

APRIL '72

collage



notes...

Welcome to COLLAGE's most ambitious undertaking since its first issue in the spring of 1968. That issue was 56 pages counting cover, four pages longer than the current issue which is 52. The same length is planned for the last issue of this year which will appear in May. The COLLAGE staff has worked hard to give the students their "money's worth" this year, not only in improvement with each successive issue, but in number of pages produced as well. Although only as many issues as last year have appeared, the total number of pages over that year is equal to a whole extra issue, 36 pages.

This has been brought about by expanding the whole scope of the campus creative magazine. Staff was more than doubled this year. Office space doubled too. But most important, COLLAGE has seen a tremendous increase in the number of contributors who are willing to let us review their work for publication. **We can't print more and better material without the support of the contributing campus.**

Therefore special thanks to this month's new prose contributors. Several people have undertaken to write "short, short stories." **Dottie Nix**, a freshman biology major writes "poetic prose". She says that everyone has interpreted the symbolism in "The Journey" differently and none exactly as she had intended its meaning. **Jim Lynch** is past managing editor of "Sidelines" and author of "Meanwhile with Lynch", a past regular Sidelines column. This was declared one of the three best regular college newspaper columns in the Southeast Newspaper Competition in 1970. Lynch has written a number of similar short stories which he hopes to collect into a book for publication. He has also written half an autobiographical novel on his life in Gary, Indiana. (Sings and writes music too.)

Don Ellis is a member of the prose staff and says that his story "The Talk" is definitely not autobiographical. Don wrote the story over a long period of time in the Student Union Building where he sat for an hour before square dance on Tuesday and Thursday. See, there is time to write fiction. **Kathy Tempelmeyer's** story "Momentary" is also not autobiographical. Kathy is COLLAGE poetry editor and wrote the story for English 201. She used to plan to be a journalist, so she wrote short stories instead--even two "crummy" books.

A new poet and fiction contributor is **Charles Ray**, a doctoral candidate in English from North Carolina. He received his B.A. from Western Carolina University and M.A. from Appalachian State. Ray has been writing for 10 years and has had poems and short stories printed in several other college magazines. Hesitating to squeal on his mountaineer friends, Ray finally admitted that a couple of them, drunk on moonshine, did once discuss a plot to blow up a pulp mill which was creating a severe pollution problem.

New contributors in the non-fiction category are the authors of two of the "Dying Cultures" articles. **Janice Dobbins**, COLLAGE Assistant Prose Editor, researched her article over Christmas vacation with the help of her father. Janice was impressed with the Amish after meeting some of them. First thinking that they were strange, she was afraid of what she would find. After researching and interviewing she got what she hopes is an overall idea of the Amish people.

Ralph Hyde is secretary and co-editor of the **Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin**, a quarterly publication. Dr. Hyde did his undergraduate work in sociology in the University of North Carolina; he considers his article to be an ethnological study of the Melungeons.

Our thanks to **Marilyn Wells** of the sociology department for her definition of culture in the introduction to "The Dying Cultures of Tennessee". Also Apologies to **Linda Killen** whose name was omitted from the poem "Games" in the January issue.

The May issue of COLLAGE will contain various features on art, the theatre, and recording artists as well as a short history of COLLAGE and poetry, fiction.●

Teena Andrews

editors-staff

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COLLAGE's April cover was done in pencil by Skip Marlin, a Nashville senior.

mtsu box 61
 murfreesboro, tennessee
 phone 898-2587 37130
 old maintenance bldg



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FEATURE

COLLAGE SPECIAL FEATURE: The Dying Cultures of Tennessee

The Amish: Lawrence County.....	10
The Melungeons: Hancock County.....	10
The Cherokees: East Tennessee.....	10
The Swiss: Grundy & Franklin Counties.....	10

FOCUS

The Movement Toward a New America (by Mitchell Goodman)...	7
Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee (by Dee Brown).....	36

FORUM

Student Voting and the Registration Question	2
--	---

POETRY

Libby and Me	15
Second sun	15
Himself	16
"Tiger"	16
"Mother"	16
It is but the day after	17
Lonliness.....	17
To Lisa	18
Poem to Debbie x-plaining x-cuse for poetry	19
Excerpts from musician.....	23
So... that chapter's done.....	30
June morning aghast.....	30
Circus Day	31
Pains of Plastaceen	32
Standing Barefoot on	33
The Alleged Notoriety of Christopher and Loretta	38
Night Flyer	45

SHORT STORIES

The Journey.....	22
The Deerkeepers	25
Thurlow Knox's Fulfillment	34
The Hope of the World.....	35
The Talk	41
Momentary.....	44

Student Voting and the Registration Question

Now that the eighteen through twenty-year-olds have the right to vote, a new problem arises for those of that age group who are attending a college away from home. To exercise their right of suffrage, they must cast their ballot at some voting precinct, or else by absentee. Will it be at home or in the college town that a student registers? Voting at home poses problems for some students while mass voting by students in a college town has its ramifications also.

COLLAGE selected several knowledgeable and interested persons-on and off campus-to comment on this dilemma. Since it was not a random sampling of opinion, the personal comments here do not necessarily reflect the views and opinions of either the campus or the community at large. COLLAGE presents this article only as a forum of the ideas of those people interviewed.

COLLAGE: Do you think MTSU students should be allowed to register and vote in Murfreesboro, or should they vote in their hometowns?

Camp: "If they are eighteen years of age or older, they should be allowed to register and vote where they live or where they attend school. Society now is so highly mobile that a four-year stay in Murfreesboro would equal, or average out to be more than (that of) top level company management. The precondition that a person intend to reside in a community, as a requirement for registration to vote, is asinine. This would disenfranchise top level people as far as education and income are concerned, because the more highly educated a person is, the greater is the tendency he will change areas of residence. . . .and college people are mobile.

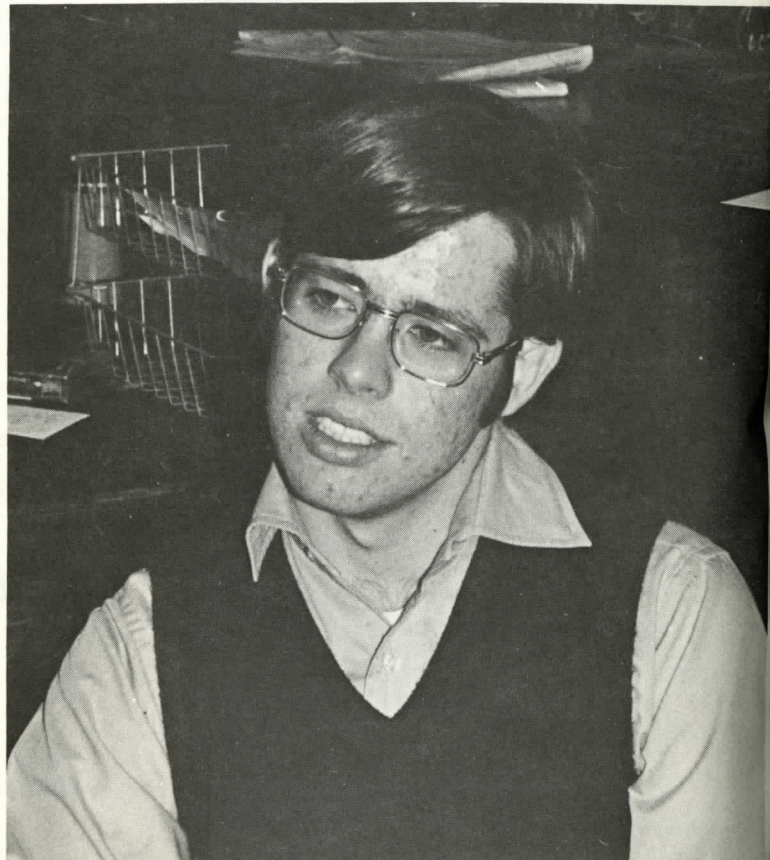
"Who is to determine what their hometown is? If they want to determine that this is their hometown, why shouldn't students be allowed to vote here? I'm going to be here until I finish college. How can I be subject to paying taxes in a local community, living by its rules, and having to function under its law enforcement agencies-the local police, the sheriff, etc.-and have no say in who they shall be in a community that is going to affect my life for four years?"

Rucker: "My only real objection to having students-the ones who come in strictly for an education and then move on-voting in Murfreesboro is simply because for whatever they vote, they are not going to have to bear the responsibility. There is considerable unhappiness about the concept of 'taxation without representation.' Putting a reverse twist on that. . . .would you want somebody else spending your money that you earn? That's what will happen to real Murfreesboro residents when the students register and vote here.

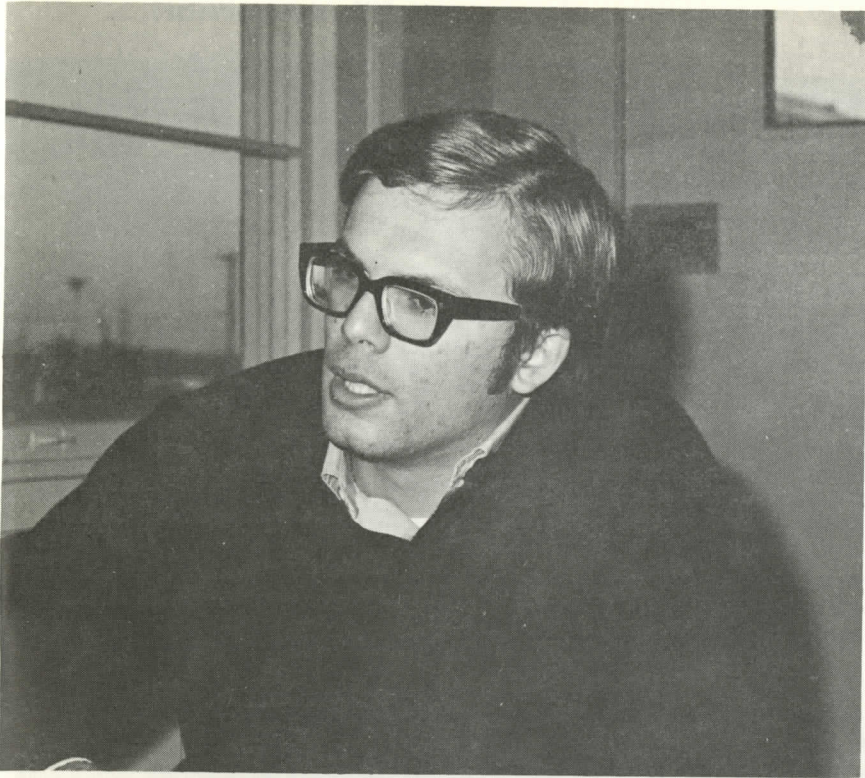
"So much power would be concentrated in those who contribute so little in taxes. The university brings in revenue, yes, but the students aren't obligated. They do not obligate themselves for future payment of what they vote. If students could put their money where their votes are, then I'd say O.K. -let them vote here."

Harrington: "Students should be allowed to register and vote in the community where they attend school if they so desire. If they feel enough connection to the community, in this case, Murfreesboro, to want to vote there, only good can come of it. As more students register, both the community and the students should begin to realize more than ever before how closely their interests are tied. There are three good arguments for allowing students to register in the community where they attend school. 1) Students are counted by the federal government as residents of their college community (for the purposes of reapportionment and the allocation of federal funds). It is unfair to count them as residents in this manner and then refuse to register them because they are NOT residents. 2) Students pay taxes in the community where they go to school. If they live off campus, as many at MTSU do, they pay even more taxes. 3) The school is certainly not a financial burden to the community. It has been an asset to the community and could benefit the area even more if we could tear down some of the artificial walls between the university and the community.

"Students are not the most mobile group among young people. Management trainees, young faculty members, and people with only a high school education are more mobile. Students will go to an institution for four years under most circumstances. They may even remain in the community. Those who spend three-fourths of their time in the school must be more interested in that community than in the community



Steve Gideon, a German major from Wilson County, is interested and active in politics, particularly in his home county.

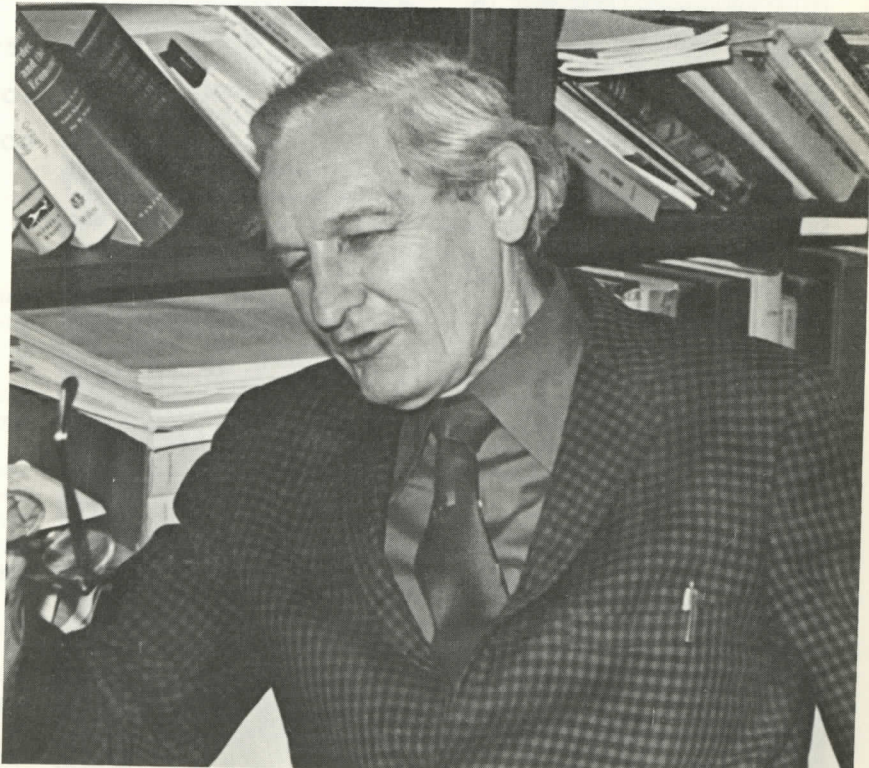


Ray Notgrass is acting president of the MTSU Young Republicans.

Notgrass: "No, I don't think (MTSU students) should vote in Murfreesboro."

Parks: "Those living here, paying taxes here. . .should vote here."

Norman L. Parks is former head of the Political Science Dept., a member of the state board of the American Civil Liberties Union, and Director of NBC election research in Tennessee. In the latter position, he will be concerned with evaluating the impact of the young voter in both the primary and the elections this year.



Gideon: "Most of the university students will vote in their hometowns."

where their parents live. If this is not the case-it won't be in many MTSU students-the student should not register where he goes to school, but rather at home. The important thing is that students not live in a void. They must feel a connection to some community, and it is up to the individual to decide which one. A registrar should have faith in that decision."

Notgrass: "No, I don't think (MTSU students) should vote in Murfreesboro. The transient nature of college students is such that most do not stay in the town in which they go to school. They really don't have that much interest in the politics of the college town. If they vote and then move on they might have instituted some radical change or some policy in city government that they would not have to answer to. The students wouldn't have the responsibilities that go along with the privileges of suffrage in the college town.

"I think the nature of the college student would be such that they would not have any purpose in voting in Murfreesboro. I think many students are pretty much tied back to their hometowns, both psychologically and politically while they are still in school.

Westbrooks: "I think that if students expect to stay in the town, or later move elsewhere, that they should be allowed to vote in their college town; but if they expect to live in their hometown, then they should retain voting privileges in their hometowns."

Parks: "Those living here, paying taxes here-particularly married students- should vote here. Students now are better politicized, better informed, more socially responsible. I have great confidence in the judgment of a young voter."

Lewis: "I think that any person who is a real resident of Rutherford County should be allowed to vote here. However, in most cases, I think college students should not be considered residents of Rutherford County, if they just live in the dorm and go home every weekend, or when their basic connections are in their hometown. Students who come here, but are still supported by their parents, do not, I think, understand Rutherford County politics. Of course, concerning something like the liquor referendum-they may know and have an intelligent position on the issue; but still there are other issues they know nothing about. For example, how many of them know anything about who is county judge of Rutherford County, or who are the city councilmen? How many would be qualified to vote for sheriff or for tax assessor? I'm afraid there would be very few who even know who held office, much less who they should vote for."

COLLAGE: Interviewed with Larry Lewis, Steve Gideon added:

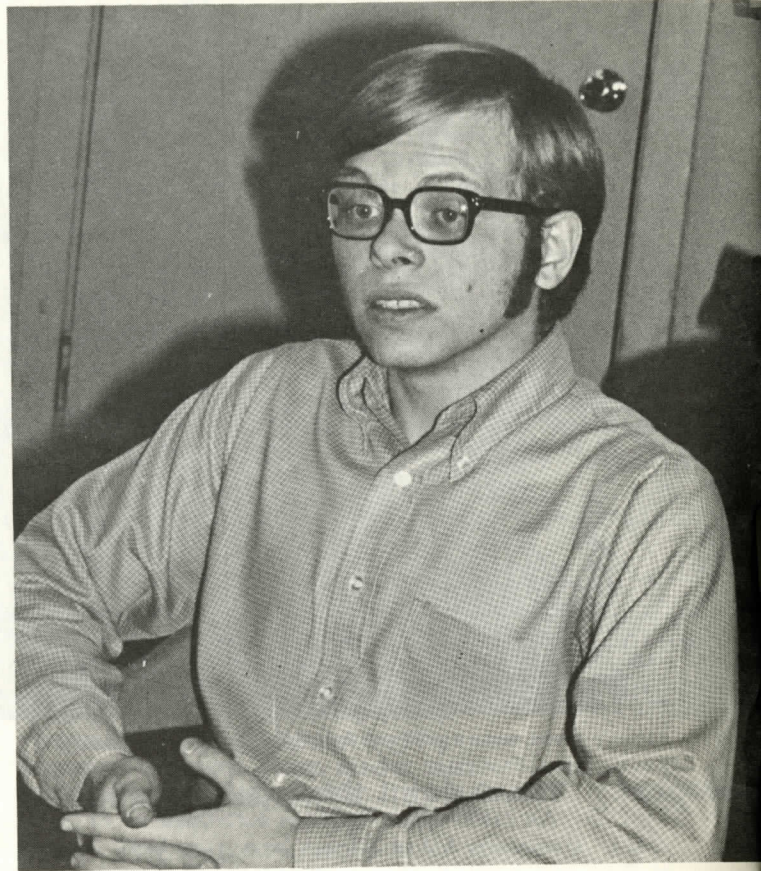
"If college students could vote in their college towns come out-of-state students might conceivably influence the outcome of the Tennessee primary."

COLLAGE: How much participation do you foresee from student registration and voting in Murfreesboro?

Parks: "Young people are registering quite well in some parts of the country-more than anyone expected. My concern is to get the young people here to register; they are not registering. Our goal should be that a person register on his birthday; celebrate one's birthday in this way.

Westbrooks: "I don't think MTSU students would be interested (in registering and voting) unless they were locally influenced."

Rucker: "I don't really think they (MTSU students) have a vital interest in Murfreesboro issues. They are pretty much in an autonomous situation."



Larry Lewis is a political science major from Murfreesboro. He is active in local political affairs and is a member of the MTSU political science honor society.

Lewis: "College students should not be considered residents. . .when their basic connections are in their hometown."

Camp: ". . .it is statistically proven that the eighteen to thirty-year-old age group is the least actively, politically, as far as voting goes."

Gideon: "I think most of the university students will vote in their hometowns."

Lewis: "There are some I think that would vote here, but the vast majority would vote in their hometowns where they really know what is going on in politics. I'm sure that a large number of the students think they should be allowed to vote here, but I don't think that many would get upset about it, really, because they are not that concerned. They are more interested in what's going on in their hometowns."

Notgrass: "As far as student interest (in registration and voting in Murfreesboro) is concerned, the people that would be interested. . .would be more likely to be interested in the elections and politics of their hometowns. The transient nature of college students is such that. . .they really don't have much interest in the politics of (their) college town."

Harrington: "If the people . . .

realized the advantages . . .

they would encourage students voting."

Larry Harrington is president of the Young Democrats at MTSU.



Westbrooks: ". . . If they expect to live in their hometown, then they should retain voting privileges in their hometowns."

W.H. Westbrooks is Mayor of Murfreesboro.

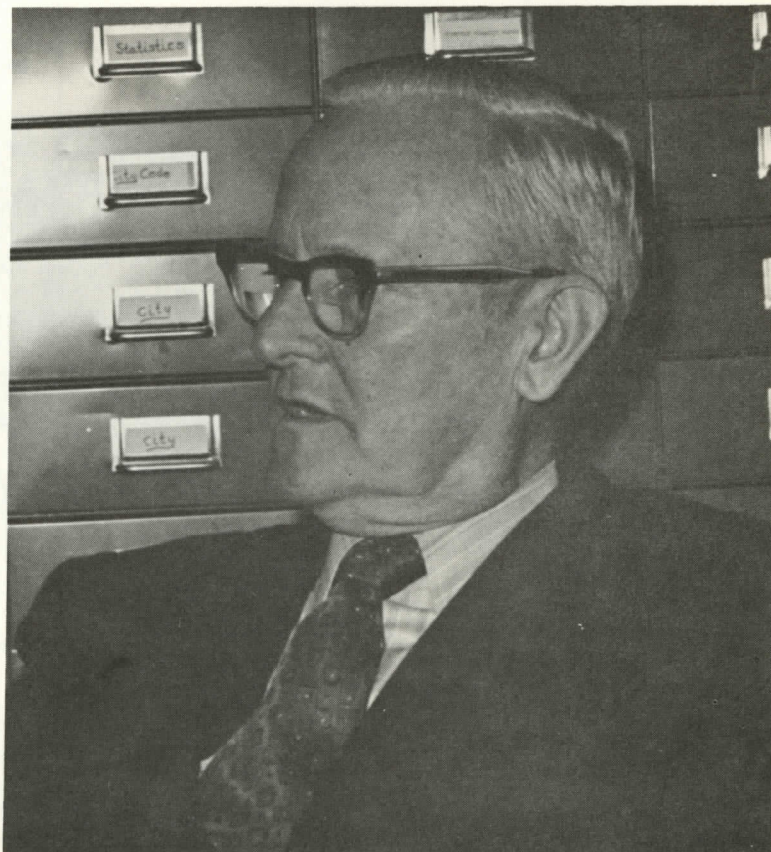
COLLAGE: What effect do you think student voting would have upon Murfreesboro?

Westbrooks: "I don't feel that college students would be likely to influence local politics. I feel that students would be like any other voting group. They would be pretty well divided (because) they would have just as many reasons for voting the way they do as any other (individual) voter.

Rucker: "My primary fear is a defensive (one). If they (students) get involved into voting for how funds are spent in Rutherford County and Murfreesboro, they are going to have tremendous influence. I don't think they would be inclined to vote like the rest of Murfreesboro. I feel it would be students vs. Murfreesboro. If sufficiently aroused, they could more easily become a block than any other (voting) group. In a block, financially irresponsible behavior, with regard to property taxes which the rest of Murfreesboro would have to pay, is a dangerous thing.

Notgrass: "I feel they would coalesce and really work in the politics of the town because they will see this as a means to change some things-things which affect twenty-five to thirty thousand people. Since it will be a great opportunity, those who take an interest in politics at all would probably leap at that opportunity.

Gideon: "I don't think they (MTSU students) would get out and vote in local elections except on something like a liquor referendum. I don't think a radical, or even liberal, could take over this campus, much less (student voting) in a local election. If the university students could vote in this town, some out-of-state students might conceivably influence the out-



come of a Tennessee primary. Outside of this (and the liquor referendum), I don't think they will vote. . . ."

Parks: (. . .feels that students will vote individually rather than in a block.) "They hold many different views and will vote accordingly, as anyone who has run for campus office knows."

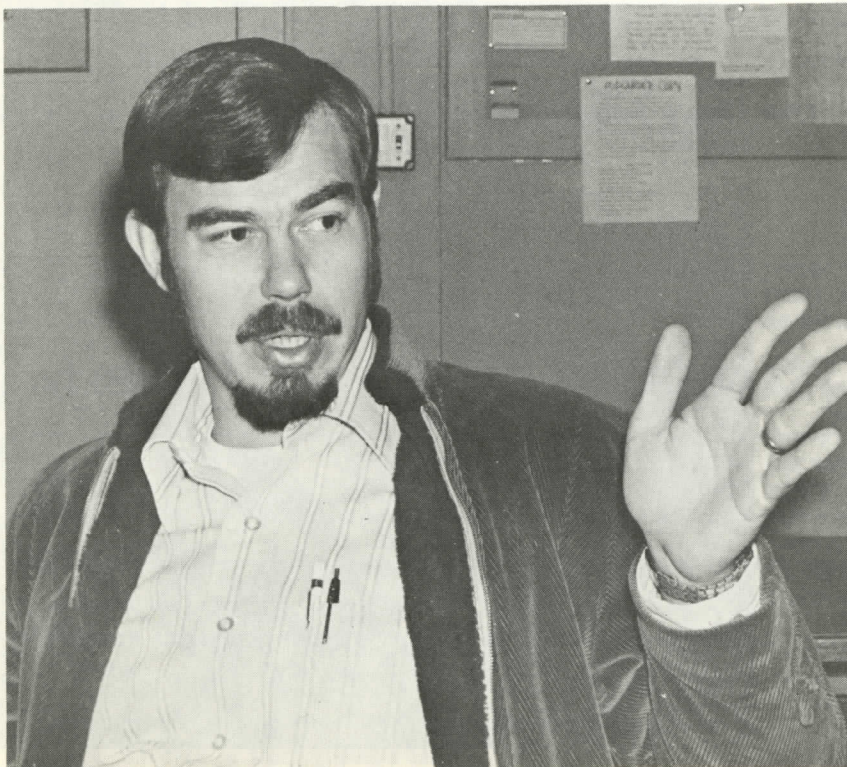
Camp: "I would say that the judgment of the college student would be as perceptive, if not more so, than the average voter is now, and (their voting) might have some good side effects, because all recent investigations reveal that political participation suffers from considerable apathy. It would not be bad if people went to the polls and voted if for no other reason than fear that a group block or a group vote would alter the status quo.

"Other side effects might be some airing of issues and less voting perhaps on personality. The population of Murfreesboro is about thirty-thousand. . . if all the registered voters were to vote, then I don't believe that you would find that the students are in the majority. I would say that if the students decided to vote, were allowed to vote here, were concerned enough about an issue or an election to walk to a polling place and cast their votes, and they were in the majority on an issue there by all means, let the decision stand. Extending the right of franchise to a student in no way diminishes the same right extended to other townspeople."



Richard Rucker is a local attorney in the firm of Rucker and Rucker, Attorneys-at-law.

Rucker: "If students could put their money where their votes are, then I'd say O.K. --let them vote here."



Camp: "The judgement of the college student would be as perceptive (as) the average voter is now."

Gary Camp is president of Sigma Club, president of the political science honor society, Secretary of Academic Affairs in the ASB cabinet, and vice-president of the Murfreesboro Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. Camp is also an eight-year veteran of the Air Force.

FOCUS: a column of the arts

by k. holbrook

Movement Toward a New America

"The making of the book began for me as a search for the Movement. I thought it would be simple, I thought I knew what I was looking for. --- It was so much deeper and broader than I knew. It kept moving. Not a quantity, not a program, but a process, a multi-dimensional struggle to re-discover America (and one's self in America), to go down to its (our) roots, to scatter seeds, to start new growth."

Mitchell Goodman

By the end of the 1968 summer, Mitchell Goodman had been declared a criminal and traitor in Boston by a U.S. Federal Court. This was accomplished by draft resistance: the Pentagon demonstrations and trying to block the Whitehall Street Induction Center. It occurred to him at this juncture in his life that he must have learned something in his experiences about the people involved in "the movement toward a new America" and this book is an attempt to reveal what he learned and is learning.

The Movement Toward a New America is an exploration of the American experiment. . . the experiment it has undertaken is to assimilate its sub-cultures: the blacks, the Puerto Ricans, the Indians, the Asians, and the young. As revealed in these compositions assembled by Mitchell Goodman, we have not yet entered the days of revolution. What is happening in this country is a slow and tedious preparation for revolution: a war declared on a society which continually disrupts this earth and all in it.

We are apparently a society in transition. Our former value structures have been totally eradicated and rebuilt by our technological advances. We have of late moved out of the structure and into the wilderness. Where we go from here will be determined by what is found in this wilderness. (Social change never assumes itself to be complete. The shortest distance between two points is not always a straight line. There are waves in any society, carrying us forward or back.) This book, then becomes a record of the ebb and flow of the movement. Underground or revolutionary papers cannot flow in a straight line, either. They must record what is happening and what is happening is not going down in a straight line.

Where Have Our Children Gone

Beginning with Peter Marin, the first part of this book takes a long look at the bizarre world of psychic, psychotic, television-made adolescence. What have we done to our children through our misuse of the culture? Peter Marin says,

"I once wrote that education through its limits denied the gods and that they would return in the young in one form or another to haunt us. That is happening now. You can sense it as the students gather, with their simplistic moral certainty, at the gates of the universities. It is almost as if the young were once more possessed by Bacchanalian gods, were once again inhabited by divinities whose honor we have neglected. --- The young have moved, bag and baggage, into areas where adults cannot help them, and it is a scary landscape they face, it is crowded with strange forms and faces, and if they return from it raddled, without balance and pitched toward excess, who can pretend to be surprised --- or blameless?"

Marin discusses the fiery openness of the youth culture and what it has come to represent. He recorded a conversation from tapes made in Pacific Palisades, 1966, with several boys and girls (aged 12-14):

"---How old are you? --- Twelve. --- Will you tell me your first experience with drugs, how you got into it? --- Well, the people I hung around with were big acid heads. So one day my friends asked me if I wanted to get stoned and I said yes. That was about five months ago and I've been getting on it ever since. Started taking LSD about one month ago. Took it eleven times in one month. I consider it a good thing. For getting high, smoking grass is better, or hashish---it's about six times stronger than marijuana."

The educational institutions are burdened with most of the blame for what cannot be helped about our children. The world of our children is schizophrenic. . . the schools are functioning in much the same manner as those our grandparents attended, in many cases, in which students were smoking rabbit tobacco instead marijuana. How can an institution in this framework be even vaguely relevant to the above student? Teachers can no longer cope with the changing society as it is repressed in our archaic schools. They find it hard to imagine what children "do" when not in school. Children are viewed as monsters who are incapable of sane behavior without adult supervision. They are not able to imagine learning or even child-adult relationships outside the school situation, when in fact, formal mass schooling is a recent innovation in the history of society.

Marin points out that children in the past seem to have learned the ways of the tribe or community by constant association with adults. What happens when we separate the children from the adults for all but about three hours of their waking day? There is no way to reach the young today. Most of them live in a fantasy-land where adults only reach in and deal with them. Not one adult inhabits their world with them. So, they have an exclusive existence, and it is no wonder that they soon begin to scream with fear at the authority that manipulates their lives but touches them never. They are pervaded with imprisoned imaginations, isolated from a functioning society, forced to perform in a miniature world, expected to act "adult" in a world inhabited only by other children. But sooner or later, the child grows up.

Maybe This Is a Very Good Thing:

" . . . families, schools, churches are the slaughterhouses of our children; colleges and other places are the kitchens. As adults in marriages and business, we eat the product." From The Politics of the Family, by R.D. Laing.

"So the children grow up and are channelled into the "kitchens" - the colleges. Some of them grow up before that. Some of them learn to say that they are grown up. Most of them learn to say more than that, but there is not a single place for them to say it. The media produce a message for "the good of the general public". The young are no longer a segment of the general public. The general public is now a myth of what we meant to shape our young adults into in their children's world. It didn't work.

So, they began to say it somewhere else. One such effort to find their own media is an organization called the New York High School Free Press - "Of, by, and for liberated high school students": Issue 8, Special Conspiracy Edition, April-May, '69. . . described by New York Judge Bartel as "Four letter words, filthy references, abusive and disgusting language and nihilistic propaganda."

Another example:

From The Southern Patriot, 1969, by Robert Analavage, assistant editor-

"Jackson, Miss.---Casell Carpenter, 21, is under indictment here for obscenity. The charges were brought against her and several others for writing and distributing the Kudzu (see December Patriot) a radical, youth-oriented paper that aims, quite successfully, to reach white Mississippians."

Miss Carpenter had been a racist. Her home is pictured on the cover of the Texaco roadmaps for Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. In the photo, the huge mansion (named Dunleith) sits high atop a hill facing forty acres of lawn. In the corner of the picture, a Negro is grooming three thoroughbred horses. The myth and the reality failed to merge. Cassell Carpenter got involved in college in the SNCC projects. Klan members threatened her friends. So she got more involved.

Then It All Comes Home:

Mitchell Goodman has, in this book, an entire section on the Black Panthers. He includes excerpts from the Wall Street Journal, The Great Speckled Bird, the New York Times, etc. After clarifying why some of us are the way we are, he begins to show what has come of it. Under "people of color" he includes "Genocide" by Jean-Paul Sartre and a list of the Rules of the Black Panther Party, the Eight Points of Attention, the Black Panther Party Platform and Program, etc., all as originally published. It is noted that when the program was written down in 1966, there were only two Black Panthers: Huey Newton and Bobby Seale. (It appears that someone had something to say. Until the Black Panthers organized their publications, the underground helped them say it.)

The main sections are divided into eight groups in this book: The New Americans, People of Color, Learning, People Media/Pig Media, Rebellion-Resistance-Revolutionary Action, GI's, What Price Salvation Now, and How to Live What to Do. If there is anything you want to know about the movement, about the underground press, about original publications of legal revolutionary tactics, statements (such as "Who Owns the Park" or "The Black Revolutionary Commercial" by Ed Bullins,) etc., it's got to be in this book. There isn't much in this book about anything that has happened since 1956. (INCIDENTALLY, there is a picture on the front inside cover of Rosa Parks, who began Montgomery, Ala., bus boycott by refusing to sit in the back of a bus, sitting up front after the Supreme Court overthrew racist law. The picture is captioned:

1956: ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER

and this is how it goes in Mitchell Goodman's book, right up to the back page which has a photograph from the Kent State Massacre headed:

1970: AND ANOTHER.)

Probably the most valuable thing about this book in terms of sheer where-do-I-go-from-here-it is, is the list in the back published and assimilated by the Liberation News Service, of their Radical Publications and Organizations List. (If you have a friend who may have gone underground from the draft, this is where-he-is and how-to-find-him time.)

The Movement Toward A New America is 752 pages of slow glory in terms of what has been accomplished and its reflection as seen in the underground press, probably one of the most accurate reflections. Once you look at even the photographs in this four pound publication, you will never again wonder why any press would have to go underground. And it will be hard not to grasp what Mitchell Goodman is saying---after the preparations for war comes the revolution. ●

The Movement Toward A New America. . . the Beginnings of a Long Revolution. Pilgrim Press, Philadelphia/Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1970.

The Dying Cultures of Tennessee

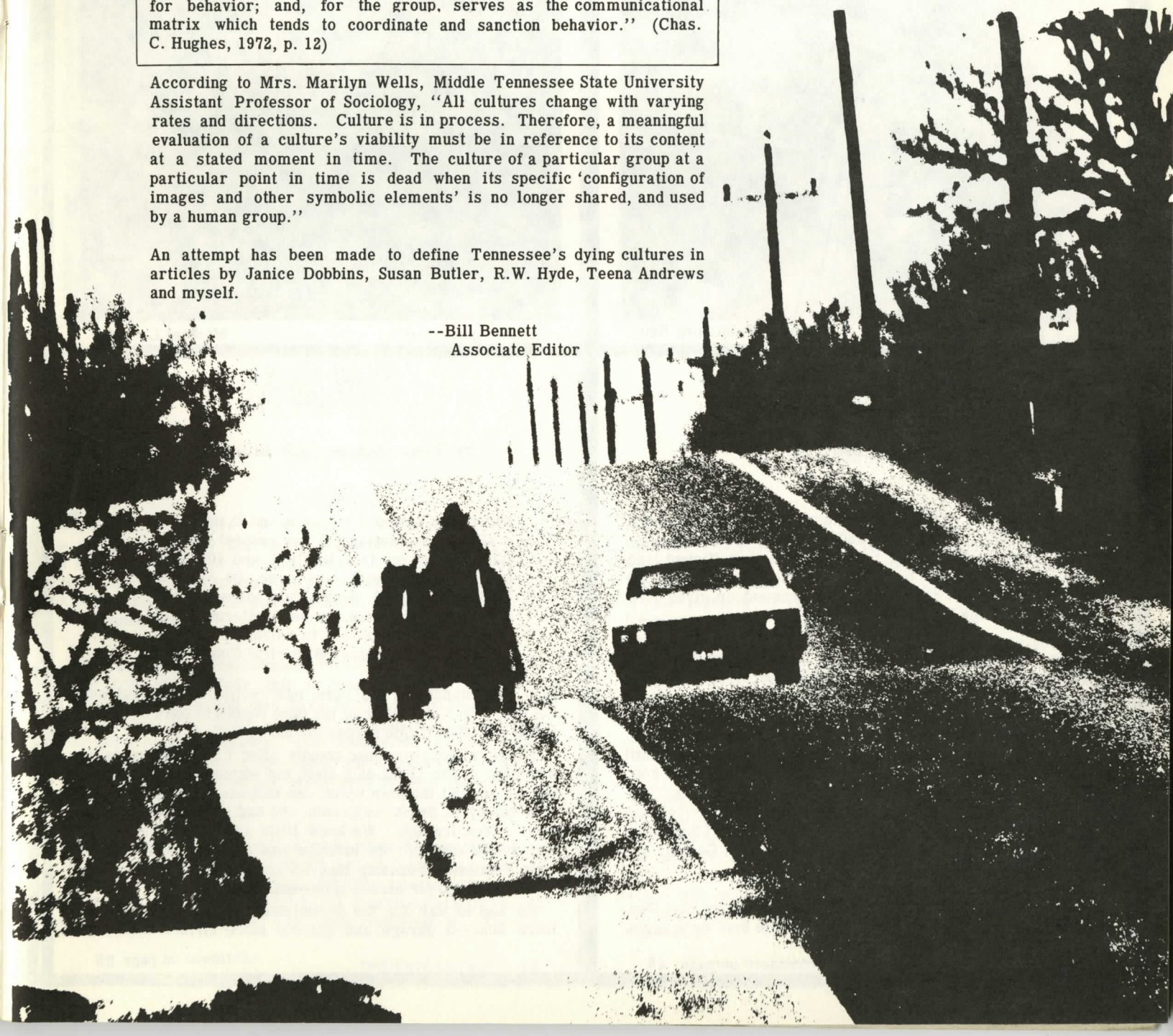
a collage special feature

"A culture is a learned configuration of images and other symbolic elements widely shared among members of a given society or social group which, for individuals, functions as an orientational framework for behavior; and, for the group, serves as the communicational matrix which tends to coordinate and sanction behavior." (Chas. C. Hughes, 1972, p. 12)

According to Mrs. Marilyn Wells, Middle Tennessee State University Assistant Professor of Sociology, "All cultures change with varying rates and directions. Culture is in process. Therefore, a meaningful evaluation of a culture's viability must be in reference to its content at a stated moment in time. The culture of a particular group at a particular point in time is dead when its specific 'configuration of images and other symbolic elements' is no longer shared, and used by a human group."

An attempt has been made to define Tennessee's dying cultures in articles by Janice Dobbins, Susan Butler, R.W. Hyde, Teena Andrews and myself.

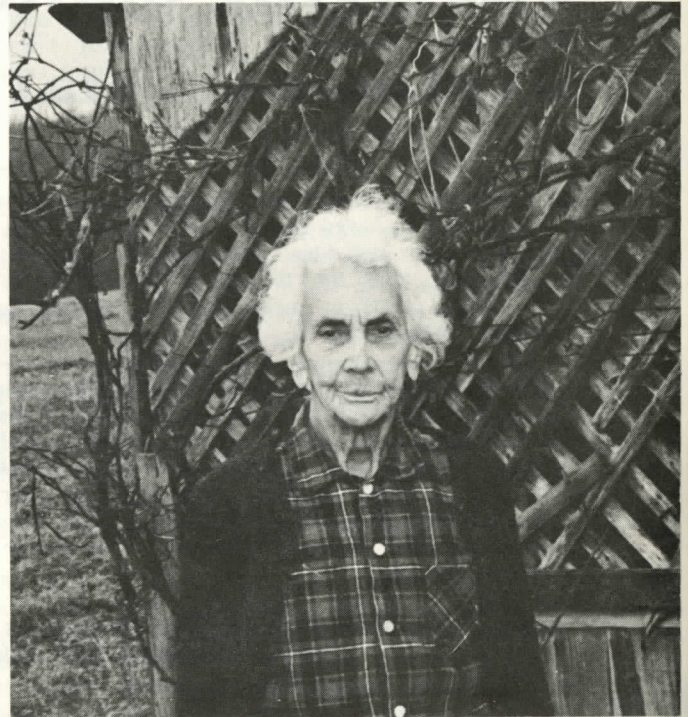
--Bill Bennett
Associate Editor



The Dying Cultures



Methodist Publishing House



Michael L. Fedak

CHEROKEES

by Suzy Butler

At the beginning of the 19th century, the Cherokee Indians lived in Georgia, Tennessee and western North Carolina. At this time they felt that they did not have sufficient land to live on because so much of their former property had been ceded to the United States government or given over to the U.S. after the Revolutionary War.

After the purchase of Louisiana and the acquisition of Georgia's western territories, which now are included in Mississippi and Alabama, the United States government decided to remove all Indians who lived east of the Mississippi River and relocate them on these newly acquired territories. The Cherokees did not want to relocate, and it wasn't until 1817 that a treaty was signed which provided that about 8000 Cherokees be moved to new territories in Arkansas. The part of the Cherokee Nation that moved across the river was referred to as "Cherokee West." About 16,000 Cherokees, the rest of the Cherokee Nation, remained in Georgia and Tennessee and were called "Cherokee East."

The Cherokees who moved West soon discovered that they had not moved far enough west and the white men were again

continued on page 28

SWISS

by Teena Andrews and Bill Bennett

GRUELTI

Apparently named for a commune in the canton of Glarus, Switzerland, it was founded by Peter Staub, native of that locality, and 100 Swiss families who bought land here, on April 11, 1869. Since 1880, normal increases in population and the desire for self-betterment have driven many inhabitants to neighboring cities.

Tennessee Historical Commission

The sign stands on the bare intersection of the crossroad; the only other indication of the once populated town of Gruetli is the U.S. Post Office across the corner.

It was a gray morning shortly after Christmas when two members of the COLLAGE staff, the editor and photographer, set out to find the town which was supposed to be the location of a colony of Swiss emigrants who had settled in Tennessee over a century ago. We knew little about the colony except that it had died off; its location was not even charted on the first Tennessee roadmap that we consulted. The emptiness we encountered far exceeded our expectations.

We had to wait for the postmistress to get back from her lunch hour--a garage and general store farther back down

continued on page 20

of Tennessee



Michael L. Fedak

AMISH

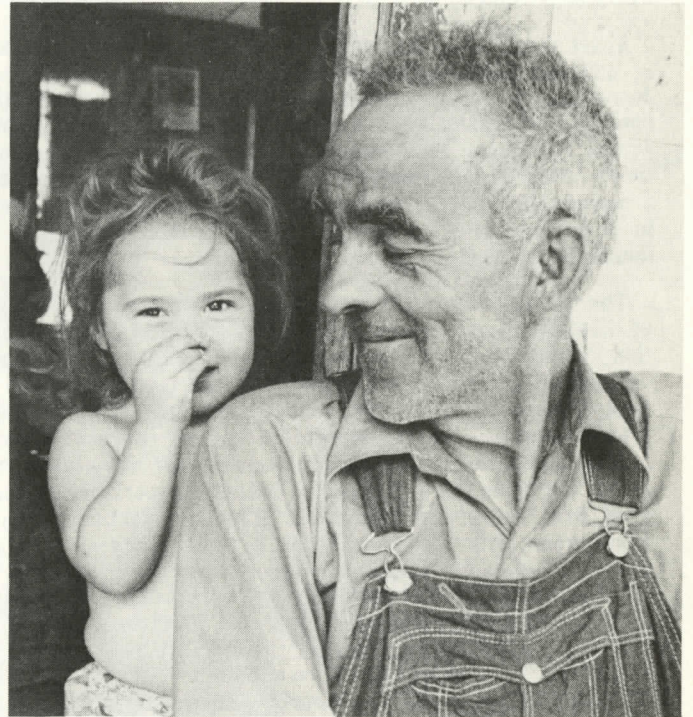
by Janice Dobbins

Nestled on scattered farms in the vicinity of Ethridge, a small community six miles north of Lawrenceburg, live a group of Tennessee's most picturesque inhabitants. Locally known as the Mennonites, they are members of the Old Order Amish, who still dress and live much as their forebears did three hundred ago.

The men wear wide-brimmed straw or felt hats and dark, baggy trousers. Their hair is long but neatly trimmed in Dutch-boy fashion, and they have beards but no moustaches. The women, too, dress severely in simple, long dresses and dark caps or bonnets. For housework, they add a long apron and change to close-fitting white caps that tie under the chin. The children are miniatures of their parents with the same dark dress.

The term "Mennonites" comes from Menno Simons, a sixteenth-century Roman Catholic priest, who was converted to this Anabaptist sect. Their differing interpretation of the Bible gave rise to the initial break from the Catholic church in Switzerland during the Protestant Reformation. The Old

continued on page 46



The New York Times

MELUNGEONS

by Ralph Hyde

The Melungeons are a group of people found principally in East Tennessee, and in Hancock County in particular, whose origins are clothed in mystery, although numerous theories have been advanced to account for them. Because of the mystery of their origin and a genetic strain which frequently results in physical features--dark skin, dark eyes, and dark, straight hair--unlike those of the dominant Scotch-Irish population, these people have for nearly two hundred years suffered varying degrees of social and legislative discrimination. There is evidence that in recent years this discrimination has been breaking down.

Melungeons in Fiction - Two Examples

Sometimes the best way to achieve an understanding of a people is to begin with authors who have treated them in fiction. In Jesse Stuart's novel *Daughter of the Legend* (1965) and Mildred Haun's *The Hawk's Done Gone* (a collection of linked stories first published in 1940 and reissued in an enlarged edition in 1968 by Vanderbilt University Press), Melungeons figure in the narratives in varying degrees of importance.

continued next page

Melungeons

The story in Stuart's Daughter of the Legend takes place about 1930. The point in time of Miss Haun's stories varies from about the time of the Civil War until the early decades of this century. The reason for this is that Miss Haun tells her stories from the point of view of one narrator, Mary Dorthula White, whose (fictional) birth was January 6, 1847. This narrator, who lives well into the twentieth century, tells her tales in retrospect: "I memorize," she says, meaning "I remember."

Apart from value judgments of Jesse Stuart's book and that of Mildred Haun, there are two major differences between Jesse Stuart's novel as its major dramatic interest the conflict that arises when a non-Melungeon youth falls in love with a Melungeon girl; whereas of Miss Haun's stories only three have this situation as a major conflict, though reversed: a non-Melungeon girl marries a Melungeon man. However, in a number of Miss Haun's stories the Melungeons are an incidental interest.

The second difference is that Jesse Stuart, though a native of Eastern Kentucky, the setting for virtually all of his fiction, could not have had the prolonged firsthand experience of Melungeons that Miss Haun had, since she was born in East Tennessee in Hamblen County and grew up in adjacent Cocke County. Stuart, though he began college at Lincoln Memorial University in East Tennessee, did not have in his blood and bone, so to speak, as intimate experience as Mildred Haun had of the interaction of the cominant non-Melungeon group with the Melungeons. Most likely, Stuart had to do research for his book. Nevertheless, both Daughter of the Legend and The Hawk's Done Gone provide valuable insights about the Melungeons in their social context.

I have said that in only three stories by Miss Haun are the Melungeons important in dramatic interest, for generally the Melungeons are simply referred to, usually disparagingly, in such comparisons as "He'd as dark as a Melungeon." But these three stories--"The New Jerusalem," "Melungeon-colored," and "Wild Sallet"--are horrific narratives of ignorance and racial prejudice.

In "The New Jerusalem," Linus has an incestuous affair with his half-sister Effena; Linus is the step-child and Effena the child of narrator Mary Dorthula White. Murf is in love with Effena; Murf is a Melungeon. Interestingly enough, Mary Dorthula is relatively broadminded, not only about the incestuous relationship but also about her daughter's later marriage to Murf. She says, "Murf was a Melungeon, but I didn't see why that should make any difference. Linus claimed there was a man come over in Hancock County from somewhere down the country and tried to let on like Melungeon folks had Negro blood in them. But of course that man didn't know anything about it--no more than a frog does. Melungeon folks can tell about themselves--how they are an old race of folks, and how they were started somewhere on the ship and ended up here. The old folks know about it. Murf was a good worker and he thought a heap of Effena. Done had a crop rented over there on Heath's place and the house all ready to move into."

Evidently, the mother is more impressed by Murf's industriousness, in an area where most of the men are trifling and some are villainous, than by the fact he is of a despised people. Linus says he opposes his half-sister's marriage to Murf because Murf is a Melungeon. But an even stronger reason is Linus' own love, or perhaps "lust," for his half-sister.

Effena and Murf are married; she becomes pregnant, and thinks of the unborn child as "Little Murf." Effena thinks of her husband: "Murf was black and she was proud that he was black. He promised to tell her all about where his tribe come from. Like his grandma used to tell it to him. Little Murf would be black too whenever he come into the world. And his skin would be smooth and have that reddish tinge."

Murf disappears. Effena suspects her half-brother Linus has murdered him. At the conclusion, she tricks Linus into confessing to the murder of her husband at a revival meeting.

In "Melungeon-Colored," Effena has died, after having given birth to a daughter, Cordia, and not to a son. The narrator has given Effena deathbed oath that she will never reveal to Cordia who her real parents were: "So when Effena saw she was going to die she asked me not to ever let Cordia know her pa had been a Melungeon. Said some folks were getting so they held it against a body for being a Melungeon. I reckon it was because of what that ignorant man from down the country said about them having Negro blood in them. . . . But other folks claimed that Melungeons were a Lost Colony or a Lost Tribe or something." And the dying mother asks that the grandmother never let Cordia (who evidently shows no signs of Melungeon blood) get married, for, says the grandmother-narrator: "I knowed if Cordia ever had any boy youngons they would be Melungeon-colored and her man might not understand."

When Cordia does become of marriageable age--which might be twelve years of age, on up, in that time and place--the grandmother fails to prevent her marrying Mos Arwood, who has a hired hand that is a Melungeon. The grandmother, who is a "granny-woman" (a sort of mountain witch doctor), secretly plans to abort Cordia, for she knows that a Melungeon-colored baby will convince Mos that Cordia has been playing around with the hired hand. But a baby is born, with the grandmother attending as midwife. And the baby is "Melungeon-colored." The husband assumes it was sired by his ex-hired hand. The mother Cordia dies, and Mos builds a coffin, stuffs the living baby beside its dead mother, and buries the two nearby, without formality.

In "Wild Sallet," Linus, our old friend who has had an incestuous relationship with his half-sister Effena, has a similar lust for his half-sister Meady. But Burt Hurst, a Melungeon, falls in love with Meady. As the narrator, mother of Meady, puts it: "Him and Linus hated one another worse than dogs and snakes. . . . Burt hated Linus because Linus always butted in. Ad (the narrator's husband, father of both Linus and Meady) hated Burt too. He hated him for that. And because he was a Melungeon. Ad hated nigh all Melungeons. He hated them because they claimed they were in this country before our kind of folks come. And Ad thought some of his own kin ought to have the credit of finding the whole new country."

After a fight between Burt and Linus, Burt leaves the pregnant meady, and her half-brother Linus moves in with her. Meady has twins. Linus says that "one of Burt Hurst's youngons was enough for him to keep up." So Linus flings one of the newborn babies into the fire: "She heard flesh spewing and cracking in the other room. Like ham frying, she said. Smelled like it too--sort of. She heard something pop like a rifle. The bones. The smell and sound of a cholery hog being burnt. And she had cut the wood that burnt it."

continued next page



Mildred Haun's male characters are frequently oafish, swinish, or brutish--and sometimes all three--and their treatment of their own kind, especially their womenfolk, is little better than their treatment of the Melungeons. In Miss Haun's stories the Melungeons are, though hardly paragons of civilization themselves, certainly more gentle and humane than the non-Melungeon male characters. Her stories have the ring of authenticity in depicting the attitudes of rural, uneducated, superstitious folk around the turn of the century and after.

In "Melungeon-Colored," comment made by Effena to the narrator, a comment I have already referred to, may be significant. The comment is "some folks were getting so they held it against a body for being a Melungeon. I reckon it was because of what that ignorant man from down the country said about them having Negro blood in them." The comment was made in 1902, according to a date heading the story, and it suggests that the Melungeons might once have had a better relationship with their neighbors, and that growing prejudice against them was perhaps a by-product of the developments--social, political, and legislative--that had been affecting the Negro in the South for the preceding few decades.

Jesse Stuart's Daughter of the Legend has as its main dramatic interest the love of Dave Stoneking, a lumberjack from Virginia, for Deutsia Huntoon, a Melungeon. Dave has not heard of the Melungeons, who live on Sanctuary Mountain, before his arrival in the area; but he soon learns that there is little or no intermarriage between people of the valley and the Melungeons of the mountain. Finally, he attempts to buy a marriage license at the courthouse, but he is denied because there is a law against a white marrying a Melungeon. The squire to whom Dave applies for the license says that only one white man has ever gotten a license to marry a Melungeon. That man cut the arm of the Melungeon girl he wish to marry, drank her blood, and swore he had Melungeon blood in his veins. So he was issued a marriage license.

Dave marries Deutsia, anyway, though not "legally," in a church ceremony sanctioned by the preacher, Deutsia's parents, and the Melungeon community; but thenceforth he is himself considered a Melungeon in the white community, and restaurants where he has formerly eaten now deny him service. In the end, Dave's wife dies in childbirth and he leaves the Melungeon community for the greater world.

The Real Melungeons: Fact and Theory

Stuart has presented the Melungeons sympathetically, attributing to them a love of and familiarity with the flora and fauna of their mountain sanctuary. Some of the Melungeons are described as blue-eyed and flaxen haired, whereas some have dark hair, dark eyes, and dark skin. The women, particularly, move with an especial grace, suggesting Latin (Portuguese or Spanish) or Indian blood, and are often very beautiful.

The county of the novel is "Cantwell," which is probably Hancock County, Tennessee; the town in the novel is "Oak Hill," which is perhaps Sneedville, the county seat of Hancock County; "Sanctuary Mountain" is no doubt Newman's Ridge, long the habitat of Melungeons. Possibly Stuart got the name "Cantwell" from a prominent slaveholding family in Hancock County which at the beginning of the Civil War joined the Confederacy; whereas Hancock County folk generally were Union sympathizers.

In an effort to dissuade Dave from going with a Melungeon, his friend Ben Dewberry tells him that there are four theo-

ries about the origin of the Melungeons and how they got to Cantwell County.

The first theory, according to Ben, is that people of Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony were captured by the Cherokee Indians and brought to Cantwell County, where they mixed with the Indians.

Another theory is that a Portuguese ship, or perhaps a Spanish one, was wrecked on the Carolina coast; the sailors made it to shore on a raft and migrated inland, where they were accepted by the Cherokees and took Cherokee wives. Yet another theory was that the Melungeon was a mixture of poor mountain whites, Indians, and Negroes. During the Civil War, Ben told him, Cantwell County men fought for the Union. Many mulattoes escaped from the Deep South and were smuggled into Cantwell County, where they settled on Sanctuary Mountain and mixed with the poor whites.

A fourth theory, according to Ben, is that the Melungeons have no Indian blood; they are a mixture of trashy whites and escaped slaves.

Daughter of the Legend attempts to present a fictional picture of the Melungeons of some forty years ago, their troubles with the law, their beliefs and superstitions (the moon figured largely in their superstitions), and the difficulties experienced by an outsider who married one. A character in the novel outlines one of the more fanciful and romantic theories as to their origin: " 'We're called Sons and Daughters of the Legend,' Don said. 'We don't know who we are. There are so many theories about where we come from that we don't know what to believe. We've heard we're white, Indian and Negro mixture. You'll never know what kind of blood Deutsia Huntoon has in her veins. I've even heard we're descendants of a people that once lived in a city called Carthage that was destroyed by the Romans in 145 B.C. and that some of the people fled from that ancient city to a country called Morocco where they mixed with a race called Moors and later some of these migrated to Portugal and then on to South Carolina and then to Sanctuary Mountain. Dave, we don't know who we are. But we do know that we are human beings. We know we are here even if we don't know how we got here. And whatever we are and whoever we are we know we're a race hated and despised. We know it's hell to be a Melungeon.' " (p. 70).

I have dealt at some length with the treatment of the Melungeons in fiction and would now like to speak of a nonfictional study. Edward T. Price in an article entitled "The Melungeons: A Mixed-Blood Strain of the Southern Appalachians" (The Geographical Review, Volume XLI, 1951, pp. 256-271) sketches in the known history of the Melungeons, details their geographic distribution, and discusses their origins. Their "center is on Newman's Ridge in Hancock County; . . . Newman's Ridge and the adjacent Blackwater Valley are said to have been settled by the Melungeons before the wave of white settlers from the eastern states reached the area; it is suggested that they stemmed from sailors shipwrecked on the Carolina coast."

Price believes that, contrary to some claims, Melungeons came to the Hancock area with the first white settlers, but not before them. One date given for their arrival was before 1797, although none of the characteristic names appeared in a voters list for the area in 1790. Later, Price says, they were disenfranchised in the Tennessee Constitution of 1834, by restrictions placed on persons of color; they lost the better land in Blackwater Valley and retired to Newman's Ridge, where they engaged in illegal activities such as counterfeiting of gold coins and making and selling whiskey and brandy.

continued on page 24

Libby and Me

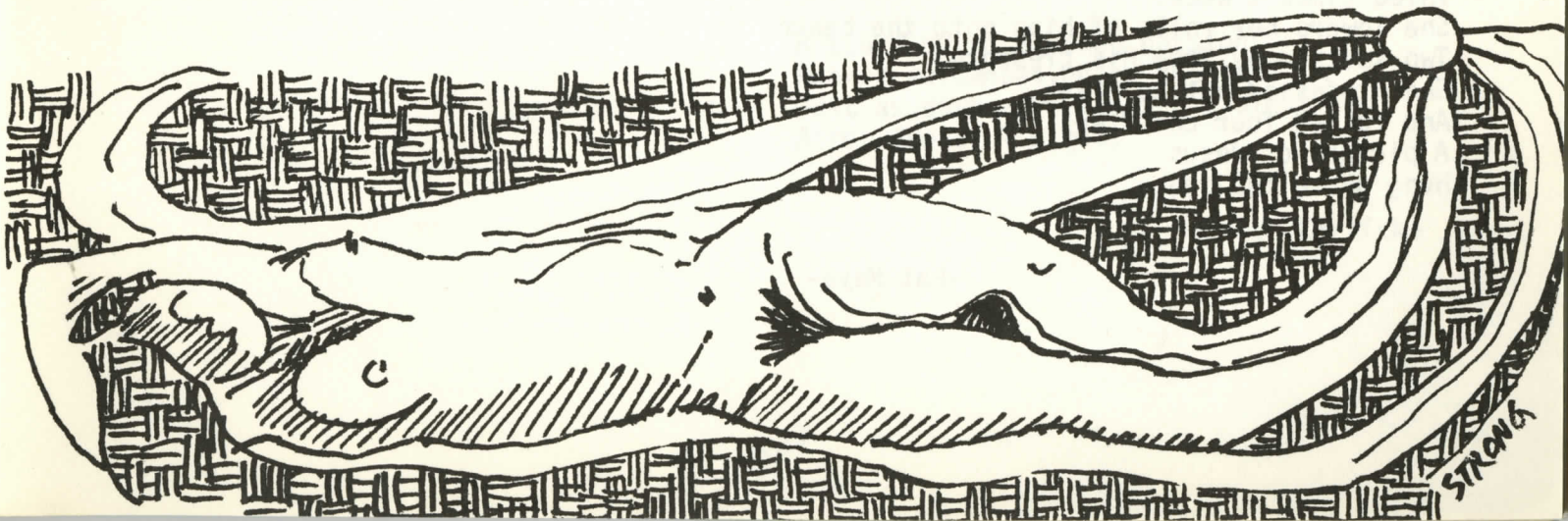
I feel the sterile mechanisms
Of this academic war
Beginning to rust.
The futile machines recede
And my world's green body
Sprouts its tendrils again

-Christopher Darwin-

Second sun

Remembrance has little or nothing to do
With those 22 hours of bussed over miles
Which separate us
Reality then was the infinite stops
And the long day
Stretching into night & day again
Always hurting for the necessity to leave love
& over those last few hours,
But always grateful that you hadn't come to the station.
Now those long miles--
 strange cities
 and a large moon
Mean only a hundred places
 I could have stepped into.

-Christopher Darwin-



Himself

Four years is a long time
To make a point,
Four years
Begun in the shadows of realities
Which yet unfold before me
Always lost in the velvet weave
Of this uncertain tapestry,
With only seconds of lucid vision
In which to thrust the vanguard thread
& make the pattern whole.
This much is granted me--
An occasional point from which to view
Our several blindnesses.

And now this gift--before tomorrow's plunge--
The boy I was, the man I can be
An anchor at both ends
With all of time between
To give a richer texture to my weave
Four years is a long time
To reach this point.

-Christopher Darwin-

"Mother"

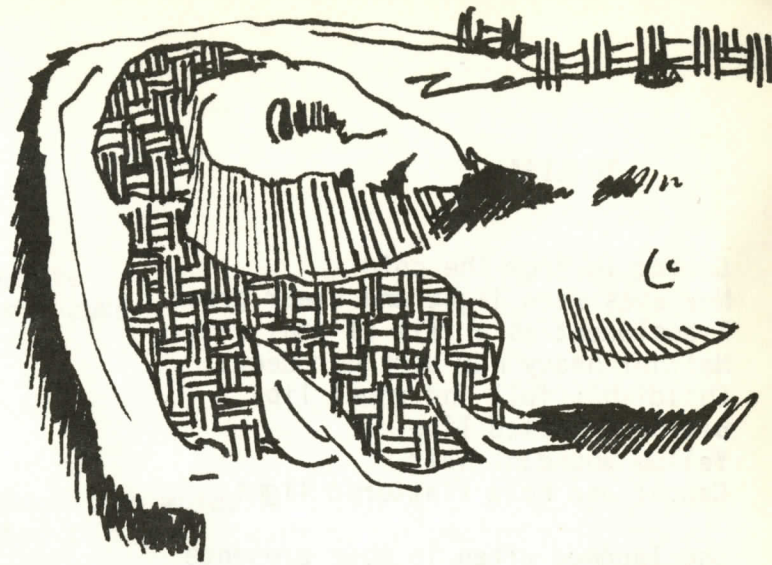
Ponderous and pious,
She presents herself to God's presence
Three times a week.
She lowers her rolls of hips onto the bench,
Two seats away from His presence.
She professed not to drink,
And raised four children.
A picture of Jesus
Hung above the bed.

-Pat Mayo-

"Tiger"

After the waited-for ceremony,
The long planned, painful kiss was planted,
And she sighed, relaxing.
Circling given and received,
The conquerer lying vanquished.
Afterwards claiming Sabinian rites
For tactical positioning.
The hunter became the trophy,
And paced in her cage,
Pleased at the brass ring.

-Pat Mayo-



it is
but the day after
and I've already seen the lengthening shadows
of stealthy terror devouring
and now
let me savor the bitter love
piecemeal.
i stripped it naked
tore away the armor
and trampled on the veils

let the soft sorrow
come now
flood and ebb
and rise a little higher
let me stifle under
a crown of fear.

-Jeff Bauman-

Loneliness

When dusk creeps to my afternoon bed
With its cool and pliant body,
I think of you, cool and pliant too,
Like dusk.

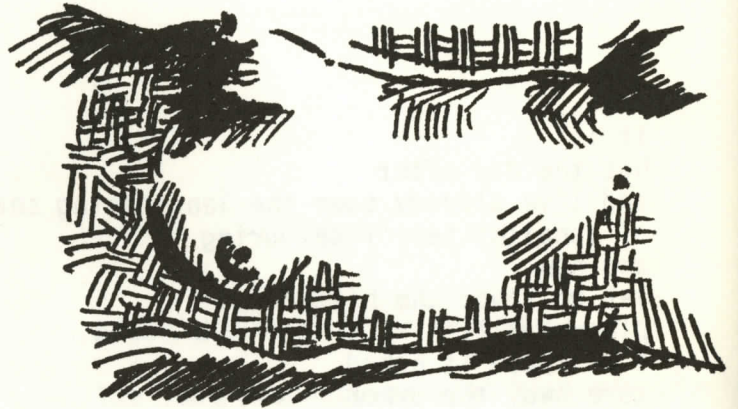
A touch of restrained passion
Awakes volcanoes below the cool,
Just as dawn advertises a violent sun
After dreadful night.

-George Kerrick-

TO LISA

Coming in from the cold
Her eyes were light and clear green.
Translucent as a film of cool water,
Neither heavy nor dark nor deep.
Childishly full and round lips
Brushed pleased lips.
Yellow abundant hair
Caught and held flattered light.

She laughed often in your presence
Particularly if you followed her gayness.
She was critically skeptical of frowns,
Berating you for them with disdain.
All daily decisions punctuated
With a more than contented laughter,
You were sure that the unquestionable
purpose of that moment
Was to hold the sound in those eyes.
She was in love constantly
And her love was much like her eyes
And lived there.



Being not of the strength of clash,
Of water on rock, or childbirth,
But a gentler, fragile, sort;
Or delicate lace, easily vent;
Gentler, more fragile;
She stood like fair tinkling crystal.
As large and lovely as early day.

And somehow, because she was breakable
Always unbroken:
sheltered, protected, coveted.
Away from rain and lightning and
other natural disasters.

I watched her-heavily aware
of my darker eyes
and lower voice.
I taunter in movement and frame.
Fair like her-yet exasperating, the atrically sad.

She loved me, though,
without knowing me.
I heard her laughter and she loved me

Even at that earlier age
I was aware
That she would be happy, while I, most likely,
would listen to that laugh in silence--

-Jeff Bauman-

poem to Debbie
x-plaining x-cuse
for poetry

main-premise:

wish'i could say to you more than words
that's all'i've ever wanted to say
words'r mere symbols
symbols of the unexpressed language
the speech of thought untongued
the tune of songs unsung

sub-premise:

can syntax re-smile the sweetness of your smile
r is there a kind thesaurus of your eyes
r a vocabulary to mirror my warmth that you inspire

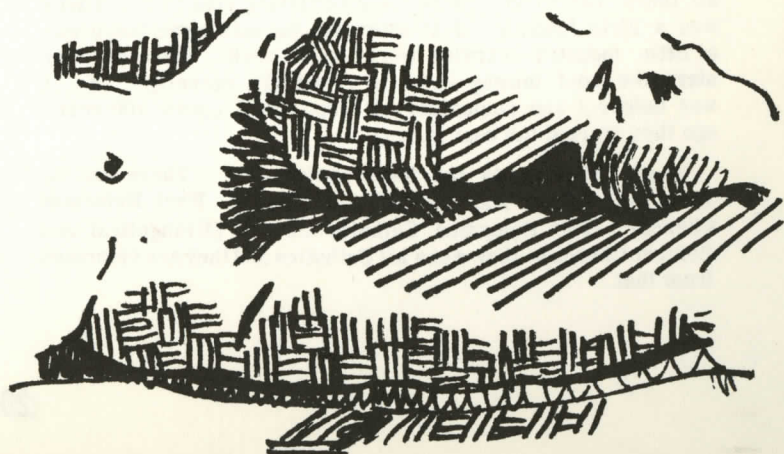
poets'r impotent
(don't panic!)
poets'r only impotent
if they x-pect the infinite
in a poem's content

you probably think me blasphemous
(knowing my small avocation)
but'i see the limitation
of such fruitless imitation

conclusion:

you have the dictionary of my soul
page 1 please
please no words please

-Charles Ray-



the road had sent us to the tiny Post Office, for the information we were seeking. At 1 p.m. she reopened her window. A handfull of boxes and the usual wanted posters seemed to be the only reason for its existence. We asked the postmistress for help because we had no idea what or whom we had come to look for, but it seemed that we had come to the right place. Actually, she explained to us, there was really nothing left to see since most of the Swiss people had "passed on". Miss Wicksher and Miss Stampfli lived down the road a ways, both very old survivors of the Swiss colony of the 19th century, and she suggested that we go visit them.

Just as we were leaving she called us back, thinking that she might have something of interest to show us. What she pulled out were two very old, dust-covered books, but in excellent condition. These were the registers of money orders issued at the Post Office at Gruetli from the years 1871 to 1936. Penned in the neatest imaginable hand, every entry was identical, even though written by several different people. The book was full of Swiss names which stood out distinctly, such as Wegelin, Kifsling, Banholzer, Schild, and Richen. The friendly postmistress gave us directions to the homes of the Swiss ladies she had told us about earlier, and we set out over the back roads of Grundy County.

First we located the large, old farmhouse of Miss Cleo Stampfli, but she was reported to be ill and was not home or did not answer our knock. Back up the long driveway and out of the car to unlock the gate for the second time, we found the abandoned Swiss schoolhouse, one room. Nearby was a cemetery where, walking through the tombstones, we discovered that the Swiss had unusually long life spans.

We decided to try Miss Kate Wicksher's house, and this time we were lucky. On such a cold day, she was still outside working in the yard. She invited us in, and was happy to let us converse with her on tape.

How did the Swiss happen to decide to come to this area of the country? It wasn't settled, and it was almost given away. . . the first ones (Swiss) just had to pay a dollar an acre for it. When my father came then I think he had to pay five dollars an acre. **Was your father in the first group?** No, this was later. **Was there any particular reason why they left Switzerland?** It was populated there, and there was no work. My father was a sheep and goat herder up on the mountains. . . When the first ones came, they just threw up a shack in the middle of the woods. When my people came there were a good many houses built--this was about 15 years after the first one. **Were there any other groups that came over other than the first group and the group your people came in?** Yes, three of them came, three groups.

Can you tell me a little bit about the Swiss people who came over--their professions, their religion, what they did for a living--were they all farmers? All farmers--that's all there was to do. There wasn't anything else to do. There was a little foundry. Just after my parents came there was a little industry--carving work, wood work. **When did they start the coal mining--was it relatively recently?** No, it was before I can remember--it must be, I guess, 100 years ago they started the coal mining.

What religions do the Swiss belong to? There was the Reformed Church and the Catholic Church. **What Reformed Church?** The Reformed Catholic Church (Evangelical and Reform Church)--they were all Catholics and they are reformed from that.

Did the cheesemaking business ever get very big? Yes, after the people got enough land cleared to feed the cows. You see, four or five gallons of whole milk will only make two pounds of cheese. **Does anyone here still make cheese?** No, not anyone, Miss Stampfli was the only one who made cheese here now, and she's sick. **What did the farmers grow--just things they needed to keep alive or things they could sell?** They grew most anything--corn, potatoes, vegetables. At first they had to grow mainly to support themselves, but it was hard to get along without any more money, so they had to sell things.

Did they make log houses? No, not too many. They used frame houses. **How old is your house?** My uncle owned it before my father came over here. Its older than I am and I'm 83. **Did all the Swiss families live together in a community, excluded from everyone else, or were they scattered out?** Well, it depended. If a man bought 100 acres of land he was more scattered out. They were all together and they helped each other. If one of them had bad luck he'd find the others. . . They had a Swiss School here for several years. The men that had the more education would teach the children. They came in, they volunteered and taught the children.

Did the Swiss people intermarry, or did they go outside to marry? They married here, but afterwards there was nothing to do so they went to Nashville. And this is how eventually over the years the community more or less died out. . . **What about the social life?** They had church and parties, families get-togethers. . . .

In the Spring of 1869, over 100 families of Swiss immigrants came to the mountainous regions between Coalmont and Altamont in Grundy County, Tennessee. Brought into this area through a land deal offered by Swiss-born Captain E.H. Blumacher, the Swiss people envisioned a self-supporting colony noted for its fine cheeses and wines. According to Ms. Sarah Jones in an article written in the news magazine Tempo (July, 1967), in the beginning they had no reason to doubt their visions.

The Swiss named their colony Gruetli, after a Swiss commune of the same name, and the area was called New Switzerland. From the onset, the Swiss settled down to the physical building of homes and of the community.

The homes were rambling farmhouses with large windows and many doors. Floors were constructed of hand-hewn planks and native stone served to build massive fireplaces.

With the land cleared, the Swiss began to grow corn, wheat, rye, grapevines, fruit trees and a variety of vegetables. Ms. Jones points out that even though the soil was thin that the settlers thought little of it, as the rich soil of Switzerland was also thin.

The New Agriculture Society of New Switzerland, later known as the Grundy County Agriculture Society, grew out of the interests of the Swiss colonists in increased and better food production. The Society set up a correspondence with the United States Department of Agriculture. Ms. Jones states that during this period all seemed well. A letter from the society to the United States Secretary of Agriculture dated October 30, 1872, deplores the longstanding notions that the Cumberland Mountains were "unadapted for farming except herding cattle, and raising fruits, potatoes and a few vegetables." The society further stated, "that the mountains were indeed beginning to attract the attention of immigration

and will soon change their wild aspect into a lovely landscape of productive farms, aided by industrial and commercial enterprise”.

Two weeks later, the real story of Gruetli began to unfold as the society began to prepare a report of the colony's first three years of existence.

The climate was “healthy, beautiful and fertile”, but the harsh winter temperatures were recorded as low as four degrees below zero, and frosts were recorded into May.

The soil was thin and sandy and the lands were heavily forested. Even this was a handicap and the society wrote, “As it is everywhere in timberland, the beginning of cultivation is wearisome and more so when we take into consideration that the pioneers of the wood are seldom blessed with a surplus of money, this great agency of the world.”

“It is therefore only of experiments I speak, when I undertake to give you a synopsis of the crop.”

The crops didn't fare well either. Cutworms damaged the corn, drought the oats, locusts the fruit trees and early frosts the grapes. These failures directly caused the loss of a part of the settlement's cattle---they starved to death in the winter. Only potatoes and hogs flourished under these conditions.

Despite these adversities, the settlers refused to quit and leave the colony.

Other problems arose that affected the colony. One major problem affecting them was the attitude of the surrounding communities toward the Swiss colonists. Often they found the Swiss ways “strange” and shunned them. An example of outside harassment was when the colony was split into two school districts and the boards of education refused to allocate any money for the school at Gruetli, even though the colonists paid their taxes as did everyone else. An appeal was made and as a result, the governor of Tennessee made Gruetli into a separate civil district.

By 1880, a scant 11 years after Gruetli's founding, the colonists began to see their cause as lost and began to move away.

Most of the Swiss did not leave Tennessee but moved 30 miles westward to the rich farmlands of Franklin County located in a second Swiss community of Belvidere.

Here at Belvidere the Swiss prospered and flourished. It is in this area that one found the best examples of Swiss architecture---large rambling farmhouses and round barns.

The Belvidere Swiss community continued to grow and was augmented with more Swiss settlers in the early 1900's. Today Belvidere is just like any small country Tennessee town with its two gas stations, two general stores and its Post Office. Many of the Swiss families have died off and their names no longer are heard in the area, but many of their descendents, of whom I am one, look back upon their rich Swiss heritage and remember with a special warmth the stories of their grandparents.●

Lewis: “I think there are some issues that college students might turn out for. I don't think MTSU students are radically different in their opinions from the community at large. . . . (to a certain extent) more liberal, but also more republican in a highly democratic county. Students come from all different areas and naturally have been under different influences. Generally people vote like they have been raised. I think they (the college students) are going to be more independent.”

Harrington: “I think if the people of Murfreesboro realized the advantages of pulling the campus in as an integral part of the community, they would encourage student voting. One definite advantage to the community is that students who register and vote here are going to take an interest in what's going on in Rutherford County. They might become involved to a degree that would encourage them to stay in the area after graduation.

“Registrars still see students as aliens and can't understand (that) letting them vote will give them a more responsible attitude toward the area. Students are seen as radicals who will vote (on) liquor (referendums) and elect radical officials. At MTSU, this just isn't true. As a matter of fact, most of the students brought up in communities much like this one.”

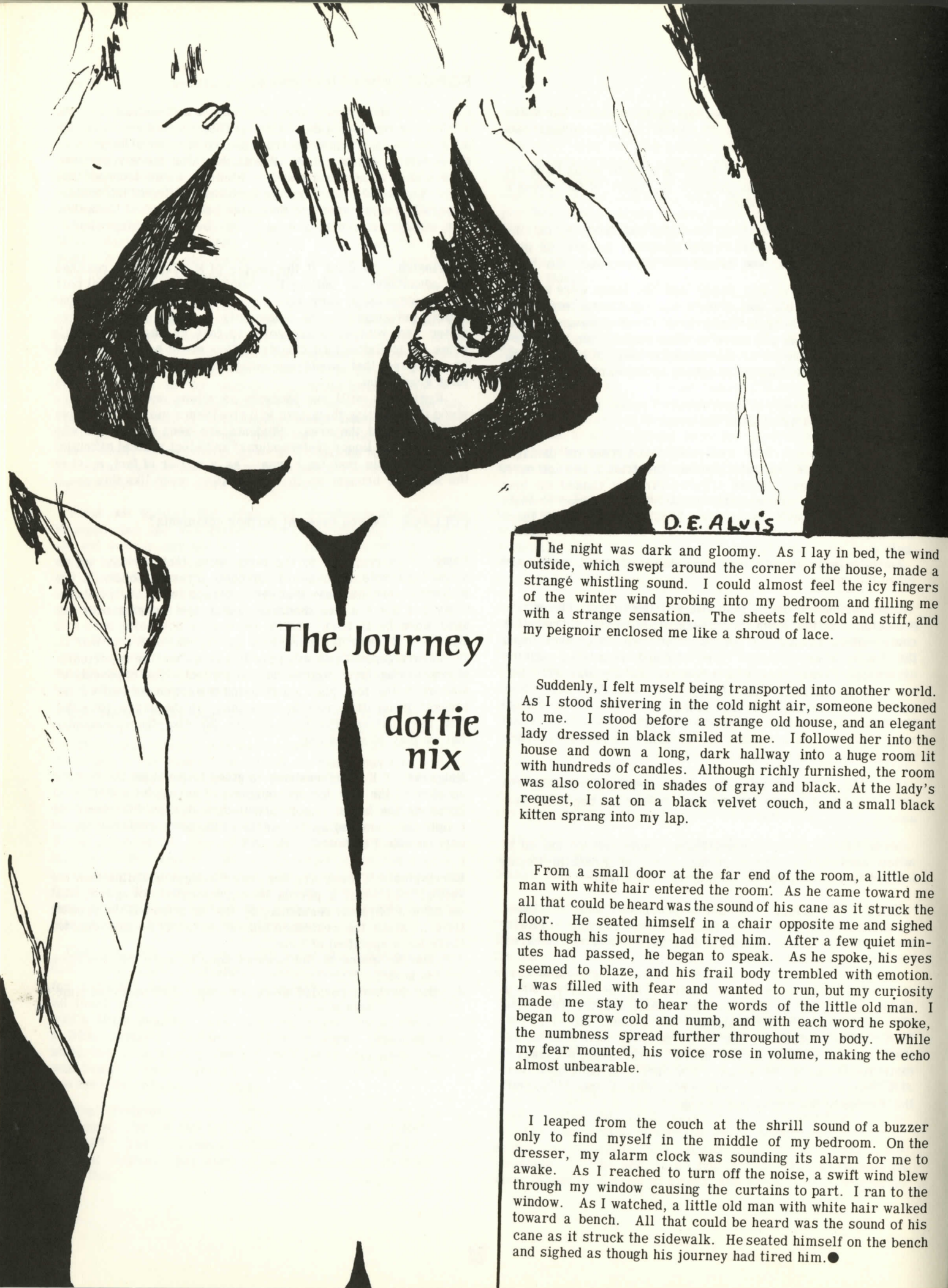
COLLAGE: Do you have any further comments?

Camp: “In response to the proposition that students not be allowed to vote because of financial irresponsibility in tax matters, I can only say that every person in the United States today has about a two-thousand dollar debt hanging over his head when he is born, and the generation now being born will still have to bear the burden of the expense of World War II. Yet unborn generations will have to pay without the opportunity of expressing their wishes on the subject. How opponents of student voting feel justified in using the argument that we-the younger generation-may do ‘something’ in the future; (how do) they use that as effective evidence for disenfranchisement-that we may do something. . . .”

Notgrass: “If Murfreesboro is going to consider the campus as part of the city for the purpose of asking for government funds on the basis of population, then it should consider the people on (campus) as residents of the town-evidently, based only on what I've heard, it doesn't.”

Harrington: “These are the strictly legal qualifications for voting: 1) that a person be eighteen years of age; 2) that he have a physical residence; 3) that he intend at the present time to make the residence his home; 4) that he have resided there for a specified of time.”

3. that he intend at the present time to make the residence his home;
4. that he have resided there for a specified period of time.●



D.E. ALVIS

The Journey

dottie
nix

The night was dark and gloomy. As I lay in bed, the wind outside, which swept around the corner of the house, made a strange whistling sound. I could almost feel the icy fingers of the winter wind probing into my bedroom and filling me with a strange sensation. The sheets felt cold and stiff, and my peignoir enclosed me like a shroud of lace.

Suddenly, I felt myself being transported into another world. As I stood shivering in the cold night air, someone beckoned to me. I stood before a strange old house, and an elegant lady dressed in black smiled at me. I followed her into the house and down a long, dark hallway into a huge room lit with hundreds of candles. Although richly furnished, the room was also colored in shades of gray and black. At the lady's request, I sat on a black velvet couch, and a small black kitten sprang into my lap.

From a small door at the far end of the room, a little old man with white hair entered the room. As he came toward me all that could be heard was the sound of his cane as it struck the floor. He seated himself in a chair opposite me and sighed as though his journey had tired him. After a few quiet minutes had passed, he began to speak. As he spoke, his eyes seemed to blaze, and his frail body trembled with emotion. I was filled with fear and wanted to run, but my curiosity made me stay to hear the words of the little old man. I began to grow cold and numb, and with each word he spoke, the numbness spread further throughout my body. While my fear mounted, his voice rose in volume, making the echo almost unbearable.

I leaped from the couch at the shrill sound of a buzzer only to find myself in the middle of my bedroom. On the dresser, my alarm clock was sounding its alarm for me to awake. As I reached to turn off the noise, a swift wind blew through my window causing the curtains to part. I ran to the window. As I watched, a little old man with white hair walked toward a bench. All that could be heard was the sound of his cane as it struck the sidewalk. He seated himself on the bench and sighed as though his journey had tired him. ●

excerpts from musician

smoky hallway
a thousand burning
cigarettes
stare at me
with orange eyes
/sometimes i just
can't believe in
cancer too many
smokers
and not enough
disease to go
around/
my empty guitar case
leans against
the wall waiting
to be touched
and like a thief
in the night
i steal from my
bedside and leave
the instrument alone
to cry
/faint noises
from a back
room some idiot
demolishing
a piano
walk in
and watch
him break
the keys
get all
uptight
and go sniff
stale
wheat crumbs
from a used
glad bag/
happiness
can be
obtained
from anything
/watching a
morphidite
get a marriage
license and
fill out both
blanks/
sadness
can be
obtained
from nothing

wrote a
song on
saturday
"prelude to
the matinee"
lyrics something
about an
undertaker
who got the
blues from
going to a party
/announcing
the closure
of the eye
special all
next week
on seeing/
how many
people do
you know that
could sing about
how real they
are without
missing a note
/you've got
bad breath/
cannot whisper
without being
heard and
cannot hear
without sound
/insanity
derived from
too much noise
clogged my
ears with
dynamite and
stuck my head
in the oven/
nothing left
after last
night's show
except a few
trumpets and
they were sleepin
/to be found
is disgusting
to be lost
is revolting
to be heard
is revenge/

sing your song
underneath
your pillow
muffled for
only you to
hear
/go back
to my room
after a
smoke/
my guitar
case still
is leaning
the floor
drenched in
tears
open the
latches and
climb inside
to play and
sing together.

-Steve Dees-

THE DEER KEEPERS

by Charles Ray



Me and old Doc we just sat there in the truck awhile, smoking, and looked at it.

"It sure is a big un, boy," old Doc finally said.

It was. Awful big.

It was all lit up in yellow-white sulphurous smoke as bright as day except different. The fat water tank, standing spraddle-legged on skinny white legs, the twists and spirals of silver

pipes, and other such contraptions shone like sun-splashed water on the river, nearly hurting your eyes, and the brick buildings, all boxed together like one jumbled-up set of stair steps, stood up terrible red and mountain-like. Above it all, in the dark, a little red blinker worked on and off on top of something or another. The guard shack, which old Doc seemed specially interested in, stood out front of us about a hundred yards, and you could see men in uniforms standing around inside in the warm, talking. A wire fence with barbs on top ran left and right from each side of the guard shack

STRONG

for a right smart piece, then circled back and out of sight behind the buildings. It looked like a prison.

Outside the fence, running alongside it, was a black-topped road, and between us and it was a broom-sedge field. From where we sat at the edge of the field under some spreading white pines, the lights couldn't hardly reach us, but I could hear the roar of the machines and feel the earth shake.

"Makes no difference," I finally said. "We done agreed."

"Ye're derved right" old Doc said, and bent over and tapped with his hand a little wooden box on the floorboard between us. "Jest wait'll I give 'em a dose of the old doctor's medicine."

He was careful tapping the box, and I mean real careful, not using his hand with the cigarette. And then, straightening up, he brought up with him the jar. Unscrewing its tin lid made a mean, skrieky sound. He tipped it to his face, made some bubbling swallowing noises, took the jar down and breathed out loud, trying to cool his mouth.

Then I took the jar, and it tasted hot in my mouth and throat and all the way down to my stomach. Pretty soon I was satisfied and as warm as summertime again.

"We oughtn't be a-waitin' much longer," old Doc said, real confident-like. "What'd ye say yer plan was? I ferget it again."

"We take the nitro off the truck," I said "and tote it through the trees. Then cross the road, keeping close to the shadders, and come up alongside the fence behind that big red building. They can't none see us from behind it. Then it's plumb simple. We just climb over the fence and blow up the place."

The plan all sounded perfect to old Doc, too. We took another big horn from the jar, for it was getting pretty cold now, and I was about to get out and load up the other stuff when I looked across the broom-sedge. There, circling under the bright light around the inside edge of the fence, was a shiny, red truck. It looked bigger and brighter than any Christmas and moved cautious. It seemed to come right nest to us, I mean right next to us. Bit it didn't stop and went on, still slow and red and mean-looking, to the guard shack. The thing stopped itself at the shack, and two fat fellers in black uniforms got out. Both them had wide belts buckled round their waists. They went inside, to warm I guessed. In a few minutes they come back outside and drove off. The truck had a big flashlight stuck atop its front.

"What was they a-carryin'?" old Doc said. "Forty-fives?"

His voice sounded trembly and dry, for it was getting colder.

"That or thirty-eights," I said, guessing. Then I said, not guessing, "I hear they keep sawed-off double barrels inside the shack."

At that, old Doc turned his head fast-like, cutting his eyes at me. His hat brim raised up two inches by itself. But he didn't say nothing and reached down and picked up the jar. About three-quarters of it was gone. We lowered it some more. The cab was getting awfully cold now, and we needed to stay warm some way.

Then me and old Doc we just sat silent-like, smoking again and re-doing plans in our heads.

And then all of a sudden I said, "That pipe. Remember that big old pipe that runs down yon side to the river?"

"That un ye seen a-fishin'?"

"Well, if they ain't running trash water down it, we'll sneak easy-like up it and smack into the middle of the thing. Simple as pie."

"Yeah," old Doc said, and he was quiet a minute, and then he said, "Do ye know exactly where it leads, boy?"

I didn't. Of course.

"Ye shore oughter know, boy," he said, his voice sounding trembly and dry again, "fer I ain't about to stick my head into nary one of them whirly machines."

And that ended that.

And at that, I leaned back in the seat, propped my feet up over the foot pedals, and rested, doing some more plans in my head again.

Directly, still sitting there, the windshield on my side commenced to ice up, coloring the field and buildings hazy and crooked-looking. I rolled the window down a little and flipped out my cigarette. The roar the thing was making inside it growed louder now. I listened to it coming through the cold. It come steady and even and strong through the cold, like a waterfall I knowed in the mountains. Steady and even and strong. They was just alike. They was just alike in some ways.

It'd all begun back at old Doc's place that evening. Well, that was where it'd come to a head, I reckon, for it really begun that fall when we'd commenced to hunt deer. That was in September then, and now in January with the season a month over, we hadn't got a deer. Not a single deer. We'd come back that evening from a three or four day pack-trip to the high country. Before supper we'd took a few horns to warm the flesh; after supper we took a few more to relax the bones. We was using the same jar we had now, but it had been plumb full that evening when we sat down with it in front of old Doc's fire place.

Somethin' oughter be done, old Doc says. Something should, I says. But what? I don't know what, he says, but somethin' oughter be done. There's too many hunting them, I says. We can't help that none, he says. Let's have a horn. Ah, that takes the chill from the body, boy. But it don't bring back no deer, Doc. Let's horn again, he says. What's happened to them? I asks. Those dern chemical people. The deer went away. Jest like it happened to the Indians only it wasn't no chemical plant for them. Push that jar over, he says. It's fine stuff, boy. Ye want another un? I'll take a dozen, Doc. The Indians lost, boy. Not the Cherokees. They got something left. They got the Smokies. They fought and got the Smokies. Push that jar over, he says. To hell with chemistry plant, he says. I drink to that, I says. Up with fighters of rights. Drink that too, I says. We fight rights, he says. Right, I says. Got dynamite and nitro in barn, he says, and box of fuses. Let's bring back the deer, I says.

And that was it, I reckon, the way it all come about.

The windshield had fogged up now, heavy and pretty near solid, but I didn't wipe it clean.

"Put some glass in yer winder," I heard old Doc say.

I had nearly forgot about old Doc. He was leaning back in the seat, the jar, without the lid, between his legs.

"They got lots and lots and lots of lights," he slow-like said.

"Yeah," I said. "But we'll think of a way."

He pulled his hat brim down, seeming to shade his eyes from somethin, and rested his head on top the seat.

"That's what I'm a-doin now," he said, "a-thinkin."

I reached, got the jar, and took from it. I held it to old Doc, but he didn't seem thirsty now. His eyes was closed now and I didn't bother him while he was thinking. I found the lid, screwed it on, and set the jar between us on the seat. Not much was left in it now. Then I settled down to do some thinking for myself. Through the windshield I could barely see the headlights of the guard truck making another round. It stopped at the gate a few minutes, then went on.

Was it thirty-eights they carried? Or forty-fives? A hell of a lot of difference it made.

All the time I sat there, I kept thinking and wondering about the best way to do it. They sure looked big in them uniforms, badges glittering on their jackets and brass shining on their pistol belts. Bet you they couldn't hit nothing with them thirty-eights. Or forty-fives. I wouldn't bet against sawed-off doubles though.

They sure do run up a big electric bill. I guess they even got juice on the fence, too. No, they mightn't have. It's probably not even turned on. Hey, that might be the way. We can find out if the juice ain't on--then snip, snip, and that's it. Let me see what old Doc thinks.

He still rested with his head on top the seat, his eyes closed. I started to shake him, but then I thought, he might be planning a masterpiece. I'd better not bother him. His might be better than mine.

At that, I settled down again and started to whittle out my plan in my mind. It'll be simple, real simple, if the juice ain't on, I thought. All we'll have to do is go over nearly to the river. . .carry our stuff with us. . .cut through the wire, if the juice ain't on, and. . .how do you find out though? Touch it? I ain't about to touch it. Would old. . .? Well, maybe he's thought of something.

"Doc?" I said. He didn't answer. He was breathing even and deep.

I lay my head back, still resting my feet over the foot pedals. The windshield was fogged up solid now, and I still didn't wipe it clean. I'll just sit awhile, I thought, and when I find a way, I'll wake old Doc and we'll go try it. There must be some way. Let me see now. There must be some way. My eyes are real heavy. I'll close them a minute. It helps thinking. Yes, there is a way. It's warm in here now. Warmth is needed for thinking. That waterfall helps, too. Listen to it hum, steady and easy. Puts the mind at ease. Steady. Easy. So far away. Steady. . .easy. . .listen. . . the waterfall. . .steady. . .steady. . .

The next thing I knowed somebody was shaking my shoulder. They just kept shaking my shoulder. Finally, I opened up my eyes and, oh Lord Amighty, that sun was bright and burning in them. The windshield was iced over, and the cab was so cold that it made my legs stiff when I raised up in the seat.

"Let's be a-gettin out of her, boy," said old Doc, trembly-like. "It's a derved wonder we ain't froze to death."

There was twin hammers beating inside my head, one behind each temple. My mouth was dry as old leaves and bad tasting, and my stomach burnt like it was lined with hot coals. But somehow I cranked the motor, and it popped and sputtered and finally caught. Then I got out and scraped ice off the windshield. The sun reflecting off the ice felt like it was splitting my eyeballs open.

I glanced away, toward the thing. A long line of cars was coming out the gate. A big fat guard in a dark uniform was waving them through. They come out and turned onto the highway, their exhausts trailing white streams. From inside the big building came the roar of the machines, still steady and even and strong. Smoke drifted from the tapered peak of the black stack, and the sun, making a glare, glistened on the silver water tank. It sure looked permanent.

When I got back into the truck, old Doc offered me the last of the jar. But I said no and he killed it, making a crooked face. Old Doc is a real lean feller, and his whiskers had sprouted during the night and stuck out gray and prickly. When he wrinkled up his skinny face, his whiskers stood up and rolled like the bristles of a coon dog. He trembled all over too, the cold was that bad.

Looking through the rear glass, I turned and backed the truck between the two big pines. The box, with the nitro packed in straw, was still strapped tight to the side of the truck bed. As we started, old Doc threw the empty jar out the window and picked up the box of fuses. He held them tight on his lap as the truck found the ruts leading through the field. The ruts was froze solid as rock and made the wheel hard to handle. In little fields of red dirt between the ruts, icicles had spewed up, and them and the broom-sedge, now crisp with frost, sparkled hard in the sun. The truck bounced and rattled something terrible across the rough places, and now and then, you could hear icicles and froze-up mud holes crunch and crack beneath the wheels.

We was almost across the field when I looked out the window on my side. Coming down the black-top was a long string of cars, spreading out and picking up speed. I stopped the truck beside the black-top, and me and old Doc sat there and watched them zip by. One, a big red one streaking along like a shoe string, shot past four or five of the others. He cut back onto his side just in time to let an on-coming transfer truck get by. Then he was to the left again, passing the others until he went out of sight.

"Look at that derved thing," old Doc said, slow-like and kind of mumbling. "Jest look at it. It ain't even a-thinkin."

Finally, all of them passed. Then I found that the truck motor has stalled. I tried the starter, and it ground and ground, turning the motor but not starting it. I smelt gas and stopped, knowing what was wrong.

Old Doc commenced to mumble again. "Dern this thing. I never did trust nothing that didn't have no momma or daddy or couldn't raise its own. Dern this thing, and dern it all."

Cherokees continued from page 11

"breathing down their necks." In 1828 "Cherokee West" gave up its right to lands in Arkansas and moved further west to Oklahoma.

But the Cherokees in Georgia and Tennessee were prospering and making giant strides toward civilization. Many of these eastern Cherokees were well educated, had beautiful homes and great plantations complete with slaves. However Georgians became angry that the Indians were still in their state and demanded that these Indians be removed in accordance with the compact of 1802.

The Cherokees did not want to move from their homes in Georgia and Tennessee so they decided to change from their tribal form of government to a consitutional form of government with a written constitution and code of laws. In 1828 John Ross was elected principal chief and served in this capacity for nearly forty years.

As Georgians become more and more angry with the Indian situation, they enacted oppressive and unreasonable laws against the Cherokees. Finally many of the Indians decided that the only way to survive was to leave the east and join their relatives further west. Those in favor of moving were lead by Mojour Ridge, John Ridge, Elias Boudinet and Stand Watie.

John Ross did not want to move, however, and most of the Cherokee Nation agreed with his position. But the other group of leaders went ahead in 1835 and signed a treaty with the United States in which they agreed that the Cherokees would give up their eastern lands and move West.

Many Indians protested this treaty of New Echota but it was ratified in 1838 and the removal to Oklahoma began. With the removal of the Cherokees to Oklahoma one of the United States' most tragic events became an abominable black mark on an already tarnished record.

In the actual removal, 17,000 Cherokees were gathered into groups for their journey westward. The removal started in June of 1838, the hottest month of the year, and lasted for six months--far into the cold winter months. During these six months, 17,000 Indians walked, or tried to walk, westward toward Oklahoma. Many thousands died in route to their new homes along what became known as the "Trail of Tears."

When the Indians left their homes in June, they were not thinking past the blistering summer sun toward the winter snows. So as the weeks on the trail turned into months, and summer and fall both passed and led into winter, the Cherokees found themselves ill prepared for the cold weather. The ice and snow along the trail were murderous on the Indians, and those who did not die of exposure certainly suffered from cut and bleeding feet as they trudged away from their homes to an unfamiliar destination. At night when they stopped for camp, often several Cherokees would lie together on the frozen ground covered only by one blanket, trying desperately to share body heat. Sometimes one of the group would already be dead and would generate very little body heat.

After the Cherokees regrouped on their new western lands, all their problems were not solved. Rivalry and bitterness were evident among the leaders, and near civil war prevailed. For years unrest was evident but this was not the only problem for the "wester" Indians. They also became involved in the War Between the States. The Civil War brought many hardships to the Cherokees, but they were able to withstand. Stand Watied and his kin worked to restore the Cherokee Nation from the ruin caused by the internal strife as well as the Civil War.

But what of the Cherokees that still exist in the East today? Where did they come from? The answer is simple: they did not come from anywhere--they were already here. At the time of the removal several hundred Indians were able to escape the stockades and hide in the dense rhododendron thickets of the Smoky Mountains. The soldiers were sent to look for escapees, but the Indians were clever and could elude the soldiers.

These Cherokees who escaped the great removal remained in the North Carolina mountains and were able, after years of struggle, to establish a new home. In 1866 these Indians bought back some of their land, and in 1875 they became wards of the United States government.

The area in which they settled is now the town and surrounding territory of Cherokee, North Carolina. This is a 56,572 acre reservation in western North Carolina where the Indian population in 1960 was almost 5000. This is almost twice as great as the population in 1924. However, a great number of these "Indians" have only a fraction of Indian blood.

The economy in the city of Cherokee and on the Qualla Boundary Reservation is based almost totally on tourist trade. Agriculture plays a very minor part in the modern Cherokee existence. There are several factories, and the lumber business provides jobs for some Cherokees.

But by far the greatest business in Cherokee is tourism. Jobs include motel ownership, waitresses, maids, and all other types of employment related to tourists. Several of the more profitable businesses in Cherokee are the souvenir shops.

The Cherokee Indians of today have very few close ties with their great Indian traditions. The tribe is still governed by a chief, but he is elected every four years along with a vice chief. This organized tribe is mainly for the use of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

There are two distinct "types" of modern Cherokees--those who still cling to old Indian lore complete with "medicine men" and magic and the other category which leans very slightly toward former ways of life and beliefs.

Young Cherokees often find life hard both on and off the reservation. Those who stay in the area find jobs in the factories on the reservation or work for the government on a temporary seasonal basis. Some venture out to the big cities to try their skills, but they find their social lives greatly lacking and often return to the reservation to live with their fellow Cherokees. Many are trained by the government in crafts such as woodowrking, weaving, pottery and other trades that can take advantage of the tourist trade. ●

THE DEERKEEPERS continued from page 27

"It's just flooded," I told him.

I sat a few minutes before trying again. Old Doc kept mumbling about mommas and daddies of machines all the time we was sitting there. Then I touched the starter and felt the motor take hold. The truck bumped and rattled as I pulled onto the black-top. Old Doc held the box tight on his lap. I got the truck straightened out and drove back up the road, toward home. ●

The End

Melungeons

of the Roman period. He translates the inscription to read 'for the land of Judah.' " Gordon says the inscription attests to a migration of the Jews probably to escape the Romans after the Jewish defeats in 70 and 135 A.D. Gordon goes on to suggest that the Melungeons of East Tennessee, who are Caucasian but not Anglo-Saxon, are in reality descendants of Mediterranean people, and that the Melungeons themselves have a tradition that they came "to the New World in ships about 2000 years before Columbus."

So much for theories of the origin of the Melungeons. Stated simply, no one really knows, and it is not likely that the mystery of their origin will ever be known.

Walk Toward the Sunset

Since 1963 no less than three feature articles and two news stories about the Melungeons have appeared in the Nashville Tennessean. The three feature articles were written by Louise Davis, and are masterfully done, but since much of the ground has already been covered, only the last of her articles--a sort of follow-up to two earlier ones--will be dealt with here at some length. In "Mystery of the Melungeons," the Nashville Tennessean Magazine, September 22, 1963, Miss Davis tells of hostile stares she encountered from non-Melungeons when she went, accompanied by photographers, to do her story; however, some local citizens, including a prominent banker, helped her very willingly. In "Why Are They Vanishing?" Nashville Tennessean Magazine, September 29, 1963, Louise Davis reports that, whereas the census of 1795 listed 975 "free men of color" in the region, their numbers are now declining, migration in search of education and jobs and intermarriage portending the break-up of their society. However, the population of Hancock County has declined generally, having fewer people than at the time of the Civil War and having lost a third of its people in the past twenty years, although Sneedville itself has acquired modern facilities. According to a leading citizen of Sneedville, the mystery of the vanishing Melungeons could be explained readily enough: they were simply dying off; the families had just eroded.

In a news story datelined Sneedville in the Nashville Tennessean for August 15, 1971, entitled "Most of the Melungeons Are Either Gone. . . or Going" (p. 13A), Jon Nordheimer says that only "a few descendants of the swarthy mountaineers continue to live high up on the brow of Newman's Ridge or in the shadowy pocket of Snake Hollow, and they, like the others before them, are making plans to leave the security of the hills for other places." The young men would rather work in neighboring towns such as Morristown than to grow corn. The few who remain are mostly old and worried about the future.

Miss Davis remarks that fewer and fewer Melungeons are to be found on Newman's Ridge. She recalls her visit seven years before, when she noted the rift between the dark-skinned people of the Ridge and the fair-skinned people of the town. She recalls that she had suggested a drama about the Melungeons to capitalize on the interest throughout the nation. Mayor Charles W. Turner and banker Martha Collins, with other citizens, formed the Hancock County Drama Association to produce a drama. Carson-Newman College in Jefferson City studied the project's feasibility. Kermit Hunter, author of *Unto These Hills* and other outdoor dramas, believed in the project enough to write the Melungeon drama *Walk Toward the Sunset*. Carson-Newman College Drama Department provided director and actors for the leading roles in the 55-member cast. Sneedville townspeople played other parts. The school board granted permission to build an outdoor theater on a hillside back of the high school; local men

built seats, the stage, the log handrails, the log rail entrance to the grounds. An ancient log church was moved across the mountain to be used as ticket office and gift shop at the theater entrance. Two log corncribs were moved along mountain roads and set up as refreshment stands. The rustic look, though achieved largely as an economy measure, pleased visitors most of all. The first season opened on July 4, 1969. The 600-seat theater had an average attendance of 400 every night for the two months of the first season, and toward the last of the season there often was standing room only.

The play Walk Toward the Sunset has, like Stuart's Daughter of the Legend, a love story. Or, to be more exact, it has two love stories, divided into two acts and many scenes. The first act portrays the love of Pat Gibson and Alisee Collins, both of whom are Melungeons. This love story (Act I is dated 1782) is told against the background of the removal of the Melungeons from rich bottomlands where they have settled and made homes. The removal is, of course, the real story. Politically ambitious John Sevier is depicted as unwilling to offend the white settlers who are pouring over the mountains into the area and who covet the land the Melungeons have developed. Sevier defends his position to Daniel Boone by citing a law forbidding non-whites to own land. Boone is portrayed as defending the right of the Melungeons to remain. Yielding to the threat of force, the Melungeons accept the offer of their friends, the Cherokee, to remove to a distant part of the Cherokee hunting grounds, the present Hancock County.

So far as I know, Daniel Boone's role as depicted in the drama has no historicity. Nor am I certain about the historicity of John Sevier's role, as depicted. It is a fact, however, that Melungeons were pressured off the rich lands of the Holston Valley, and with the help of the Cherokee found sanctuary in what is now Hancock County, thus becoming the first non-Indian inhabitants of that area.

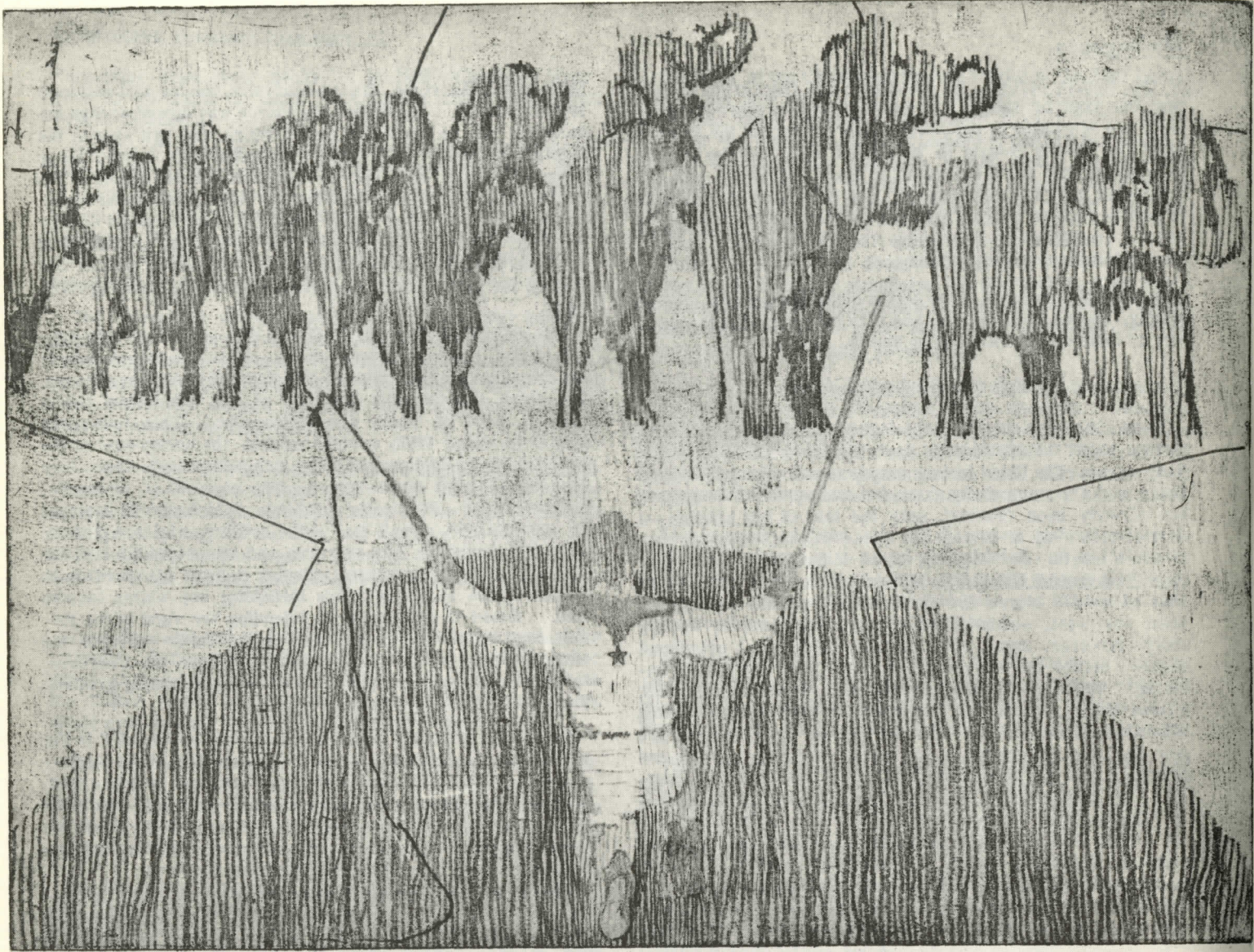
Act II of the drama is dated 1870. Once again the Melungeon community is threatened, this time by rapacious businessmen who wish to cut off the timber of Newman's Ridge and Powell Mountain (another Melungeon retreat) to provide wood for a new furniture factory. The businessmen declare that the Melungeons do not hold title to the land. The Melungeons find an unexpected ally in non-Melungeon Vance Johnson, son of Ezra Johnson, a Sneedville businessman who wants the timber cut. Vance is in love with Melungeon Alisee Gibson, great-granddaughter of Alisee Collins, of Act I.

There is, of course, conflict between Vance and his parents, who will not accept Alisee. But Vance journeys to Nashville and finds that the Melungeons have legal claim to the land they live on. While there he is offered a job by Governor Senter. Through her knowledge of herbs Alisee saves the life of Vance's mother, who is dying of a fever. The elder Johnsons now realize the senselessness of their prejudice and accept Alisee as a daughter-in-law.

Two comments may be made here. The first is that the Melungeons of 1870 (Act II) are represented as having substantially declined in achievement and in self-respect from the state of the Melungeons in 1782 (Act I). Their situation in 1870 is obviously the result of the isolation that has been forced upon them. I do not know to what extent this downward mobility is a fact of history, but it is dramatically effective.

The second comment is that author Kermit Hunter provides in Act II not only a happy ending to the love story, but also suggests a more or less happy ending to the unhappy history of the Melungeon people. John Netherland, a Nashville business and political figure, advises Vance Johnson and Pat Gibson, the Melungeon father of Alisee: "This is an

continued on page 47



Chumley

Circus Day

I went one day
to see a circus.
Along the way I stopped
to skip a rock
across the lake,
and to watch a boy
who had just caught a fish
and I picked some flowers
that grew a l o n g t h e r o a d.
I saw a robin building a nest
and stood in awe,
I chanted a song
as I counted my steps
(201, 202, 203,...)

But when I got there
it was all over
and all I had
was a few withering flowers
and a few faint memories
o f w a s t e d t i m e.

-Tish-

june morning aghast
awaken
 slowly at first
 quiet brain
like cold
 linoleum floors
stood naked
 by her window
voyeur
 of the world
exhibitionist
 screamed her mother
unknown
 said her son
june morning aghast
feet touching
 heated sands
clad in persian armour
 and melted
 in my hands.

-Steve Dees-

so... that chapter's done...
let's go on to the next.
but first, a word or two on this one-
there's no winner or loser, is there?
and the parts that were all remembered,
they were great, weren't they?
they both tried, at different times,
but let it be known they tried.

well, i'll thank you for a long time to come
for helping me finish this part
and for making some of it, too.
still, i'll keep wondering
what it all would've been like
had we not changed...

-Sandy Harris-

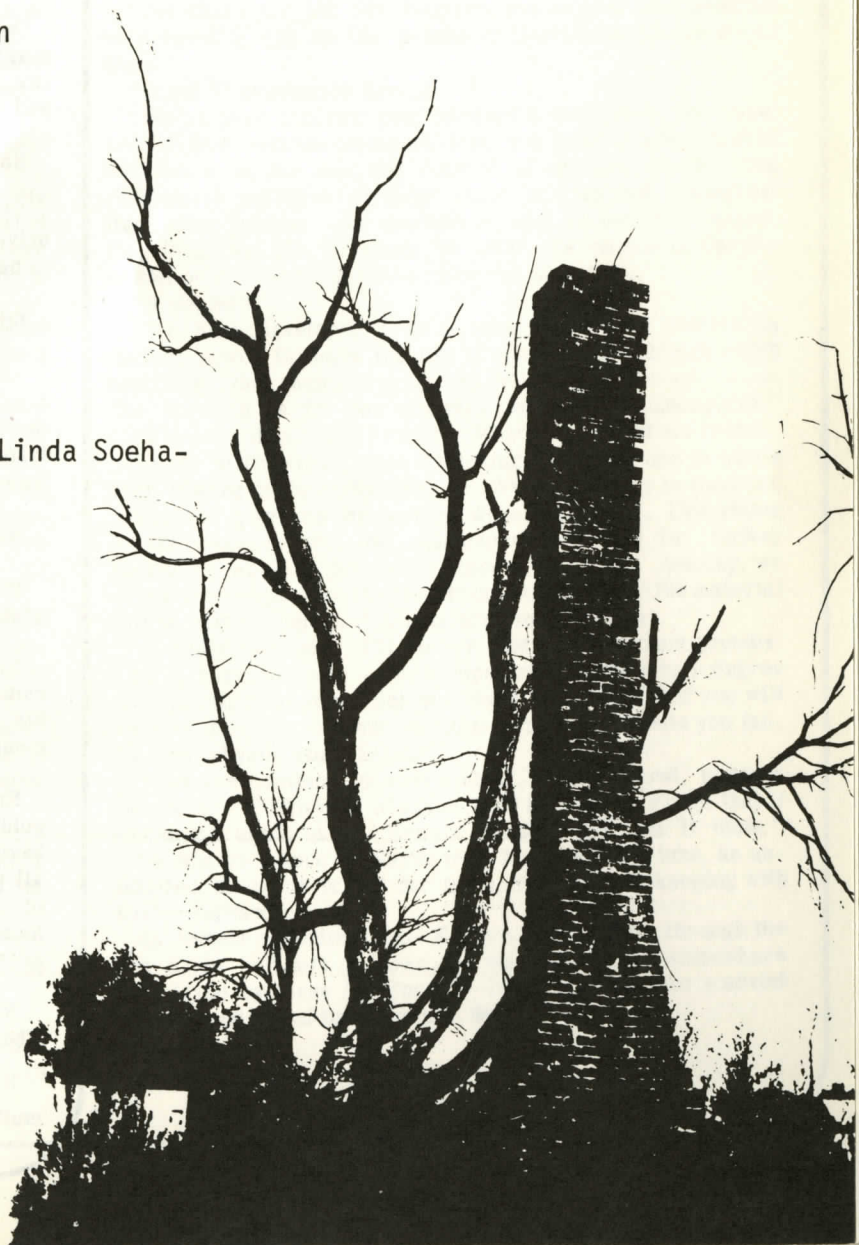
Standing barefoot on
charred ground
where
yesterday

dreams flowered
(and flourished)

In fields of passion
smoldering and
exploding,

She kneels
(intent) against
a frozen mist
to smooth the
ashes
at her feet

-Linda Soeha-



TWO SHORT STORIES
by
Jim Lynch

Thurlow Knox's Fulfillment

The Reverend Thurlow Knox prayed four hours every night. He had done this for years and someday, he hoped, his God would reward him for being so faithful. Above all else, Thurlow wished, with all his heart, that God would appear and speak to him in a vision.

So far, his God hadn't shown.

On his knees before the portable altar he had bought five years ago through a mail order catalogue, Thurlow would say: "Dear Lord, Thy spirit runs higher than the sun. I will do Thy deeds, and I will carry Thy message to sinners."

Nothing.

"Forgive them, Lord; they are but lambs of Thy great universe; their sins are but misgivings of their eternal souls, to be cleansed only in Thine all-powerful wisdom."

Still nothing, but Thurlow kept the faith.

At regular services, Thurlow would preach the gospel with a zest unrivalled. He would plead the message of forgiveness through prayer and tell the sinners that purity was received through worship and ask them to pray with him, in their homes, four hours a night.

None did.

But Thurlow did, as regular as clockwork, and the congregation thought it admirable.

One Thursday evening, around nine, Thurlow Knox's God came. It was somewhat of a shock to Thurlow at first, but his years of hope and training prevailed, and he began to communicate with his God.

Raising his head to the immense bearded face with flowing golden hair, Thurlow spoke: "Oh my Master, my prayers have been fulfilled, my wishes and dreams completed beyond all possible faith. Thy mercifulness shows me the meekness of such a meager sinner as I, my Lord, and Thy powers humble me to a pointless speck in Thy vast universe. Oh great and powerful and wise God, Thy will be done!"

Raising his hand in pious grandeur, Thurlow's God smote Thurlow dead of a heart attack.

"Crazy ol' bullshitter's been pestering me for years," muttered the Deity, "Meant to get around to this sooner." ●

Hope of the World

When the first Martians came to Earth, Ernest Beasley saw them first. He lived by himself on a little farm outside Pigeon Forge, Iowa, and the Martians landed no more than thirty yards from his front porch. Ernest was asleep when they arrived, but the whizzing sound of the flying saucer awoke him and he went to the front window.

"Well son of a gun, would ja look at that," said Ernest to no one in particular.

As he stood at the front window, Ernest was suddenly encased in a clear plastic box and molecularly transported aboard the saucer. He found himself in a cozy little room much like his own den, complete with copies of the Farmer's Almanac and a pouch of Beech-Nut chewing tobacco.

Ernest thought it unusual that they knew he enjoyed chewing Beech-Nut and reading the Farmer's Almanac, but he didn't say anything. He was scared to.

"Uh. . .excuse me, but who are you and where are you taking me?" ventured Ernest, at last.

A speaker on the wall replied in a stern, but friendly voice, "You have nothing to fear, Mr. Beasley, as no harm shall come to you. We are from the planet Mars, and the reasons of our expedition here will be explained later. Now you must rest."

And just like that, Ernest was asleep.

When he awoke, the cozy little room had disappeared and he was now in a scientific laboratory, being studied by the Martians. They seemed to be working diligently, and Ernest wasn't overly surprised at their appearance.

"I guess they look like they ought to look," he thought.

"Good morning Mr. Beasley," said a Martian, "I trust you slept well. As we promised, we will explain the reasons for our mission."

Ernest listened.

"A team of noted Martian historians are currently doing research into the habits and customs of earthlings and our computers chose you as a primal representative of your people. Our scientists have already explored your mind electronically and now they're recording your bodily functions on computer tape."

Ernest didn't feel a thing.

"From this information, we will be able to calculate the age of what you call 'the human race', plus many other things too numerous to mention."

"I'm proud I was able to help," said Ernest.

"But that's not all, Mr. Beasley, you've also been selected to present a gift to the people of Earth from the people of Mars."

"A gift?" questioned Ernest.

"We've been studying your people for quite some time now, and it has become apparent that you need a great deal of assistance in the use and control of nuclear energy. The radioactive pollution of your world has spread throughout this solar system and reached a level of potential danger; therefore, we are prepared to offer the people of Earth a secret only recently discovered by our scientists."

"A secret?"

"We have developed a harnessing method of controlling nuclear power through the use of electrostatic shields which neutralize the radioactive atoms within the nuclear mass. The formula is far too complex for you to understand."

"I'm sure it is," said Ernest. "What do you want me to do?"

"Your instructions, upon returning to Earth, are to locate your leading nuclear physicist Dr. Winston McKay in Houston, Texas and give him the package we will give you. Everything in the package will be self-explanatory and Dr. McKay should be able to proceed immediately. Mr. Beasley, we cannot overemphasize the importance of your task; the material will be useless unless it is delivered to Dr. McKay."

"I understand sir. I'll do my best," said Ernest proudly.

"I'm sure you will - our computers indicate a high degree of reliability in you. But you must remember that you will possess the key to your world's future and should you fail, the hope of your world is lost."

"You have nothing to worry about," said Ernest, prouder than ever. "They've always said in Pigeon Forge that if something needs doin', Ernest Beasley will get it done."

He was to return to Earth in a Martian solar tube, an antiquated mode of travel for them, but more in keeping with Earth standards.

As Ernest re-entered the Earth's atmosphere, through the Van Allen belt and on down, he was intercepted somewhere over Idaho by three Air Force F-101's, mistaken for a soviet missile, and blown from the sky. ●

FOCUS: a column of the arts

by k. holbrook

Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee

They made us many promises, more than I can remember, but they never kept but one; they promised to take our land and they took it.

There is a growing feeling in this country that too few tears have been shed over the plight of the American Indian and the history of genocide committed against him. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, long number one on the New York Times best-seller list, does absolutely nothing to refute this trend. Massacre by massacre, Dee Brown describes what happened when white settlers invaded the continent of North America and established their "civilization".

This is obviously an historical book and is compiled in such detail that one would expect it to flow with the chopped dryness of a devastatingly boring text. It does not. Dee Brown has done much to avoid even the textbook-taste by using the writing of the Indian people themselves, whenever possible.

The Indian race in America used pictographs as well as the English language and their own, in order to preserve their own records and experiences as tribe after tribe disintegrated under the white man's rape of the country and its resources. These writings seldom reached print--some came from hearings and transcripts--until around 1850 when an aroused interest in the Indian tribes and reservations forced many publishers and reporters to start searching for this material.

Brown does nothing to soften the blow of tragedies which beleaguered the Indians--from the slaughter of the buffalo to the long list of broken treaties and promises which finally prompted Andrew Jackson to enact a law on May 28, 1830, shortly after he became President. Jackson, called Sharp Knife by the Indians, was convinced that the two races could never live together in peace. In his first message to Congress, he said:

I suggest the propriety of setting apart an ample district west of the Mississippi. . . to be guaranteed to the Indian tribe, as long as they shall occupy it.

During the autumn of 1838, the Cherokee tribes in the east began their "trail of tears", travelling west to reach the Indian Territory Jackson had established, already becoming smaller and smaller with the flood of white settlers moving westward.

Banishment from their ancestral homes was only a culmination of previous events. When the Dutch landed on Manhattan Island, Peter Minuit purchased it for 60 guilders in fishhooks and some glass beads. In 1641, four Indians were killed for crimes committed by white men. In retaliation, the Indians killed four Dutchmen. William Kieft, the governor, ordered the massacre of two entire villages while the Indians slept. The Dutch soldiers gored their bayonets through men, women, and children, hacked their bodies to pieces and then burned the village to the ground.

Incidents similar to this were commonplace for almost two centuries and the Indian writings reflect the obvious change in attitudes as the white man continued his obnoxious misuse of the land and its inhabitants.

Manuelito of the Navahos wrote:

When our fathers lived they heard that the Americans were coming across the great river westward. The Americans came to trade with us. When the Americans first came we had a big dance, and they danced with our women. We also traded.

The Indians showed obvious puzzlement over the insistence of the white man to dominate this land in which he was really a "foreigner". When the Utes were evacuated from their Rocky Mountains in Colorado, for a generation they "had watched the invading white men move into their Colorado county like endless swarms of grasshoppers." The commissioner of Indian affairs gave the order--"The Utes must go!" And Nicaagat (Jack) of the White River Utes said years later,

I told officer that this was a very bad business, that it was very bad for the Commissioner to give such an order. I said it was very bad; that we ought not to fight, because we were brothers, and the officer said that didn't make any difference; that Americans would fight even though they were born of the same mother.

This was soon realized: the Americans would fight their brothers, even a brother of the same womb. Year after year the white pushed further into the North American expanse, forcing the Indians back again and again.

The style of the book actually flows. Dee Brown's narrative of a dying race and culture probes into every nation of Indians, pulsing with the ebb and flow of treaties and butcherings. The Poncas, the Winnebagos, the Sioux, the Utes--all are represented in a horrible portrait of our inability to conceive of a nation for all people. It is impossible to read of Running Hawk, Black Hawk, Geronimo, Standing Bear, and all the other chiefs and not be furious with any Hollywood portrayal of a western to be even a far-fetched depiction of reality.

In these portrayals, Brown aptly uses the Indians' own words. This from Geronimo:

I was living peacefully with my family, having plenty to eat, sleeping well, taking care of my people, and perfectly contented. I don't know where those bad stories first came from. There we were doing well and my people well. I was behaving well. I hadn't killed a horse or man, American or Indian. I don't know what was the matter with the people in charge of us. They knew this to be so, and yet they said I was a mad man and the worst man there; but what had I done? I was living peacefully there with my family under the shade of the trees, doing just what General Crook had told me I must

do and trying to follow his advice. I want to know now who it was ordered me to be arrested. I was praying to the light and to the darkness, to God and to the sun to let me live quietly there with my family. I don't know what the reason was that people should speak badly of me. Very often there are stories put in the newspapers that I am to be hanged. I don't want that anymore. When a man tries to do right, such stories ought not to be put in the newspapers. There are very few of my men left now. They have done some very bad things but I want them all rubbed out now and let ou never speak of them again. There are very few of us left.

This book is so moving it is actually painful to try to re-produce the moods and feelings from the story itself. It is perhaps best expressed by a dying Indian Chief, who wrote of the battle at Wounded Knee:

I did not know then how much was ended. When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloody mud, and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream. . .the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer and the sacred tree is dead.●

Dee Brown has written fifteen books on Western American history; he is now a librarian at the University of Illinois.



The Alleged Notoriety of Christopher and Loretta

(because martha took her love away and
made me understand)

PART I

The cat is walking
Very loudly, I think,
For the weight of impending
Something
Weighs heavily upon him tonight.
The black spots
In his eyes
Are getting larger and larger
Until it seems he
Will burst with the very
Awareness of it all.

It seems very strange...
There is an endless line of
Bottles which
Will end very soon.
They are coming for him,
Kind of-
They really want nothing
To do with him.

It seems very strange...
Did you know
He saw
A very obscure bottle cap
Today? It
Was bent in the
Middle like a
Bed with too much weight
On it.

It seems very strange...
It was decided yesterday
By an obscure
Board of nobody's
Who influenced nothing
At all except
Everything
That there is now
527 days in every
Year or
Eon, whichever comes first.
He was left rather
Cold by it all,
Even though there was a
Raging inferno
Right underneath the
Surface where everything was.

It seems very strange...
The cat knows that
Infinity
Can only count to three
For there is
No need to count further.
After all, once
You get there
You're right back
Where you left from
Except that there is
Dust all over the Hoods which
Cover almost everyone's
Head.

It seems very strange...
A strange conversation
Just occurred which
Left him completely distraught and
Seemingly helpless
In a mild-mannered
Sort of way.
He learned
That what was once
There never really
Was at all
Because it saw no need to.

It seems very strange...

I have
A cat
Called Christopher.
He is a very normal
Cat in every respect
Save one-
I found out three days
Ago
He wasn't really a cat
At all.
He is actually a very
Mediocre person
Down the block
Who looks at you
When you wish he
Would not.
It was a terrible shock
Not to have a cat
All that time.
It seems very strange...

PART II

There is a quick patter
Of footsteps across the
Floor.
The echoes of them rebound
Constantly
From ceiling to floor,
And back,
In an endless stacatto of
Sound
Which ebbs and flows
In some sort of complicated
Musical
Progression.
It seems very real...
For some good and applicable reason
I have a mouse.
She is a very unhappy
Mouse who
Strives very hard
Not to show it,
But can't really help it
Because she is not at all content.
It seems very real...
The burden of her life is
Love because
She cannot decide whether
She has it
Or is looking for it.
The strange pink flowers
Which sometimes fill her head,
And clarify her vision,
Help to support her life
As she has nothing
Else to.

(continued on next page)

It seems very real...
The reflective retrospect
Of her
Vision
As typlified by the orbs
Of brilliance so
Clear in the
Sky is a
Perfumed reversal of
Timing.
It never really happened
Yet-
It seems very real...

She has seen
Things which don't
Quite work out like
They could or
Should.
The sea gulls of her
Memory have left
Trails in the air
Which she has followed
In a slow sort of way.
It seems very real...

My mouse loves
Everyone,
Except those who are
Black or
White. The idylls of her
Mind have left
Me completely distraught
In this respect.
It seems very real...

I found out just
Yesterday that Loretta (my mouse),
Is not really herself.
She is only a very
Strange-looking shadow
On the Wall
Which wasn't cast by anything.
It seems very real...

PART III

Christopher and
Loretta
Are actually two very passionate lovers.
The only strange thing
About their relationship
Is that they
Have nothing to say to
Each other.
It seems very strange...
And real...
And unhappy.

-Jack Lord-

Pains of Plastaceen

Inside a plastic Universe is a
World of plastaceen.
The blind in rosy-plastic Foster Grants
Can at least stop the Congressional armpit stink by
Straffing occasionally with Aluminum SST.

There is a world revolving
On an imaginary Howard Johnson straw
With a tropic of candy corn
And shafts of cobaltic pornography;
A sea of sterile saline,
And plastic stars of a million watts
That illuminate the plastic stumps
Of soldiers on inflated army cots.
(All the while plastic hens probe their stolen
peckers in the asses of burgeois and presidents.)

Perhaps by the sea the plastic sands
Will soon melt and ooze and complete the chain of Abraham--
A hoola-hoop of pseudo-Hellenic Phoenix, Arizonas
Whirling to no certain but enduring end--
Unpurged by the emotionless denouement of plastaceen--
Inescapable, beautiful-ugly, supreme and gaudy plastaceen.

-Dennis Cottrell-

The Talk

by Don Ellis

The leaves had created a carpet of gold across the lawn. They lay undisturbed except for a bare path which led to a young boy sitting under a large maple. Tom, who was now old enough to see over his father's car without standing on his tiptoes, was thinking of the week ahead. As he brushed back his thick, brown hair and propped his wrist upon his knees, he thought to himself, "Man, only five more days of being eleven. And then only a year 'til I'm a teenager. Half way to twenty-four. I think I'll be a coach, not like Wilson though."

He sank into a daydream of gyms, students, and himself as Coach Tom Lawson. He thought of the little guys looking up to him and saying, "Coach Lawson, will you show us. . ." His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of his mother, "Tom, supper is on the table." Half remembering his dream, he pulled himself up and began kicking leaves as he walked slowly in the direction of the small brick house.

Inside the house, and having passed the clean hands test on the third try, Tom sat down at the table. Right away his mother noticed a gleam in his eyes. Karen, who had been too busy blowing her nails to witness Tom's apparent excitement, had now sat down across from Tom and upon finally glancing at him remarked, "What's the imp up to now?"

To which Tom replied, "Imp!"

"Yes, Imp!" cried Karen in a sarcastic voice.

"Look who's talking. The only girl in the world who still has to. . ."

"Tom, I told you to shut up about that!"

"O.K. round one is over," Mrs. Lawson interrupted, "Somebody call your father for supper."

"I will," screamed Tom as he ran from the kitchen.

Upon entering his father's bedroom, Tom stood a moment to study his father. He thought that he would like to be like his father when he grew up. Breaking this thought Tom walked over and tapped his father's shoulder as he spoke, "Supper's ready."

His father, slow in waking from his nap, turned onto his back and focused his eyes on Tom. Then Mr. Lawson announced, "Tom, I need to talk to you later tonight. Hand me my shirt please."

"What about?" questioned Tom having tossed his father the shirt.

"Just . . . things," answered Lawson, "Let's go eat."

"Are you going to the game tonight, Karen?" asked Mr. Lawson.

"Yes. I'm going with Beth Wright. Her mother is taking us."

"Who's picking you up?"

"I am, Gene," Mrs. Lawson sighed, "Tom, why don't you go to the games? You are a part of Dominion High now."

"Mom," Karen answered shockingly, "seventh graders are not Dominion High. They're junior high."

"I suppose everyone feels that way?"

Both Tom and Karen answered, "Yes."

Later Karen rushed into the den and kissed her parents good-bye. "Bye, see ya later."

A high-pitched voice came from Tom's room, "Aren't you going to kiss me bye Dearie?"

"I'd tell you what I think of you but you're too young to understand! Bye Mom. Dad." Karen let the door slam behind her.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson looked at each other with grim faces. "When?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"After the news," Lawson said. He drew a deep breath and then exhaled it.

"You'd better start sewing now so it won't look so bad when I call him in here."

Mrs. Lawson patted her husband's arm and gently kissed his cheek. As she passed Tom's room she looked in a minute and thought to herself, "Good-bye my little boy." She fought back a tear.

The television announced the end of the news. Gene Lawson called for his son, "Tom! come in here please. I wan to have that little talk now."

Tom walked from his room and into the den. When Tom saw the look on his father's face, he wondered if this was the talk he had heard about at school. He sat in front of his father.

As Mrs. Lawson brushed some threads from the table she noticed the television playing again and the light coming from Tom's room. "It's over," she thought. She ran into the den and asked how the talk had gone.

"Fine," answered Lawson, "Fine."

"And Tom."

"Enlighted, I suppose."

Lawson and his wife slept little that night. They lay awake wondering in what ways Tom would be affected by the talk. Finally morning came, and breakfast was almost ready.

Mrs. Lawson waited longer than usual this morning to call Tom down. Perhaps she was afraid of the change she would see in her son. When everything was ready, Mrs. Lawson walked to Tom's door and spoke, "Tom, honey, breakfast's ready." Then she walked back into the kitchen and took her seat. It wasn't long before Tom came in. His parents noticed a look of deep thought on his face as he sat down.

"Good morning Father, Mother, Karen," Tom sang. Everyone looked at Tom as if he had walked in naked. Mrs. Lawson wondered if this could be a preview of things to come from her little man. She was thinking in an almost soap-operatic manner.

Karen questioned, "What's with this Mother, Father, Karen business!"

Mrs. Lawson cringed.

Tom smiled. As he opened his mouth to speak the elder Lawsons braced themselves for the worst.

"Don't tell me you don't know!" exclaimed Tom, Wednesday is my birthday. ●

momentary

by Kathy Tempelmeyer

Dust danced in the shafts of sunlight. She stooped over the plant and cooed softly as she watered it. Although it was lovingly cared for, the plant never looked anything but undernourished and ragged. Its pot was covered with wrinkled and torn gold foil tied with a dusty and faded pink ribbon.

"Margaret "

She turned and looked up at her husband. "I'm watering the plant," she said.

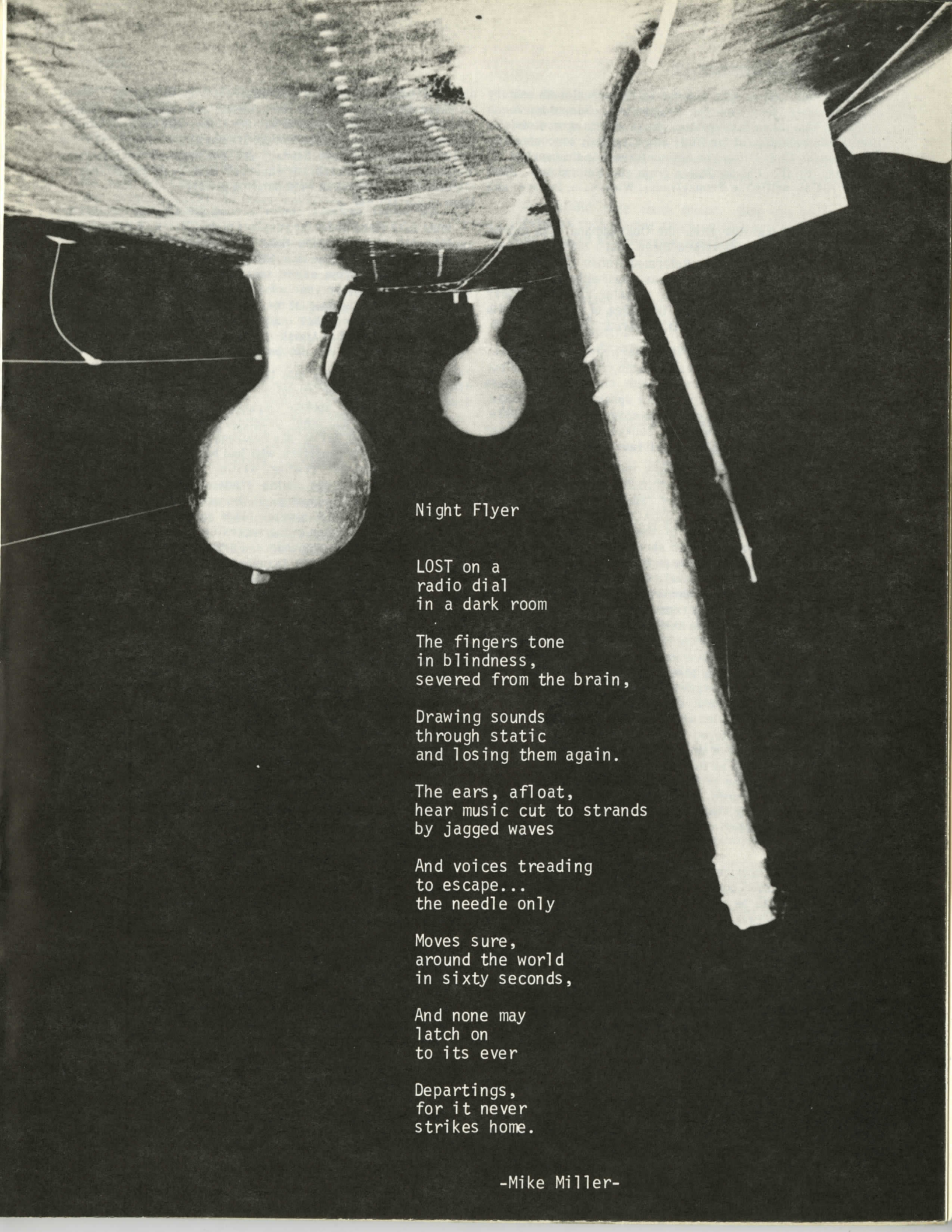
"I know. You love that scrawny thing." Joseph was always very gentle and kind. He knew where the plant had come from, but he was patient. From the first day she had known him, he had not once lost his calmness. She had been so drawn to his wisdom that the idea of physical love had never occurred to her. She concealed her surprise when he spoke of his *néed*--it could hardly be called desire--for her. His was a world of uplifting thoughts in which she was a bright anachronism, not beautiful, but very young. She had been the slipstone in his quiet life. There was a great deal of turmoil when he told his wife about it and the children were naturally resentful. He had expected nothing else and had succeeded in hiding the discomfort from Margaret. She was still little more than a girl, only two years older than his own daughter. And she had had to cope with some discomfort herself. Already estranged from her parents, their marriage had made the final cut.

He knew that there had also been another man at sometime, for she did not come to him a virgin. He little expected anything else. She never held herself away from him. She seemed to welcome him, but her passion was small and submissive. It was good for him. She never demanded more than he could give or accused him of being unmanly.

Actually, she had been a little surprised to discover how soft Joseph was the first time he held her. So unlike Ray who was hard and strong and explosive. She still thought of Ray occasionally. When Joseph was dead she was fairly sure that he would fade from her mind quickly, but Ray would still be there. Being with him had been frighteningly ecstatic--perhaps that was the love one always heard about. But she felt very safe with Joseph; Ray had sometimes hurt her. His eyes frightened her. He had been good sometimes, like when he gave her the plant. Yet he could destroy at will. That power was too difficult to live with. She never told Joseph much about Ray. He must have known something though. It seemed to her that once she had mentioned the name--sometime back when she was thinking of Joseph as a kindly and intelligent old man.

How had his wife--of course Margaret was married to him now, but she never thought of herself as his wife--how had she taken the news that her husband was gone? Was she shocked and hurt like Ray was when Margaret had not come home one night? Had she screamed at him? Margaret had seen her once, a skinny woman whose face resembled that of a horse. That another woman owned Joseph's youth and passion, caused Margaret no pain. No part of Joseph had ever hurt her.

"What a pitiful looking thing," Margaret said and stood up. "I have lunch waiting." She stood on her toes and kissed his chin softly, very softly. He watched her walk into the kitchen, admiring the movements under her pink housecoat. Then he picked a brown leaf off the floor, crumpled it in his hand, and followed his wife. ●



Night Flyer

LOST on a
radio dial
in a dark room

The fingers tone
in blindness,
severed from the brain,

Drawing sounds
through static
and losing them again.

The ears, afloat,
hear music cut to strands
by jagged waves

And voices treading
to escape...
the needle only

Moves sure,
around the world
in sixty seconds,

And none may
latch on
to its ever

Departings,
for it never
strikes home.

Order Amish Church was founded in the seventeenth century as a separate sect from the Mennonites. Named for Jacob Ammann, this more conservative group insists upon a strictly literal interpretation of the Bible and base their nonconformity upon Romans 12:2---“And be not conformed to this world. . .” Migrating to the United States from the Netherlands, most of the Amish settled in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Ohio.

In 1944, ten families from the Ohio-Indiana area moved to Ethridge and were followed three years later by fifteen Indiana families of the New Reformed Amish Church. This second more progressive group was apparently absorbed by the Old Order and adopted their stricter customs. Today about seventy families live in this area of Tennessee with additional families occasionally arriving from the North.

Their language still testifies to the long history of the Amish. Commonly known as Pennsylvania Dutch, it is not Dutch but principally Deutsch, or German, with elements of English and other languages mixed in. They speak German at home, but most know English well enough to converse with outsiders. Their interesting dialect with its Yankee and German flavor adds color and humor to an already fascinating people.

Aside from their distinctive homes, the Amish farms in Lawrence County are quickly identifiable from the names on mailboxes - Gingerich, Miller, Mast, Yoder, and Zook. Visiting the area recently, COLLAGE staff members met several interesting members of the clan. Emmanuel Gingerich, who operates a harness shop and produces old-fashioned sorghum, was not at home on the rainy December afternoon. He had “gone into town” and would not return until late, according to two of his grandsons who greeted us. No doubt a six-mile buggy ride each way consumes most of a short winter afternoon. The teenage boys answered some of our questions and evaded the more probing ones. The younger, who was fourteen, eyed the automobile with twinkling brown eyes and a suppressed smile. Having parked the wagon and team he was driving, the second youth, a gawky boy with golden hair and first fuzzy indication of a beard, showed us the harness shop. A unique place in a world filled with mass-produced transportation vehicles, the shop featured large sides of uncut leather as well as numerous sets of finished harness studded with brass brads. The machines of the trade were powered with a stationary gasoline engine in keeping with the Amish belief that electricity is too modern. The odor of the leather pervaded the small outbuilding, and kerosene lamps along the wall served as a reminder of the hours of tedious work carried on there.

Leaving the Gingerich farm, we crossed the Lawrenceburg highway and turned down a narrow road in search of an old man purported to be quite friendly and communicative with interested outsiders. When we stopped for directions at an Amish home, we were hailed by an unfriendly dog, but the two women at the door were co-operative. Both wore the snug white house caps and one was holding a pudgy child. After driving over roads that really seemed fit only for steel-wheeled buggies, we located the home of Ezra Miller. Apparently in the midst of chores at his barn, he paused to invite us in out of the rain. Silhouetted against a rain-spattered window, the hoary man talked to us of the beliefs and way of life of his people.

Religion with the Amish is not an isolated aspect of life; but rather, all else hinges on it. They adhere to a literal reading of the Bible, especially the New Testament. According to Miller, their ascetic life is based on the tenet that Chris-

tians must be “humble and different from the world.” Since these Plain People avoid the pretense and expense of a church building, worship is held in various homes with the host usually providing a meager meal for the all-day affair. These services are held every other Sunday, and a bishop and two ministers preside. Three separate churches have been established in the colony as a result of population growth.

All social customs center around the Church. Marriage must take place under the auspices of the Church, for the Amish may not marry outside their own kind. It is not uncommon for young men from the Ethridge group to travel north to choose a wife from among the other groups of Amish there. When, on occasion, one of the sect intermarries with the outside world, he is cast out and never so much as mentioned by the faithful. When questioned about such exiles, Miller said only that the Amish must marry within the Order; he would not discuss the disobedient.

Education, too, fits into the scheme of humility and godliness. The children attend a private school supported by the Church. Having spoken German at home, the children are taught English and other practical subjects so that they can function in their day-to-day business and read the Scriptures. One of Miller's daughters who had been a teacher, describes the curriculum as “reading, writing, and arithmetic”. The schools end with the eighth grade, and most children have completed formal education at the age of fourteen. The two adolescents at the Gingerich place were delighted to be out of school and laughed at the suggestion of the additional study the outside world demands. Further education is frowned upon by the Old Order as unnecessary and pretentious, but the young people are adequately trained to maintain their life style. The boys learn carpentry or some useful skill as the girls master cooking and sewing. Any money the children earn from outside work must be given to their parents until they are twenty-one. The Amish insistence upon retaining their own schools as a part of their life and religion has created numerous problems with state education boards elsewhere. In Lawrence County, however, the local board recognizes their right to educate their own people.

Although the Amish shun higher education for their people, they do take advantage of the medical knowledge of the outside world. Some of them go to doctors in Lawrenceburg and neighboring towns. The seventy-year-old Miller spoke of several doctors as he indicated the conglomeration of pill bottles on top of the oak chest. In emergencies the Amish will enter a hospital for treatment, but they prefer to remain at home and be cared for by relatives. When one of the Plain People dies, his family and friends make the necessary arrangements with no outside intervention. The deceased is buried in an Amish cemetery where his grave is marked by a modest concrete marker; an elaborate marble memorial would be boastful.

In the midst of this back-looking people are some startling contradictions. The Old Order Amish own their property individually and each family tries to make what it can from the land and livestock. Some hire out to neighboring farmers in the busy seasons. After selling their products or receiving their wages, they may deposit the money in a modern computer-run bank in Lawrenceburg; and some maintain checking accounts there. Although they own some valuable farm land and equipment, the Amish carry no insurance; that would be to doubt God's care. They own no cars and on short trips drive the buggies made in their buggy shop. But when forced to travel long distances, they will ride a bus or train. Electricity is not permitted, but all types of stationary gas engines are

Amish

used to power essential machinery. Some of the clan even use flashlights to replace coal oil lanterns. Adamantly against drinking, they do condone the use of whiskey for medicinal purposes. These inconsistencies seem strange among a sect that is struggling to hold to the past and not adopt worldly ways. Ezra Miller shed little light on this question. He said the Church ruled on what conveniences they might use in many cases; in other instances, the individual must consult his conscience.

The Amish are honest, hard-working citizens, but their beliefs historically have yielded persecution. They refuse to go to war, and their retreat from modern technology makes it difficult for them to find a way to serve their country. While they support government by paying taxes, they neither ask nor want government aid. The semi-retired Miller is quick to point out that he receives no social security. The Amish are exempt from paying income tax, but they are expected to and report their income if it exceeds the taxable amount. With their sustenance economy and an average number of eight dependent children, few Amish would reach the taxable income bracket anyway. Traditionally their pacifism and rejection of public schools has caused problems for the Amish across the United States, but this does not seem to be true in Lawrence County, Tennessee.

There the "Mennonites" are recognized as strange but upright local government has apparently given them the freedom to live their lives as they please---the only right they seek from the government. They have retained their customs and their schools and at the same time gained the respect of their neighbors. Almost anyone that deals regularly with these plain folk will mention their honesty and the way they take care of their own. Often they cite examples of the Amish visiting their worldly neighbors when they are sick or of them lending money or time to victims of disaster. The people living around the Ethridge settlement are often amused at the Amish way of life, but underneath there is usually a hint of admiration for them as well.

Unlike some Tennessee cultures, the Amish way of life is not dying. These Tennesseans are happy and thriving in a community where they are seldom disturbed from outside. The question for the future is not whether they will survive, but rather, will they change? Most of the American Mennonites are more progressive than the Old Order Amish who compose only about thirteen percent of the total. New arrivals in Tennessee from the reformed sects are welcomed, but "must come into our Order," according to Miller. He also told of a young outsider who had worked with the Amish and began wearing their clothing. He may be allowed to join the group if he meets the qualifications set forth by the Order. Even though Miller is an old man, he implied that all change might not necessarily be bad. He indicated that he had come to Tennessee from a somewhat more liberal group in Ohio, and that the Ethridge sect is "different from them."

Change to more modern methods of doing things probably will occur gradually among the Lawrence County group, but their attitudes about Christianity and life will remain firm. Their way of life may be altered by progress, but the Amish existence will still be humble and dedicated to serving God and fellow men.

Their homes are similar to the farmhouses of their worldly neighbors, but the absence of the usual car and television antenna makes them distinguishable at a glance. Many have windmills, and most are sturdy, two-story frame constructions. Stepping inside transports one back into the last century. Simply furnished with massive, functional furniture, the houses

are illumined only by natural light in the day and by several kerosene lamps at night. Strips of dark cloth hang at the windows to serve as shades; but there are no decorative curtains, and no rugs adorn the bare wooden floors. The kitchen has only necessities---none of the "modern conveniences"---and all the cooking is done with wood and kerosene stoves.

Where did they come from? How can these Amishers survive as such glaring anachronisms in a world that for most of us changes with dizzying speed? ●

Author's Note:

Sources besides interviews consulted for this article are Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. 15, p. 159; The Nashville Tennessean, April 20, 1947; The Nashville Tennessean "Sunday Magazine", February 12 and 19, 1967; and Saturday Review, January 15, 1972, pp. 52-58.

Melungeons continued from page 29

age of railroads and cities, and vast expansion. If you try to stay in the past, pretty soon you will lose contact with the world, then you lost dignity and self-respect. . . . You have to work hard, learn, save money, mingle with the white society around you, make yourselves a part of the life of Hancock County and East Tennessee."

That Alisee was impressed by Netherland's advice is evident in her statement to Tom, her rejected Melungeon suitor: "But I keep rememberin' what a man in Nashville told us. . . . This is a new day, an' we can't go on backin' up farther an' farther, hidin' off up there in the mountains. We got to be part o' this country. We run away long enough!" It is already clear that Alisee will marry Vance, who will accept the job with Governor Senter. It is clear, too, that Alisee will exchange her barefooted simplicity for shoes, and that she will become appareled (and no doubt grammatical) as befits a lady.

Walk toward the sunset: to fight or to scatter like animals, the doomed alternatives of the Cherokee; to adapt or die: to remain, reclusive, on Newman's Ridge, or to go down and lose their singular identity in the Cities of the Plain, the dooming alternatives of the Melungeons. I say "dooming" not so much to make a value judgment as to designate a choice which, once made, is irreversible. For though the

In Act I when the Melungeons come for counsel to Atakullakulla, the Principal Chief of the Cherokee, Atakullakulla tells them: "Like grains of sand along these mountain rivers, like yellow leaves blowing on the north wind, settlers cross the mountains and come down the valleys. The Red Man had two paths to go: fight, or scatter in the forest like animals. Either way, the Cherokee walk toward the sunset." ●

(Author's note: The various sources for this article have been indicated as unobtrusively as possible in the text. The most important source of all, however, remains to be given proper credit. I telephoned Mr. Charles W. Turner, Mayor of Sneedville, requesting help. He supplied me with a large packet of material, all of it highly informative, including a script of the drama Walk Toward the Sunset which I copied and returned, since he had no copies to spare. Mr. Turner is not responsible, of course, for the use I made of the information he so graciously supplied me with, nor for any opinions found in the text.)



Michael L. Fedak

The question for the future is not whether they will survive, but rather, will they change.



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