This magazine offers interviews, short stories and articles with a general focus on childhood in Appalachia. Two interviews include: "Creative Response to Life-Pauline Cheek," by Jane Harris Woodside, and "Insights and Experience: A Talk with Eliot Wigginton," by Pauline Binkley Cheek. Short stories include: "Thief in the Night," by Jan Barnett; "The Flood," by Drema S. Redd; and "Soul Train Ride," by Judy Odom. The articles include: "An ABC to Bledsoe, Harlan County, Kentucky," by Pauline B. Cheek; "Zealots for Children," by Pat Arnow; "Changes in Their Lives," by Pat Arnow; "Lessons from the Kids at Hanging Limb," by Jennie Carter, "Appalachian Books for All Children," by Roberta Herrin; "Sunny Side and the Kentucky Soldier," correspondence compiled by Martha Crowe; and "Golden Days: How Children Now Can Find out About Children Then." The magazine also includes selections of contemporary poetry and a "Memories" section offering reminiscences of the following places: Chatham Hill, Virginia; Lynn Garden, Tennessee; Washington County, Tennessee; Oak Ridge, Tennessee; Puncheon Fork Creek, North Carolina; and Catawba County, North Carolina. (TES)
When guest editor Pauline Check and I started looking around for stories, poems, and essays that would define Appalachian childhood, we soon realized that we were attempting the impossible. The more material we gathered, the more variety we encountered. Every child had a unique story, every adult had a unique memory. Appalachian childhood was Amㆍam-childhood. It was rural childhood and urban childhood, poor childhood and comfortable childhood, solitary and isolated carefree and full of fear. We gave up trying to define the region and simply chose some short stories, poems, and essays we liked.

It was clear to us that the process of growing up in Appalachia had changed dramatically in the past 50 years. Two of the pieces we chose had to do with children who lived near nuclear facilities. Jan Barnett's short story "Thief in the Night," and Marlow Awakita's memoir of growing up in Oak Ridge, "Out." We found out about innovative child care programs and an advocacy program for neglected and abused children. We wanted to find out what was on children's minds, so we asked for writing from the Johnson City Schools. According to the poems and stories we received from them, unicorns, robots, and puppies are some of the things Appalachian children are thinking about these days.

With mountain children moving into the mainstream, will their rich heritage die out? A look through these pages will prove that there is no danger of that. Innovative educators (some of whom contributed articles and interviews for the issue) are working to encourage interest and pride in mountain heritage. Some of the results of their efforts—oral histories that were collected by students—are also included in this issue.

We are also proud to feature memoirs and letters of mountain people from as long ago as the Civil War. Book reviews and a special overview of Appalachian literature for children round out this special edition.

My only regret in working on this edition was that we did not have enough room to include much more of the fine work we had the privilege to consider. Getting to know, and working with Pauline Check was the greatest privilege of putting out the magazine this time. She was a most cooperative, conscientious and interested collaborator and I thank her for her efforts. I would also like to thank Robbie Anderson, gifted programs coordinator for the Johnson City schools. She worked enthusiastically to coordinate a project for gathering students' writing throughout the school system.

From Golden Days

Don Baker was born in Kyles Ford, Tennessee (Hamblen County) in 1925. He still lives there. He was interviewed by his daughter, Alice Shoekley of Kyles Ford.

Home town - Mom recalled that there were a lot of people who lived back in the hollow. When he lived there, and that seven out of the twelve went to fight in World War II. He went to the Army from there and when he returned, his father had moved out of the hollow and near the highway and was selling goods at a little country store.

Games - Penny Poker was his favorite.

Jokes/Riddles - I couldn't get him to tell me any jokes and riddles. It's apparent he knew some, but wouldn't tell me simple because they're not fitting to tell.

This is an excerpt from one of the Golden Days oral history projects. For more information turn to page 37.

From The Director

Richard Blaustein

1986 has been a challenging but rewarding year for the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services. The Centers of Excellence grant we received from the Tennessee Higher Education Commission gave us additional resources but also set further goals and initiatives for us. I am happy to say, we have successfully attained virtually all of our 1986 goals and are well underway on those for 1987. In fact, I am proud to report that CASS was named one of five outstanding Centers of Excellence, the only one with an interdisciplinary, arts and humanities emphasis.

One of our major goals in 1986 was to support the study of local history and traditions in Tennessee schools through the gracious cooperation of the Tennessee Department of Education. A specially revised version of the Golden Days, introductory folklore and oral history, collecting guide was distributed to schools throughout the state. One of the results of this effort was an invitation from Governor Lamar Alexander to join a special task force consisting of master teachers of history, and social studies to develop an integrated, multidisciplinary approach to teaching Tennessee history and culture.

As of this writing, this task force has conducted a poll of state-wide history and social studies teachers and has begun to develop an outline of a kindergarten through 12th grade resource and activities guide in Tennessee studies.

Since then the center has also been asked to host a Governor's School in Tennessee Studies for gifted high school students to be held on the campus of East Tennessee State University, June 14-18, 1987. It is encouraging to be reminded that educational policy makers recognize the value of interdisciplinary, culturally sensitive fields like Appalachian Studies, oral history, and folklore in elementary and secondary education. From our regional perspective it is important to note that many, important initiatives in this approach to education notable had been developed in the Southern Appalachian region.

Aside from the Golden Days project and its offshoots, the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services has helped to support a variety of projects aimed at improving the quality of life and self esteem of Appalachian children. Our guest editor, Polly Check has written An Appalachian Scrapbook which addresses the needs of young mountain children to see themselves, their families, and communities portrayed in a positive supportive light. Another fellow of the center, Dr. Judith Hammond of the department of sociology and anthropology at East Tennessee State University has established a Court Appointed Special Advocate program in this issue. We also note the outstanding work being done by another Center of Excellence at ETSU, the Center for Early Childhood Development and Learning directed by Dr. Wesley Conover. Contributions to this latest issue of Now and Then from readers, contributors, and subscribers have been nothing less than highly qualitative, and I want to thank all of you for making this magazine a success.

If you enjoy Now and Then, and appreciate the work of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, please help us grow by becoming a friend of CASS. Individual subscriptions are $7.50 a year for three issues. $10.00 annually for schools and libraries. Larger contributions will help support the work of the CASS Fellowship Program. Please make your tax deductible check payable to CASS ETSU Foundation Box 19 180 A East Tennessee State University Johnson City, Tennessee 37614 0002
THE BREAKER BOY

The breaker boy rose at dawn,
Groaned, and pulled his hobnails on.
"Eat yer biscuit as we go,"
Said his Da, "We're late, ya know."
Astride Da's shoulders, tired and bent,
Into the breaker shed he went.
His blackened fingers, bent to
claw,
Snatch coal spit up from the great,
deep maw.
"Someday," says Da, "Ye'll dig wi' me."
(Da's already broken at
twenty-three.)
By dying sun, they stumble, not
stride.
Da's shoulders are much too tired
for a ride.
And so it was in early times,
The unions yet to come.
The fathers worked for fourteen
hours,
But then, so did their sons......
The breaker's boy rose at dawn,
Groaned, and pulled Da's hobnails
on......

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Thirteen-year-old boy running
trip rope, Welch Mining Company,
Welch, West Virginia,
September, 1908. This child
worked 10 hours a day. The
photo was taken by Lewis
Hine for the National Child:
Labor Committee.
The Junior League’s “Let’s Look” program of art instruction for fourth graders in the Johnson City schools has become a traditional part of the Carroll Reece Museum’s springtime offering. The children learn about color, line and form from the League’s docents, and have the opportunity to view the art exhibits at Carroll Reece. Following their visit to the Museum, the children create their own works of art which are later exhibited in the Museum.

In 1982 the Museum expanded its programming for children with an entire month of exhibits and programs designed especially for children. One of the most popular portions of the exhibit is “Please Touch” where children (and adults) can experience the variety of textures present in arts and crafts. Included are items such as painted wood sculpture, welded steel sculpture, linoleum prints, acrylic paintings, woven pieces, pottery and blown glass. Demonstrations of crafts such as wood carving, spinning, weaving, pottery, and papermaking enhance the child’s understanding of these techniques.

Through the years a variety of exhibits and subjects matter have been the focus of the Museum’s special month for children. Matt Evans of North Carolina presented his plasticine figures and pencil drawings in a one child show, the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service’s “Embroideries by the Children of Chimayo, Peru” brought us embroidered depicting scenes and interpreting life in the Peruvian Andes, “Children Draw Animals” a traveling exhibition from the International Collection of Child Art at Illinois State University, brought us children’s representations of animals in a variety of media, techniques and interpretations. A collection of illustrations and drawings by Harrison Cady, the man who invented Peter Rabbit, was the core of “Harrison Cady, The Southern Image.” In addition to pieces from his cartoons and children’s book illustrations a series of drawings and paintings depicting the Smoky Mountains and Charleston, South Carolina in the 1930s were included. “From Pencil to Computer Printout” by Gary Moran provided unusual drawings produced through computers. In addition, pencil drawings with such subjects as the Lone Ranger and others of interest to children were included, and the Tennessee Artist Craftsman Association provided a wide variety of craft items which appeal to children and adults alike. Included were pottery, woven items, woodworking, and paintings in a variety of media.

Special concerts and films have also contributed to the success of the annual exhibit. For instance a cabaret was provided by Deborah Anne Granger who, at the time, was a 19-year-old sophomore at Emory University, in Atlanta, Georgia. A Saturday afternoon children’s film festival, focusing on different aspects of a child’s world, has contributed greatly to the event’s success. Beginning in 1985, Mary Jane Coleman provided Sinking Creek Film Festival works to the Museum’s children events.

This atmosphere of fun is highlighted by the annual children’s party. Pepsi, popcorn and balloons add to the excitement of the afternoon along with activities provided by the primary students at ETSU Physical Education Department.

The Museum plans to continue its offering of art instruction and special programming for the children of the area and hopes to see this become an eagerly anticipated annual event. This year, from May 5 to June 10, the focus on children will again feature hands on exhibit, a film festival, a party and tours. For more information call the museum at 929-4392

From The Archives

Marie Tedesco and Norma Thomas

One of the most controversial religious practices in 20th century America is the handling of snakes during religious services. Snake handlers belong to fundamentalist holiness churches which subscribe to a literal interpretation of the Bible. Believers adhere to the words of St. Mark 16:17-18. And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them: they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. If so moved a believer in the anointed state may handle snakes as a demonstration of his/her faith.

Snake handling as a religious phenomenon began in the United States in 1909. In that year George Went Hershey of Grasshopper Valley, Tennessee, inspired by Mark 16:17-18 became convinced that the verses were commands which he was bound to obey. Shortly after handling a rattlesnake himself, Hershey began evangelistic work. Eventually the practice of snake handling spread to other parts of the South and to the Midwest. Today the practice survives primarily in rural areas of the South.

The Archives of Appalachia holds a number of different sources on snake handling. A compilation of these sources, Archives of Appalachia: Materials on Snake Handling, has been made and is available in the Archives. These are books in special collections and copies of magazine and journal articles, and an MA thesis in the vertical files. Among the best materials however are the audio and video tapes which focus on the subject. Contained in the Burton Manning Collection are two audio tapes which include the words and opinions of members of snake handling churches. The Burton Headley Collection includes 32 video cassettes which relate to snake handling. Among these are the documentaries. They Shall Take Up Serpents and Carson Springs A Decade Later. Other cassettes in the collection include footage used in making these documentaries: interviews with church members and recordings of church services.

The Archives of Appalachia are located in the basement of the Sherrod Library at ETSU and are open to the public during regular office hours. Call 929-4338 for further information.

From The Reece Museum

Margaret Carr

Now and Then
Creative Response to Life

Jane Harris Woodside

Pauline Cheek looks a bit like an aging child. Diminutive and quietly intense, Mars Hill North Carolina oral historian and author confides with a smile, "I've been accused of wanting to remain a child forever." Her own ambition, she says, is to live long enough to become an eccentric old lady. Since she has always found herself drawn towards the very young with their sense of wonder and the very old, she has no serious quarrel with either goal.

Born in Chapel Hill, Cheek is the daughter of a mother who grew up in a German-speaking Connecticut community and a father who was a North Carolina native and a minister and a professor of religion, ethics, and sociology. Her family was close to the land and early and strong sense of individuality. She grew up in various North Carolina and Kentucky college towns. But summers were invaluable, spent with her paternal grandparents in rural Iredell County, North Carolina.

Those summers in the foothills of the Blue Ridge influence her still. She felt very much at home in the country. She always identified with those who lived close to the land. And I think that predisposed me to the Appalachia when I later went with my husband to Mars Hill.

In addition, those childhood experiences gave Cheek the opportunity to spend time with her grandfather, a self-educated farmer and Baptist minister. She became a woman who would read everything she could find from comic books borrowed from a neighbor to poems such as Walt Whitman. As his road integrated, her concept of women and blacks became more liber. The idea that a woman was willing to change his whole attitude toward her was exciting to me," says Cheek. Learning she realized could be a lifelong process.

Cheek now asserts, "I like to go to school every day of my life." Her passionate love of learning broadened when she earned her M.A. in English from Duke University. Her public school remembrances In first grade she periodically ran away from the classroom. What bothered her most about conventional education was that nagging feeling that she was still "not learning" or "failing." It may have been that she was overly sensitive. She always felt that she was failing somehow, no matter how hard she tried. And that destroyed all my chances to explore and the meaning of exploring.

Her dissatisfaction with school fostered an early interest in nature education. She read about the short-lived experimental schools founded by Bronson Alcott in the 19th century Transcendentalist who pioneered child-centered education based on the Socratic method. Also, she became intrigued by the Scan

Down to town movement started in Denmark by theologian and folk scholar Svend Grundtvig. Aimed at meeting the educational needs of the common people, folk schools were places where adult students and teachers lived and learned together. Cheek made a promise to herself that one day she would visit a folk school.

As a very small child in Chapel Hill, Cheek went out most evenings to wave at the conductor of a train that rolled by her home. And most evenings, she could see in the distance a tall boy who also came out to greet the nighttime train. He was one of the big boys who lived down the track. When Cheek was from the family moved away from Chapel Hill, but years later she again ran into the tall fellow. Cheek saw her at the train when she married in 1958 when both were on the faculty of Winston-Salem Junior College near Charlotte.

Shortly afterwards, Edith enrolled in the doctorate program at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. While her spouse did his coursework, Pauline gave birth to Edith and Edith. Cheek abandoned her own teaching career since in her background, were homesteads and husbands were providers. However, she did do a number of odd jobs to help support the growing family, while her husband was in school, teaching, babysitting, running foreign students and drawing maps for the sociology department. Once his husband completed his coursework, the family moved to western North Carolina where her husband had accepted a position at Mars Hill College. There, Cheek finished up his husband's dissertation at 8:30 one evening and delivered their third and last child, Elizabeth, less than five hours later.

For the next 15 years, Cheek actively spent her time teaching her three children and doing volunteer work with organizations such as 4-H. When her youngest child was there, Cheek kept a series of short-term interests, ranging from helping to staff a preschool in a local church to organizing the Mars Hill College Library Appalachian Room, a collection which has been described as a "unique treasure trove of material relating to the lives and activities of the people of the southern Appalachian Mountains, including folklore, history, and literature.

While living under the dinner table one day, an eight-year-old Cheek wrote a poem in a little notebook her father had given her. "I read them to my parents, and they didn't seem very interested," she recalls. "I thought they were pretty nice. In spite of the lack of interest, she decided that and that she could be a writer. For years, she was not very strong need to write a manuscript, keeping a diary.

Then in 1972, Mars Hill College's dean of women visited a children's literature class which Cheek was auditing to talk about...
her noble, collecting ABC books. Cheek inquired as to whether such a book had ever been done using Appalachian materials. When the woman replied no, Cheek went back to her school aged children and posed the question: "If you were going to write an ABC of Appalachia, what would you write?" With their mother acting as referee, the children sat around the table that night and engaged in intense debates over what each letter should represent. They finally settled on two items for each letter. During the next two years, Cheek and her children collected family stories, having to do with the items they had selected for their alphabet book. As they wrote somewhere, they were always writing stories or telling stories she recalls. So I kept paper and pencil handy in the car and jotted them down.

Then around 1976, Cheek attended an oral history società meeting in nearby Asheville and discovered that what she was doing in preserving these family stories was in fact oral history. In the summer of 1976, Cheek wrote a short narrative for each item based on family stories and the children had collected. What emerged was An Appalachian Scrapbook, described by Cheek as a component of Appalachia's 1976s as experienced by one family. Since Cheek couldn't afford to pay an illustrator, she did the drawings for the volume herself. The book has been accepted for publication by Appalachian Consortium Press and is due to come out this spring.

Cheek continued with her work, the task of larger, uninterested oral history, and Appalachian studies. I have been doing interviews, she says. That was the kind of writing I wanted to do. For example, she has prepared a 4-H manual designed to help young people collect their county's heritage and interviewed people in a four-county area in Western North Carolina to the importance of rural and family life.

Her most ambitious project to date was her study of the hooked rug industry in Mars Hill and surrounding Madison County. While working in the Mars Hill Appalachian Room in 1975, Cheek came across an old picture thatµthed her curiosity, a picture illustrating the process of producing a hooked rug. Then during her very first oral history interview, she discovered that in the 1920s and 1930s, making hooked rugs was a major cottage industry in the area. Women helped meet their families' needs, acquired new skills, and exchanged in skillful conversations with the proceeds from the sale of their handmade rugs. Her fieldwork, which included interviews with over a hundred informants, was funded with a Bette Fellowship. In 1983, with the help of a North Carolina Humanities Committee grant, Cheek's interviews were translated into a booklet on the history of the book. Enthusiastic, published by Mars Hill College. Two years later, Cheek organized a permanent exhibit on the craft for Mars Hill's Rural Life Museum.

The most important result of her study has been a renewal of interest in rug making. New people are gathering their attics and basements and finding rugs, finding patterns, experimenting with the materials used. Also, they are finding sources of income. There are now 200 people in the county who are getting some income now that they've had off from their jobs. Cheek reports, and they're finding this very rewarding.

Cheek's interests in crafts, alternative education, children and history, coalesced in two undertakings at the John C. Campbell Folk School in Brasstown, North Carolina in 1984 and last fall at the Pine Mountain Settlement School in Bledsoe, Kentucky. Derived in part from the Scandinavian folk school such interrelated schools place great emphasis on experimental education by learning doing. They exist to serve diverse cultural and educational needs of the people in the surrounding area while generally trying to preserve the Appalachian way of life. Cheek's work has produced a manuscript detailing John C. Campbell's 60 year history.

She intended to engage in a similar effort at Pine Mountain during her three month stay this past fall. Two days after her arrival, however, the schools staff resigned en masse for a variety of reasons and consequently, she found herself doing a little bit of everything including local children after school, teaching children enrolled in a week long environmental workshop on night hikes and working in the plant center.

The kind of education that takes place as a result of such activities agrees with Cheek's ideals. "I look upon education as teacher and student not facing each other but facing in the same direction excited about something each respecting the other as equally able to search out the truth and share their enthusiasm," she thinks that really all that's required of education she asserts. Preacher Jones older daughter believes that education is essentially a continuous self evaluation process so that you're learning about where you strengths lie where your weaknesses lie what compensations you could make for the weaknesses and what would be most supportive of the strengths. According to Cheek, orthodox education with all its emphasis on passing up to imposed standards crushes the vitality and zest for living that children carry by naturally.

Her overall concern has been the family, the family as ecosystem, the family in community, but always the nurture of the individual. "What she wants to nurture most of all in the individual young and old is what she terms the creative responsive to life. For her, art which expresses the inner self qualifies as creative. I believe that there's a creative force which is a spiritual dimension. One of the most exciting things and one of the most important is to participate in that she asserts. One of the reasons that Cheek feels such an affinity for childhood is that with their active imaginations and spontaneous nature, they naturally respond creatively to life.

Cheek does not believe that childhood necessarily different in Appalachia from childhood elsewhere. She comments, "My feeling from the very beginning that it is people are people. Of course, a person born into a context a time and place a family and a community. Therefore he needs to have some understanding of that. And he is influenced by being in Appalachia. But I'm not certain that it is so different from the rural South in general.

What sort of future does this oral historian and author see for herself? "I never worry about it," she replies. "Like me, a woman dazzlingly exciting. And I see all of my life as a whole one thing leading to another and all making me who I am now."
An ABC to Bledsoe
Harlan County, Kentucky
Pauline B. Cheek

During the fall of 1986, while working in the after-school enrichment and environmental studies programs at Pine Mountain Settlement School in Harlan County, Kentucky, I became acquainted with a participant in Eliot Wigginton's Berea workshop for teachers. A native of Bledsoe in Harlan County, Anita Baker teaches fifth grade in the local Green Hills Elementary School. At her invitation, I spent one morning with her class. Several of the children had already met me, and they clustered around me, introducing their friends, pointing out the best artist in the class, showing me a quilt made by Anita's grandmother, which was hanging on the wall. I then read to them two letters sent me by school children in Lancaster, Kentucky, asking for information about Kentucky. In response, the class decided to put together an ABC of Bledsoe, for which I served as scribe.

A We live in the Appalachian Mountains, on the north side of Pine Mountain.
B Bledsoe is our Post Office. Hester Sparks is our postmistress.
C Coal is our black gold. Our crops are corn, beans, carrots, onions, cabbage, strawberries, and sweet potatoes.
D There is danger from dynamite and coal trucks.
E Explorers come here out of curiosity about our land. Sometimes they turn their cars or campers around in our yard.
F This is a fine place for finding fossils, fishing, and forests.
G We are God-fearing people, and Green Hills has good ground for gardens and goats.
H We raise horses, hawks, hogs, and hens.
I Before the Trail of Tears, when Cherokees had to go to a reservation in Oklahoma, many Indians lived here. Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Shawnees. They left many arrow points at Camp Branch.
J We invite you to journey through our mountains if you treat us with respect and help us protect our environment.
K We will be kind to you if you are kind to us.
L We have been logging since the early 1900s.
M Mountain men and mamas are marvelous. Our fathers take us bass fishing and hunting for squirrels, rabbits, possums, coons, and deer. Our mamas care for us, they help us with our homework, and they take us to the doctor when we are sick. They love us.
N Our land is naturally beautiful. We have evergreen and deciduous trees, mountains, flowers like sunflowers and daisies, wildlife, and plenty of water in creeks, ponds, streams, lakes, rivers, branches, dams, and waterfalls.
O We are proud of being opposites; everybody is an individual and we like differences.
P Our older people tell us wonderful ghost stories.
Q We ask our pappaws and mamawmaws questions about nature, guns, and making things.
R The railroad now hauls coal, but when our parents were little they could catch a train in Putney and ride over the mountain to Harlan and from there to many different places.
S We have snakes: copperheads, rattlers, water moccasins, and non-poisonous ones.
T Our nearest town is the county seat of Harlan, nine miles away from our school and on the south side of Pine Mountain. Sometimes we catch turtles, and some people eat them.
U We are unique in our ability to take care of ourselves.
V Variety is great—in land, wildlife, and people.
W We have gained wisdom by observation, schooling, and experience.
X This is an exceptionally good place in which to live.
Y We young people are creative and smart.
Z Our teacher says we are zealous when we are given encouragement.

Two boys on workmen's railroad car.

Courtesy of the Southern Appalachian Photographic Archives. Logging Collection, Mars Hill College.
Thief in the Night

Jan Barnett

The little girl lifted the screen and dropped her pillow onto the low pitched roof. "I'm telling Mama you climbed out on the roof every night," announced baby sister from the bed across the room. One brown eye turned to the side. Daddy called it going fishing, but the older child had another name for it. "Oh shut up, Cross-Eyes! Go ahead tell I don't care!" I'll tell about all the milk you've been stealing for Miss Miller's cat, too! Baby." She pulled her legs back inside and sat in the window with her tongue stuck out and flapped her hands up and down beside her ears.

"I'm telling Baby," wailed and slid down under the covers. Her older sister climbed out on the roof and sat on the pillow and watched. She bit her nails and caught the same heavy cloud hanging in the distance and the same lights glaring on the flat-topped buildings beneath it. Behind the plant trains rumbled and things went clang, bang the way they always did. She winced and stuck her thumb in her mouth to soothe the torn flesh. Men's voices went clang, bang the way they always did. She winced and stuck her thumb in her mouth to soothe the torn flesh. A box of Moon Pies was open on the cabinet beside Daddy's handie-box. On her way out she swapped one and stuck it under her pajama top.

Upstairs she yelled for Mama's benefit. Kids get up. Breakfast's ready.

After they sat down to eat she grabbed four of the prettiest biscuits and lined her plate. Then she poured Mama's hot brown sugar syrup over a big slab of butter.

Daddy said, "Why don't you eat some gravy; something that'll stick to them little bony ribs?"

Mama asked, "What would people think if they came in and seen your plate? They'd think you'd been starved!"

Jetta never looked up from the biscuit she was soaking in butter and syrup. As soon as Mama left to get all the kids again she lined up more biscuits. Then she said, "Daddy, I'm glad we don't have to eat President Lincoln's gave away no more. I smiled and picked at his eggs.

Today, like every other day, after school Jetta ran to the backyard where Bulla was kept chained to the smokehouse. The big red dog jumped up on its hind legs and laid a paw on each of the little girl's shoulders. Keeping a lookout for Mama Jetta put her head up close to Bulla's so the big dog could lick her face. Then she took Bulla's head in her hands and laced the fur just above the most black nose.

Kate came around the corner of the house with the neighbor's cat clutched in her arm. She said, "Jetta, Daddy's got Bulla's back. Daddy's back."

Daddy's back and the child lowered the glow on her throat. While the cat bissed a small, strident for the garden Jetta grabbed at the dogs flying ham, but fell full length of a potato full covered in morning glory instead. Jetta scowled at her baby sister and yelled, "See what that stupid cat caused." Kate squatted and pulled her dress over her head, but Jetta was already headed down the alley after Bulla.

The alley ended in a blacktop road across from a graveyard. The
big hound was making her way up the hill among the rows of markers Jetta called “Here Bulla here girl ” but the dog never looked up Out of breath from running she sat down on one of the lower stones to rest just as Bulla made a dash for the wood beyond the cemetery

When Jetta reached the top of the hill, the big dog had a squirrel treed in one of the locusts Bright red Virginia creeper ran all over the trees. It looked like blood dripping down their trunks. But these woods were nice, not dark like the ones where she met the Varmit. The yellow and orange leaves were still lit up by the sun and some of the underbrush had begun to die down

She tugged at Bulla’s chain. The squirrel scolded funousk but the big coon dog had already lost interest. As they wandered down the back side of the woods the hound sniffed in the underbrush and the little girl gathered leaves to press in her school books

They came to a gravel road bordered on the far side by a tall chain link fence. Jetta stopped surprised. Beyond the fence, on the level ground beneath the mountain were clusters of one-story white buildings. This was the plant where Daddy worked. She looked for the cloud, but it wasn’t there. It was never there in daylight

Suddenly an alarm sounded and men came running out of the buildings. Jetta pulled Bulla back into the woods and started up the hill. She’d heard this alarm before from the house. This might be it. The big explosion. She imagined the fire and brimstone. I am, weep
ging and gnashing of teeth. She should have been watching and ready.

Tears were still streaming down her face when she reached home. Mama looked upset, but all she said was “Get in the house and get that dress off. If it’s not already ruined.” Then she yelled to Frank in the kitchen. “Get out here and chain that good for nothing dog back up.”

Frank was in the eighth grade. He winked at Jetta on his way to the smokehouse. Bulla wagged her tail and fawned in front of Mama

On her way upstairs, Jetta stopped and turned on the living room light. Daddy was lying on the couch. He said, “Turn it back off, honey.” She put her hand on his forehead. “Are you hot, Daddy?” Yes honey, I am, but I’ll be alright. You and Katie be good O K.”

Frank came over and ruffled Jetta’s hair. Daddy said, “Son, get your mummy and help me to the bathroom.”

He and Mama lifted Daddy off the couch and helped him across the room. Jetta went up stairs and sat and bit her nails until time for supper.

Daddy didn’t come to the table. Mama sat on a stool beside the couch and fed him from a tray in her lap. Jetta propped one elbow on the table with her head resting on her hand. She didn’t say anything when Frank hogged all but three of the beef chunks. There was a funny choking feeling in her stomach that went all the way up to her throat. Finally she said, “When I get hot, I don’t get sick. Why’s Daddy sick?”

Frank flashed a swallow of milk before replying. “He got hot at work. That’s why. It’s the radioactive. Like atomic bombs.”

Jetta widened her eyes. “Daddy makes bombs, doesn’t he?” she said.

“No silly, he don’t make bombs. He makes fuel.” She didn’t understand. “Can it blow up?” Frank rolled his eyes. “I said it was radioactive. Didn’t I?” Well then, don’t you guess it can blow up?”

Jetta remembered Daddy talking about the atomic bomb that was dropped on Japan. It exploded into a big mushroom and all the people died. She decided to ask more questions. “The plant’s never blowed up, so how can Daddy be sick?”

“I told you. It’s the radioactive.” He stood up and shoved his chain hack. Jetta wanted to ask if Daddy was going to die, but he looked too aggravated. In a minute, he stalked out of the room.

Katie looked up from the stew she was playing with and said. “See Jetta, I told you Daddy was hot.” She had a big white milk ring around her mouth and one eye was going fishing. Jetta glared at her. “No he’s not” she said. “Dummy! You don’t know nothing!” Then she ran to the living room and sat in the dark with Daddy.

Child digging from coal refuse in Scott’s Run, West Virginia, December 23, 1936. The photographer comments that it was a cold day and the child was barefoot “and seemed used to it.” The photo was made by Lewis Hine as part of the National Research Project, a record of the Works Progress Administration (WPA).
The Old Place
Edward J. Cabell

The southern mountains have always been very special to me. I guess it springs from the emphasis placed on the significance of the land and our family heritage that I received from my grandmother Hesse (Myrtle Baker Hale), and my great-grandmother Aunt Cassie (Cassie Haves Baker).

I was born in 1940 at grandma’s house in Eatonville, McDowell County, coal camp near Eckman, West Virginia. But I spent many of my early childhood days running the fields of our family farm, The Old Place, in Chatham Hill, Virginia. Today Interstate 81 runs through a portion of the land.

The Old Place was a cove that even granddaddy’s old Ford couldn’t drive up. I spent many hours here listening to stories about our St. Itthe County relatives or relations’ as the older family members called them. Apparently the Baker, Haves, Smith families were the major slave-holding families in the county. Over the years then slave descendants had acquired a considerable amount of land as well as respect for their hard work, farming skills, and pleasant personalities. I was one of those proud black descendants.

Aunt Annie in Marion had been one of the early black teachers in the county. She named Jerry, Smith and moved from The Old Place to town. Aunt Iver and great grandma also taught school. Hana Baker, my great-granddaddy, was a very good farmer and provided quite well for the family. My uncles and cousins were also known to be good farmers. Especially, my cousin Jim Dale Hayes. As a result of their labors, I was able to spend hours in the fields of The Old Place daydreaming about the tales of our family heritage during my early childhood. Even before school age I was able to recall numerous tales I’d heard and every now and then I’d make up a talk or two of my own. Grandma always said that I had a good imagination and she would encourage me in my endeavors to tell tales instead of her. She felt that this was good for me and she predicted that I would someday become a preacher or writer.

I especially liked to make up tales about our hunting hounds. Lady and Queenie, two short legged beagles, were my favorite sub-jects. I never really got caught up in hunting though. I loved the woods but did not like killing the wild and defenseless critters that made the woods so alive and exciting. I could vividly remember my first squirrel hunting adventure. I was about five years old. I went out with the men. I was real quiet and enjoyed watching the squirrels as they ran around. However, when the time came to shoot the squirrels I yelled to the top of my lungs. “Run squirrels, run they’re gonna shoot you!” This became a big laugh at many of our family gatherings for years.

Chores were required of everyone at The Old Place. I was usually responsible for helping feed the barnyard animals and weeding the vegetable garden. I actually enjoyed the garden work once the tomatoes and cucumbers were ripe. I’d get me some salt and head for the garden to “work.”

Every day was a real adventure. There was always something to explore the tobacco barn, the sheep meadow, the silo, the spring house, the brook that ran through the farm. I never ran out of material with which to make up tales.

My younger cousins lived in Marion so I was often the only boy on The Old Place for long periods of time during the 50s. Houses were scattered so I really didn’t get to know many children on other farms. Besides, I was the only black child in the area until my sister, California or Janie Belle (actually Janice), joined us on visits.

There were three or four young white boys that I played with occasionally at church functions or wheat and tobacco harvests. Sometimes we would fight. They would gang up on me and call me names. After discovering that I could not expect much help from the older blacks, I decided to do something about the situation myself. I knew that I couldn’t beat them all by myself, but once we were in a pasture field or in a barn I could pretty much even things out through a cow dung fight. I had pretty good aim so after two or three of these battles I was fairly well respected among the other boys. From that day to this I have always figured that most problems can be worked out one way or another if you stand up for your rights.

After reaching school age I didn’t go back to The Old Place much. There was no school for blacks in Chatham Hill. I would have had to go to Marion and stay with Aunt Annie’s grandchildren in order to get any formal schooling. Great grandma died the year I turned school age. Grandma returned to West Virginia. In the great Pocahontas coal field of southern West Virginia I grew up with the children of other coal mine and railroad workers. However, I shall never forget my early days spent at The Old Place in the hills of southwestern Virginia.

Sundays
Susie Gott

I remember Sunday afternoons. It was one of those proud black descendants.

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Memories of Lynn Garden

Tony Feathers

In 1970 I was nine years old and skinny as a rail. I don’t remember any world events or major happenings, but I do remember the little things—the important things that made growing up easy in Lynn Garden, Tennessee.

I remember our sloping backyard and weaving dandelions into the chainlink fence that surrounded it. I imagine now that Mom and Dad had that fence put up to keep us from wandering into trouble, but as a nine-year-old, I remember thinking that it was built to mark the out-of-bounds for all our games. I remember the swing set anchored on the only level spot in our yard where we spent hours swinging and belting out our own lyrics to songs like ‘Age of Aquarius’ and ‘Hang on Sloopy.’ I remember the two apple trees that must have been put on this earth for us to climb and to shake our wooden sandbox.

I remember my neighborhood, the small frame houses surrounding a one-lane street, my grandparents place directly across from ours, and the tall shaggy hedge that separated our yard from our next-door neighbors. It seemed like everyone in the neighborhood worked at the Eastman except my parents. Dad worked at Mead Paper and Mom worked shift work at the hospital. I remember how our backyard came alive after five o’clock with neighbors cutting their lawns or raking leaves.

I remember our dog ‘Billy goat’ who once ate a hole in our doghouse and must have been hit by a car at least six times. I remember being attacked by the dog across the street, Blackie. I remember the neighbor’s bell high on the pole that supported their basketball goal and how we would ring the bell and then run from the angry wasps who had made it their home. I remember riding down the hill behind the house in a little red wagon and crashing into the fence. I remember climbing up on the silver oil tank that sat just behind the house. It supplied the fuel to our furnace but we were more interested in listening to the hollow echo as we pounded its side.

I remember school with its oiled hardwood floors and those big iron radiators that clanked all winter and melted snows and sneakers. I remember hanging upside down on monkey bars and milk and Twinkies at break time. I remember getting spanked by the teacher for touching too many straws in the lunch line. I remember catching a big red salamander and taking him to school where he lived most of the year in a large magnanese jar on the bookshelf. I remember how frightened I was when I lost the buttons from my shirt in a scuffle during P.E. And I’ll never forget having to walk down the back steps after school everyday to meet my little brother and look for my grand mother’s station wagon.

I remember staying with my grandmother. She was our refuge until mom and dad returned home from work. I’ll always remember her vegetable beef stew on cold snowy days and the two large tin cans hidden in her kitchen cabinet. One was for cookies—these were the other potato chips! I remember the ‘Goodnight Light’ was always on in the afternoon. I remember my grandfather’s workshop hidden in the basement— and the many times I dug through his tool chest for nails needed for the treehouses we were building in the woods behind the house. I remember my uncle’s room with stacks of ‘Hot Rod’ magazines and plastic model cars. I remember the Sunday night gospel singings hosted by my grandparents and accompanied by my mother on the piano.

I remember watching ‘Ouikut’s Island’ and eating in the car at McDonald’s when they were both special treats. I remember holidays at the beach and camping in my grandparents’ tent. I still envision a gold bicycle with high rise handle bars and a license plate with my name on it, dangling from the back of a banana seat.

I don’t remember feeling lonely or sad or thinking that we were rich or poor. Looking back, I don’t think I ever realized that there was a world outside of Lynn Garden, Tennessee. I was busy figuring out multiplication and roasting my brothers.

I do remember it was easy.
Growing Up In Washington, County Tennessee Now and Then

Alina Oxendine

Alina Oxendine is 11 years old and a sixth grader at Stratton Elementary School in Johnson City. Her great grandmother Pearl Jackson was born in 1903 near Jonesborough. She is the oldest of seven children. Mrs. Jackson has been a seamstress, a professional cook, a wife, a mother, a matron of the household.

Recently, her granddaughter, Alina Oxendine, and great granddaughter, Jill Oxendine, interviewed her in her Jonesborough home. They have noticed that growing up in East Tennessee has changed a lot.

ALINA

On school days, I get up at 6:30 a.m. I get up, get dressed and eat breakfast with my dad. Mom’s still in bed with my younger sister. I have to walk about one mile to the bus stop with my little sister. We always sit about the third seat back as the bus fills up. The louder and worse it gets. When we get to school, I nervously enter the building, hoping I have everything. The day passes quickly, but is very hectic. There is a tight schedule to know.

I have five teachers for different subjects and change rooms five times during the day. Then there’s P.E., library, band practice, and music too.

PEARL

My mama always cooked breakfast. She made biscuits, fried meat and gravy. And she checked us to see that we were clean. Then we had to walk to school, sometimes long distances. When I was in high school, I rode the horse to school sometimes, when they wasn’t using the horse. Now we didn’t have tablets and notebooks and all. Each of us had a slate. We wrote on the slate and had little erasers. Later, we went to a big old white school building in Bulls Gap. It had a big, black round pot belly stove. They carried water in a bucket to school with a dipper. Everybody drank out of that one dipper. Just remember this now that back in my school day, we didn’t have no inside toilets, we didn’t have no heater, and our mother washed on a washboard and always kept us clean.

ALINA

My dad is the product assurance manager for a big, missile plant in Bristol, Tennessee. We have never moved because of Dad’s job. But we moved once because of other things. I was nine years old at the time. Sometimes I babysit my sister when mom’s working or my parents are not home. I only have one sister but I think one is enough!

PEARL

My father was a railroad man. He worked for the Southern Railway System. He moved around and we had to go wherever he went. After I got up to be a pretty good sized girl, every time one of the children was sick and my mamma needed me, she’d keep me at home to help her work. She had a baby or two while I was in high school. I’d stay and cook and take care of things. I was the oldest of seven. Charlie was the youngest. I earned him around the many of a time.

ALINA

When I was younger, I remember playing “hand games” at lunch time. We liked to chase each other on the playground and turn “t”ps. Sometimes we played a game called Red Rover. But now that I’m older, I play board games and socialize around and talk with my friends.

PEARL

At school we’d play ball. I could run like a hare. We played hide and seek and Up-Liz where you put a marble under your hand and everyone had to guess where the marble was.

ALINA

When I was little, my friends and I would go and play in a woods area known as “The Dirt Trail.” We liked to make play forts, pick wild raspberries, and climb trees. In the summer we would sell drinks such as lemonade. Lots of people would stop and buy them on their way to the swimming pool up the street. And the drinks were really cheap. Once we even sold brownies and cookies and then went to the skating rink with the money that we earned.

PEARL

I didn’t have any hobbies when I was a young girl because I always had to work. But I remember something about an old lady who lived next door to us. She had a porch that came around. She had her some clothes that she was mending, patching. And she had a little snuff box right down next to the post with a little brush in it. I told Coral little sister. “Let’s get us a little dip of snuff while she’s gone.”

And we went and got a dip of snuff out of that little tin box. Well, we didn’t like it. We spit it out and we run and got us some water to wash it out of our mouths. And honey, it made us so sick, as sick as a dog. I never have took another dip of snuff or smoked a cigarette.

ALINA

By writing this article I got to know my great grandmother a lot better. I learned that even though the environments we grew up in were very different, we are still alike in many ways. When I visit my great grandmother, I enjoy being in her presence and I admire her cooking.

Delhe Norton on her porch with her granddaughter, Glenda, Sodom, North Carolina.
Children at Play
Oak Ridge, Tennessee
1945-1950

Marilou Awakita

"Can you come out? A tree's down in the woods! A big one! The storm last night must've done it." Wayne yelled from one bow. foot to the other on the porch steps of our B house which were giddy hot in the July sun. "It's the biggest tree you've ever seen. It went from one side of the hollow to the other! Let's walk the log!"

"I have to ask Mama."

Since she was nearby in the kitchen, Mama asked first. "Have you finished your chores?" Marilou made sure her bed was run the vacuum dusted.

"Yes, ma'am. All but the dusting."

"Hey! It sounded like no!" she shouted, probably thinking of times she'd been told. "She was ten years old and placed in trees. I guess the dusting can wait," she said. "Go on out!"

Out! Out! Out! The place to be. Children in the neighborhood of South Tampa Lane (and there were dozens of us) played out as much as possible and where the wind took us. Trees studded yards, unpaved streets, deep woods. Mama said sometimes we looked like schools of fish swimming around.

As I inhaled through the back door, she called, "Remember dates go first!" The words tugged on me like ribbons on my long black braids, bumping gently against the back of my mind. "Wayne and I ran through the yard then into the Smidden House. Our feet were softer on the grass. Back from the road, we turned into the gravel-packed dirt of Tabor Road and made our way down the rough path where the trees began to the boardwalk just below the lip of the hollow. A different world here shadowed cool. Awe filled me."

"What do you think anybody walked the log yet?"

"Bet not too high way."

The boardwalk carried the sound of our running feet ahead of us, and a girl's voice rang out. "Hey, y'all. Someone's comin'."

We arrived. And stopped short.

The tree was awesome. Its trunk immense and straight, reached across the "V" of the hollow—possibly 20 feet high over the deepest part. On the far side, the wide, heavy limbs had taken smaller trees with them as they crashed down. Here and there a branch shook where some of our friends were exploring the damage. On the near side, where we stood, a crater smeared with deep earth had the biggest hole I'd ever seen. Upended at its edge was the tree's vast wheel of pegged roots. Finger wide at the rim, the roots became more and more straight toward the center where the great taproot—which had held on longest and snapped off cleanly—stuck straight out for about four feet. It looked mighty.

Yet, the wind, which we had never seen, had been strong. And the tree, though felled, was still alive and would be weeks in dying. The mystery of it all was irresistible.

"Open the hollow, Janice, and her cousins Linda and Brenda stopped running long enough to shout hello. And Freddie, who had ventured a little way out on the trunk, jumped down and said to me, "I dare you to walk it."

I gauged the danger of the tree. Slowly, pulling the end of my blind through my hand. I weighed the advantages of being the first to walk with the possibility of falling off.

"Looked back at Freddie and said, "Dates go first." Freddie shook his head.

"But Wayne jumped onto the trunk near the base. The most waky and agile of us all he could have climbed the tree even it had been upright. He moved around, getting the feel of the log. Freidie called, "Wayne's gonna walk it!"

Heads popped up through the broken branches. Two boxes and a girl began climbing down. Out of sight someone wading in the creek called, "Wait for me." From further up the hollow came the sound of slap as other kids rushed toward the log. When about 15 of us had ranged themselves below it to watch, Wayne grabbed the trunk with his feet, took his mark on the fallen branches, lifted his arms for balance, and slowly began to walk.

He walked all the way across the hollow. The boardwalk carried the sound of our running feet as we made our way back to the other side. When we reached the hollow, we heard shouts and laughter. "Remember dates go first!"

"Bet not too high way."

The boardwalk carried the sound of our running feet ahead of us, and a girl's voice rang out. "Hey, y'all. Someone's comin'."

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Yet, the wind, which we had never seen, had been strong. And the tree, though felled, was still alive and would be weeks in dying. The mystery of it all was irresistible.

"Open the hollow, Janice, and her cousins Linda and Brenda stopped running long enough to shout hello. And Freddie, who had ventured a little way out on the trunk, jumped down and said to me, "I dare you to walk it."
"Now and Then"

"Didn't you children feel 'labor Roads Except for do flat tops the houses were cemestoes miles One was the fenceIt encircled the whole area, about Oak Ridge had a young and very prolific population I neighborhood which followed the contour of the hilltop weather and availability of playmates Most fiends came from the to do next "deeper meaningsWe were concerned tlIth oUlsehres and what Good advice As children however we iscren t often thinking of

OUT Continued

MOTHER'S ADVICE WHILE BANDAGING MY STUBBID TOF

If you go barefoot in the world you have to take bad stubs in stride
or hide in shoes 'Be plucky' like an Indian' that's what my papa said to me
And always test the 'seems' of things

Bare feet can't tease nature So choose your path with wary eyes and do likewise with humans too
Be wary but run on

Barefoot and feel the
and when pain comes bend up your toe
and go your way again

Be plucky like an Indian'

We did not need books to tell us "The earth is a living organism " We knew it through our feet and we wanted that connection as soon as possible Also, because we lived on the atomic frontier where change and flux worked around us, intuitively we reached Mother Earth to help us feel rooted. grounded centered Mama suggested an even deeper meaning of going barefooted which she said I would someday understand

Good advice As children however we weren't often thinking of "deeper meanings We were concerned with ourselves and what to do next Our choices were governed not so much by seasons as by weather and availability of playmates Most friends came from the neighborhood which followed the contour of the hilltop North and South Tampa Lanes and the upper portions of Tabor and Tabor Roads Except for two flat tops the houses were cemestoes A's, B's, or D's and in every house were two or three children (Oak Ridge had a young and very prolific population )

Aside from the atom Oak Ridge had two things that made our childhood different from that of most children from other places One was the fence It encircled the whole area, about 96 square miles When I tell non Rodgers about it the barbed wire watchers and armed guards they look worried and say "Didn't you children feel oppressed?"
regrouped, flowed away. Sometimes lower drifted off, slightly disoriented, as if seeking direction then drifted back again. We were children at play. We were also children who like the earth quake goldfish of Japan responded to the tremors of an upheaval we felt but could not name. The Atomic Age. We were going to need all the lessons of our childhood especially: "Keep your eyes on the mark, don't look down, sneak, as you go..."

I did walk the log in the fullness of my own time. Months after the great tree fell and I'd become well-acquainted with it I gripped the bark with my feet, took my mark, lifted my arms, and walked the log alone.

As my life cycled toward my 14th year and puberty, I spent hours by myself, roaming the woods listening. By that time the branches of the tree had mouldered, the crater settled lower in the hollow. Washed clean, dried, and tough, the branches of the tree had mouldered. The crater silted in the trunk. Hours by myself, roaming the woods listening.

It was 1950. The fence was down. People with more means were moving out of the neighborhood to different parts of town. Technology was gaining power. The era of the atomic frontier and of my childhood was drawing to a close. Although the change seemed good somewhere deep in my mind I was anxious, sensing perhaps that one day the wind would reach gale force and threaten to topple me somewhere deep in my mind. I was anxious, sensing perhaps that was drawing to a close.

Out of the neighborhood to different parts of town. Technology was rising; the wind of change. The roots were my favorite part of the tree, the comforting part. Settled lower in the hollow. Washed clean, dried, and tough, the branches of the tree had mouldered. The crater silted in the trunk. Hours by myself, roaming the woods listening.

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The Atomic Age. We were children at play. We were also chicken who liked the earth quake goldfish of Japan responded to the tremors of an upheaval we felt but could not name. The Atomic Age. We were going to need all the lessons of our childhood especially: "Keep your eyes on the mark, don't look down, sneak, as you go..."
Mommy's tummy was as round as a big ball and Beth once asked if that's where the new baby was. Her mother looked at her sharply and snatched her face, and said, "Don’t ask questions like that. It wasn’t mentioned it again because there was a baby coming because they had told her that, and the only place it could be was in her Mommy's fattening tummy. She went to stand by the door so she could be the first one out.

"Get the kids. Ernie and I’ll help Jeannie. Mom and you sure you don’t want to go with us?" Her daddy knew as well as she did that there was no use arguing with her. Gran. She did as she pleased, now as always. Mommy was helping her into the coat. She put the hood up. When she turned around Beth pushed it off again.

"I'll be here when you get back the Lord willin’ said Gran. She turned on the TV. "At least the electricity ain’t out. I can watch Ed Sullivan." Ernie said, "She knows what she’s done. Lord I seen floods up here before, and so have you. This house ain’t gone nowhere but if you want to get the kids and Jeannie out of here, this is our business. I’ll be back after I help load ‘em in the car. Gran. Ernie picked Beth up in one arm and Nancy in the other. He had a little glob of shaving cream in his ear and smelled funny. Beth wished her Dadie would earn her instead. She had never liked Ernie much. One day that summer in the bad heat, she watched Ernie and her daddy cutting weeds on the hillside behind the house. Ernie was dripping sweat and mad at everybody. When she asked if she could cut too, he told her if she didn’t quit hanging around there he’d cut her head off and throw it in her face. It had taken her days to figure that out, and she even had a nightmare about it. She wasn’t any too happy about being carried out by him.

Ernie followed her Daily and mother out onto the dark porch. The water was rushing through the yard and there was a loud roar coming from every direction at once. Suddenly, the porch was washed away and beyond it, only brown and black swirls. Gran had turned on the porch light. It had stopped raining and she heard her mother's voice, deadly and cold. She said, "Now shut up. Now shut up. Now shut up.

"You better get used to things we can’t do about it. Mommy said. "It’s gone, and we’ll just have to do without."

"But I want my swingset. Beth sobbed. She tried to get her breath from crying so hard.

"We want a lot of things we can’t have—her mother said firmly. Maybe we can get you another one next summer."

"I don’t want another one. I want that one!" Beth screamed. "I hate the flood and I hate you and I all I want is my swingset."

Beth was slammed against the door by her mother’s hand at the neck of her jacket. "Don’t you talk to me like that—her mother hissed, her face close to Beth’s in the dark car. The roar of the flood outside sounded like her mother’s voice, deadly and cold. "You better get used to things being taken from you. That’s our life. Things come and go—there are things you’ll want but never have and there’s nothing you can do about it. Now shut up."

Beth’s tears burned her face and taught her a lesson.

Insights and Experience
a talk with Eliot Wigginton
Pauline Binkley Cheek

Despite nationwide critical acclaim for the Fodor's books and growing popular adulation of their methodology, Eliot Wigginton is exceedingly cautious to avoid making generalizations or predictions concerning Appalachian and its people. Second, to as a tool he uses repeatedly in describing tumultuous events in his own life and he points out that anyone having impact upon the lives of others must reckon with such variables as regional differences, personal resources, and accelerating change.

In 1966 as a beginning teacher in Raban Gap, Georgia, Wigginton noted immediately the differences between his middle-class upbringing and that of local students. Born in West Virginia and reared in Athens, Georgia, where his father was a university professor, Wigginton was exposed to gardens, chickens, and pecan orchards but lacked the wider range of experiences from ginseng collecting and bear hunting to automobile repair which tended to make his students more self-sufficient.

Equally marked are the generational differences which he now encounters "I know for a fact," he says, "that the vast majority of the hundred plus students I work with cannot define five percent of the hundred words on a worksheet I gave them that lists traditional tools or artifacts-a 'quiz' on which their grandparents would score 100% and their parents 75%. Most cannot name a single Appalachian author or demonstrate the use of a tool or a skill or technique that their grandparents can. It's a fact that they do not have a perceived Appalachian identity. The identity they have comes, he says, from the particular peer group to which they choose to belong.

Although wary of making a value judgement, Wigginton admits that "deep down inside I think kids now, in terms of value systems, aspirations, thoughtfulness, reflectiveness, tend to be shallower more superficial than the ones I worked with 20 years ago" Yet he is more optimistic today than he was in the 1960s, when "10 and 14-year-olds were vanishing off the streets and there was so much LSD, acid rock, and anti-social, self-destructive behavior." The problem now, he claims, is two-fold: (1) Young people have "absolutely no grounding in anything stable-like who you are, what heritage you come from or what it leads to," and (2) "There is a basic acquisitiveness and greed that I've never seen before - not for the basic needs, they want stuff and they want it now. Like Jack leg mountain kids driving new Camaros the instant they have their licenses." "One of the things we've allowed to happen," he continues, "is the creation of a society where nothing lasts over six months, a food fad, a relationship, a belief. Unless we keep them from getting on a treadmill and being caught up in this constant flux we are courting disaster. If I were a parent of 12 to 15 year olds I'd be in a state of confusion as to what to say, and do. It's a tough time. As explanation of this description of the times Wigginton says, 'I think people in this culture probably have less power than ever before. I can't think of any aspect of their external lives over which they have true control. It's all controlled by government, industries, media, educational systems they didn't create or embrace.'

When pressed to suggest solutions to the problem, Wigginton says, "There are strategies. I see a possible lig for Appalachian people to make some creative compromises with these outside forces and still retain big chunks of what they value about their culture. He hastens to add however, if Appalachian people elect the opinion of seeking compromise with the outside world they must arrive at strategies only after raising such questions as: Where do we get the money to survive? To what extent are local people going to own the means and the resources that produce money? To what extent do people in this culture own the systems by which they produce? Conceivably those entities that generate income could be owned by local people, but they usually aren't," Wigginton observes. At the moment the majority here are not actually looking at options and seeking means but are waiting for outside parties to come in and "save them."

Having chosen education as his way of addressing the future, Wigginton sees as his challenge the same one set forth by Socrates, since a lack of perspective is "part and parcel of being young, what we have to wrestle with as adults are ways to lift them out of themselves, get them up into the air to see where they came from the shape of the landscape." The next step is to devise strategies whereby those who think that they have nothing to offer will see, not only that they can contribute, but also that they have an obligation to add to the quality of life for others. To be effective, the technique must be geared to local conditions. "The important thing," he says, "is to place youth in situations in which they will get the message for themselves instead of having it given to them."

Like all good educators Wigginton is continually refining his own technique which he devised originally as a means of giving young students something to write about. Young people who were not interested in writing anything reactions positively when put face to face with an older person who had perspective and was non-judgmental. Wigginton warns, however, that "if kids elevate the past to an exalted position they have missed the point. Admittedly irritated when teachers subvert the process by stopping with a product, a magazine, Wigginton emphasizes that the interview is merely the entry point, a way of engaging the students' attention and getting them to look at what they had not seen before. 'It is one spot of color on what should become a quilt with color and pattern.' The lesson is not complete until young people ask, 'What does this information tell us about the future, the values we ought to carry around with us, those other cultures that we tend to..."
**Insights Continued**

suspect?

"Presumably the future will be saver, Wigginton says if we can help them develop relationships that are not superficial. Wigginton maintains contact with a large number of youth in his program and several hundred of them have also been questioned by a major evaluator. According to their responses the Leflde method is valuable because it treats young people with respect, allows them to make mistakes without becoming failures and gives a sense of balance to their lives. Almost all identified as a major ingredient the choice of community as subject matter with the result that youth get the reinforcement derived from being involved in what is widely perceived by the community as worth doing.

The lives of countless teachers Wigginton finds are etched by their feeling that they have no flexibility and choice that their state's essential skills list can be taught only in traditional ways. In workshops, therefore, he shows them that other strategies are not only fun but possible. Then response he notes is for suddenly they are liberated seeing that the rest of their lives is not going to be pinched off by a narrow, dictatorial list of facts and pieces of academic trivia. Lots of other methods include but go beyond, what they are mandated to teach into some substance some real discussions and understandings. Also he demonstrates a number of teaching strategies which he has found successful.

Currently Wigginton is conducting summer workshops in three centers - Berea, Georgia State and North Georgia college where he has experienced teachers examining curricular design and considering ways we can look at a situation and get kids to look at big get things. Over the next few or five years he hopes to develop a network of teachers who will continue to learn and trade ideas building up a sense of energy in the region. What he does then depends upon the success of these experiments. I can do it all I'm just one person" he says. It looks good if good things seem to be happening then the work in eastern Kentucky for example could provide a model to take to other parts of the country.

With characteristic care in suggesting Wigginton has six cautions. I don't have some sort of global plan. I'm not going to be put in the position of saying all teachers should do this. We're just tinkering with a formula that seems to engage kids and still meet state requirements.

This formula allows for cultural change. For example oral history per se which he sees as a means of looking at what was happening at a certain place and point in time and what that led to may not be needed in 2050 as it is now to fill gaps in the records of 80 years ago. With more data than ever before being recorded about the 1980s, Wigginton says "I can think of much more of anything that future historians will not be able to figure out from material being saved." Conversely, he hopes oral narratives and journals will always be important. We will really be in trouble if we get to the point where we believe that every individual does not have the insights and experiences of value to share.

Drawing upon an indigenous Appalachian culture, however, is only one of the hundreds of ways to get youth wrestling with aspirations and values. "That's the trap people constantly fall into," Wigginton says emphatically. If teachers don't read "Sometimes a Shining Moment" they miss the whole point.

Another cultural change affecting technique is more critical to understanding. I'm not turkeys. She was born in 1909 in Felford, Tennessee in a log cabin about 10 miles from Davy Crockett's birthplace. She was interviewed in 1980 by Carl Ingram, an ETSU student who was attending Davy Crockett High School at that time.

"I got to go hunting with my older brothers and carry the game. When I became a teenager I started hunting and fishing myself. My mother and father always said I should have been a boy. I love guns which stems from my upbringing. I remember when the men in the family would take the muzzle loader (pump rifle) that was made in 1844 just like the gun Daniel Boone used. I also have a 22 rifle a 16 gauge single and a 16 gauge pump and a 12 gauge pump."
Where Home Is

You've got a beautiful home here - the plumber said.
I know, how I'd never thought it as home.
Home was down by the springhouse
where I tapped waterdrops in Prince Albert cans
because I never really believed they purified the water.
Home was in the barn
where on autumn days I breathed
curing tobacco and horse manure
sweeter than the Evening in Paris oligne
that Ernie Davenport gave me
when he drew my name at Christmas
in seventh grade.
Home was in the tobacco patch
where I waddled on black mud heels
to fill another coal bucket with tobacco plants
and laid them out in perfect rows
so Daddy wouldn't scold.
It must be that some of that
evening in the barnyard fragrance
fastened itself to the upholstery
of my Duncan Phyfe couch.
Oh maybe the tobacco patch mud
never quite bleached out of the laundry.
Possible waterdrops have sprouts
that peered up at the plumb
from the wastepipes.
Memories sit down to chat
in my little brick ranch.
Memories rise up in laughter
loud enough to drown the traffic
on the interstate in my backyard.

Gretchen McCroskey

The Ballad of Corey Brown

Oh this is the tale of poor Corey Brown
A tale not for the word or the weak.
A lever was pulled and a dumpster fell down
And Corey would nevermore speak.
Corey was not an honest bright lad
He was tanned from his toes to his head.
A lemon was there was never to be had
But now poor Corey is dead.
Roger the trashman was not a bad guy
He was dressed head to foot in green.
But when Corey's true love told Roger good拜
Roger turned suddenly mean.
With rational thought set completely aside
The weirdo went out in his truck.
He intended to give Corey's true love a ride
And from her, her good life to pluck.
He closed on his target with speed of gazelle
He lifted his dumpster up high
Corey's true love was tired and fell
There was a strange gleam in his eye.
Then Corey stepped into the path of the truck
He used his arms upward and said
The weirdo must have just a little more pluck.
If he wishes to see my love dead".
The maniac stated, but surely you see
Your checks would all soon be cashed."
"There is nothing that I wouldn't do," said he
And with those words, Corey was mashed.
Corey was but an honest bright lad
He tanned from his toes to his head
But he messed with a man who was clearly
QUITE MAD.
And now poor Corey is dead.

Dan Puckett

...from Golden Days

Florence Long Powell of Johnson City was born in 1930 in Knoxville. She was interviewed by Fred Powell.

Home - "It was a two story brick house close to the University of Tennessee. Knoxville was a city made up of people connected with the University of Tennessee, TVA and later Oak Ridge."

Toys - "We had Indian servants who made us bows and arrows and Indian objects. Servants made dolls, doll houses and outdoor toys."

Home remedies - "My father was the first heart doctor in this area. Therefore we did not have any home remedies in our house."

Recipes - "All the food was prepared by servants who had the right to cook what they wanted. This was a practice followed for several generations."

--Pat Verholst
This young boy worked from 7:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. as a driver in Brown Mine, Brown, West Virginia. The photo was made by Lewis Hine in 1908 for the National Child Labor Committee.
(Left) Mall, Johnson City, Tennessee, 1987. (Above) At the Early Childhood Development Center, ETSU.
Soul Train Ride

Judy Odom

The summer Bonnie turned thirteen, her daddy took her record player and threw all her Elvis 45s and LP's in the garbage can. "Elvis Presley" he raged. "Greasy, long hair good for nothing. I don't want you listening to that trash he sings. It's restless music. Bound to make a young girl's heart deep-down dissatisfied."

Bonnie cried, of course, and locked herself inside her bedroom where she spent the next two hours writing 20 angry pages in her diary. Some day she resolved, she'd find a place to live where she'd have all the restless music that she needed. She would stay up late and drink beer and say, damn and hell a lot and throw wild parties. She would travel all round the world and learn to play guitar and maybe start a rock band of her own. One thing sure, she wouldn't stay in Birmingham and settle down into a dull safe job the way her daddy had.

He drove a train inside Republic Steel Mill, stayed behind the big wire fence and didn't go from town to town. The railroad tracks he traveled made a circle from the roundhouse through the plant and back again. For 20 years since 1937, he had passed the same blast furnaces and slag piles every day.

At least he got to wear a red bandana and a railroad cap. He could've blown the whistle any time he wanted. Bonnie thought that might be fun. Her daddy didn't like the whistle, though. He said it had a lonesome sound. When Bonnie asked how fast the train would go, he couldn't tell her. "Open up the throttle and you'd jump the tracks," he said. "You'd probably turn the engine over. If you could, you'd spill hot pig iron everywhere."

When she was little, he had taken her out to Republic with him every payday. Her mother always dressed her in a big Sunday pinafore. Clinging to her daddy's hand, she skipped along beside him. The railroad tracks he traveled made a circle from the roundhouse through the plant and back again. For 20 years since 1937, he had passed the same blast furnaces and slag piles every day.

Before they went back to the car, her daddy always took her by the roundhouse and showed her off to any of his buddies. She'd wriggle in his arms. He'd hold her too tight and she'd start scratching her cheek like tiny pins. Mingled with cigar smoke, the aroma of his Mennen after shave was overpowering. She passed him around the way they did - like he was some stray puppy dog. You think about that Bonnie, how'd you like it growing up that way? Nobody loving you enough to keep you six months at a stretch or to teach you right from wrong?

Bonnie scowled, but didn't answer. She couldn't see what she was thinking - that living without rules or relatives sure sounded fine.

The third week in July, the Ritz Theater downtown started showing Elvis' new movie, "Love Me. As soon as Bonnie's daddy saw the ad, he put the Ritz off limits. So she convinced her best friend Marcia Laura Lula they should sneak off to the Tuesday matinee. Bonnie's daddy would be working and her mother would be at her Tuesday afternoon canasta party. Bonnie figured she could make it back home with an hour to spare.

The girls got to the Ritz without a problem and they had a satisfying afternoon. They shared three Hershey bars and one tub of hot buttered popcorn and they squealed at Elvis till then threats were sure. Nobody guessed what they'd done till three days later. When Bonnie's daddy overheard her telling Susie Burns the whole plot of the movie on the telephone he didn't scream and wave his arms around. He didn't spank her. All he did was sentence her without a trial to life in solitary till she started trusting her again. No going out to parties or a ball game on the weekends, he told Bonnie softly. No sitting with us in the living room to watch TV. He said. "My voice was like the silence at the center of a hurricane. You might as well bring me your radio."

He added, "Looks like I've gone to throw it in the garbage - too. I can't let you keep on listening to that filthy Elvis Presley. You can be stunned too deep for cleansing pretty soon. It's like my Aunt Velma always warned me. 'You lay down with the dogs, you bound to catch some fleas.'"

Alone in her room after supper, Bonnie heard her daddy
laughing at Red Buttons on TV. She wondered how long she could stand it being isolated like the victim of some horrible disease.

"Honesty," she thought, "I might as well have polo. I wish I didn't have to let them give me that stupid Salk vaccine.

She had a good time for a little while pinching the tip of her tongue till her mind worked or doing. Her daddy would be sore then. He'd cry and hold her hand. He'd rush out to the store and buy her all the Elvis records he could find. He might even get her a brand new hit.

If Elvis heard about her suffering, he would pick up the phone and call her. She would ride her bike on the street lamps. They made soft bright circles on the pavement.

"I don't need to go to the doctor. I don't need to go to the doctor." She thought about the trouble she had. She had showed Elvis at the mansion he'd bought in Memphis. And if the trouble had been because she couldn't twirl baton—she whined—she'd be a majorette now.

She borrowed from her daddy's bureau drawer that afternoon.

"Mary Laura stay at home and twirl that damn baton—she whined—be a majorette if you want to."

Mary Laura said it when Bonnie asked herself and laughed. She didn't need to stay in that hotel room and be a majorette. "I'm real sorry, Bonnie," she remembered.

"I'm real sorry, Bonnie," she remembered. "I don't need to go to the doctor."

She got out the photos she had showed Elvis at the mansion he'd bought in Memphis.

"Bonnie, you've never been in a motel before," she said.

"But you've never been in a motel before, Bonnie," she said. "You've never been in a motel before, Bonnie." She thought the gondola was empty. You wouldn't see any coal. Bonnie yawned and saw the train. She was rising on her right. It meant she'd been sleeping under the tracks.

"Hey, Dick, Hey, Dick, Hey, Dick," she shouted. "If you didn't stop, we'd be asleep under 500 tons of coal." She jumped to the third rung of its ladder with both hands and pulled herself aboard.

The best that she could tell, she'd hopped a slow freight rolling westward. If she had hit a rock, pretty soon the tracks would angle north toward Tennessee.

And if they didn't? Bonnie asked herself and laughed. She didn't need to stay in that hotel room and be a majorette if she wanted to.

She shuffled through her desk for something that nothing that she found was beautiful enough to count. There were Elvis pictures. She had showed Elvis at the mansion he'd bought in Memphis. And if thec didn't—Bonnie asked herself and laughed. She didn't need to stay in that hotel room and be a majorette.

"I'm real sorry, Bonnie," she remembered.

"I'm real sorry, Bonnie," she remembered. "I don't need to go to the doctor."

The steady rocking of the train was making Bonnie sleep. She slumped her knapsack off and set it on the gritty floor. At least, she thought, the gondola was empty. You wouldn't rest much on a load of coal. Bonnie yawned and saw the train wheels rolling. She heard the thin whistle. She found herself on the second rung of its ladder with both hands and pulled herself aboard.

The best that she could tell, she'd hopped a slow freight rolling westward. If she had hit a rock, pretty soon the tracks would angle north toward Tennessee.

And if they didn't? Bonnie asked herself and laughed. She didn't need to stay in that hotel room and be a majorette. She shuffled through her desk for something that nothing that she found was beautiful enough to count.

"I'm real sorry, Bonnie," she remembered.

"I'm real sorry, Bonnie," she remembered. "I don't need to go to the doctor."

"If you don't make no never nuns, I'll do it by myself," she thought and poked her loitering head out the window. She had showed Elvis at the mansion he'd bought in Memphis. And if thec didn't—Bonnie asked herself and laughed. She didn't need to stay in that hotel room and be a majorette.

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showed me He’s a locomotive engineer since I was a baby almost,” she said proudly.

The gadgets in the cab
locomotive Rick would be real glad to show her all the buttons
track

Bonnie could expect him about noon

Count a taxi to the station and another taxi to the freight yard, and
get her quick as I can catch a train

rather not speak to her I’m too mad You keep her there

24/Now and Then

Bonnie hoped her daddy might he working, but naturally, he’d stayed.

Bonnie gave him the right number, and she told him everything She had

a slice of lemon icebox pie

have two chili dogs” she asked “And french fries I’m about

through You know that don’t you

private number
Big star like he is

He turned to Bonnie. That okay with you Miss Presley? We’ll call your brother after while I hope you got his private number honey Big star like he is so many fans and everything without that private number ain’t no operator in the world gone put you through You know that don’t you little girl?’

Bonnie nodded, realizing she’d been outmaneuvered “Could I have two chili dogs’ she asked “And french fries? I’m about to starve Get me a large coke please And if they have it, I might take a slice of lemon icebox pie”

When Daddy gets afraid of me she thought, I’ll have to live on bread and water for a year or two I might as well eat hearty while I can

After breakfast, Mr Jenkins made the phone call for her Bonnie
gave him the right number, and she told him everything She had
helped her daddy might be working, but naturally, he’d stayed at home “We got the pre-loc searching for her now,” he said “She’s near ’bout run her mama crazy Mr Jenkins What? Well, no I rather not speak to her I’m too mad You keep her there I’ll come and get her quick as I can catch a train”

The Golden Flyer made the trip from Birmingham the fastest That would be the train her daddy came on, Mr Jenkins said Count a taxi to the station and another taxi to the freight yard, and
Bonnie could expect him about noon

While she waited, Mr Jenkins told her, she could help him run the office He would show her how to switch a freight from track to track If she wanted to, he’d even let her take a short ride on a locomotive Rick would be real glad to show her all the buttons and the gadgets in the cab

“Thank you,” Bonnie answered “I been knowing all about a locomotive since I was a baby almost,” she said proudly. “Daddy showed me He’s a locomotive engineer”

“A locomotive engineer? Is that right?” Mr Jenkins chuckled

Well, that means we have to be a number child It’s in your blood if you the daughter of a railroad man, he said and added like he’d learned the answer to a puzzle. “You can tell what you will that music you been chasing. But I bet you asked him and got out your daddy knows the song”

Not him Bonnie answered laughingly, Not my daddy, I doubt he knows any songs at all. At least I never heard him sing one not even when I was a baby”

Mr Jenkins stopped You have to be careful Bonnie I’d say you aren’t doing much listening to your daddy the last couple years

At 12 the office door swung wide and Bonnie’s daddy steamed in better than a locomotive’s boiler Elvis Presley’s sister he exploded You own name and family they don’t suit you am I more?

I know you’re not that Daddy Bonnie did her best to pacify him I’m still proud to be a Pearson But I can’t stop loving Elvis It’s his music. That’s what makes us kin I’m Elvis Presley’s sister in my soul She turned for help to the yardmaster Mr Jenkins here he said you could understand He said you had to know the songs I ran away for, cause vs railroad man.

Her daddy clenched his fists. His face was burning redder Mr Jenkins was mistaken He’s a meddling interfering fool. The words lashed out like steam escaping pressure

Bonnie smiled at Bonnie He did what he could to calm her daddy down “Just hold on, Mr Pearson he said ‘Take it easy, now I know you’re mad I know you been real worried. But fussing at this child won’t help the both of y all could stand to do some listening for a change With one hand on her arm he guided Bonnie closer to her daddy “She’s your daughter, Mr Pearson I believe it’s time you took her home”

Bonnie and her daddy didn’t say much to each other in the taxi She could tell he was still struggling to keep calm his lips were pressed together like two steel rails joined by welding Bonnie thought if he’d ever talk to her again Maybe, she decided, life might run a little smoother if he didn’t. She leaned her head against the taxi window and listened to the tires hum

Finally, they were settled in a pullman on the Golden Flyer, with Bonnie in the window seat to watch the view she’d missed by traveling in the dark They passed hotels and parks and office buildings. Blurred by speed and distance, everything that Bonnie saw looked beautiful and clean

Her daddy cleared his throat, and Bonnie turned to face him “I’m not denying that I was a rambler for awhile,” he told her shyly “I rode the rails, you know I hopped a freight one night just like you did I wadd’n running after anybody’s music, though”

He took a deep breath Bonnie leaned in closer to him She was listening hard “I didn’t have no choice,” he said “I didn’t have no choice about the matter, really My Aunt Velma — I was staying with her then — she kicked me out Said I was old enough to find a job, quit hogging off her, relatives. Hell, it was 1933 There wadd’n any jobs for grown men, let alone a kid who’d barely turned 15

‘But what about your daddy’ Bonnie asked “Your dad should’ve helped you”

“My daddy wadd’n anywhere around,” he shrugged “I couldn’t count on him for anything And so I took off — hopped a freight like
I was sooner I resisted all around this country. It wouldn't be fun. There wouldn't be no use Mrs. Jenkins to buy root beer and chili dogs, he grinned. In 1937 he continued. Come south again and latched into that locomotive engineering job out at Republic. It's just be accident, be said. That I'm a railroad man. That spring in my mind. I was glad to settle down. I wanted to be in a family. Bonnie. Family music—that's the finest music. I know. It's steady voices blending together. Making a sweet peaceful song.

He leaned his head back on the gray plush seat and closed his eyes. "That Elvis Presley now. Well, girl, you got to pick your music for yourself. I reckon just cause I'm your daddy, that don't mean I got to pick the music that you hear.

His face looked older in the sunlight. The wrinkles underneath his eyes looked like a map of railroad lines. Bonnie hadn't even noticed them before and wished she hadn't seen them now. Softly, hoping that he wouldn't hear her, she hooked her index finger through the loop and pulled the window shade.

Elvis Presley. Graceland—all those pretty places out the window. They were calling to her with their music. She would see them all one day, and listen to their songs. She had a lot of time.

"I love you, Daddy," Bonnie whispered and pressed her cheek against his arm.

Another hour or two and they'd be home in Birmingham. Their travel together would be over soon. But for a little while here on the Golden Freight, they were moving like one person to the music that the train wheels made.

---

from Golden Days

Alfred Dana Bowman of Johnson City, Tennessee, was born in 1909 in Butler (the town that was covered with water by the TVA in the making of Lake Watauga in 1949). He was interviewed by Rebecca L. Bright of Jonesborough.

Home: "He had his own room with a fireplace, in it, a very comfortable place to live. It was a country house of eight rooms, which he said was a pretty good size back in that day and time. It was a dandy house."

Home town: "Everything in the world almost. It was out in the country and about the only place we had to gang up was at the old country store and after everybody got out of the cornfield long enough they all went to the country store and told jokes. Everybody would carry their rifles with them and shoot snakes, that's when I was a boy."

Events: "The biggest thing we had was related to the church. It was our church association which lasted three days. And every time there was a fifth Sunday in a month there would always be some church have a fifth Sunday meeting and everybody would gather up and take dinner and put it on the ground and have the best time ever was. That was our entertainment, playing at the church ground. We didn't have anything else. Everybody had a good time."

This is an excerpt from one of the Golden Days and history projects. For more information turn to page 37

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Zealots for Children

Pat Arnow

It's a national problem, the same everywhere. Children are abused, children are neglected.

There are no easy solutions, but Judith Hammond, an associate professor of sociology at East Tennessee State University, has started a program that tackles one aspect of the problem.

Dr. Hammond is an energetic, enthusiastic woman in her 70s, in her top hat and a black dress. She is an old-time newspaper reporter. When she squirms to be free, her mother lets him slide down and he topples confidentially away. This cheerful family interaction is quite a contrast to the subject under discussion. Hammond is describing how a case of child abuse or neglect winds its way through the social service and court system.

She is telling how until a few years ago, when a case ended up in a courtroom, the voice speaking in the child's best interest was an attorney who was appointed guardian ad litem by the judge. Usually the attorney, who received a token fee for this service, spent only a few minutes before the hearing reviewing the case and getting advice from the child's social service worker. The attorney was then expected to make a recommendation in the best interest of the child.

Gloria Samuels, an attorney with Legal Services of Upper East Tennessee, brought the issue to Hammond's attention. Samuels was seeking that the problems in these cases were bigger than most lawyers could handle. Attorneys make a living by selling time and the cases are very time consuming," she explains.

Hammond volunteered to take over the guardian ad litem position in a case in Unicoi County. In this role she could speak with the family, social workers, the school, and the child. By learning as much as possible about the case she could make sure that the child would be placed in the best possible situation. She found that her involvement was meaningful, so she took on another case and recruited people in her department and other friends to do the same kind of work.

The volunteers' involvement was so effective that Hammond looked into developing a formal program. That is when she found that an organization with the structure she had in mind had recently come into existence. Her idea was one whose time had come all over the country. CASA (Court Appointed Special Advocates) had 205 chapters in 43 states. With a start up grant from the federal government and support from the university and the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, a CASA program serving Unicoi, Washington and Sullivan Counties opened offices at ETSU in July of 1985.

Now, with a full time coordinator, Debbie Watson, and financial support from the local Junior League and the State of Tennessee, the program has become a vital service in neglect and abuse cases. Watson knows the ins and outs of the court system because she spent six years as a legal secretary in Bristol.

The abuse cases she and Hammond deal with are complicated and sad. They share some facts from cases in the area. A mother is a prostitute and drug abuser. An 18-month-old infant retracted in a serious inflammation, probably from the sexual abuse of a 12-year-old boy who was her baby sitter. A young girl has a sexually transmitted...
disease that was probably given to her by her stepfather.

Neglect is far more prevalent than abuse however making up approximately 80% of all cases that come to the attention of officials all over the country, not just in this region. Hammond defines neglect as a "failure to provide basic clothing, shelter, food and nurturance to a child. If children don't get those things then their rights are being violated." She and Debbie Watson receive some things they've seen in neglect cases. A 14 year old girl has gingivitis and her teeth are falling out. A bright child flunks a grade because his mother doesn't send him to school regularly. At the last minute a mother changes her mind about moving but she's already had the power of board switch the electricity to the new place. She and her children spend a cold winter night in an unheated house. A baby is bitten from head to toe by insects while sleeping on a hillside. She was left there because her teenage mother has an assignation with a lover.

Hammond emphasizes, "For a child to be removed from the home, something real serious has to be going on." In three out of four cases the child does end up back in the home.

"Our goal is to reunite the family if there's any way at all that family can be reunited," says Watson. "We work with community resources with rehabilitation programs, counseling."

Even in the most severe cases, removing a child from the home is difficult, says Hammond. It's a very painful process to take a child from natural parents, even parents who are abusive. The children will cry to be with their parents who just beat them with a hose.

Most parents of neglected or abused children have a problem with alcohol or drugs or both (though alcohol problems often outweigh other kinds of drug problems). And, if a parent was abused as a child, he or she is likely to become an abuser.

Unfortunately, abuse and neglect affect all regions of the country, and all socioeconomic groups. "There's a stereotype that Appalachian teeks with sexual abuse and physical abuse and I really don't think so. I don't think we have a unique problem. Family violence affects all social classes and all subcultures," says Hammond.

In fact, Hammond thinks that the strong extended family that characterize this region are a real strength for the children in these cases."We are almost always able to find a relative as a resource so we don't have to put a child in foster care."

Older children are the greatest challenge. People like to work with babies, but there aren't that many of those. It's real easy to place a three month old baby. But try placing a 12 year old who has set his parent's car on fire," says Hammond.

A recent Tennessee law that channels those who are known as unruly children into the social service system rather than through the corrections system has increased the number of older children who need help. Hammond thinks the law has the right idea. "Kids that are violent kids that commit juvenile delinquent acts often have a history of abuse and neglect. Do you punish them further by locking them away? Or do you treat them as kids who have been abused or neglected and need services?"

The CASA program is not new and at present to take on all the unruly, but there are plans to expand to include these older children. A program to represent the children of divorcing parents in custody battles is also in the works.

Volunteers have not been hard to recruit. "They make it and do our cases," says Hammond. Since the program began CASA has advocated in 217 cases.

We train laypeople, housewives, professional people," says Watson. "After we are appointed by the judge our volunteers do an extensive home investigation of the allegations. We talk to parents, schoolteachers, neighbors, pastors anybody that has any contact with this family that would know what the situation is. They go out and talk to them. They are the child's voice in court. They are the judge's eyes.

Each volunteer advocate takes on a single case at a time. After the case has been through the court the advocate continues to monitor the case until the child's home is secure and permanent. The juvenile judges have been happy to have the CASA advocates to appoint. This service is provided to the court for free explains Hammond. "Here you've got zealots for children. Each volunteer working one on one with a case. Who else is going to bother?"
Changes in their Lives

Pat Arnow

When David and Kaye Rudd brought their newborn son home from the hospital two and a half years ago, they knew something was wrong. Jeremy had seizures and just did not respond the way other infants did. He was admitted to Johnson City. The doctor painted a bleak picture. "He was so blunt. The way he talked we could have spent all the money in the world and we couldn't have helped him." He told us that we should concentrate on our two other kids, says Kaye Rudd.

They saw nowhere to turn in Eastern Kentucky. They knew there must be other handicapped children there, but they never saw them. And there certainly were no programs for handicapped babies. For older children there was a reading program at the Fleming Neon school, but no other special facilities existed.

The Rudds felt that there was something they could be doing to help their son learn and they sensed that the sooner they began the more Jeremy would progress.

They were right in thinking that immediate help would be the best course for Jeremy. Rebecca Isbell, the coordinator for early childhood education at East Tennessee State University, says, "The earlier you can reach these children the more changes you can bring about in their lives." Dr. Isbell works with a program here for handicapped infants and toddlers. She explains that most preschool programs are designed for children age three and over. For handicapped children, Isbell says, "three is too late. By the time they're three they're already far behind."

It wasn't until Jeremy was almost two that the Rudds found the Center for Early Childhood Learning at ETSU. To join the program, they moved to Johnson City, 90 miles from Neon. It wasn't an easy move. They weren't happy to be leaving their relatives and friends. Because they didn't own a car, they couldn't visit Kentucky very often. A more positive side to the move was that David was able to return to school, to study for a degree in geography at ETSU. The other two children, Melissa, seven and JR, 11, were happy in their new school. And for Jeremy, the move has been especially productive.

Kaye describes Jeremy's progress. "When we first brought him home, you could lay him down and that's where he would lay. He wasn't even rolling over. He wouldn't pay any attention to anyone, look at them, or take an interest in what they were saying. Now he will associate with people."

Jeremy, a charming blue-eyed blond, confirms her assessment of his newfound skills by gurgling happily and grasping a foam ball that his father is rolling toward him.

Part of the program for Jeremy is exercising. David demonstrates how he manipulates and massages the child's body to build up and tone muscles. "We exercise two or three times a day, thing they showed us," he adds. "This program has helped us quite a bit. He has changed more than 100%.

The program that David and Kaye Rudd found for Jeremy is an uncommon one. Though working with handicapped babies has proved to be extremely effective, not many places in the United States have any services for handicapped infants and toddlers, especially outside of urban areas.

'We play the catch up game,' that's part of our business with these babies to try to get development up to their age level," says Carolyn Overbay, facilitator of the special handicapped project at ETSU. She believes that every child deserves the opportunity to live as full and interesting a life as possible. "We are in the business of improving the quality of life," she says.

Overbay and other staff members of the early childhood learning program express great pride and enthusiasm about their business. They have developed a model program that is hosted by one of the university's Centers of Excellence. The intervention programs for handicapped babies is not their only model program. There is a preschool program that includes both normally developing and handicapped children. We do more integration of the significantly handicapped with normally developing kids than almost any other program in the country," says Wesley Brown, center director.

Besides providing child care, the center functions as a training ground for students from 13 different departments in the university. Research is another component. For instance, Dr. Brown has been preparing a fellowship application to study the implications of the brain measures now often practiced in neonatal intensive care units. He wants to know how these medical miracles affect the quality of life and quality of life. It's a new phenomenon based on intensive care medicine. It's one of the new phenomena of our time," says Brown.

Every day the staff of the center deals with children saved by medical miracles. These teachers answer questions about the implications, deliberately and thoughtfully. They prescribe no easy answers to complicated problems. They respond with action, conducting the business of improving the quality of life for children in the region.
Lessons from the Kids
at Hanging Limb

Jennie Carter

Some time in the past I have confessed. I was a highland lass or a
granny woman. I was born and raised in the Bluegrass but even a
glimpse of the mountains stirs something deep inside me as nothing
else. It's always been this way even as a child. While growing up,
my favorite vacations were spent in the mountains. Summer on
mountain trails and discovering secrets that only the mountains
held.

After coming home from one of those trips, I learned from my
grandfather that most of my ancestors had come from the East Ten-
sesse mountains to Middle Tennessee before the Civil War. My
grandfather, who was always the family historian and storyteller,
was delighted with my love for the mountains. He stopped telling
me 'Battle of Nashville' stories and started telling me stories about
my grandfather had told him about the mountains. One of his favorite
books was Trail of the Lonesome Pine by John Fox Jr. He gave it
to me when I was 13, and I still have it.

No one in my family was really surprised when I went to work in
the mountains after college. I found a job in a poverty program that
served seven mountain counties in Tennessee. Two months after
coming to the mountains I found another job, teaching in a
mountain school. It was at Hanging Limb in Overton County on
the Cumberland Plateau. A dream that I had held in my heart for at
least 10 years was coming true.

It was August 1967. I was 22, weighed 90 pounds and had
never been away from home alone except to live in a college dio-
ristory across town. I had never had the full responsibility of a
classroom. I had never heard of Appalachian Studies. I later heard
that the principal told a teacher I wouldn't last two weeks at
Hanging Limb.

But my students at Hanging Limb opened doors for me that had
never even been cracked before. I've changed my life and sent it
off in the most pleasant possible direction. The Nashville Cats, as
my students called me, had been drawn to the mountains to help
these children. But I turned out to be the one who was really
helped. My values and my 'hidden agenda' were really developed
then and they remain in place today.

The first day of school, 26 seventh graders came into my class.
Their ages ranged from 11 to 19. There were 20 boys and six girls.
Many of the boys were twice my size. They seemed amused that I
was their teacher. The girls were shy, but curious. Not one child
was new school clothes for the first day of school.

I tried to assess where they were educationally, but I kept coming
back to where they were socially and culturally - who they were,
and what they knew. It became apparent quickly that they were fairly good math students. It was in language arts
that there was real difficulty - but was it really a difficulty? Almost
every child in the class could tell fascinating stories. Some were
beautiful, some sad, some so funny tears ran down my cheeks as
I laughed. They all made their characters come alive. They made
them real. But most of the children couldn't read and write at grade
level.

These children were quick, too. They could play basketball and
softball like no other children I'd ever seen. Their motor skills were
good arguments when they thought they were right.

When I looked at their IQ scores, I knew these scores weren't
right. I've seen limited experience and education on testing told me
immediately that these IQ tests weren't appropriate for these kids.
They knew a million things that I didn't know. They didn't know
about elevators and not one child in class had ever seen a black per-
son. Most had never lacked for a telephone and some had not
seen television or tested to measure TV. How could they know that
they were measured by tests made in California?

The children were eager to learn. I wanted to get them ready for
high school - to try to catch them up. The eighth grade teacher
whom my children would have the following year kept asking
most of them wouldn't go on to high school. I kept refusing to
believe that. These children were bright. I could have held her
own in a college classroom. I later learned many of my seventh
graders didn't go on to high school. Since then I've learned a lot
about the relation between teacher expectation and student perfor-
mance. No wonder they didn't go on to high school. Their eighth
grade teacher as well as many other teachers and probably many
parents didn't expect them to.

Although my principal insisted I must get through the books by
the end of May, I didn't know how. We'd gotten the English
book and the spelling book and Tennessee history book and the
science book when at least half the class couldn't even read. I
started writing down their stories. The students began to read them.
We learned to spell the words from the stories. These were our
classroom and English lessons. I wanted to find the words in our
spelling books to justify my methods. Now with 20 years of
experience, I would have the confidence and wisdom to throw out
the books and write our own. I would also have the wisdom to
tell the principal that eighth grade teacher to go to hell.

So soon I was reading Jack tales" for the first time in my life. On
weekends in Nashville, I was in the Peabody Library, finding volumes of
Jack tales and learning what old tradition really was. I was also
reading what little research there was on teaching mountain
children.

While the children told me they liked Jack tales, I read them Mark
Rum and Faulkner. One of my favorite books was The Dollmaker by
Harriet Arnow. One day, it occurred to me they'd really find The Dollmaker meaningful. That really worked and
soon my treasure trove of aloud at the Lonesome Pine was
my favorite. I started looking for every mountain story, I
could find. They were so exciting, they were related.

And they sang to me. One day a student played for the first time the
'guitar. They taught me Battery Allen. We taught them
'Deed sheet music. We sang every day.

As Tennessee history, their tales of Indians and pioneering
were alive and real. Someone always knew a related story about
most chapters in our Tennessee history book. They knew all about
Sgt York, and one girl was a cousin of Cordell Hull. We were turn-
ning literature lessons and Tennessee history into Appalachian
studies, and I didn't even know it.

One day, a girl asked me if I had been saved. That was when I
decided we would study religion as a unit in Social Studies. Their
misconceptions about Catholicism also drove me to it. I learned

20/Now and Then
Lessons Continued

from them the central place of religion had in their lives. It was central because too many of them found comfort in their belief in a heavenly existence. They believed that heaven was the ultimate destination for their souls. This belief provided them with a sense of peace and security, even in the face of uncertainty and hardship.

Many other events colored that year for me. A school bus driver shot a parent when they got into an argument over coming up a creek bed to pick up the man's son. The children taught me the difference between laurel and rhododendron and about raising beans. I had a flat tire on the road and one of my 16 year old seventh grade boys was there within five minutes to fix it. I never asked how he found out, and he never told me. The children were too proud to bring their lunches from home. If they didn't have money for lunch, they just didn't eat. Sponsors were found for those who couldn't afford lunch. Boys from fourth grade up were allowed smoking breaks. No lunch money, but smoking breaks - that was my first lesson and frustration in education policy.

Now it's 1987 and we have all grown up...

A boy, taught to dial a telephone for the very first time is now working for the telephone company.

At least two of the kids did go on to college. One is a medical technican and the other is in business in Nashville.

The girl who could have held her own in the college classroom dropped out after the eighth grade. Her mother made her quit. She still reads everything she can get her hands on, and I bet she never makes her children quit school.

Some of the kids left the mountains and went to nearby towns. I heard of one who is very successful in a middle management position. He comes back to the mountains to preach on weekends.

Many of these children stayed on the mountain and raised their families there. And believe me, that's not a bad place to be.

I'm still in education, but I work in education policy, trying to make schools better - especially schools where mountain children go. That's my hidden agenda, that I spoke about earlier - trying to make schools better for mountain children. Earlier this very week, I had one of the best moments of my life. Two mountain schools were among the "Ten Great Schools" named in Tennessee. There are lots of mountains in Tennessee and lots of mountain schools. It's time mountain schools get some recognition because many of them are producing fine results. These days in the mountains, we know a lot more about self-concept, learning expectations, Appalachian studies and other factors that will make school a more successful experience for mountain children. Many mountain schools still need a lot of help. That's why "my hidden agenda" remains in place.

...with my children. I finally realized that they were no longer the kids I had been teaching. They were all grown up and had families of their own.

I remember the day my oldest daughter told me that she didn't want to go to the Methodist church anymore. She had started thinking. She was no longer the child who would go to church with me every Sunday. She was growing up and finding her own way.

It was a difficult time for me. I had been a dedicated churchgoer all my life. I had been raised in the church and I had been a member all my adult life. I had been a Sunday school teacher and a church volunteer. I had been a member of the church board and I had been a church treasurer. I had been a member of the church choir and I had been a church musician. I had been a preacher and I had been a minister. I had been a church trustee and I had been a church steward. I had been a church deacon and I had been a church steward. I had been a church elder and I had been a church deacon. I had been a church member and I had been a church steward. I had been a church trustee and I had been a church steward. I had been a church deacon and I had been a church steward. I had been a church elder and I had been a church steward. I had been a church...
Growing Up on Puncheon Fork Creek

Della Tipton Brittain

I was born March 20, 1903, in a two-room house on the banks of Puncheon Fork Creek in Upper Laurel. One of the rooms was an original log house. The other room was built of rough lumber for a kitchen and was attached to one end of the log house under a shed-off roof. There was no ceiling under the roof of the kitchen. It was necessary to enter either room by a separate door from the porch, as no opening was cut between the two rooms. A rock chimney with fireplace provided the heating unit for the log (living) room, and the step-stove for cooking was the only method provided for heat in the kitchen.

My parents Yance and Maggie Tipton, were tenant farmers on the mountainsides up and down that creek, and I was second of their nine children.

Papa rose very early in the morning, made a fire in the fireplace and in the kitchen stove. Mamma prepared breakfast which was served about five a.m. We could hear the coffee mill as she ground coffee for breakfast. All of the children, with the exception of the nursing baby, were aroused to dress and eat together. By that time the baby was usually awake to partake of his different breakfast too.

For midday meal we had corn bread, sometimes hog meat, vegetables - potatoes, beans, etc., usually coffee, and probably a family pie of apples, blackberries or strawberries. For supper we had milk and corn bread. On extremely cold evenings Mommy made mush, corn meal and water cooked over the fire in the fireplace. It was served with milk in the living room, thus sparing us the dreaded experience of eating in the cold kitchen. All of this food was cooked in a firebox, but my mother could do it.

Mamma made all of our clothes, including Papa's shirts made of chambray, his underwear, her shimmies and our drawers of domestic. Our petticoats of outing flannel, and our coats of woolen materials. From newspapers given to us by our landlord's wife, Mamma cut patterns for dresses, which were usually made of gingham, and did an expert job of fitting. This was done by hand until around the year 1911, when Mamma ordered a Sears, Roebuck sewing machine, which is still in our family. She also carded and spun wool into yarn and knitted our stockings, socks, and gloves. Practically all of this was done in the log room during the winter.

All of us slept in the one room where we had three or four beds, kept our clothes, entertained visitors and dressed. From early childhood we were taught to help by carrying in stovewood, carrying water in a small bucket, sweeping the porch and kitchen, running errands, and washing dishes. This last chore none of us liked and when we quarreled with each other about who washed and who wiped the dishes, it was arranged that each of the three oldest girls would do it once a day. I was fortunate to receive this last time and did not have to dread it all day long.

Another of our responsibilities was to climb the mountain pasture and drive the cows down for milking. It seemed that the cows always tried to reach the highest point just at milking time. Old Bess was the worst. When Bess saw us coming she knew exactly why we were there but she would not budge an inch until we clambered all the way to her. She picked grass as if it would be her last mouthful.

Our playground consisted of strong imagination and excessive make believe. There were no toys available in the stores. We broke branches from pine laurel and ivy and stuck them in the ground as pipes for playhouses. We hunted broken pieces of tableware for our dishes. We used rocks for tables and chairs and small sticks of wood for dolls. Often we gave ourselves names of attractive and popular young ladies in the community.

We believed without question that Santa Claus came down the chimney carrying in his pack the candy, Long Tom chewing gum, tablet and pencil, and the "once-a-year" big yellow orange sticking out of each stocking. We also never doubted that the doctor brought the new baby in his saddlebags that the cows dug the baby calves from the ground in the stable or from a hollow log. On one occasion when we drove the cows down, one of the frisky heifers was releasing some of her energy by playing in the loose dirt where grass had washed away. I felt wise in observing her and exclaimed "She's looking for a calf! She's looking for a calf!" I did not see anything funny about that, but I resolved not to be so smart if it caused mysterious and embarrassing laughter.

In August of the year 1912, a very damaging hail storm swept through this little valley by Puncheon Fork Creek, destroying much of the growing corn crop, vegetables and apples. The storm killed little chickens even when the mother hen tried to shelter them under her wings. This destruction discouraged my father, and he decided to listen to the advice of some of his relatives and move to Buncombe County, where they were living.
Lester Hangs Out
at the Millpond Store

Slumped against the smooth black wall against the Pepsi sign
he concentrates
on the feel of the cigarette
between his lips
the texture of the bond
where the paper has dried on his mouth
A young girl walks by
with breasts like lemons
and he makes sure that she sees him
smirk

At home his mother
cannot smell the warm April wind or
the putrid odor of the gas pump
He lives in his secrets, knowing
the broom handle
his father lays across his back
the smell of sweat and womanliness
as his mother leans across the breakfast table.
the sixth sense
of the perfection of the sun
on the river in front of his house

His parents live by whim
the weather,
God's law

The tub in front of his house
is supposed to hold flowers,
but his father pees in it
when he's drunk
his nieces and nephews
dig out the dirt for their dumptrucks
Once he saw his mother
dump leftover biscuits and gravy in there
The cats all came to eat it
and she looked pleased

The cigarette has shrunk
until the fire singes his nose
reminding him of
he burning mattress
when his father tried to sacrifice the house
on the altar of failure
when his father tries to

The following story is an excerpt from a
biographical novel in progress Fate
Remembers The story is based on
oral history recorded by the author in the
summer of 1932 from the reminiscences of
Fate (David Lafayette) Moser. He was the
first forester on Mt. Mitchell, from 1917 to
1928. The author, who was Fate's daughter,
remembers the day of the interview:
Fate was now warden of the Beaver Watershed, above Swannanoa, North Carolina.
He was 65 years old, but seemed as active as
any young man. He was ruddy,complexioned, blue-eyed and had graying
hair (still thick) and a bristly mustache
curled at the sides, Kaiser fashion. I sat on a
small campstool opposite Fate, observing
and listening to his vigorous accounts of
childhood in Catauca County. The incidents
related are factual – but many of the names
used are fictional.

You say you'd like me to tell about
when I was a boy? Well, I was born and
raised about ten miles from Hickory, North
Carolina. It was after the Civil War, in 1869.
Our log cabin was in a bend of the Catauca
Our neighbors called it "Catfish Corner." It was that all right. We had more'n our
share of catfish -- but I never got tired of
eating them.

Did I ever go to school? Yeah, sometimes
What I did go to was no account
After the Civil War, lots of settlements had
no schools at all. But our neighborhood did
manage to carry on a three months school
They called it "the old field school".

It was a one-room log cabin, about 20 by
30 feet with logs sawed out on one side and
a glass window set in there. We set on
benches made out of logs cut in two, about
10 feet long with sourwood poles for
legs -- boys on one side, girls on the other.

One teacher taught all seven grades. Most
of the time we had about 25 kids, but some
didn't come regular. We brought our lunches
from home in baskets -- usually cornbread,
some kind of meat, and fruit pie. Somebody
had to go to the spring every morning to fill
the wooden water bucket. We all drank from
the bucket. Our cup was a gourd dipper.

At one end there was a great big fireplace
about six feet wide. There were two of the
largest boys detailed to get there early and
start the fire. Two of the largest girls was
detailed to sweep the house.

I was just as mean as I could figure out to
be. All the time. But mean as I was, I never
got more than three whippings in one day.

Sometimes I could spell everybody down.
I sat in book learning --

I never learned much. I wasn't interested
in book learning. Maybe I got about a
seventh grade education. Spelling I liked.
We had spelling matches on Fridays.
Sometimes I could spell everybody down.
We had school in November, December,
and January. I had to walk four miles to get
to there. But if a big snow came, that was my
time for fun snowball fights, sleighing and
skating. And snow cream to eat when we got
home. That snow was clean, not like what
we get these days, with coal dust settling on
it. That snow mixed with pure cream and
honey for sweetening. I think on it lo's of
times.

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Now and Then

The Adventure of Charlie and His Wheat-Straw Hat
by Berniece T. Hiser
Dodd, Mead & Co., 1986 $12.95 paper

Pioneer Children of Appalachia
by Joan Anderson
Clarion Books, 1986 $13.95 hardcover

The Relatives Came
by Cynthia Rylant
Bradbury Press, 1985 $12.95 paper

Miriam Bein

Contemporary children, surrounded by video and computer wizardry, might easily conclude that the act of reading belongs to their own folklore. Happily, three recent titles provide an opportunity to share the joys of reading, as well as the tradition, culture and history of the Appalachian region with younger children.

The Adventure of Charlie and His Wheat Straw Hat, a picture book by Berniece Hiser is a 'Memorat' a folk tale said by the teller 'really to have happened.' The author recounts through a child's eyes, a true incident that happened on Frozen Creek Breathitt County Kentucky during the second year of the Civil War. Although seven-year-old Charlie's father and older brothers are away from their home fighting and "money is hard to come by anytime," Charlie is appropriately concerned with a young child's dilemma. He desperately wants a straw hat to wear on the first day of school. Since he cannot buy one, he enlist his ingenious grannie to help him make one, and the finished hat becomes Charlie's pride and joy. When he stashes it in a haystack to save it from some rebel soldiers, a hungry sheep poses the next threat. While rescuing the hat again, Charlie inadvertently saves a neighbor's cattle. He is surprised with a ten-dollar gold piece for his bravery, but he knows that "he could not make a man into a falling dead." Hiser includes a short glossary to help with the vocabulary, but most of the story flows into meaning without special explanation.

Visual illustrations by Max Solage further enhance the book's appeal. Vibrant daytime landscapes populated with barefoot children in overalls are juxtaposed by only one startlingly serene double-page painting of the countryside at night.

Storyline and pictures in The Adventure of Charlie and the Wheat Straw Hat will grab the attention of younger children but they may need some assistance with the text. Shade this book by a writer who considers herself a true Appalachian.

Pioneer Children of Appalachia by Joan Anderson is also historical in some concentration on the early pioneer years 1790-1830 when settlers moved into northeastern Virginiia. In collaboration with photographer George Ancona, Anderson has created the oral Davis family using Ancona's black and white photographs of the staff at Fort New Salem, a living history museum near Salem West Virginia. Readers may find the blend of fictionalized text with photo reproductions of the created characters disconcerting but once this obstacle is overcome there is much to recommend this book.

In Pioneer Children of Appalachia, family life centers around subsistence activities: the making of soap, baskets, candles, cloth quilts, storage bins, and herbal remedies. Children, both male and female, as well as parents and grandparents, are represented in accomplishing the chores. Work and play are intimately mixed. Preparing for winter means working the harvest, but that also includes playing in corn shock tepees or receiving a surprise kiss from the corn shucker lucky enough to find the straw ear of red corn.

Anderson's writing style and Ancona's photographs are both direct and light hearted, a combination sure to appeal to children Appalachian youngsters who are already familiar with traditional crafts through the older generation in their own community or through the current renaissance of interest in traditional folklore. Will appreciate the author's effort to expose and document their heritage.

Finally, for a fresh and lively look at family feeling among mountain folk, do not miss The Relatives Came, by Cynthia Rylant, a story with more recent focus illustrator Stephen Gammell. Anderson also historical in scope conceit, Anderson's writing style and Ancona's photographs are both direct and light hearted, a combination sure to appeal to children Appalachian youngsters who are already familiar with traditional crafts through the older generation in their own community or through the current renaissance of interest in traditional folklore. Will appreciate the author's effort to expose and document their heritage.

In this story, the relatives have come up from Virginina traveling on all those miles (out of) strange houses and different mountains in a multi-colored station wagon, chock-full of an odd assortment of luggage and an even odder assortment of people. When they arrive at their destination an exuberant reunion begins. The hugging goes on for hours and hours. The relatives stay for weeks and weeks, and the fun never lessens. Every page seems to introduce new "shining faces. Young and old, scrawny and fat, untidy and always cheerful, they tend the garden, make repairs, eat all the ripe berries and melons, and fiddle and dance together. Abounds. They turn takes at the big supper table and at night, when the beds are full, they gladly overflow onto the floor. "Hugging and eating and new breathing" carries them to summer's end, when sadly the relatives must load up their belongings and drive home to Virginia. The bright pictures of their visit soften into the bittersweetness of separation, as they dream of summers to come. The Relatives Came is a home-spun high spirited romp. a memorable book to treasure and to read again and again.

CHALLENGER

Chimb aboard the shuttle,
Turn the power on
Up in the air 1 minute and 51
seconds
Doesn't that look like too much
fire?
All gone before family and friends
The biggest space tragedy since
1967
The first people to die in a space
shuttle while in flight
Our flag now stands at half mast
Saluting Christa and her fellow
astronauts

--Rachel Blaustein
Sometimes a Shining Moment

The Foxfire Experience
by Eliot Wigginton

Anchor Press Doubleday
$19.95 (hardcover) $10.95 (paper)

Richard Blaustein

It's not easy to skim over Sometimes a Shining Moment. Drawn from twenty years of Eliot Wigginton's journals, notes, and correspondence, this work (actually three books in one) outlines the career of one of modern America's most influential educators. Presenting powerful concepts in an almost deceptively casual fashion, Wigginton demands a high degree of personal involvement from the reader. Indeed, as we delve into Sometimes a Shining Moment, we realize that building and sustaining personal involvement are central to Wigginton's basic philosophy as a teacher and a writer. A great publishing success story in its own right, Foxfire actually began as an attempt to overcome the alienation and hostility of high school English students by personally involving them in a tangible, meaningful project - the publication of a magazine devoted to the documentation of southern mountain folk culture. Appearing at a time when many urban Americans were considering moving back to the land, the first Foxfire book was an unanticipated best seller. Surpassing Doubleday's other publishing coup in the early 70s, Alex Haley's Roots. Now in the ninth volume, the Foxfire books have not only provided a substantial source of income to underwrite Wigginton's educational experiments but have also inspired the publication of many similar magazines dealing with folklore and oral history by high school students across the country.

However, as Wigginton is the first to tell us, Foxfire is only a means toward an end. Like Paolo Freire, Sylvia Ashton Warner, and other great culturally-sensitive teachers, Wigginton has recognized the need to build positive emotional rewards into the learning process. To find pleasure in developing their creative and productive skills, students need to feel good about themselves in the school setting and also believe that the work they are being asked to do is meaningful and worthwhile. Foxfire shows us that these objectives can be achieved by students who are lucky enough to receive the attention of teachers who really care about what they are doing.

Book II of Sometimes a Shining Moment specifically addresses the problem of developing and maintaining high standards in teaching, particularly the personal qualities and characteristics of those individuals we have come to think of as master teachers. According to Wigginton, master teachers respect their students and their environments; they know how fragile the self-image and self-esteem of a student can be. They know how to break down alienation and foster an atmosphere in which genuine learning can take place; they recognize the need for structure in learning situations and can maintain authority without being domineering; unlike all too many of their colleagues, master teachers keep growing professionally and know how to avoid burnout. Here again, personal involvement is Wigginton's answer to the problem of quality teaching. Wigginton recognizes that teachers who manage to sustain a high level of personal commitment to their students and profession are all too scarce, but nonetheless he firmly believes that individual efforts can affect the system as a whole. He has only limited sympathy for teachers who permit the problems of teaching to get the best of them.

Teachers tend to be ranged across a wide spectrum of attitudes and stances toward this job. Leaving aside those for whom it is just a job, period, and nothing more, and concentrating on those who care at one end of the spectrum, we find those who have disavowed that they can minimize the damage from discouragement by minimizing the passion they invest. They scale down their expectations of their students, they learn not to expect praise or encouragement from others and they simply do what they can to be competent. They are not responsible for their bad teachers. They are simple teachers who have learned to preserve their own sanity and their emotional well being through the protective device of being basically numb. They are on automatic pilot (p. 414).

Wigginton himself is clearly one of those teachers who lives for those shining moments when ideas work, students are swept up in the delight of making personal connections and discoveries and hard work seems like play. The last section of this book outlines Wigginton's Foxfire course, illustrating how he has managed to reinforce a variety of basic educational skills through an interdisciplinary project which results in a tangible product and also enhances his students' appreciation of their cultural heritage. Whenever he can, Wigginton seeks to implant opportunities for personal growth into the structure of his Foxfire course.

There are moments when there is that sudden flash of insight about oneself or the surrounding world or that sudden new understanding, or that moment of self-confidence that arrives as one masters a skill he or she had perhaps feared or shied from previously. I want to make some of that happen (p. 383).

Though Eliot Wigginton himself is largely, motivated by intrinsic rewards, it is heartening to see him receive the honor and recognition he so clearly deserves. He was named Georgia Teacher of the Year in 1986. Sometimes a Shining Moment received Berea College's Weatherford Award for outstanding accomplishments in the publication of Appalachian Studies. Anyone interested in finding positive alternatives to our current educational dilemma in Appalachia and America as a whole ought to read Sometimes a Shining Moment, more than once. Highly recommended.

TRIM SLIM DIFFERENT

Once there was a school
Which had many rules
But this school was different
Because there was a Different
Different was a boy
His first name was Trim
The special thing about him
Was that he was very trim
He was so trim
All his friends called him Slim
But Slim had a gigantic head
It was the size of a bed
Because it was the size of a bed
Everyone called him Fred
So Trim Slim Different and his bed
were head
Tru as he may He'll never get a head.

-Paige Bader

Now and Then/33
Appalachian Books for All Children

Robert Herrin

In the Tennessee Mountains, the Smoky Mountain Ranger Station was once a familiar title in Appalachian literature. But who has heard of M.C. Higgins, the Great? No, it is not about the Smoky Mountain Ranger Station, but the real thing. M.C. Higgins is the central character in the novel by Robert Herrin, the Great Smoky Mountain Ranger Station. The story follows the life of a mountain man who works as a ranger in the national park.

M.C. Higgins is a man of few words, but his actions speak volumes. He is known for his keen sense of duty, his love of nature, and his unwavering commitment to protecting the park and its inhabitants. His story is a testament to the enduring spirit of the mountains and the people who call it home.

M.C. Higgins is a timeless character, but he is not alone. There are many other characters in Appalachian literature who have captured the hearts and imaginations of readers. From the colorful and eccentric characters of the Smoky Mountain Ranger Station to the more serious and dramatic characters of the novels by John Barleycorn, the Appalachian literature is rich with stories that capture the essence of the region.

In conclusion, the Appalachian Mountains are a treasure trove of stories that are as diverse as the people who call it home. From the heartwarming tales of M.C. Higgins to the intense and dramatic stories of John Barleycorn, there is something for everyone in the Appalachian literature. Whether you are looking for a heartwarming tale or a heart-pounding adventure, the Appalachian literature has it all.
cumulative tak—from Cake Hat which earned our name of Robert Mc.Glowe in a 1974 Calder for the world History and Critique of the Welfare System and An Unusual Ap- palachian twist is given to the Goldblatt shows in Deep in the Forest (Dutton 1976) a wordless visual rendering by Bonton Tildie in which a box cab enters an Appalachian cabin and faces the traditional three bowls that claim beds and finally a weeping yellow-hued child.

Notable Appalachian picture books which do not use folk tales are equally abundant. Rand Ward's The Biggest Bear (Houghton 1972) a 1953 Caldecott winner has become a classic as has a Flora and fauna of the American West (Troll 1976) (Little Brown 1970) both books having to do with a young boy’s relationship with an animal. These are old favorites. As the genre develops it produces new quality. We Are Farm Hill Springtime Children (Macmillan 1980) written by Lillie Chaffin and illustrated by Lloyd Bloom is the story of a poor family’s efforts to stay warm during the winter. The work of Cynthia Rylant a new and refreshing picture book author is a bit of a rarity. A name of West Virginia Rylant has given us three remarkable books. When I Was Young in the Mountains (Dutton 1982) illustrated by Diane Goode was a 1983 Caldecott Honor Book. The Relates Countryside (Bradbury 1985) illustrated by Stephen Gammel was a 1986 Honor Book. Reviewed in this issue on page 321. Her newest effort is Night in the Countryside (Bradbury 1986) illustrated by Mary Szydlak Gammel and Szydlak who have illustrated two additional 1986 books by noted Appalachians George Ella Lyon’s A Regular Rainy Noah (illus Stephen Gammel) and Bernice T. Hiser’s The Adventure of Charlie and His Wheat Straw Hat. A Memorable Illinois Szydlak Dodd. Mead. Reviewed in this issue on page 321. The Appalachian picture book genre looks promising.

Informational books on Appalachian subjects are myriad and impossible to list and illustrate fully. State history, geography, folklore, superstitious signs—sayings—crafts especially quilting, music, flora, fauna national parks, coal mining industry. Indians these are but a few of the many topics. Eloit Wigginton’s List of books is a staple of this category. Of Allen Carpenter’s Itchman of America series (Children’s Press 1978 79) the volumes on individual Appalachian states are adequate introductions to the history, geography, and culture of the region. Of the many books on plants. Carol T. Cerrett’s Flowers of Woodland Spring (Minton 1979) is a lovely detailed introduction to ephemerals. Pioneer Children of Appalachia (Houghton Clarron 1986) is a new living history book which uses photographs from the recreated Fort New Salem to illustrate activities of 19th century pioneers. Reviewed on page 322. These titles represent the more traditional fare in informational books.

Other books are distinctive in their treatment of exceptional subjects. In Fighting Mountainmen: The Struggle for Justice in the Appalachians (Houghton 1979) Edwin Hoffman documents the Appalachians’ struggles against various types of injustice from the 1800s to the 1970s. Social Welfare (Watts 1976) by Walter Dean Myers is a history and critique of the welfare system and the prejudices surrounding it. With photographs of obsequity, Bruce and Nancy Roberts capture the anxiety, unemployment, disease, and beauty of Madison County, North Carolina at a time when Less Stand Still A Portrait of Appalachia (Crowell Collier 1970) informational books such as these help to set the literature of the prevalent misconceptions about the region.

Realistic Appalachian fiction is the robust genre its quality and subject matter are subse- quently varied. Writers of realism in range from the little known Max Justus to the widely known James Still. Jesse Stuart, John Fox, Jr. Rebecca Caudill and Bill Cleaver. Virginia Hamilton Luis Leal and Luis Leal has written about Arkansas sharecroppers (Ottawa in M. Buck café. Florida settlers, Strawberry Girl and Appalachia (McKday 1986) as well as Benjamin Franklin. (Lippincott 1947). This 40 year old book which stereotypes the region and rests on a fairly con- trived ending, has been replaced by better fiction such as Robert Burch’s books about rural Georgia. Burch carves his plots out of hard reality. The Healer (Lippincott 1970) which won both the National Book Award and was in the same year included in the Newbery Honor List is a story of a retarded child Rebecca Caudill’s A Corn Man Shepherd (Holt 1965) and Dad You Can’t, the Play Today, Charlie (Holt 1971) are classics as is a novel and Bill Cleaver’s Where the Lilies Bloom (Lippincott 1963) this book won a National Book Award in 1970 and was in the same year made into a movie.

More than any other genre in Appalachian Literature realistic fiction reflects the concerns, changes, growth of the 20th century. The fiction of Max Justus is a good example. She is a realistic fiction what William O. Steele is to historical fiction. From the 1920s to the 1970s, she wrote more than 50 books many of which are out of print about children in No End Hollow Far Bejar and Little Twin Mountain The characters are flat the stories are formulaic but rich in mountaineer and culture. Justus frequently builds plots around ballads for example and the outlaws who collected them. She is a local colorist not a realist but even her fiction comes to reflect social change. In 1963 she wrote New Boy in School (Hastings) which is about a black child moving from Newlon to Nashville Tennessee. The story is one Justus has told before a child develops self confidence and earns acceptance but the presentation of the black Appalachian experience is significant.

Justin was the son for the complex realities of fiction without writers such as Virginia Hamilton one of the biggest names in American children’s literature. Hamilton has set two nationally recognized books in Appalachia The House of the Devil (Macmillan 1986) cloaked as historical fiction and M C Higgins the Great (Macmillan 1974) which won both the National Book Award and the coveted Newbery Award. Aside from their literary qualities, both characters are the depiction of the black Appalachian experience moving from most of the historical fiction the biography and the poetry makes these books unique.

M C Higgins is also a story about strip mining a theme taken up by many contemporary realistic fiction writers. Beverly Cleary’s A Year of Our Own (Hill & Holz 1979) is stereotyped and romanticized, but the descriptions of environ-mental destruction are powerful. James Finney’s A Ballad for Baggard Hill (Farrar 1979) an ALA Best Book addresses the same issue but with more complex characterizations than Crook can manage.

Another common literary theme in realistic fiction and one explored also by Lewis and Hamilton is migration among the Appalachian people both outmigration and in migration. The exodus from Appalachia to the North Detroit Cincinnati Chicago has been recorded by Ruth Wolff A Tramp in the Snow (Crowell 1965) by Vera and Bill Cleaver in Montana Free (Lippinc- cot 1970) by Dorothy Hamilton in Never a Place Like Home (Holt Press 1975) and by Katherine Roland and Helen Speicher in books by, to Story, Crack (McGraw Hill 1975). Such works prepare young readers for adult fiction like The Palmetto Tree.

In migration is just as common a theme. Local color writers of the 19th century frequently depict the attraction of the outsider to the mountains. Mildred Luce’s 1980 novel The People Themselves (thoughts on mountain life) is in this vein. It tells of a Bostonian who visits the Great Smokey Mountains and falls in love with 18 year old Lanty briefs, returns to Boston and comes back to claim Lanty, so to speak after she has born his child. (This book prepares adolescents for adult fiction such as Lee Smith’s Old Homeplace.) Other books tell of native Appalachians who have left the region and roam because of disillusionment by suburban necessity homesickness Big Bug Island (Williams, Collins and World 1964) by Watson Gage [W. O. Steele] and Judy by Charles Ray’s The Boy and the Sky (Macmillan 1968). Good examples Dorn Babcock adds a contemporary twist to this theme in Return to Bitter Creek (Viking 1986) exploring three generations of Appalachian women and their feelings about each other a grandmother a mother a daughter. The black experience migration the coal industry Appalachian women these are appropriate subjects for 20th century realistic fiction.

If that means the gap, the stereotypes need not be impediments to appreciation of Appalachian children’s literature. A number of five bibliographies identify the best of this diorama. Jim Watson Miller Reading Writing and Reading About Appalachia (Appalachian Consortium Press 1984) is a good place to start. This inexpensive paperback provides a selection of twelve materials at chalking a list of bibliographies. An older but still valid work is George E. Bennett’s Appalachian Books and Media for Public and College Libraries (West Virginia University Library 1975) which includes a few out of print items not found in newer bibliographies. The Kentucky-Tennessee West Virginia volume of the American Library Association’s Reading for Young People’s series is an additional good new one edited by Barbara Minton (1984). These books are concise and bibliographies for parents and teachers in schools. Martha Christian’s Books for Children of Appalachian An Annotated Bibliography (Berea College Library Service Center 1982) Minton’s introduction to this volume is excellent. Her suggestions for use and related activities will appeal to reader toward the very best Appalachian children’s literature and thereby promote respect for this stepchild discipline.

Now and Then/35
Sunny Side and the Kentucky Soldier
Excerpts from a correspondence compiled by Martha Crowe

Edward Owings Guerrant, a Captain in the Confederate Army from Kentucky, met Mary Jane DeVault, a 16 year old East Tennessee, at her home in Leesburg, Tennessee, in the spring of 1864 They began a correspondence which developed into friendship's and deepened into love Guerrant's nickname for Mary was "Sunny Side" (taken from the name of her home in Leesburg) and he signed himself simply "A Kentucky Soldier" The 193 letters between them began in August 1864 and continued through June 1868, revealing the lovers personal struggles as well as their observations of the effects of the War and Reconstruction on those around them Although the letters concentrate on adult concerns, occasionally they provide descriptions of school and childhood during these turbulent years

After the War, Guerrant returned to his home in Sharpsburg Kentucky, and taught until he went to New York to study medicine He told DeVault of the closing ceremonies in a letter dated October 11, 1865.

My school is over and I am most sorry for it although it was severe labor and close confinement I miss the happy faces and merry voices of the children of Fair View! Had a grand demonstration at the close of the session Examinations, Exhibition and Party Everything passed off very pleasantly Many people present Had 61 scholars and all good looking and smart Fulfilled your wish (only with a little variation) Instead of kissing a "black eyed boy for you" - I kissed a blue eyed girl for you.

In November of 1865 Mary DeVault described the hardships of Confederate sympathizers in pro-Union East Tennessee but concluded that some things were returning to normal. Our little village must not be forgotten It is thronging amidst all the sorrow! A splendid school taught by Rev. S. E. Campbell and Mrs. E. Stephens both accomplished scholars My brothers go Several grown girls I want to go, but my wants are generally unheeded.

As the only daughter with four younger brothers and a dying mother, Mary was forced to stay home and run the huge household.

Edward moved to Bath County, Kentucky, and in a letter dated March 31, 1866 described his situation. I am living, by invitation at Mr. George Hamilton's delightful country residence and pursuing my studies Am teaching a class of advanced girls and boys (my sister among them) Am paid $100 per month.

On May 1, 1866 while describing the May Day exercises he tells Mary that you might have enjoyed our May Day exercises consisting of "Spelling Battles" Recitations in History, Latin and Greek, etc etc etc, wreaths of victory, crowns of flowers presented to the victors of each class by the May Queen etc etc etc all pleasantly terminated with a Pic Nic of Ice Cream and Cake for the whole school prepared by our noble landlady, Mrs. Hamilton. How much I should have loved for you to have seen and enjoyed these gala-day exercises, and that I might have enjoyed your pleasure and your company, (a little selfish myself, but you will forgive me, for I am only selfish about you).

The next month Edward gave his reason for giving up teaching and going to medical school He believed that "associations with scenes of violence or sorrow and suffering" along with the "investment of authority where rigor was a cardinal virtue" had caused his finer instincts to be "burned beneath the stern countenance of war" making him too strict and demanding to be a good teacher.

I perceive, in the government of my school, I am inclined to be more rigid that I was formerly tho not by any means wanting in affection for the children--all of whom are very dear to me. But I find that my rules are more strict, and their violation excites in me a greater indignation than before I became a soldier. And though I believe I have the model school in this part of the State, and am paid all I could desire, still I should be very unwilling to follow it as a lifelong profession. The government of 40 children is no pleasant nor light undertaking And yet do not understand that anything unpleasant occurs. Our school moves on as pleasantly and as softly as the 'planets in their turn'--not a word of recrimination nor an unkind thought or word--all like a family of brothers and sisters.

July 7, 1866

Mary described the interruption of routine activities at an academy for children of all ages in the following passage. Must tell you I went to Wash College last June to attend the examinations. It was thought fifteen hundred persons were present I heard nothing but the subjects of composition and music. The men were abused on all sides. One composition of the subject Man is ever changing as the seasons, another "False beauty, true merit." Would play "Naughty man" and all such things. Bowman's girls had splendid compositions one "How to entertain strangers" -- At the college about 30 Yankees gathered clubs and drew their pistols to light some Rebel boys. But Shipley (the Sheriff) interfered. I never saw so many drunk men. Barrels of brandy on the ground for sale. Rebels all had to leave about four o'clock. Such a Country, I was so mad.

June 20, 1867

On September 18, 1867 Mary mentioned visiting the home of her dying uncle. I have become so used to dying and sickness that they don't seem to be serious when they happen one is near unto death, their age excuses them to some extent.

Despite the violence, suffering and despair brought about by the Civil War, the children of Appalachia apparently learned to adjust and to go about the business of simply being children. Resuming of the normal routines of childhood could not have occurred, however, without the compassion and sacrifice of those who loved them.

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36/Now and Then
Golden Days

How children now can find out about children then

Golden Days, a Beginner's Guide to Collecting Family History and Community Traditions, was created so that even young children could collect oral history effectively.

It's a fill-in-the-blank survey with a section on family and community traditions. Some of the questions that the beginning interviewers ask are:

- "Name and describe some of the games you played as a child."
- "What do you remember about the house you grew up in?"
- "What do you remember about the town or community you grew up in?"
- "Do you remember any stories that were told to you as a child?"
- "What were some of the special occasions in your family and community?"

The guide was developed by Richard Blaustem, Director of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at ETSU, and Joan Moser, Director of Appalachian Studies at Warren Wilson College.

"This guide provides us with a great deal of information concerning our history and traditions, and it also provides a pleasant and meaningful introduction to carrying out systematic research," says Dr. Blaustem.

Elementary, high school and college teachers in East Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia and Florida have been using Golden Days guides since 1979 to introduce students to the collecting and study of family history and community traditions. During the Tennessee Homecoming '86 celebration, Golden Days surveys were also distributed to 1,672 schools in all 157 school districts in the state. Hundreds of completed histories have been given to the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services. Thus we can ensure that future generations will be able to find out what the past really was like for individuals from all walks of life.

Aspiring oral historians are invited to continue the process of preserving memories. The 50-page Golden Days survey, which includes a teacher's guide, is available for classroom and individual use. To obtain a copy of this easy-to-use interview form, just complete and mail the coupon below.

Send a copy of Golden Days: An Oral History Guide to:

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__________________________________________________________ Subject(s) ________________________________

I would like the guide for: 1) Classroom use ______ 2) Community project ______ 3) Individual use ______

Return this form or call or write The Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, East Tennessee State University, Box 19, 180A, Johnson City, Tennessee, 37614-0012 Phone 615-929-5348.

We will provide the Golden Days guide at no cost. What we ask in return is that you share your results with us!
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In our upcoming issues, Now and Then will continue offering Appalachian fiction, poetry, interviews, memoirs, and photography. Each of our theme issues will feature aspects of our world that are frequently overlooked. We need your help to continue. Send in your payment for a subscription to Now and Then today!

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- The fellowship program - More than 30 innovative projects have been funded in a little more than a year
- Golden Days - This easy-to-use guide to collecting oral history has been distributed to students all over the state
- Now and Then - The center's annual magazine looks at our mountain heritage and at our contemporary life

When you subscribe to Now and Then you become a Friend of CASS as well. Please send in your subscription today. We need your support.

Name ________________________________
Address ______________________________

Now and Then
contributors

Alan Anderson is a free-lance writer, photographer and illustrator who lives in Mars Hill, North Carolina. His work has been featured in the columns of “Poetry Review,” “Now and Then,” and “The American Scholar.”

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Marilou Awakta is the author of “Abiding Appalachian Whine: Mountain and Atom Meet and Rising Fain and the Fire Masters.” She has also contributed to the book “The Appalachian Heritage.”

Jan B. Hall lives in Erwin, Tennessee, and works for Tennessee Eastman in Kingsport. She has published previously in “Now and Then.”

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Rachel Blaustein is a fourth-grade teacher at Southside School in Johnson City.

Ed Cabbell is the founder and director of the John Henry Memorial Foundation, which publishes books and records. He also organizes the yearly John Henry Music Festival.

Jennie Carter lives in Nashville and until recently worked an assistant for educational affairs to Governor Lamar Alexander. She is now a consultant to U.S. Secretary of Education William J. Bennett.

Martha Crowe is an assistant professor of English at East Tennessee State University and has lived in East Tennessee all her life.

Joyce Duncan is a writer and photographer teaching English at ETSU. She and Steve Bradshaw have co-authored “Heirs to Misfortune,” an account of the Pelham Humphries family published this year by Overmountain Press.

Anthony Feathers is a graduate student pursuing his MA at ETSU. His goal is to teach art in an East Tennessee high school. His dream is to be a syndicated cartoonist.

Susie Gott, a recent graduate of Warren Wilson College, is a student for “Talk of the Town” of Smithville, Tennessee.

Robert Herrin teaches English and children’s literature at ETSU. She will be teaching a graduate workshop in children’s literature this summer at ETSU.

Jane Hicks, a native of East Tennessee, graduated from Lane and Henry University and earned a master’s degree from ETSU. She is a counselor and sponsor of the literary magazine at Sullivan North High School in Kingsport.

Gretchen McCroskey teaches English in Bristol, Virginia. Her poems have appeared in “Mountain Wave: The New River Free Press and Now and Then.”

Artus Moser is a teacher, folklorist, local historian and retired professor of Lincoln Memorial University.

Mabel Moser is a professional librarian who worked for Mars Hill College prior to her retirement. She has been involved with Appalachian studies since 1930. She and her husband, Artus, live in Buckeye Cove in Swannanoa, North Carolina.


Judy Odom teaches English at Science Hill High School in Johnson City. She recently won the Sherwood Anderson prize for fiction. Her work has appeared in “Cass Box.”

Rita Quillen, an ETSU alumni and a fellow of the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, is a poet, critic and editor from Hillsville, Virginia. Her book of poetry, “October Dust,” has just been published by Seven Buffalo Press.

Drema S. Redd teaches English at Marshall University in Huntington, West Virginia.

Betty Sellers is the Director of English at Young Harris College, Young Harris, Georgia. She is author of several books of poetry. Her latest is “Lisa’s Monday,” published by Appalachian Consortium Press.

Barbara Smith is a poet, short story writer, novelist and the chairman of the division of humanities at Alderson Broaddus College in Philippi, West Virginia.

Michael Smith teaches photography in the art department at East Tennessee State University. He is a graduate of Yale University. He has organized two traveling exhibitions of his work and is curator and organizer of the Edward Weston exhibition that is now traveling across the state.

Delia Tipton Brittain is 83 and has just had her first book published, “Upper Laurel and Her People (Southern Appalachian Center of Mars Hill College).”

Pat Verhulst teaches English and creative writing at Mars Hill College. She has been winning poetry, fiction and journals for 15 years. She holds workshops, readings and informal gatherings to encourage writers in the region.

Jane Woodside is a folklorist who recently finished her master’s thesis for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill on womanless weddings (a folk drama). She has written for “Business Week” and “The Abingdon.”

Now and Then Magazine

Now and Then is published three times a year by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University. Subscriptions are $7.50 per year ($10.00 for institutions and libraries). Submissions of poetry, fiction, scholarly, and personal essays, graphics, and photographs concerned with Appalachian life are welcomed. They should be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. We will be careful but not responsible for all materials. Address all correspondence to: Editor, Now and Then, CASS Box 19 1800A ETSU Johnson City TN 37614-0802.

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Penny Gosnell playing banjo on her friend Debbie's porch, Sodom, North Carolina.

NOW AND THEN

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