criminal justice system.

The inmates, including three currently in the Terrebonne Parish Jail, have been ordered to go to the state hospital by a judge upon the recommendation of a court-appointed sanity commission. The panel— at least two but usually three doctors— has found that the defendant cannot assist their attorneys in handling their cases because of mental disease or defect.

For centuries, the law has recognized that people who are mentally ill may not be able to understand the charges brought against them. Their conditions often prevent them from assisting their attorneys in preparing a defense or even deciding whether to plead innocent or guilty.

Lawyers and doctors note that being deemed incompetent to stand trial is not the same as an acquittal by reason of insanity.

"The public generally does not understand the difference," said John Lavern, president of the Louisiana Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers. "They tend to think of someone who's gotten off with a crime because of momentary insanity. If they really knew what the difference was, they'd want these people in treatment getting well.

"As soon as I walk in a courtroom fil-

OTHER WINNERS *(Investigative Reporting, Division One)*: **Second Prize** — Lenora LaPeter of the Hilton Head *Island Packet* for her series exposing the billing of black residents of Hilton Head for utility services they never received.
Third Prize — Jenni Vincent of the *Times West Virginian* for the "Bleeding Earth" series examining the impact of coal mining in North Central West Virginia.
Honorable mention — Geiter Simmons and Mark Wneka of the *Salisbury Post* for an in-depth look at the background, legal ramifications, and history of redistricting and black congressional districts in North Carolina.

ing papers in these cases, people say, 'He's trying to get off with something,' and that is not the case," said Lavern, who is also the public defender for Calcasieu Parish.

"The issue of whether or not this person is competent to participate in legal proceedings is the same difference as if you were bringing a 3-year-old child in there and making that 3-year-old knowingly participate. But they don't want to spend money on health and hospital settings for these people because they perceive the person is saying, 'I was crazy at the time, but I'm OK now,'" he said. "If you put him in a hospital setting you restore him to a level of competency where at least his lawyer is able to explain things to him, and then we can go ahead and have a trial."

Thomas Litwack, professor of psychology and law at New York City's John Jay College of Criminal Justice, said definitions of competency are more or less the same across state lines.

"The basic issue is whether this person has the ability to understand his or her legal situation in a rational as well as factual way," Litwack said.

Federal case law, Litwack said, requires that the defendant have sufficient ability to consult with his attorney with "a reasonable degree of rational understanding." The defendant also must have a "rational as well as factual understanding of the proceedings against him.

"That's the basic test everybody accepts, and it is generally understood that if you get a defendant who would clearly become incompetent under the stress of trial, even if he or she is currently competent, the courts are uncomfortable because they may not be able to get through the trial," he said.

Judges routinely order such defendants to the Feliciana Forsenic Facility. But the court orders are just as routinely ignored. State health officials acknowledge the admission delays and attribute them to lack of beds.

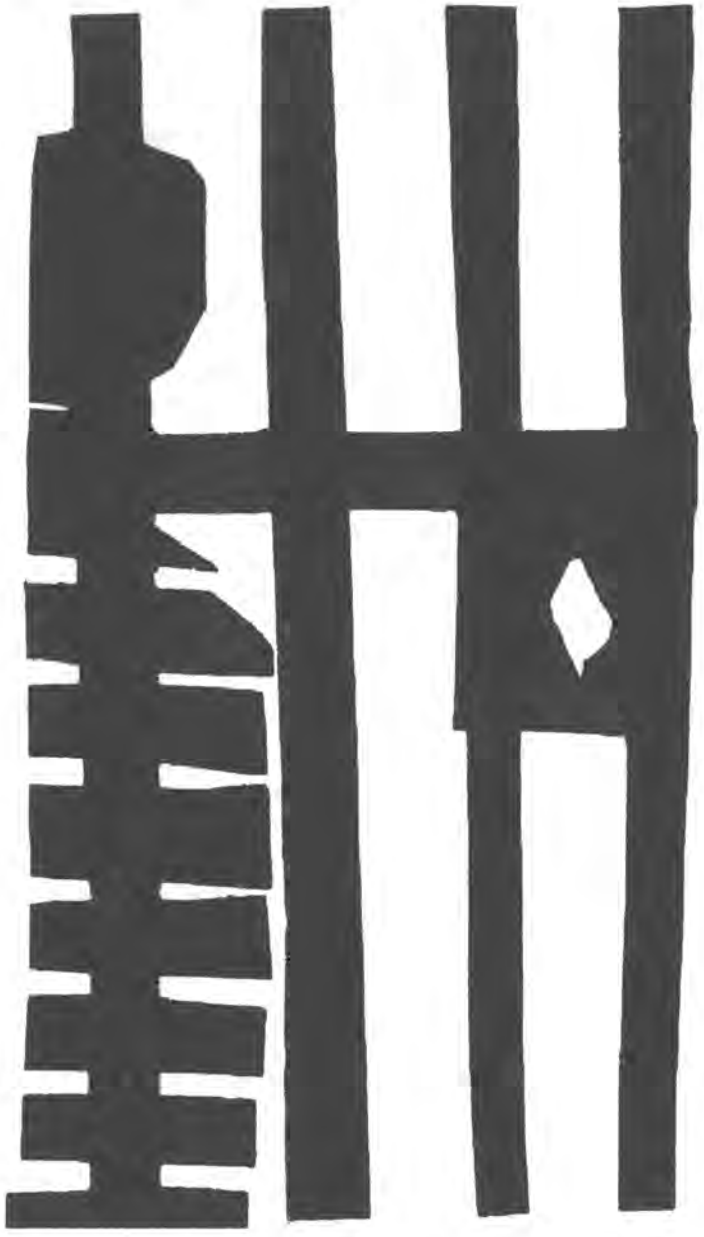
A *Courier* investigation into how the system works in Louisiana has revealed the following facts:

▲ Jail inmates deemed incompetent to stand trial wait long periods of time for beds in a state hospital that was designed to address their specific needs and problems. Jail-based treatment— not to exceed 90 days— may be given by the state to such patients. But after that time, according to state law, they should go to the hospital and not remain in jail. Most inmates in Terrebonne Parish who have been declared unfit to proceed with their cases have spent in excess of a year in jail, waiting for beds that don't become available, records show. One man spent nearly three years waiting.

▲ Sixty-one pre-trial detainees, including the three in Terrebonne, are on a waiting list statewide for a hospital with only 75 beds that are constantly filled. Feliciana hospital admits an average of 90 patients a year.

▲ Efforts by the state's Department of Health and Hospitals, through the Office of Mental Health, have been made to correct the problem of long waiting lists. But nationally recognized experts question whether those efforts serve the patients' best interests.

Karen Matheis/Take This!



The problem is money.

Heightened cynicism

Local elected officials are well aware of the situation but say they're powerless to do anything about it because the responsibility lies largely at the state level.

"We're making our own statement by underfunding," said Terrebonne Parish District Attorney Doug Greenburg. "The people in this horrendous position are not given the same treatment other people are. I think the entire criminal justice system needs to take a long look at it, and I don't suggest it's because they don't care about this. The demands on the system are case-by-case, and they come in droves.

"If you are dumping back into the system persons who are not really treated or recovered to the definitive competence level that's necessary to comply with our prerequisite that you have mental capacity to proceed, then you have done nothing more than occasioned the further breakdown of the system, the further loss of large sums of time, energy and money and, worst of all, no justice. You get a society funding this not only to come up with no reasonable result but a worsened or a heightened cynicism."

The Bottom line

Greenburg sees a lack of money as the bottom line.

"No one would have used cost-effectiveness to determine the sentence to be administered to someone, but that has become a very functionally considered aspect of incarceration."

The mental health crisis in the criminal justice system puts prosecutors in a peculiar position, Greenburg said. Knowing that the rights of mentally ill and perhaps incapacitated defendants are already compromised, the district attorney's own assistants have at times petitioned to have those defendants declared incompetent— a role the prosecution may surely take but which is traditionally left to the defense.

"We have without our own volition or desire been expanded into the role where we are no longer on the prosecuting end. We are situated in the position where we now have to do an overview of the whole case so that nothing can be said later on that there was ineffective assistance of counsel, that someone on the defense side didn't do his or her job," Greenburg said.

"That's not really the state's job," he added. "We are being put into the role of prosecution and defense counsel and being asked to make a determination of a psychomedical nature that we're not qualified to do."

Greenburg suggested that the numbers of inmates who have been declared incompetent—and then can't get into the hospital beds the law says they should have—could represent just the tip of the iceberg. He notes that about 40 percent of jail inmates receive medication, and some could require additional attention for psychiatric and psychological problems.

Terrebonne Parish Sheriff Jerry Larpenter, along with his jail administration, said they are frustrated by a system that is calling on them to provide medical treatment rather than incarceration, resulting in an increased strain on their resources.

"The sheriffs around the state should not be in the business of keeping mental patients. We don't have psychiatrists on hand, although Mental Health comes occasionally. They determine the medication and the staff has to give the medication out, but it's just a staging area in order to get them help when they deserve it," Larpenter said.

As a result of *The Courier's* series, the Louisiana State Legislature's criminal justice committee conducted hearings at the urging of Rep. Reggie Dupre (D-Montegut) on the subject.

Legislation that will protect such inmates in the future from being lost in Louisiana's justice system as a result of those hearings— and the articles —has been drafted and is pending before the state's house of representatives. SE

Anderson: Robbery, jail and a dirty towel

James Anderson, one of the many mentally ill prisoners at Terrebonne Parish Criminal Complex, had a history of mental illness before his current incarceration for robbery. In 1994, he robbed a Circle K store of $357.47 in cash and merchandise, including 10 cartons of cigarettes, 50 lighters, a case of Milwaukee's Best beer and nine bottles of Crown Royal Whiskey.

In 1980, Anderson was prescribed the drug Elavil after being hospitalized at Charity Hospital in New Orleans for depression. During the same year, he was reportedly diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia, medical records show.

In July 1995, a sanity commission report was filed in court by Dr. Dennis M. Spiers, a Houma psychiatrist, who was told by deputies that Anderson often displayed bizarre behavior and had been kept in a state of continual lockdown. His worst offenses included throwing feces at guards and other inmates.

When the doctor saw Anderson, he appeared disheveled and kept his beard and hair in braids. The inmate also had a "wide-eyed" facial appearance.

"He had a dirty white towel around his neck and pieces of cloth (which looked as if they might have torn from the towel) stuffed in both ears," the doctor wrote.

Spiers found a diagnosis of probable psychotic behavior.

"Based on the limited information that he gave me, he does not seem to have complete comprehension of the charges against him," Spiers wrote. "It would also appear that it would be markedly difficult for him to cooperate with his attorney and assist with his own defense. It would certainly appear that he might well be a candidate for a referral to a state forensic unit for further evaluation and possible treatment."

—*J.D.*

First Prize Working People Division One

Photo by Lawrence Pierce/Charleston Gazette

JAMES AMICK, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS LOCAL AT LADY H. COAL, WONDERS IF WORKERS WILL SEE THE $17 MILLION THE COMPANY OWES IN WORKERS COMPENSATION AND HEALTH AND RETIREMENT FUNDS.

Coal Companies Abandon Workers Comp

squandered millions while piling up debts, fines.

By Paul J. Nyden
The Charleston Gazette
Charleston, West Virginia
First in series published December 17, 1995

GARY, West Virginia— One-time coal operator Ted Osborne is spending his weekends in jail this winter. In September, 1995, U.S. Magistrate Judge Mary Feinberg sentenced him to prison for 60 days. Osborne admitted he willfully failed to pay $150,000 in federal mine reclamation fees.

Osborne also owes $10.1 million to West Virginia's Worker's Compensation Fund. Yet state officials have done little to collect the money or prosecute Osborne. They simply mail Osborne an occasional bill. Fund officials asked him to pay up again. He hasn't.

Ed Staats, chief financial officer for

OTHER WINNERS *(Working People, Division One)*: **Second Prize**—Teresa Burney of the *St. Petersburg Times* for "Learning Their Worth," an investigation of working and living conditions of farmworkers in Florida.
Third Prize—*Tie*—Lon Wagner of the *Newport News Daily Press* for his look at sales jobs in the Hampton Roads area of Virginia and Cherie Jacbos Lane of the *Sarasota Times-Herald* for her look at the lives and working conditions of fostercare case workers.

worker's compensation, said Osborne's delinquent account may have been referred to the attorney general's office. If not, he said, it will be referred to them soon.

"We never had a collection process here until 1993," Staats said. "No one paid any attention to accounts that were delinquent."

In the meantime, Osborne and his colleagues kept millions of dollars due the compensation fund. Instead of helping injured workers, the cash went for big houses, luxury cars, airplanes and lavish vacations.

The formula was simple. Don't pay federal taxes. Avoid mine reclamation fees. Ignore environmental laws.

Don't pay worker's compensation premiums. Stiff the United Mine Workers Health and Retirement Funds out of royalties.

All this adds up quickly. If a coal operator employs 100 miners and pays each one $50,000 a year, he can save $1.5 million a year by evading worker's compensation bills.

More than 1,200 coal companies owe at least $185 million to the West Virginia Worker's Compensation Fund, according to a new list of coal industry deadbeats.

The total does not include debts that were written off as uncollectable. Nor does it include all debts owed by some bankrupt coal companies, such as those operated by Beckley coal operator H. Paul Kizer. The actual total could be a lot higher.

The new list reveals 113 coal companies owe between $400,000 and $10.3 million. Some operators, such as Kennie Compton and Kennie Childers, own more than one of the companies.

All but two of the top coal-mine debtors operated underground mines, where premiums can pile up quickly. For every $1 million in wages, underground mine owners pay $297,100 in compensation premiums, while surface mine owners pay only $97,500.

For years, Worker's Compensation officials made little effort to collect those debts.

"This money has been owed for a long time. It was not accumulated overnight," said John Kozak, the Worker's Compensation Fund general counsel.

More than 1,200 coal companies owe at least $185 million to the West Virginia Worker's Compensation Fund.

Photo by Lawrence Pierce/Sunday Gazette-Mail

SEVERAL MINES HAVE FILED FOR BANKRUPTCY AND ARE NO LONGER HAULING COAL. THEY CLAIM THEY CAN'T PAY WORKERS COMP; CRITICS CHARGE THE COMPANIES SQUANDERED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AT THE EXPENSE OF WORKERS.

"It is the heart of the debt we will be looking at in our long-contemplated lawsuits," he said Friday. "We hope we can capture some of that money back from responsible third parties."

Employment Programs Commissioner Andy Richardson plans to use private lawyers to sue big companies that used small contractors to mine coal.

Many of those small contract operators went bankrupt or simply disappeared, leaving behind long trails of debts, including tens of millions of dollars owed to the financially troubled Worker's Compensation Fund.

Some major companies — such as Pittston Coal, A.T. Massey Coal Co. and Island Creek Coal Co. — hired hundreds of contractors to operate small mines, particularly in the southern coalfields.

Other major companies, such as Arch Mineral Corp., have used contractors more sparingly. Arch's contractors generally made all payments due the compensation fund and other creditors.

The big companies owned coal in the ground, through deeds or leases. After the coal was mined by contractors, the big companies decided where to sell it.

Some small contractors are simply fronts for others trying to avoid bills, evade federal permit-blocks or escape other legal problems.

For example, the president of one McDowell County coal company actually runs a flower shop. The president of another works at a Mingo County motel.

Ted Osborne topped the list with a debt of $10.3 million. Osborne Brothers Inc., his company, ran mines in Gary once operated by U.S. Steel Mining. Osborne ran up his debt between 1987 and 1992, apparently neglecting to pay worker's compensation premiums year after year.

Some operators with large debts are still in business. State officials often have the power to shut down scofflaws under both environmental and worker's compensation laws. But they rarely do.

Compton, a Beckley coal operator, owns several companies on the list of top debtors, including Angela-Ann Coal Corp., Kennie-Wayne Inc., Lockridge De-

velopment Inc. and Kennison Development Inc. Compton owes Workers' Compensation more than $21 million from 39 mining companies.

Despite his massive debts, Compton is still in business. Last month, Compton said he was a consultant for eight or 10 coal companies.

Just before Christmas, Carl Hopkins died in D-Max No. 2 mine in Wyoming County when part of a continuous mining machine crushed him. Compton said he did not control the mine. Two former D-Max supervisors said he did control the company.

Records at the Secretary of State's office reveal Compton also owns mining equipment used by D-Max. Apparently state officials were unaware of Compton's ties to D-Max's Wyoming County mines.

Bluestone Coal Corp., a medium-sized coal producer owned by Beckley coal operator James C. Justice II, has used 44 contractors since 1985, according to Division of Environmental Protection monthly reports.

Thirty of these 44 contractors owe money to worker's compensation. Only one contractor owes more than $400,000. But taken together, 30 contractors who worked for Bluestone owe $2.9 million.

Since worker's compensation does not keep records of which mines generate debts, some of that $2.9 million may come from mines contractors operated for other companies.

McDowell County operator Truong Van Nguyen mines coal for Caretta Mining Inc. today through McDowell Energy Inc. and Cu Chi Mining Inc. McDowell Energy owes $510,337 to the Worker's Compensation Fund. TVN Coal Inc., a company he operated previously, owes $155,054.

Nguyen's name appears on the U.S. Office of Surface Mining's national "permit-block" list because he did not pay environmental fines assessed against TVN in 1988.

Any operator on the block list is barred from getting new mining permits anywhere in the nation. DEP investigator Gene Coccari plans to look into Nguyen's operations this week.

State officials often have the power to shut down scofflaws under both environmental and worker's compensation laws. But they rarely do.

"There seems to be a correlation between people who forfeit permits and people who have big worker's compensation debts, at least in the past," Coccari said.

Amos O. Wilson, widely regarded as West Virginia's top worker's compensation lawyer for 25 years, also made the list of leading scofflaws.

For more than 25 years, Wilson represented injured workers against employers and the compensation fund. In the 1980s, Wilson began opening coal mines himself. His companies were called Huff Inc. and Ethel Coals, Inc.

When it came time to pay worker's compensation premiums himself, Wilson didn't. Today, Huffs, Inc. owes $1,655,570 and Ethel Coals, $53,000.

During the years Wilson shortchanged the fund, worker's compensation officials continued sending him checks for millions of dollars in legal fees.

Wilson's worker's compensation career screeched to a halt in 1991, when he was still making millions of dollars from the compensation fund.

Wilson pleaded guilty to three state felonies of obtaining money under false pretenses. He also admitted he illegally altered hundreds of medical reports to get clients larger compensation awards.

Former Worker's Compensation Commissioner Gretchen O. Lewis said Wilson also systematically defrauded injured workers for at least 20 years by charging much higher legal fees than state law allowed.

Wilson also owes $1.2 million to the Internal Revenue Service, according to four bankruptcy petitions he filed in 1990 for himself, his wife and his businesses.

The Lady H Coal Co. and Eastwood Construction Inc., which have also filed for bankruptcy, owe $3.3 million to worker's compensation, according to the new list. The companies are owned by former Worker's Compensation Commissioner John Leaberry, former House of Delegates Speaker Clyde See, (D-Hardy), and the heirs of William Post.

In their proposal to sell Lady H Coal's assets to A.T. Massey for $7 million, Leaberry and See reported their companies owe worker's compensation about $8.5 million, or $5.2 million more than the agency's own list reported.

Richardson predicts things will get better.

"It is proving difficult to collect long-term debts owed to the worker's compensation program. However, the various tactics we have employed over the past nine months are beginning to produce results," he said.

"The first six months of this fiscal year saw an $18.5 million increase in delinquent collections over the same six months in the 1994-95 fiscal year.

"This indicates some measure of success with injunctions and telephone dunnings we have done with collection agencies. More needs to be done to catch scofflaws who continue to ignore their responsibility.

"Now, our billings also contain a notice of potential criminal action against firms that fail to pay their obligations."

Richardson said he plans to bring some cases to the Kanawha County grand jury next month. SE

Policing the Police

By Elsie Ackerman and Michelle Myer
Miami New Times
Miami, Florida, Published October 24-30, 1996

MIAMI, Florida—Depending on one's point of view, Alan Smith had the lousy luck to be standing ahead of Detective Frank Irvine at the Convenient Spot convenience store in North Miami on April 14, 1994. Or perhaps the misfortune was all Irvine's. The chance encounter would cost the emotionally disturbed, 25-year-old Smith 12 days in the slammer. The North Miami police officer would see his 16-year career come to an ignominious end.

The way Irvine told it to his sergeant, his lieutenant, and his chief—all of whom eventually showed up at the scene—Irvine caught Smith trying to heist a pack of cigarettes. Smith became violent, scuffling with the detective and pulling a small pocket knife.

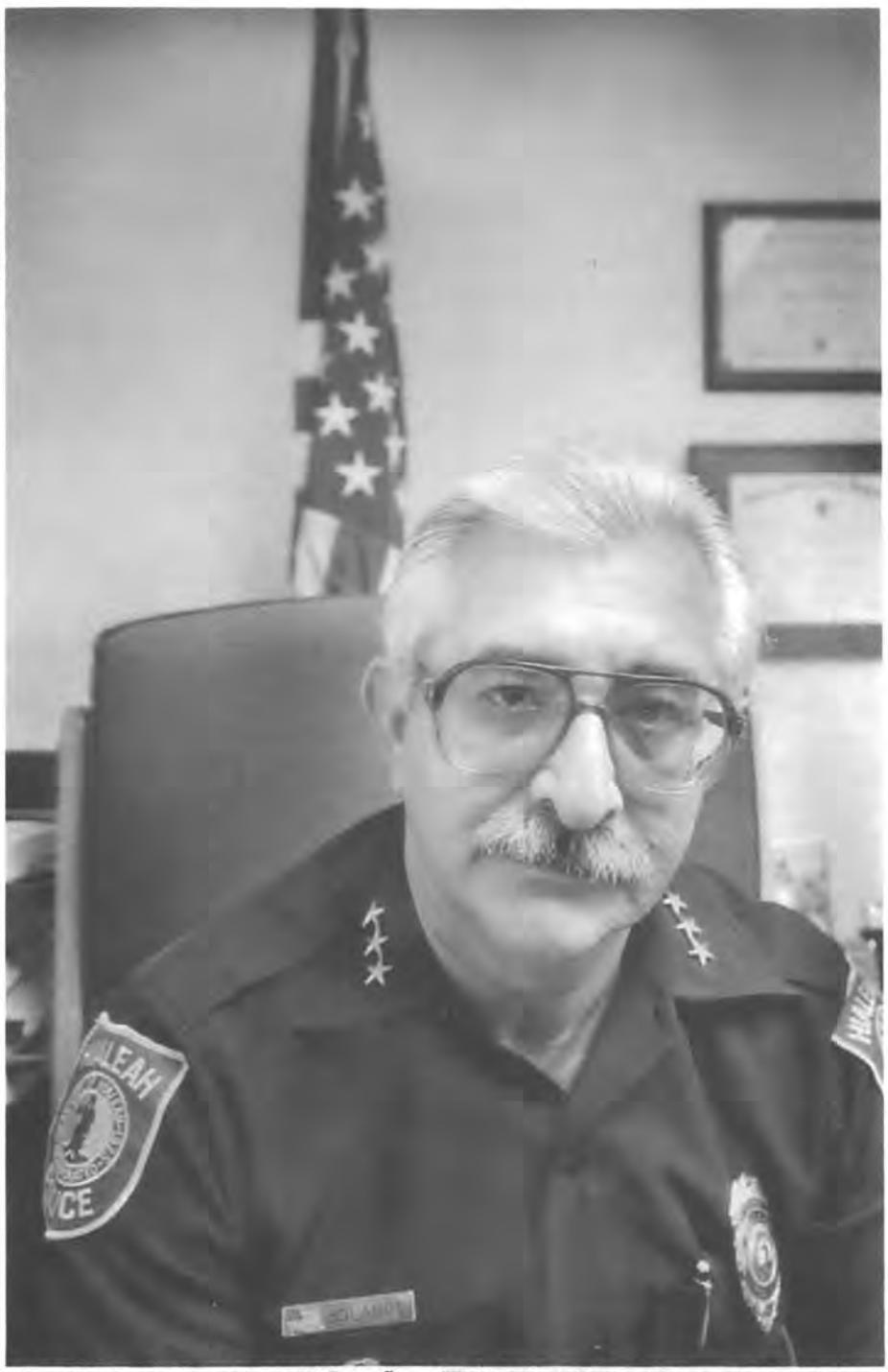
For his part, Smith has difficulty remembering exactly how the struggle started but he denies attacking the officer. "I kept getting beat and beat and beat," he said in a sworn statement, explaining that all he recalled of that evening's brawl was cowering with his arms over his face to ward off blows. Although not injured seriously enough to warrant medical care, Smith lodged a complaint against Irvine with the North Miami Police Department's internal affairs unit.

Internal affairs investigators at police departments throughout Dade County hear such stories regularly. An individual—the subject of an arrest, the recipient of a traffic ticket—accuses a police officer of using excessive force. Investigators open a file. They take statements from the victims, the witnesses, and the officers involved, and they search for physical evidence—cuts and scrapes, ripped clothes, bruises, a photograph, sometimes even videotape.

Such inquires yield myriad outcomes. Depending on the department, either the chief, a disposition panel, or the investigators themselves review the facts gathered and then make a determination. The simplest result is also the most uncom-

An investigation into complaints about police officers use of excessive force confirms what many citizens already believe: Cops cover for cops.

OTHER WINNERS *(Investigative Reporting, non-daily commercial)*: **Second Prize**—*tie*— Edward Erickson Jr. of *The Orlando Weekly* for his investigation of a secret meeting of the nation's leading right-wing conservatives in Florida and Bob Burtman of the *Houston Post* for investigating the petrochemical industry and its effect on communities and workers in Houston.
Third Prize—Kevin Hogencamp of the *Folio Weekly* for "A Hard Day's Night," which explored the world of the men and women who work as day laborers in Jacksonville, Florida.



Steve Satterwhilte/Miami New Times

HIALEAH POLICE CHIEF ROLANO BOLAÑOS: "THE ASSIGNMENT OF DISCIPLINE HOURS IS EXTREMELY ARBITRARY. IT DEPENDS ON HOW MUCH I AM OFFENDED."

mon: they "sustain" the case, meaning that they decide the allegations are true—the officer used excessive force and is the subject of discipline.

Far more often they employ a range of categories to set aside the allegations. Although the nomenclature vary from department to department, the three main findings are cleared (or exonerated), meaning the amount of force used by the officer was appropriated; unfounded (or unsupported), meaning the allegations are false; and not sustained, meaning investigators were unable to determine precisely what happened.

This last finding might appear to be at odds with the purpose of an investigation—to weigh opposing stories and arrive at the truth—but in fact it is a routine result of internal affairs investigations. Investigators maintain that available evidence is frequently insufficient to prove or disprove one side or the other. After taking sworn statements and comparing them for inconsistencies, there is often little else they can do, they say.

Given the discrepancies between Smith's and Irvine's recollections of their tussle, Smith's complaint would almost certainly have resulted in a finding of not sustained. Such an ambiguous outcome was avoided by fortuitous happenstance: the beating was captured by the store's surveillance camera. The video shows Irvine standing behind Smith in the checkout line, puffing on a cigar.

Smith is small, lithe, and hyper, dressed in a baseball cap and jacket. He dances in place, turning again and again toward Irvine, grimacing and waving his hands in front of his face. The video is silent but the dialogue is implicit. "That cigar smells like shit, man!" Irvine, tall, bulky, and stolid, continues puffing. As Smith pays for his purchase and walks toward the door, Irvine follows him. He takes off his rings and places them in his pocket, and then grabs Smith's jacket. Then Irvine hauls back and punches Smith, who is off-camera now. Still puffing, he punches him again. And again. Then Irvine also disappears from view. Shoppers gather, peering down an aisle, as if they were watching a fight. Irvine appears again, this time dragging Smith, whose shirt is ripped, his jacket pulled over his head in an improvised straitjacket. Irvine takes the younger man outside.

The North Miami internal affairs department sent Irvine's case directly to the state attorney's general office, which charged him with battery, official misconduct, and making a false statement to law enforcement officials in connection with the incident. Last week he pleaded guilty to battery and making a false report and was sentenced to one year's probation. He also resigned from the North Miami police department.

The Dade state attorney's office has prosecuted only about a dozen police officers for excessive use of force during the last five years. The numbers might

Many alleged incidents of excessive force are one-on-one encounters, and without supporting impartial witnesses it is often legally impossible to sustain them.

seem low, considering that each of Dade's 28 separate police departments regularly refers complaints involving possible criminal conduct to prosecutors before they close their internal affairs investigations. But Joe Centorino, chief of the state attorney's public corruption division, says, "There are a lot of these cases that can't be prosecuted. There is often a dearth of evidence, and the witness and victims often aren't particularly credible."

Over the past several years, numerous Dade County residents have contacted *New Times* with anecdotal accounts of mistreatment at the hands of police officers. Only a fraction of those have resulted in published articles. But in an effort to quantify the problem and to evaluate police response to accusations of abusive treatment (also referred to as excessive use of force), *New Times* examined internal affairs records for seven Dade police departments dating back to 1991. Out of a total 795 complaints, only 1.6 percent were sustained. (The seven departments were Metro-Dade, Miami, Miami Beach, Hialeah, Coral Gables, North Miami, and Homestead—which employ 65 percent of all sworn officers in Dade County.)

The significance of Dade's 1.6 percent figure is a matter of some debate. James Green, the legal-panel chair of the American Civil Liberties Union of Florida, says the numbers support the ACLU's belief that channels for dealing with allegations of police misconduct are inadequate.

But Sam Walker, a professor of criminal justice at the University of Nebraska at Omaha and an expert in civilian review of police, says drawing appropriate conclusions is not so easy. "The official numbers on sustained complaints are tricky," Walker observed. "In some cases they mean the opposite of what they appear to mean." Rather than indicating a problem with the way excessive-force complaints are investigated in Dade County, the low-sustained figure may simply mean the departments have been successful in persuading the public to utilize the process, thus generating a large number of frivolous or hard-to-prove complaints.

Nevertheless, Walker concedes, Dade's numbers appear to be unusually low. He cites a 1993 study by the Police Foundation, a nonprofit, Washington, D.C.-based think tank, which found that municipal police departments nationwide sustained 10.4 percent of all excessive-force complaints they receive.

Sheldon Greenberg, director of Johns Hopkins University's Police Executive Leadership Program and a member of the Justice Department's working group on police integrity, agrees that statistics alone don't accurately reflect how a department is handling complaints.

More important, he asserts, are the quality of the investigations, the extent to which the public is encouraged to make complaints, the ease with which they can make complaints, whether the complaints are taken seriously by internal affairs units, and whether a department has a method for tracking repeated complaints against a particular officer regardless of whether they are sustained.

In order to address those factors, *New Times* scrutinized more than 175 individual internal affairs investigations from 1991 to 1996. Overall the investigations were professionally conducted, though some departments—Metro-Dade in particular—were more thorough than others in tracking down witnesses and documenting each step of the process. Metro-Dade routinely canvassed neighborhoods searching for witnesses, going so far as to dispatch investigators to a neighborhood or an intersection in the middle of the night to hunt for onlookers who might frequent the area at that time.

Since the early 1980's, Metro-Dade has housed its internal affairs unit, known as the Professional Compliance Bureau, in a separate building several miles from police headquarters. Metro Deputy Director G.T. Arnold says the department wants to make it easy for an officer to provide information about a colleague whose behavior is out of line without that officer being blackballed as a snitch. In addition, Metro-Dade believes that separate locations help to alleviate civilian complainants' feelings of intimidation. Metro-Dade, Miami and Miami Beach all have some type of early warning system in place that counts the number of complaints filed against a particular officer. At Metro-Dade two internal affairs complaints or three involving force (but not necessarily leading to a complaint) over a three-month period prompt a computer-generated report advising a supervisor to review an officer's behavior.

Experts at improving the relationship between police departments and the communities they serve recommend such measures as a way of improving the effectiveness of internal affairs sections and ensuring the integrity of the internal affairs process. But despite such efforts, the level of skepticism among many members of the public remains high. The reason is simple: even the most meticulous investigators rarely sustain complaints.

By way of examination, police chiefs cite several phenomena. First, they say, so-called victims often don't understand the difference between excessive force and necessary force. Police officers are permitted, and sometimes required, to use force to make an arrest, they emphasize. Moreover, in order to boost public confidence in internal affairs, the chiefs say their departments do not screen the complaints they receive, a portion of which are frivolous or impossible to prove. According to internal affairs records, cases sometimes dead-end because the alleged victim disappears or stops cooperating. Additionally, many

The Dade state attorney's office has only prosecuted only about a dozen police officers for excessive use of force during the last five years.

Steve Satterwhite/Miami New Times

MIAMI POLICE CHIEF DONALD WARSHAW INSISTS "THERE IS NO PLACE ON THIS POLICE DEPARTMENT FOR OFFICERS WHO ABUSE CITIZENS." THIS REPORT FOUND OTHERWISE.

alleged incidents of excessive force are one-on-one encounters, and without supporting evidence or impartial witnesses it often legally impossible to sustain them.

Indeed, excessive-force complaints resulting from one-on-one encounters were infrequently sustained during the five-year period examined for this article. Even the appearance of an additional witness didn't necessarily clarify the nature or extent of the conflict.

Around the nation, communities are developing new methods to improve the credibility of the internal affairs process. Los Angeles County; Portland, Oregon; and San Jose, California, for example, have employed independent internal affairs "auditors." Says the University of Nebraska's Sam Walker: "Auditors can sit in on interviews with the witness, or they can review the transcripts of the tapes and look for bias, a failure to follow-up with an obvious question. If the investigators are asking leading questions to officers, they can catch that."

Since 1980 Dade County has had an independent review panel that investigates complaints against county employees, including police officers. The panel functions similarly to an independent auditor in that it can review the work of police investigators and issue its own findings, which in some cases are at odds with those reached by the department. Its mandate, however, is to investigate complaints, not to monitor internal affairs departments.

"One thing that police administrators could do [to boost the public confidence] is to have as open a civilian-review process as possible," advises Wes Pomeroy, who founded the Dade review panel.

Miami Police Chief Donald Warshaw says he welcomes public scrutiny if it will improve his department's relationship with the people he serves: " We really want the community to feel they can come in here and make a complaint against an officer and not have any kind of retribution and get a fair and accurate investigation." SE

Illustration by David Terry

Silence is Golden

By Junebug Jabbo Jones

When I was a kid my daddy used to tell me all the time, "Silence is Golden. Be Rich!" When I had my mind set on something and couldn't get the answer I wanted, my mother would tell me, "Boy, I believe you'd argue with a sign post!" Now that my old lady and me have a bunch of nieces, nephews and a grandchild of our own, I reckon that I have an idea of what they had in mind. Still, I have to say that it somewhat depends on what brings on the silence.

For instances this lady named Mrs. Annie Albritton from back in Four Corners where I grew up had asked me to come to her family reunion to tell stories and to get her family members to tell their own stories. One of Mrs. Bright's cousins told a story about her husband that I haven't been able to get out of my mind.

It was late at night and she hadn't said anything in the group that had met earlier, but she had definitely caught my attention. She was sitting on the screened-in porch of the lodge where the reunion was being held. I went out and asked her why she hadn't said anything when we were telling stories. She said she'd enjoyed the stories that everyone else had shared but that she didn't think she had much to say. She said she'd recently lost her husband and that was all she could think about. Right away I figured she had one hell of a story to tell. I told her I'd really like to hear her story if she'd like to share it. Listening to her was like watching a movie.

Her name is Louise Bright. She's a little, fine-featured woman but seemed like she'd be tough in a fight. She showed us a picture of her late husband, Mr. C. J. Bright. He was a large, dark-skinned man with a bald head and a full, deep, well-satisfied smile.

I wrote the story up and asked her if it'd be alright for me to share it with you. She said she liked the way I wrote it out so here it is, in her own words.

I believe Mr. Bright loved me almost as much as he loved life. I knew him as well as you can possibly know another person. We would have been married 36 years on this coming June 28th. I don't believe he ever lied to me—there were a couple of times when I wished he had . . . lied. . . . believe you me. He had a silver tongue. You just couldn't stay mad with him.

We graduated together from Dusable High School on a Saturday. We got married the next Tuesday and he shipped out for Lackland Air Force Base for basic training that next Monday. Michael, our oldest, was born that December on Christmas Eve.

He was surprised by the white people; we'd never gotten to know any of them in Chicago. If you didn't do housework or yard, you didn't have nothing to do with them. He was particularly surprised by the Southern whites. "Crackers" we used to call them. The surprising thing about them was how . . . nice they could be, after you got used to their accents. They were some of his best friends.

But after we retired and got this little house here in St. Pete we didn't have occasion to see any of them anymore.

See, he had been there when the cops broke down the door with their guns drawn. They had knocked him down when he asked them what they were doing. He was watching when our little 13-year-old grandchild came out of his room to find out what all the noise was about. He was watching as the three cops told little Timmy to "take the position." He was screaming, "What are you doing in my house with those guns?" He was knocked back to the floor as one of the cops said, "Make that old nigger shut up! Get your hands up, boy!" "What's going on?" Timmy wanted to know. "You're under arrest; suspicion of drug trading! I said keep your hands up, boy!" "Do what he says, Timmy. Do you all have a warrant?" "I told you to shut up, nigger!" "Leave my grandpa alone!" "You keep your hands up!" My husband was watching as Timmy reached down to pull up his baggy pants to keep them from falling. He was watching as that young white policeman squeezed off the one round that tore a hole in Timmy's chest big enough to stick your fist into. He was holding little Timmy in his arms when the life went out of him, without enough air in him to get the question, "Why?" from his eyes to his lips.

Watching was just about all Mr. Bright did for the next three years while the case drug from one court to the next. All he did was watch. He just about quit talking. But when that cop walked out of that courtroom free and clear, something snapped inside of him. I heard it just as plain as a bat against a ball.

That morning I knew something was wrong. He hadn't kissed me in three years. He said, "Good bye, baby." I said, "Where you going?" He said, "I'm going to see if I can find some justice." I didn't even know he had a gun.

He killed the judge and seven other people before they shot him down. He didn't even try to defend himself. The silence had built up in him till the dam just had to break.

He was a good man.

I love him still.

Shamelessly she wiped the tears from her cheeks with the dainty little handkerchief that had been folded neatly in her lap when she started the story. We sat together for a long time listening to the crickets and looking at the bright shining stars in the south Mississippi night. SE

John O'Neal brings the stories of his good friend Junebug Jabbo Jones to Southern Exposure *from his home in New Orleans.*

Photo by Lane Windham

Making History from the Ground Up:

Cynthia McKinney's 1996 Congressional Victory

By Lane Windham

(Train sounds from a distance)

Listen: The train called History is coming. And when we stand and deliver for Cynthia McKinney on Tuesday—each one of us will be a part of that history.

(Train roars by.)

McKinney's supporters did make history this November as this radio campaign ad promised. Not only did her voters return to office the first black congresswoman from Georgia, but they did it in a newly-redrawn district that was 65 percent white. McKinney's constituents became the first Southern majority white district to send a black woman to Congress.

But ads like the "History Train" radio spot mattered much less to McKinney than her vast ground campaign when it came to turning out her base of voters. In an age in which political media consultants tell their candidates to put all their resources into television, McKinney won a true multiracial, grassroots victory. McKinney had the active support of a wide-based progressive coalition that ran a Get Out The Vote (GOTV) effort they called "Street Heat" —a massive door knocking and noise-making voter turnout drive. The result was an unprecedented 56 percent turnout in the African-American part of her district and a stunning victory by a 20 percent margin for McKinney over her opponent.

There were elements to this campaign that made it unique. McKinney got the nation's attention last year after the Supreme Court sided with right-wing challenges to the Voting Rights Act and declared the former 11th district unconstitutional. The justices ruled that race was used as a major factor in drawing districts lines. The ruling brought McKinney nationwide media attention and financial support from progressives. McKinney made national headlines again in September after her opponent, John Mitnick, a white, Jewish attorney from Atlanta, attempted to divide the electorate and accused McKinney of anti-Semitism, doing his best to link her to Louis Farrakhan.

Yet in spite of these unique elements, McKinney's 1996 congressional campaign serves as a blueprint to other progressive candidates and their supporters in future campaigns. It's a blueprint in which the left demands accountability from their politicians and then gives hands-on support during the election. It's a blueprint for how to build a progressive coalition of labor, women's groups, civil rights groups and others who struggle to define progressive politics in America. It's OUR victory, and we need to study it so that we can repeat it again and again.

McKinney's greatest campaign assets were her volunteers. Some of her strongest support came from the Atlanta labor community. McKinney has a 100 percent lifetime AFL-CIO voting record, a rarity in the South. In addition, she has introduced pro-worker legislation that calls for repealing "corporate welfare" for companies that take their business overseas.

"We knew which side she was on," said Stewart Acuff, president of the Atlanta Labor Council. Under Acuff's leadership, more than 200 volunteers from 24 unions walked, phoned, or leafletted for the campaign.

Members in my union, Union of Needletrades, Industrial and Textile Employees (UNITE), joined her campaign because McKinney was a regular at UNITE events. When our members went on strike at S. Lictenberg & Co. in Waynesboro, Georgia, she walked the picket line. When workers who make socks at Chipman Union were struggling to organize a new union, Congresswoman McKinney brought words of inspiration to a union picnic.

UNITE workers completely staffed one of the four phone bank sites for two weeks leading up to the election. "She fights for the people, regardless of who they are," said Ed Hill, a UNITE member at Arrow Shirts, explaining why workers at his plant supported McKinney.

These union volunteers worked alongside a broad coalition of groups and individuals McKinney had supported during her time in office. There was Nikki Plaid, the energetic young office man-

TOOLBOX

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ager who interned through the Human Rights Campaign, a gay and lesbian group. Jennifer, a Sierra Club volunteer, helped recruit dozens of phone bank volunteers. Joe Criscolo, a 74-year-old National Organization of Women volunteer, says he and his wife volunteered daily because "our society is in a period of such meanness and hate, and Cynthia McKinney is the opposite." All told, the campaign had more than 630 volunteers representing approximately 45 environmental, civil rights, labor, women's and community groups.

"McKinney's ground campaign was crucial," said John Rowley from Fletcher and Rowley Consulting, Inc., McKinney's PR firm. "Few if any members of Congress can put together that impassioned and that diverse a team for one race."

I learned just how rare such broad support is when I volunteered on David Bell's campaign in Augusta, Georgia. David Bell is the Democrat who was unsuccessful in ousting ultraconservative Charlie Norwood. He had almost no ground campaign, and most of his volunteers seemed to consist of his immediate family. Bell was reluctant to come out to our plants or to link himself to labor in the press, yet Bell was counting on votes from many of our members. He lost badly.

McKinney's campaign, unlike Bell's, had deep support and old friends. I went leafletting one Sunday afternoon with another volunteer, who between mailboxes introduced himself to me as the mayor of Sparta, a tiny hamlet in McKinney's former 11th District. McKinney had supported the town's efforts to keep a plant open by helping the workers buy it. "Even though she doesn't even represent us anymore, people in Sparta will do just about anything for Cynthia," said the mayor.

Even the best and most loyal volunteers, however, won't win a campaign. McKinney's campaign staff and supporters devised a GOTV plan that utilized these volunteers' mass potential.

Leafletting, phone banking and yard signs are standard in congressional campaigns. McKinney's campaign was unique in that it took these efforts a step further to ensure that her base in the African-American and progressive white neighborhoods voted in large numbers. The plan was to generate excitement and visibility in the weeks leading up to the election, and on election day to get the voters to the polls.

On several Saturdays before election day, volunteers drove a caravan of cars through several of the district's neighborhoods. Twenty-five cars snaked through Dekalb County, honking and blaring and rocking to James Brown as McKinney waved. Children pulled their parents out of the house to see the show, and teenagers followed on bikes. Word was already buzzing about the caravan the next Sunday at churches across the District when worshipers received McKinney leaflets from volunteers.

Different tactics were used elsewhere Atlanta is a city renowned for its traffic, and the McKinney campaign took full advantage of rush hour. The candidate joined volunteers mornings and evenings to wave signs at busy intersections, using a bullhorn to urge commuters to vote. The McKinney campaign ran out of its 7,000 yard signs two weeks before the election. There were so many signs on Candler Road, a major South Dekalb thoroughfare, that a house without a Cynthia sign was a notable exception.

Campaign staff estimates that volunteers made 20,000 targeted phone calls in the two weeks leading up to November 5. Volunteers put 75,000 tabloid-style McKinney newspapers in mailboxes and they canvassed at least 10 churches each Sunday. By the end, volunteers had walked 90 targeted precincts, and McKinney had walked much of that with them.

John Mitnick's last TV attack ad hit Thursday evening before the vote. It reiterated the Farrakhan attack and capitalized on the earlier scandal that erupted when Billy McKinney, the candidate's father and campaign manager, called her opponent a "racist Jew." Although McKinney repudiated her father's remarks, reiterating her opposition to hatred of any kind, and although her father withdrew from the campaign, Mitnick was able to use the publicity for weeks leading up to the vote. Our GOTV efforts became more crucial.

On election day at 6:30 a.m., more than 250 volunteers and paid workers reported to McKinney headquarters. The campaign office atmosphere was a cross between an army dispatching center and a church homecoming picnic. Volunteers munched on chicken biscuits while they learned which of 20 platoons they would join. People in "Union Yes" T-shirts joined high school students and commu-

Photo by Lane Windham

REV. JAMES ORANGE, AFL/CIO FIELD SERVICES; CYNTHIA MCKINNEY; LINDA CHAVEZ-THOMPSON, SEC. TREAS. AFL/CIO; STEWART ACUFF, PRESIDENT ATL. LABOR COUNCIL.

nity activists to form the 80-person "street heat" teams.

The plan was to turn out in 97 targeted precincts, paying special attention to 20 precincts that were good indicators of turnout. Captains reported precinct turnout back to the headquarters at three crucial times during the day, using two-way radios. The "street heat" teams, also equipped with walkie-talkies, stood ready to blitz any neighborhood

At 2 p.m., turnout in some of the precincts were still low. The Terry Mill community, for instance, only had 46 percent of their expected turnout. We radioed Atlanta Labor Council Stewart Acuff's "street heat" team and they immediately dispatched people to the area. The crowd fanned through the neighborhood, knocking on doors and leaving a sea of blue hangers on mailboxes reminding people to vote. A sound truck blared through neighborhoods with music encouraging people to go to the polls. Within two hours, the precinct was covered. Eighty-one percent of the expected voters made it to the polling place. This was twice the average rate of voting in other Fourth District precincts.

As more numbers came in, more teams went out on the streets. McKinney spent her day in the neighborhoods of her district, joining the teams that needed her most. At County Line community precinct, the expected turnout jumped from 22 percent to 65 percent after "street heat" teams swept through. In Chapel Hill, turnout nearly doubled in two hours of canvassing and noise-making. Meanwhile, voters' phones were ringing with calls urging them to vote, and groups were waving signs at street corners all over the district. At 7 p.m., when it was time for the polls to close, there were 500 people still waiting to vote at Flat Shoals precinct.

When the final votes were counted, McKinney won 59.45 percent of the vote in a 65 percent white district. Never before had more than 40 percent of black voters gone to the polls in a national election in Dekalb County. This time, 56 percent of registered black voters turned out, and reports of record turnout in majority black precincts spilled in until the early morning hours of November 6.

Many conservatives hailed the victory as proof that majority black districts were no longer needed. But at her victory party, McKinney was very clear that her win in a majority white district did not mean that the need for minority districts had passed: "I won because of — not in spite of — a majority-minority district, which gave me a chance to prove myself."

McKinney did indeed prove herself to activists across her district, and they returned her support. They didn't settle for offering a few rides to the polls or making a few phone calls, as is often the case in congressional campaigns. Instead, they recruited hundreds of volunteers from within their ranks, and played a heavy role in the planning and implementation of a massive GOTV program.

Such strong grassroots backing for progressive candidates such as McKinney is becoming more and more urgent as more Democratic politicians accept the corporate agenda along with their corporate campaign checks. SE

Strong grassroots backing for progressive candidates such as McKinney is becoming more and more urgent as more Democratic politicians accept the corporate agenda along with their corporate campaign checks.

Lane Windham, a public relations specialist with the Union of Needletrades, Industrial and Textile Employees, is a former editorial assistant with Southern Exposure.

Caroline Barr: Laughing Behind the Myth of MAMMY

Photo courtesy of Rowan Oak

PHOTOGRAPH OF CAROLINE BARR AND JILL FAULKNER TAKEN BY WILLIAM FAULKNER.

By Teresa Washington

Ms. Barr, I want you to know that I will do your memory no harm. They call you "Mammy Callie" and say you weren't anything but author William Faulkner's Mammy, and a good one. I know you were more, that you have a history, a story and a reality.

Attempting to resurrect a woman who, in a lifetime, went from slave to free woman to neo-slave to prototypical myth is a daunting task. When the woman is Caroline Barr, Mammy Callie to the Faulknerian world, the task can be disheartening. With these notations and the above prayer, I began my search of her life. I soon came to realize that I would not meet Caroline Barr until I had spent time with her subservient shadow.

This silent shadow, Mammy Callie, is easy to find and research. She has been photographed dishing up ice cream to William's daughter Jill, and posed stoically next to Jill on a log. At Rowan Oak, one may hear that Faulkner was so devoted to his mammy that he put central heat and air in the slave quarter she shared with other African-American employees (but the air conditioning unit is dated 1985).

At other times, curious visitors may be informed that she had "the cabin" (as the slave quarter behind Rowan Oak is euphemistically called) all to herself. To the images, historical untruths, and inaccuracies necessary to the construction of this mythical figure are the few lines she merited in Faulkner biographies and in his own short stories, including one which, undaunted by racist implications, alleges her nickname to be "Callie Watermelon." Most of the texts are nostalgic and simply reveal Mammy Callie as the "glue of the Faulkner family," the typical, salt-of-the-earth Mammy who had nobody but white bodies and was as faithful to them as Mississippi summers are hot.

When Caroline Barr the woman outran the myth, she was a loved and loving mother and aunt; she was also a trickster. This woman is not spoken of or known at Rowan Oak: She is not present in faded photographs or oft-fingered masterpieces, nor in the cabin behind the Rowan Oak home. The ink of Mammy Callie could not contain her. But Caroline Barr is present on the lips of her people, and in her community.

Oxford's African-American elders prepared me to meet Caroline Barr by immersing me in an Oxford to which only communal members were privy—an Oxford booming with sound, vivacity, revolution, pride and communal bonding. I visited Oxford during the heyday of Freedman's Town when "the square" (now overseen by a confederate soldier of stone) was a black thang. Through their eyes I witnessed the African-American man who held no signs, started no riots, just walked up to the courthouse and registered to vote like the citizen he was—in Jim Crow Mississippi. I sat with mothers and learned those "old timey" herbal healings of black thread, pine needles and dimes. I heard the rhythms

and felt the vibrations calling us to "The Barbecues." These well-reminisced gatherings called to black folk in Oxford with resounding African talking drums "you could hear all over Oxford" and with corn whiskey, jamboree and spiritual invocations. I visited with Molly Barr, sister of Caroline, a nurse and midwife with 11 children of her own who would take in and feed anyone in need. Gladly, Oxford's oral libraries were and still are intact. They spoke these texts to me as they speak them every day.

I traversed the crossroads of Wiley's Shoe Shop, the oldest black business in Oxford, to Mrs. Isaiah's Busy Bee Cafe, to Caroline's own distant nephew, James Barr of the Oxford Ice House, to finally her late niece Molly of Molly Barr Road to find. Caroline, the "Esu Eleg" of Oxford, an equivalent to the West African Trickster Orisha (deity) of linguistic wit and cunning.

I emerged through the crossroads in front of James' Food Center where gray headed old patriarchs disguised as old men sitting on milk crates, informed me that Jake Barr *might* know something about the woman. If I came back at 3 p.m. I could find him out back with his truck filled with fresh produce waiting to talk to "a sweet little thing like [me]." Well, Jake Barr was impressed by neither my sweetness nor my purpose. He had heard tell of Caroline, and he knew that he was related, but he was young when she died. His sister, Rachel McGee, had known her well though, and he would take me to her house after he loaded his produce.

At Rachel McGee's home, I parked my car and emerged scanning for dogs and eyeing the yard filled with flowers, shrubs and mementos from loved ones. She greeted me at the screen door, a heavy-set woman with smooth skin, close-cropped, regal white hair and a nice-sized butcher knife. I stammered out who I was and said that I wanted to know about Caroline Barr. I added that I had no interest in the glorification of Faulkner. We became fast friends. Then Rachel, the granddaughter of Caroline's sister Molly and the daughter of Molly, her niece, began to share Caroline's story.

Caroline Barr was born as a slave of the Samuel Barr family of Pontotoc, Mississippi, circa 1840. After the Civil War, the Euro-American Barrs remained in Pontotoc while the newly freed slaves traveled to Oxford. Murry Faulkner (William Faulkner's father) and Samuel Barr (or his brother) were friends if not business partners, and through this acquaintance Caroline's family made the move. Her brother, Ed Barr, was working as a tenant farmer on Murry's "Greenfield Farm" when Caroline joined him in 1900 or 1901. Caroline began working for Maud and Murry Faulkner as a caregiver in 1902. William was five and Caroline would have been in her early forties.

Prior to coming to work for the Faulkners, Caroline Barr had lived a full life, including marriage to a man named Clark, and three daughters, Fanny, Millie, and Carrie, all of whom were grown and living in Batesville, Tunica, and Sardis, Mississippi (respectively,) when Caroline came to Oxford. Rachel McGee recalls that Caroline's children were the spitting image of their mother. Caroline relocated possibly after the death of her husband and specifically to be near her Oxford relatives like her brother Ed and her niece Molly Barr.

"I know what I'm tellin you is right. Now all that other mess they puttin' out I—umm-mm . . . I don't know nothin' about it, they just makes stuff up." Rachel McGee is lucid, feisty, open, and remembers her great aunt well. She told me, "Yeah, they come here all the time [historians and biographers], want to know about Faulkner, what I remember 'bout Faulkner. Faulkner. Faulkner." They never asked about the black mammy who could not possibly have a story to tell, so they fill in the cracks with little white lies. However, with oral librarian and great niece Rachel McGee, the caulk crumbles and a three-dimensional Caroline Barr takes form.

Rachel remembers her aunt as petite and having a "high temper, Whoo! And she carried a little pocket knife. She'd get you with that pocketknife. Aunt Callie didn't stand back, she'd tell 'em what she think. She was a mean devil and would *fight*— wasn't big as a wasp and would fight and cuss!" Laughing, Rachel recalls, "I don't remember her singing, or telling stories but she could cuss up storm!"

Mildred Quarles, Rachel's daughter, recalls that her great-great aunt would get you with a switch. "Aunt Callie sho was hard on me. Me being the only girl and all. Oh, she would whoop me and tell me to stop fassin or to keep my dress pulled down. She tryin' to teach me proper manners." Such lessons were for all her progeny and were taught from home to cornfield. "We would all be out there, makin' our crop," Jake recalls, "and she'd have a switch right handy for our legs when we showed out—"

"Sho would" chimed Mildred. Their laughter shook Rachel McGee's home. Caroline Barr's text emerges not as one of earth salt and knee-rockings but of tough survival skills.

It has been said and it may be true that Barr was a repository of folktales that she shared with the Faulkner children. But it is significant that the Barrs do not recall their aunt telling any tales or singing any songs. Caroline's family remembers her taking care of business and seeing to the beneficent construction of her family. This inconsistency marks the pattern of duality that was Barr's existence: Mammy Callie for the Faulkners—an entity of humor, wit, levity and a source of stability in an often shaky home, and Caroline Barr for her family—the woman who found release and respite at her communal home where her plight was understood and where her stabilizing power was welcome. Unfortunately, it was the side of existence most fitting racist Euro-Southern fancies that became glorified.

Rachel McGee's most vivid memories of her great aunt are those of Sunday visits when she was a child. "Aunt Callie would come up to my mom's every Sunday. They would come through the week too, but I 'member 'em coming every Sunday cause I could see 'em walkin', ya know. See Aunt Callie, William and Dean would come every Sunday at nine o'clock. I know it was nine cause I could hear the church bells ranging. Oh, they stay all day." With white bonnet bobbing away, Caroline Barr would take the

Here Caroline Barr and Mammy Callie meet – in the body of a 70- and 80-year-old, free black woman who felt compelled to run from her "masters" as would a slave.

Faulkner boys with her to visit her niece. Caroline was embracing her family and fellowshipping at her roots. For sure, her intention had nothing to do with providing William the fodder to pen the church scene of *The Sound and the Fury* or to smell the rancid fecundity that he would characterize as ever-present in the African-American home.

An ironic ex-slave, Barr's status was alternately mammy and woman. The literary community knows Mammy Callie by her apron and bonnet—articles of clothing she was never without. But under this necessary costume that professed she was all that she *pretended* to be—Caroline Barr layered lives, experiences, and necessities. While keepers of the Southern mystique were admiring Mammy Callie's portraiture, Caroline Barr was running smoothly through the black ink to her own life and family.

The duality of her existence is apparent in her infamous and oft-scandalized running off to various lovers. Here Caroline Barr and Mammy Callie meet — in the body of a 70- and 80-year-old, free black woman who felt compelled to run from her "masters" as would a slave.

William Faulkner recalls her fleeings in a letter written to Reverend Robert Jones two months after Caroline's death (now housed at the Armistad Research Center, Tulane University). Faulkner recounts that "in 1919 she left us for a year. She never gave any reason. She just informed us one day that she was going to marry... and was going to live in Arkansas." He elaborates on the cause of this sudden development: "I saw later what the reason was—a psychological change, almost a violent overturn, in the inter-relations not of the family and her but in the family itself. . .The two oldest children had become soldiers in 1918 and Dean, the youngest, no longer needed her care at age ten." Faulkner postulates that this familial overturn, coupled with feelings of uselessness, culminated in Caroline's alleged marriage in Arkansas.

I read the above incident to Rachel McGee. She laughed sardonically. "I don't know nothing about that" —this from a woman with a memory lucid enough to vividly remember most details of her childhood. Would she not remember her aunt's sojourn and marriage in Arkansas? Furthermore, what would her family have said about their 70-year-old aunt hooking up with some man in Arkansas? William himself gives insight to the validity of this "memory" when he mentions "a little Arkansas village" and "Mammy, walking up the road toward the station with her suitcase on her way back home." While this makes for good reading—a tragic tale of the mammy who thinks she has outlived her usefulness—it does not make for fact. As I shared more of Faulkner's construction with Rachel McGee, it became apparent that Caroline's motivation to leave had little to do with the Faulkners or their tragic familial upheaval.

William continues his textual construction of Mammy Callie as he writes of Caroline's visits to her children who lived in Batesville: "Two or three times [sic] a year she would decide to visit among her children, two of whom lived some thirty miles away. Sometimes she would tell us she wanted to do this, and we would send her by car; sometimes, she would not even tell us, she would just be gone one morning, and we would find out later that she had walked the entire distance, and she was close to 80 years old then. And then the Arkansas situation would repeat itself again."

"No," Rachel McGee broke in, "she would come out to my mother's just to stay away from 'em, you know. She told my mother, 'If William them come, don't tell em I'm here.' She gettin' her rest, you see!"

Ironically, the myths of devotion and accountability William constructed for Mammy Callie were the results of Caroline Barr's doing what she wanted and needed to do. She had learned from slavery that it was suicide for masters to be privy to the inner workings of the slave community. When she wanted to visit her children, she was driven the 30 miles to their homes until, as Faulkner says, "My mother would stand it as long as she could, then she would send a car to fetch Mammy home." So when she wanted to completely leave her employers' reach, Caroline did not go far; she just crossed Oxford's backroads to visit Molly and her Oxford family. She disappeared under the guise of the resilient, mile-walking, lascivious, man-lovin' mammy.

Continuing with Faulkner's construction of his and his child's caregiver, we find Mammy Callie in rare form, just prior to her death. "She and the little girl [his daughter, Jill] were both very fond of raw tomatoes. For breakfast that morning, so I learned later, they [sic] two of them ate together three quarts of them sprinkled with sugar and in ice. Later that morning they ate a watermelon also iced. That afternoon they ate about a quart of ice cream. That night she [Caroline] told me her stomach didn't feel right and she wanted some whiskey, which I gave her."

Caroline Barr's family members and history make it clear that her eating habits in no way reflected any measure of gluttony. Upon hearing this, Rachel and Mildred never called William a liar but the house shook with a laughter to dry tears. It is one thing to tamper with one's memory; it is another thing altogether to make a grown woman out to have the mentality and habits of a child.

Faulkner continues: "The next morning the houseman, who lives with his wife across the hall from her in her house, waked me at daybreak and told me she was ill."

"Never been sick a day in her life . . ." Caroline's great-niece interjects.

". . . We got the doctor, and she had a pretty severe spell of it, what with her

age. I sent for her family, her house full of four and five generations of them, the backyard full of strange children and she lying in bed convalescent, quarreling and fussing at them, then, sitting on the gallery, being waited on hand and foot and still quarreling, scolding at them for disarranging her things, sending up to the house at 10 and 11 and midnight wanting ice cream (she liked strawberry) whereupon I would have to get up and dress and drive in to town and fetch her back 10 cents' worth . . ."

If four and five generations were at this ice cream social/family reunion-on-the-heels-of-death, key people, Molly Barr, Rachel McGee (about 32 at this time), Mildred Quarles, Jake Barr—all direct and linked family members—were strangely absent. No Barr knows anything about this alleged "illness" or this gathering. This text is nonexistent in Oxford's oral libraries.

Perhaps to lessen the sting of what she had just heard, and maybe because we still exude the cautious ways of the trickster, Rachel McGee attempted to say something positive on Faulkner's behalf. "He was good to Aunt Callie when she died." The morning of January 31, 1940, Faulkner called McGee at the home where she worked and still works and told her Caroline had died of a paralytic stroke. He said to Rachel, Caroline's nearest relative that he knew, "Don't worry about a thing, I'll take care of everything. . ."

Faulkner held a funeral service for Mammy Callie in his front parlor. After this, Caroline Barr traveled to Second Baptist Church to be received, finally, by her family. "Oh she was *dressed*," recalls Rachel. " White silk dress and white silk head bonnet." Faulkner would write that she was laid to rest "in the cemetery here beside her brother."

"Ain't no brother out there," Rachel, no longer hiding her disgust, spat. "Ed Barr, that's her brother. All the Barrs is buried out *here* in St. Peter's—black neighborhood—out here on College Hill Switch. I can take you out there." It hurt—not just to hear the memory of an ancestor defiled, but to hear it done with such arrogance. Then, Rachel McGee finally said, "I'm sick of hearing them lies."

The peace she sought has eluded Caroline Barr even in death. Faulkner told Rachel McGee that he'd "take care of everything," and he did. In handling her burial arrangements, Faulkner wiped Caroline Barr out of existence. Hodges' Funeral Home record reads:

Number 161: Callie Clark (2-4-40), Colored; 93 years old;
Died in Lafayette County, St. Peter's; Voting Precinct, Oxford; Name of Purchaser: William Faulkner; Name of Nearest relative: "Clark"; Address: Oxford; Relation: Daughter.

Why, in death, would William exclude Caroline's family? Why would he excise her ancestry and history? Natal alienation is a facet of the definition of a slave, as is being generally dishonored.

Mr. Hodges of Hodges' Funeral Home and I trekked all over St. Peter's Cemetery, the black and white segments, in search of Caroline Barr's gravesite. *Caroline, Ms. Barr. I know you are out here! Laughing at me, I can hear you. I have to smile myself. Where are you?* Back and forth we went, from the black sections to the white scanning mausoleums and tombs and meeting laughter. *I'm almost finished. I have found you, everywhere but here. I will do your memory justice. Please let me find you.*

We found her as close as she could be to William in a segregated cemetery. Her grave marker is about 12" x 10" of gray marble, about two inches thick. It reads:

Callie Barr Clark 1840-1940
"Mammy"
Her white children bless her.

GRAVESITE OF CAROLINE BARR

William Faulkner's desires locked Caroline Barr forever under the designation of Mammy Callie. Locked in a slave's place, Caroline Barr is as physically far from her family—her brother and niece and daughters—in death as in life. Defiled in death with a marker that does not even bear her given name,

It hurt—not just to hear the memory of an ancestor defiled, but to hear it done with such arrogance.

Caroline Barr still must go through the crossroads of Mammy Callie to meet her officially excised relatives and her self.

I want to shout: Her name was Caroline Barrrrr! But who will hear? Who hears her voice through all of the lying literary layers draped around the shadow of a woman too swift to be penned down, a woman who still bleeds through the ink of a fragmented myth who served purposes and others? Pages of conveniently misnamed, thick, American, Pulitzer-approved pages of lying muffle a voice only a few family members recall.

Still, William had a mammy, but he did not have Caroline Barr. He did not have the Aunt Callie that Rachel had on Sundays. The woman who gave Mildred Quarles switch-induced instruction on how to be a young lady, the one whose discipline helped make Jake a lucrative produce farmer, and the woman who helped with those infamous Oxford Barr barbecues was not Mammy Callie. No, the woman who impacted her family's life with tricksterian instruction and simple reality was never present at Rowan Oak—that was just her shadow. Her spirit is not in St. Peter's —those are mere ashes. SE

Teresa Washington, a native of Batesville, Mississippi, is a doctoral candidate at the University of Wisconsin.

Jack

By Ruth Moose

Jack was black with love. The doll was made of hard rubber and had been kissed, fed cookies and juice, had his face washed a hundred times, been slept with, been lost and found, sat on, peed on and carried everywhere, until body heat had darkened the rubber nearly black.

Althea's mother said, "I can dress her just as nice as you please and she insists on carrying that old doll. It looks filthy. I don't know how she can stand it."

"He's not," Althea said.

"I know the doll looks dirty," her grandmother said, "but I've scrubbed until the color is off. "I think it rubs off on her clothes," Althea's mother said. She lifted the new baby up on her shoulder and looked down at Althea. "How can you love something so sticky and dirty?"

Althea hugged the doll closer. Jack was warm and smelled the way she wanted him to: of naps and nighttime and places they'd been. The barn where he kept the cows away. One giant cow had gotten loose from her stall, started the wrong way from the barn yard and toward Althea. She held up Jack who screamed, "Stop!" The old cow stomped and snorted and tossed her tail. Then she stopped. She looked at Althea with fire behind her black eyes. Wet strings dripped from her thick pink lips. She chewed with big teeth. She was big as a house, coming at Althea. Jack stopped her.

"Sweetheart." Her grandmother bent down. She smelled green like spearmint. "Let's leave Jack home today."

"No," Althea said. She wrapped both arms around Jack.

Her grandmother Vina laughed. "Jack might be the lucky one. If you leave him here, he won't have to listen to those godawful-boring sermons."

"Vina," her mother sucked in her breath. "What if he heard you say that?"

"It's true, " her grandmother said. She pulled the foil from a mint and gave it to Althea. "I'm not saying anything ninety-nine percent of that congregation hasn't already said."

Her mother gathered her purse and diaperbag, stared toward the door where grandmother and Althea waited.

"Honey, let Jack stay home just today. It's only an hour. Tell him we'll be right back."

Her grandmother reached for him but Althea twisted away. "You can put him on my pillow and he can nap until we get back. He'll be safe."

"No." Althea started to cry.

"She'll mess up her dress," her mother said. "Let her take the doll. Lord knows what everybody thinks. Her carrying that awful, dirty old doll."

Jack was a soldier. He wore a blue uniform. Althea's father had sent him from France. Althea didn't know France except it was a pink square on her grandfather's map. She loved the word, France. She said it sometimes. And she had a doll called Frances with blue eyes and a stiff yellow skirt that matched her hair. Frances was prissy and couldn't play like Jack.

Jack came in the mail. In a crushed, torn box.

"Thank goodness Ken had the sense not to mail anything breakable," grandmother said. "It's not one of those fancy dolls or there wouldn't be anything left. It would have been smashed to pieces."

Jack was all in one piece and nothing moved. His arms were carved tight to his sides. His shoes and belt and buttons were shiny black like his eyes and the little wedge of hair that shone under his blue cap. Althea traced every fold of him in the dark, even his fingers in their gloves and the three flat bumps that were buttons.

In the light, Althea saw his shoes did not shine anymore. His pants were faded white and you had to feel his buttons to know they were there.

Jack stood on the seat beside her in church, looked at the hymn book, but couldn't read. He stood the same way on the edge of Althea's sandbox and kept the chickens out. He watched while she made pies in jar lids her grandmother gave her. No fat, fluffy chickens hopped in the sandbox to scratch and peck for worms. Once they had pecked Althea's toes when she left Jack in the house. And it hurt. Jack would have chased those chickens out before they pecked, if he had been there.

Sometimes when Althea woke in he dark, her mother fussing with the baby and trying to be quiet, Jack was there to help her get back to sleep.

As they were leaving church, Mrs. Willingham leaned down to talk to Althea. "That's a pretty dress," she said. "I've always loved little girls with braids. My girls used to wear braids."

"Where are they now?" Althea asked. She thought it might be fun to have little girls to play with. So far only Jack and her grandfather had tasted tea from her new tea set. Her mother was busy and her grandmother said she didn't like tea. Not even a little.

"Who? My little girls?" Mrs. Willingham straightened. "All grown up," she said and raised both hands in he air. "That's what happens before you know it. One minute they're hugging dolls, the next minute they're gone."

"The dolls?" Althea asked. "Where do the dolls go?"

"The little girls," Mrs. Willingham said. "I've had enough of them to know and there's no going back."

Gone where? Althea wanted to know. Gone to France where her daddy was stationed in the Army. The word stationed made Althea think of trains. Her daddy was where trains were and that's how he had sent Jack. Gone. Daddy was gone. Althea liked the word. She would like to be gone from big cows and mean chickens and little brothers who pulled their faces into a knot and yelled and yelled so loud Althea had to put both hands over her ears.

"We've tried and tried to get her to leave that horrible old doll at home," her mother said. "We can't do a thing with it."

"Disgraceful," Mrs. Willingham said. "But that's the way they are. Always the ones they think the most of, are the worst. Same thing when they get older. You can't tell them a thing."

They came home from church and after lunch Althea had to take a nap because grandfather took a nap and he wanted Q.U.I.E.T. He said the word loud and spelled it even louder. His voice was tired from talking so long.

"Nobody told him he had to bring in every verse in the Bible," her grandmother snickered after he went to his room. She sewed buttons on his shirts. "That man pops more buttons than anybody I know and if he knew I was sewing them on Sunday, he'd pop a few more." She laughed again, a little hissing sound through her nose. "I guess he thinks I'm supposed to fold my hands and rock just because it's Sunday. Well," she said, "I got news for him. The work doesn't stop just because it's Sunday. How does he think a meal gets on the table and the kitchen cleared up?"

"I don't see any difference," Althea's mother said. She rocked the baby who was already asleep, but she kept on rocking. Althea knew she did it because she liked to hold him. "There's nothing sweeter than a clean, dry sleeping baby," her mother said. Althea wanted to say she was sweet a lot of times and she didn't scream her head off like that baby did for no reason at all.

Whenever she cried, Althea had a reason. Jack did, too. He liked to dance in front of the fire place. The red and yellow flames made their music as Althea walked him back and forth across the hearth.

In the light, Althea saw his shoes did not shine anymore. His pants were faded white and you had to feel his buttons to know they were there.

"Wouldn't you like to have a new doll to play with?" her mother asked. "A girl doll? One with shoes and stockings you could take off and put on? One with hair you could comb?"

Althea rubbed the top of Jack's head, where the blue of his cap had been. Now it was sticky and black. She put her tongue to his head and tasted tar.

"I might even make a girl doll some dresses," her grandmother said. "I could make a dress for you and one just like it for a girl doll . . . if you had one."

"I've got Frances," Althea said.

"Frances isn't a doll you play with," her mother said, putting the baby in his crib to finish his nap. "Frances is a doll you look at. A doll you keep. You could dress and undress a new doll," her mother said.

Althea looked at Jack, whose arms and legs did not move. He

could not wear clothes or sit at a tea party table. Jack could only stand, and sometimes he didn't do that. He fell over because Althea chewed on his toes.

"If you'll let us have Jack," her mother said, "we'll go to town with granddaddy and you can pick out a new doll."

"Any doll I want?" Althea asked.

"Any doll you want," her mother said.

Her grandmother closed her eyes and nodded. "Any doll you want. But you have to let us have Jack."

Althea rubbed Jack's head. She ran her finger down one side and across the flat bottom of his feet, then up the other side. She traced the places where his arms were close to his body. She traced the imprint of his belt and buttons and last she closed her eyes and slowly she felt his face. Jack didn't say anything. Althea put both arms around him, bugged and rocked him, then she handed him to her mother.

Althea thought her mother would put Jack high on the closet shelf. That's where she put Frances. That's where she put things she didn't want Althea to have. She put things there to keep them safe. Things Althea might break.

Her mother took Jack, walked over to the fireplace and dropped him.

Althea stood. She watched not believing. She watched Jack dance in the yellow and red light. She saw his cheeks get pink as new. His shoes and hair get shiny black. Then he puffed up like a mushroom and began to melt. He dripped and slid. Then he folded flat and back and small over the logs.

Althea screamed and tried to reach for Jack. Her mother grabbed her, held her hard. "You can't! You'll get burned."

Then the baby woke and began to scream.

"See what you did." Her mother said, "You woke the baby. Now I'll never get him back to sleep. When he doesn't finish his nap, he's so cranky."

Her grandmother took the fire poker and speared a blob of black goo, what was left of Jack, from the ashes. "Phew," she said, "that stuff stinks."

"Jack," Althea cried and grabbed the skirt of her grandmother's dress as she hurried to the back yard where she dropped the goo in the grass.

"Don't touch it," her grandmother said. "It's hot."

Althea hid behind her grandmother, cried into her skirt. Her grandmother put her arm around Althea and let her cry. "It's all right. You can get a new doll. Tomorrow, as soon as the stores open, we'll make granddaddy take us to town and you can pick out any doll you want."

Althea wanted Jack. She wanted the new blue Jack that came in a box in the mail. A soft and shiny Jack.

That night Althea dreamed she dropped Jack down a dark hole and couldn't reach him. She woke several times reaching for him until finally her mother let Althea get in the big bed. She tried to cuddle Althea, but Althea pulled away, slept as close to the back side of the bed as she could. She went to sleep with her arm against the cool wall.

Althea couldn't eat anything for breakfast. The baby gulped down his bottle and waved his hand as he drank. Sometimes he smiled at Althea and milk dribbled from the corner of his mouth. He was a nice baby. A good baby, her mother said, not like Althea, who had six month colic and cried day and night.

I'm glad I cried, Althea thought. I'm glad you remember. I hope I kicked and fussed and everyone, even grandfather, had to rock and sing to me to get me to stop. When her mother told people that, Althea felt herself smile and get warm inside.

On the way to the store, Althea felt cold all over. When she shivered, her grandmother wrapped her arm around her and said, "There's lots of pretty dolls at Roses."

Althea knew that. She had seen them on a high shelf. Each doll slept in her own box. And all the dolls had dresses the color of flowers, lavender and yellow, pink and red and blue. Even white. Althea didn't think she wanted a doll in a white dress. They looked too much like bride dolls and you couldn't play with those. She wanted a doll to take to the sandbox and the barn. A doll to play with. A new Jack.

The lady behind the counter lifted down dolls one by one and let Althea look as long as she wanted. Each doll wore a frilly dress that was slick or stiff when Althea touched it. Every doll opened and closed her eyes at Althea. They had hair that felt like real hair and real eye lashes and painted little red flower mouths.

"Make up your mind." Her mother said. "We don't have all day." She jostled the baby higher on her shoulder. His sleeping

I'm glad I cried, Althea thought. I'm glad you remember. I hope I kicked and fussed and everyone, even grandfather, had to rock and sing to me to get me to stop.

head rolled into the hollow of her neck.

Her grandmother took a blonde doll from a box ad held it toward Althea. "This one is pretty, but it looks a lot like Frances. I could make her play clothes," she said and moved the dolls arms so that she looked like she reached for Althea.

There was one doll with brown hair and brown eyes. She wore a blue dress. Althea wanted a doll that had brown hair and brown eyes like her own. She wanted Jack. The woman behind the counter had not gotten down the doll in the blue dress for Althea. Althea walked back and forth along the counter, then she pointed to the doll in the blue dress that didn't shine.

"I want to see that one," she said.

"That one?" the woman asked. She looked at Althea's mother and grandmother. "Do you want me to get that one down?"

Her mother nodded. "Let her look."

Althea reached for the doll who smiled at her and reached back. She hugged her and the doll felt warm. She was ready to be Althea's friend. She would have liked Jack. "I want this one," Althea said.

"No," her mother said with a high little laugh.

"Oh dear," her grandmother said. "We're in for it now."

"You said I could pick out the doll I wanted. You said. . ."

Althea held the doll so tight against her chest it hurt.

"I know what I said," her mother said, her voice sharp as ice. "But you can't have that doll."

"I WANT this one," Althea said.

"Look," her mother handed the baby to her grandmother, "that doll isn't even pretty." She took one of the dolls with yellow hair and shiny dresses from the woman behind the counter. It's not nearly as pretty as this one." She fluffed the dress of the smiling blonde doll.

"No," Althea said. She wanted a Jack doll, a black doll.

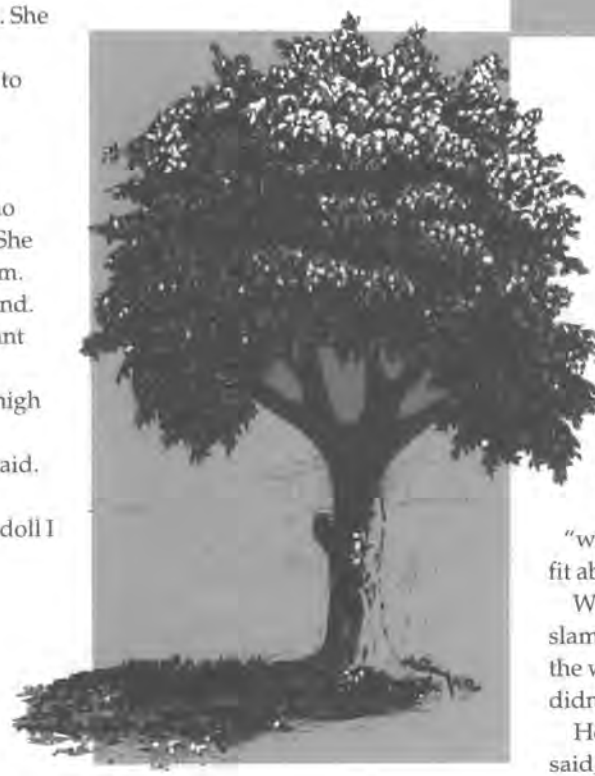
"You can't have that doll," her mother's voice was upset. She was angry. Althea knew that anger, that voice. She knew it went before a spanking. "Give it to me." Her mother grabbed Althea's elbow.

"No," Althea made herself stiff. She tried to make herself stick fast to the floor under her. Nothing could move her. Nothing could take this doll from her.

Her mother pulled the doll away. She forced Althea's arms away from the doll and handed it to the woman behind the counter who looked as if she wanted to laugh , but only shook her head.

Althea dug her heels in the floor and made herself a tree. You couldn't move trees. Her mother grabbed her arms and pulled her picking and screaming the store. Outside, Althea kicked

Althea dug her heels in the floor and made herself a tree. You couldn't move trees.



and screamed some more. She kicked and screamed all the way to the car where she got spanked until her bottom burned like the fire that melted Jack. Then she sat in the corner of the backseat and cried until her chest felt raw.

"You can cry until doomsday," her mother said, "and it won't do you any good. You can't have a black doll. Little girls like you don't play with black dolls. So hush."

"Lord," her grandmother said, "wouldn't he have had something to have a fit about then?"

When her grandfather came to the car, he slammed the door and started the motor. On the way home her mother and grandmother didn't mention the doll.

Her grandfather behind the steering wheel said, "What's wrong with her? All the snuffling I hear from the back sat is about to get on my nerves."

"Nothing," said her mother.

"Hope she didn't carry on like that in the store. Somebody in the congregation will let me know if she did. There's some that can't wait to carry a tale and they'll take it as far as it will go."

Althea's grandmother pulled her on her lap and hugged her close.

"She's too big for that," her mother said.

"No she's not," her grandmother said. She kissed the top of Althea's head. "You can sit on my lap as long as I've got one," her grandmother said.

Althea, exhausted and empty, leaned into her grandmother's warmth, felt the roar of the car on the road under them and finally slept.

They thought she had forgotten Jack and the promise of the new doll, but she never did. SE

Ruth Moose, who has published award-winning stories and poetry, will be teaching creative writing at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in the fall of 1997.

Like Judgment Day: The Ruin and Redemption of a Town Called Rosewood
Michael D'Orso.
Grosset/Putnam, 1996.
$27.50. 373 pp.

***Rosewood*. Directed by John Singleton. Warner Brothers, 1996.**

Last year, we published a "mini-review" of Like Judgement Day *(Summer 1996, p. 63). The following offers a more in-depth look at the book and how it compares to the recent film about Rosewood.*

As he began to explore the history of Rosewood, the north Florida milltown where his ancestors lived, Arnett Doctor learned, in the words of author Michael D'Orso, that "everyone had their own truth about Rosewood."

But the story rests on undisputed facts. On January 1, 1923, a small but prosperous Florida milltown called Rosewood was home to approximately 150 African Americans. At a time when most Southern blacks were little more than serfs, many of the people of Rosewood worked for themselves, owned their own homes, and much of the nearby land.

Seven days later, Rosewood no longer existed.

With the exception of the home of John Wright, the white owner of Rosewood's one general store, every building in Rosewood had been burned to the ground. According to some estimates, at least 60 of Rosewood's black inhabitants had been murdered by whites from nearby towns.

According to the newspapers of the time, the truth about Rosewood was its destruction in a "race riot." According to the white men from surrounding towns who burned Rosewood, the truth was that they were looking for Jesse Hunter, a black escaped convict who supposedly raped Fannie Taylor, a white woman in nearby Sumner. By their own admission, they never found Jesse Hunter. What many of them admitted to, quite openly, was having killed every black inhabitant of Rosewood they encountered.

According to many survivors, the truth was early childhood memories of shotguns fired, of spending the first week of 1923 hiding in the swamps without food or shelter.

Two local white train conductors made a night run to Rosewood at the end of the week and took the survivors to Gainesville. Most of them maintained a terrified silence for the rest of their lives.

One who did eventually talk about what happened was Philomena Doctor. In 1923 she was 11 years old. She helped her grandmother do housework for the Taylors. She was there the New Year's Day morning Fannie Taylor was beaten by her white lover. And she was there when Fannie Taylor ran out of the house screaming she had been raped by a black man.

Philomena couldn't bring herself to talk about Rosewood until 1949. Then she told her two children, Arnett and Yvonne.

Like Judgment Day is the story of Arnett Doctor's 20-year search for the facts about Rosewood and his quest for its recognition from the state of Florida, culminating in the Rosewood reparations bill signed into law by Lawton Chiles in May 1994.

Michael D'Orso masterfully weaves a staggering number of individual stories into a coherent narrative. Arnett Doctor's quest is the central strand of the story. But his research was possible only after a heart-wrenching battle with the older members of his family, who were products of a time when silence was the key to staying alive. And as Arnett pursued his quest for a hearing from Florida's government, several people helped build and present his case, among them Steve Hanlon, a Florida lawyer with a passion for lost causes; Miguel de Grandy and Al Lawson of the Florida House of Representatives; and Maxine Jones, a historian at Florida State University. D'Orso gives a convincingly full and humanly complicated account of each of them.

D'Orso had to negotiate not only a daunting number of individual histories, but also the labyrinth of stories and views about Rosewood. The entire quest for recognition and reparations from the state of Florida was essentially the effort to reconcile different realities. For the matriarch Philomena Doctor, Rosewood was her private sorrow, not to be discussed inside or outside the family without her permission. For some of the other survivors, it was something to be buried and forgotten, out of the simple wish to live a life free from anger. For Al Lawson, Steve Hanlon, and Miguel de Grandy, it was the impossible task of trying to translate a tragedy into an amount of money, an amount of money the Florida state legislature would accept, but that would also do symbolic justice to what the people of Rosewood had suffered.

D'Orso's treatment of this wealth of material isn't flawless, however. Many times a new chapter is marked by a sense of anticlimax. He introduces a wealth of details that seem portentous—but then drops them because they really have little to do with the Rosewood story. However, these are minor lapses in a book admirable for its sensitivity and thoroughness.

Misused detail and anticlimax are, however, the hallmarks of filmmaker John Singleton's movie *Rosewood*. Singleton takes the story of a massacre and makes it into an action film. It is true that Sylvester Carrier, a sometime music teacher in Rosewood, valiantly defended his home against the lynch mob. Legends abounded about Sylvester among a

few Rosewood survivors: that Sylvester escaped into the woods, or was carried to safety hidden in a coffin. Singleton takes the Sylvester Carrier of those stories and a composite character of his own devising known as "Man" and builds the film around their exploits. The story of a massacre gives way to tales of the heroic tricksters of African-American folklore ("Man" is caught and hung by the lynch mob but cuts himself down and runs away when their backs are turned).

Singleton's most egregious mistakes concern John Wright, one of only three whites in the film who help the people of Rosewood. The John Wright of the first two-thirds of the movie reflects the little we know of the John Wright of history. A man of garishly mixed motives, the real John Wright saved many people from the mob; and after the massacre, he took possession of their abandoned property. The John Wright of the film hides people only reluctantly, and in at least one case, only after being promised the land adjacent to his store. But Wright gradually stumbles into heroism. He talks the two train conductors into making the rescue night run to Rosewood (in reality, John and William Bryce, the two train conductors, appear to have made the run on their own initiative). And Wright comes to respect "Man" and "Sylvester" as he sees them defend their women and children—and kill numerous rednecks in the process. Wright's last-minute conscience and courage also win him the love of his estranged wife.

Singleton had something of the reality of the Rosewood massacre. He was on his way to capturing fully the brutally interrupted lives of the blacks, the cruelty and cowardice of the lynch mob, and the duplicity and condescension of those whites who did save black lives. He threw it all away for his testosterone-high ending.

In his strivings for drama, he ignored the real heroes of Rosewood: the women and children who went on with their lives after that horrific week, striving against poverty, discrimination, and their own memories.

And for horror, the most graphic film depictions of violence somehow pale compared to the bland testimony of the commissary clerk who sold ammunition to the lynch mob, knowing who they were and where they were going: "We . . . sold a lot. That Friday was a busy day."

Kevin O'Kelly is Southern Exposure*'s online coordinator.*

Days of Hope: Race and Democracy in the New Deal Era
By Patricia Sullivan
University of North Carolina Press, 1996.
$39.95 hardback; $17.95 paper
By Katherine M. Mellen

In February 1921 a mob forced its way into the courthouse in Athens, Georgia, and abducted John Lee Eberhardt from his cell. Eberhardt, a black man accused of the rape and murder of a white woman, was first chained, then dragged from the building and returned to the "scene of the crime" where he was tied to a tree and burned alive.

Among the 3,000 onlookers was a young student from the University of Georgia by the name of Clark Foreman, who later documented the grisly spectacle in a letter to his parents: "The fire leaps up and seems to burn him too fast. Some hardened onlooker smolders it so that the Negro might suffer longer. He tries to choke himself, his hands tied behind him. Finally with a monster effort he bends over far enough to swallow some flame. He dies amid the jeers of the crowd." After commenting on the "strict order" observed by the mob during the tortuous ritual, Foreman described how souvenir-seeking participants plucked fingers and toes from the charred corpse as mementoes.

Seventy-five years later, on an August evening in Martha's Vineyard at a party hosted by the daughters of Clark Foreman and Virginia and Clifford Durr, civil rights leader Bob Moses, formerly of SNCC, stood before a small assembly and re-read Foreman's letter. All had come to celebrate the publication of Patricia Sullivan's *Days of Hope: Race and Democracy in the New Deal Era*, an insightful examination of the struggle for racial democracy during the 1930s and '40s and the people who led the battle.

What distinguishes *Days of Hope* from other investigations of the New Deal is its preoccupation with the role of the South in the national political scene and with the generation of black and white activists who labored to make the New Deal yield a transformation in race relations. Weaving political history and collective biography, Sullivan portrays the New Deal era as a time when Southern liberals, labor organizers, lawyers, and black activists led the struggle to hammer the American democratic ideal into a reality.

Linking these crusaders was a shared recognition of the South as a critical battleground for Roosevelt's New Deal. As a region that lagged behind the rest of the nation politically and economically for much of the twentieth century, the South was where Roosevelt's programs were most needed and most sorely contested. Ironically, the South was also the origin of the most influential political foes of Roosevelt's New Deal: the solid bloc of conservative Democrats who had ruled the region since the fall of Reconstruction. Thus in addition to helping us understand the forbearers of the movement for racial democracy in the South, Sullivan's narrative is also a significant reevaluation of "the changing nature of the relationship between the federal government, the Democratic Party, and the South during the 1930s and '40s."

Most of the early portion of *Days of Hope* is devoted to showing how a small cadre of Southern liberals made their way to Washington. Their most influential campaign, the 1939 movement to abolish the poll tax, illustrates the connection these activists made between the obstacles to democracy at the local level and the opportunity to effect change at the national level. The anti-poll tax cause easily garnered support among Northern liberals due to the historic shift of the Northern black electorate to the Democratic party in 1936 and the increased attempts of organized labor to penetrate the South.

On the other hand, Southern members of Congress opposed the effort, claiming the real issue was the power of the fed-

eral government encroaching upon state sovereignty. Underlying the arguments of each side was an understanding of the interconnected-ness of race and economics in determining who ruled the South. The Bourbons preserved their power by maintaining a labor force that was economically dependent, largely illiterate, and racially divided. By contrast, Southern liberals recognized that getting the vote for disfranchised poor black and white Southerners was essential to challenging the region's oligarchies.

The portraits of the New Deal Southerners—the Durrs, Clark Foreman, and Palmer Weber—are quite compelling. Sullivan makes clear how exceptional these men and women were for including race in their analysis and attempting to construct interracial support systems—the Southern Conference for Human Welfare (SCHW), for example. Such efforts cost many of them their jobs. However, it also becomes apparent that theirs was an elite group whose primary approach to reform was from the top down. The movement they built occurred mostly in the institutional corridors of Washington and, with only a few exceptions, did not seek to extend itself to the grassroots.

Fortunately, Dixie's white New Dealers are not Sullivan's only focus. *Days of Hope* also focuses on black political activism in the 1930s and suggests that it was this decade in which crucial seeds of the modern civil rights movement were planted. Sullivan particularly credits the Southern Tenant Farmers Union and New Deal programs such as the Agricultural Adjustment Act with providing an organizational infrastructure through which poor farmers could gain voice in the political process. She also examines the work of Washingtonians Robert C. Weaver and John Preston Davis, who in 1933 formed the Negro Industrial League, a watchdog organization designed to address black participation in New Deal programs. To her credit, Sullivan highlights the fact that it was not necessarily the New Deal programs themselves but their lack of enforcement which provided African Americans with an issue around which to organize.

Days of Hope also reveals the importance of cooperative work among existing organizations such as the NAACP, the Southern Negro Youth Congress, the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO), and the SCHW. These organizations had interdependent but similar goals. The SCHW, for example, relied on financial support from the CIO, who in turn recognized how the SCHW's work in voter registration and political organizing could advance its own agenda.

Sullivan also documents the internal fissures of these groups, particularly the CIO, as they struggled to improve the lives of workers in the racially divided South. Fearful of promoting fundamental racial change in the South, the CIO's 1946 Operation Dixie labor organizing drive targeted the mostly white textile industry, neglecting opportunities to recruit black workers. By contrast, the CIO-PAC sought to expand black and white cooperation in the political arena. Ironically, the CIO made its most significant gains among African-American workers, even though their competitors, the AFL, actually had more black organizers in the South at this time. By placing these labor struggles in a racial context, Sullivan establishes them as a halting but critical part of an emerging civil rights insurgency.

Occasionally, Sullivan's optimistic view of the New Deal era seems at odds with reality. While she rightly points out that Roosevelt was aware of the discrimination and inequality within his New Deal programs, for example, in fact, the president's concerns were frequently eclipsed by his more pressing battle to keep opposing factions unified with the Democratic party. Broad statements portraying the 1930s as a decade when "a combination of forces had created an opening for racial tolerance and political democracy in a society steeped in segregation and white supremacy" compel one to ask how large of an opening was actually created.

Days of Hope repeatedly emphasizes the necessity of national support for the successes of this era but does not always consider the white backlash encountered by activists at a local level. From Sullivan's perspective, it is primarily the rise of Cold War politics that extinguished "the confident liberalism of the New Deal." Yet, it was less the arrival of the Cold War than the persistence of white supremacy that gutted the promise of the New Deal throughout the South. Other studies, such as John Egerton's *Speak Now Against the Day*, have documented the outbreaks of racial violence in every Southern state in the years immediately following the end of World War II—that is, well before the repressive effects of the Cold War were being felt in the United States. Such murders are grim evidence of the white fear of returning black veterans and increased black activism.

Without a doubt, the activists of the 1930s and '40s planted many of the seeds that would later come to fruition in the civil rights movement. They developed strategies, organized networks, and gleaned lessons from the successes and failures. John McCray and Osceola McKaine's South Carolina Progressive Party (PDP), which sent its own delegates to demand seats at the 1944 Democratic National Convention, is a forerunner of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party of the early 1960s.

Like Sullivan, we should explore the organizational networks established during this era. Who were the local activists? Who were the students who participated in the 1948 Wallace campaign? What were they doing in the 1950s? More importantly, who among them returned as mentors to other groups of students in the 1960s?

These are the questions that Sullivan's *Days of Hope* raises, and they are much more than rhetorical. Her research provides a key to understanding a tradition of organizing that helped to make the achievements of the civil rights movement possible and the failures of this movement comprehensible. SE

Katherine Mellen is a graduate student in Afro-American Studies at the University of Wisconsin.

Wells

The South depends heavily on groundwater that may not be safe.

By Mary Lee Kerr

"A Well sixe or seven fathom [feet] deepe, fed by brackish River owzing into it" was the source of colonial Virginian's water in 1610, according to Sir Thomas Gates. He added that he believed the well to be the source of "many diseases and sicknesses which have happened to our people."

Modern Southern wells are just as much a necessity—and a hazard—as they were in Gates' day. While well building techniques are safer, industrialization has introduced a new set of health risks. Toxic industrial waste, agricultural chemicals, and underground injection of sewage are all threats to the purity of underground water. The South is particularly hard-hit because of its combination of high pollution rates, large poor rural populations, and poor access to health care.

"Many states have not made the connection between health costs and environmental problems," says Paul Schwartz, national campaigns director of the Clean Water Fund in Washington, D.C. "In Southern states there is often no effort at prevention and no public health infrastructure to deal with the consequences of contaminated water."

With limited money and personnel to monitor groundwater, most states have only a spotty picture of the extent of contamination. Tests that are done tend to confirm residents' fears, however. In North Carolina, for example, one in 10 wells in a sample of 948 had unsafe levels of nitrates, a byproduct of animal waste that can cause blue baby syndrome and other illnesses. State health officials attribute much of the contamination to nearby corporate hog farms. In the Paw Creek community in Charlotte, dotted with dozens of petroleum tanks and where residents have suffered high rates of cancer, water testing has revealed gasoline products in well water.

Since nearly a third of North Carolina's residents depend on well water, more than any other state in the South, the contamination is of particular concern. "Our water has been good for ages. Now we're very concerned," says Becky Bass, a mother of two who lives near Wilson, North Carolina. Her son vomited from drinking water taken from their well, which is next door to a large hog operation (See "Hog Wild," *SE*, Fall 1992). Groups like the Clean Water Fund of North Carolina have worked to educate citizens with fact sheets on how to get wells tested and which contaminants to test for.

Ninety-two percent of Florida's residents are dependent on groundwater from private wells or public systems. Floridians have had to reckon with years of intense chemical agriculture, sea water intrusion, and development in a state with a delicate ecosystem and vulnerable water table. When Florida citrus growers sprayed ethlyene dibromide (EDB) to stop nematodes in the 1970s, they left behind a legacy of serious groundwater pollution. According to Peter Wilkins, a geologist with the Department of Environmental Protection (DEP), more than 400,000 acres of land contaminated mostly with EDB but also with nitrates, underground oil tanks, and Superfund sites, have been designated as Delinated Contamination Areas, unfit for drinking water wells.

Photo by Stephen Dear©NCRCAP

MANY SOUTHERNERS DEPEND ON WELLS LIKE THIS OPEN WELL, LOCATED NEAR A BUSY ROAD IN RURAL HALIFAX COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, FOR THEIR DRINKING WATER.

Yet some of the worst-contaminated areas, such as the region west of Orlando, are now under the heaviest pressure for development. "Good developers want planned communities, but many others complain about the controls and have people put in their own wells and septic tanks," says Wilkins. He adds that local water management officials screen requests to build wells, but the program isn't well staffed or funded enough to keep up with the development.

Development has raised the specter of a more terrifying type of well—the kind used to inject sewage underground. "Florida has the largest underground injection in the nation," says Andrew Jubal Smith, staff attorney for the Legal Environmental Assistance Foundation (LEAF) in Tallahassee. "The injected waste water includes industrial as well as municipal wastes, yet many chemicals are not screened for and there's potential for harm. Our goal is to try to protect sources of drinking water from these contaminants."

Toward that goal, LEAF has worked with a coalition of concerned citizens to end Florida's injection program and improve monitoring of groundwater through model legislation and upgrading rules to EPA standards. Says Smith, "It's the only way to counter industry's 'deal with it later' attitude." SE

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The Institute for Southern Studies puts "information power" and "people power" together to change the South.

With careful research and solid organizing, you can take on city hall or a corporate polluter — and win.

Founded in 1970 by veteran civil rights activists, the Institute has earned a national reputation for pioneering research, quality publications and effective networking. It's a unique resource center for Southerners fighting for healthy communities, civil rights, and economic justice.

Our vision for the South has involved us in projects as diverse as the region itself. Over the last three decades, the Institute has:

◆ Challenged corporations to help Florida citrus pickers, Kentucky miners, and Carolina textile workers win breakthrough union contracts.

◆ Initiated organizing among poultry workers and poultry farmers, leading to new health centers and a strong national association of growers.

◆ Armed citizen activists with research skills and key data so they could keep harmful facilities out or their communities.

◆ Helped disabled cotton mill workers win millions of dollars in compensation and utility customers save millions from rate hikes.

◆ Pioneered corporate hog farm research for reformers in North Carolina and Iowa.

◆ Investigated right-wing politicians and groups, and helped launch regional and local anti-Klan organizations.

◆ Sponsored films, books, oral history projects, and community studies that profile Southern changemakers and the dynamics of social change.

◆ Spearheaded campaign finance reform research, advocacy, and training for journalists.

◆ Documented the lessons of grassroots community economic development, convened forums, and helped leaders share positive models.

◆ Compiled fact-filled resources, such as *The Green index, Death Penalty Information Packet, Environmental Politics*, and *Lessons for Reform*.

◆ Birthed numerous groups, such as Southerners for Economic Justice, Gulf Coast Tenants Association, and the Financial Democracy Campaign.

Become a member of the Institute for Southern Studies and help support our ongoing efforts to build a just society — and a better South — for us all.

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