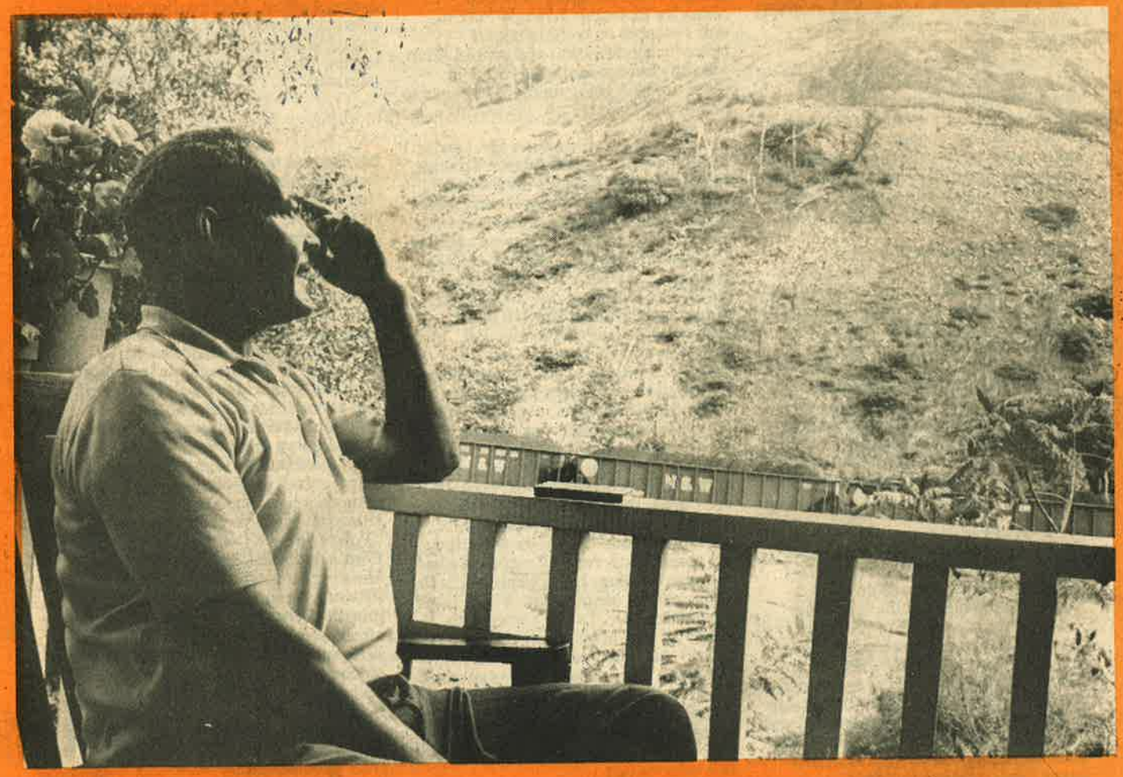
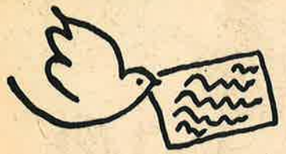
win

PEACE & FREEDOM THRU NONVIOLENT ACTION

August 19, 1976 / 30¢

SPECIAL ISSUE: APPALACHIA
The People, the Land and the Union





The Henry Bass article on the Self-Management Conference [WIN, 7/29/76] is too pessimistic. How can he say "the ideal" of having activists participate in the associations activities may soon be abandoned? I was there too and I found among the intellectuals, activists, and stringers-on a general recognition of the infancy of our movement and the greatest priority of all seemed to be recognized as the paramount necessity that the self-management concept must be **encouraged** to become part of a viable future employment world.

Many so-called "counter-culture" collectives are consumer collectives not worker collectives, an important difference to those of us in the cooperative field and secondly, there were proposals made at the conference to include community and consumer representatives on boards with workers and managers in traditional firms transforming themselves to the principles of self-management.

I found the "state of things" discouraging only because it was so apparent that only a minute percentage of the American economy is self-managed. But there is room for optimism. It was also obvious the movement is growing, and numerous proposals were made to promote the growth.

The **Federation for Economic Democracy** desires to promote self-management and Jeremy Rifkin of the People's Bicentennial Commission is proposing state action to create state banks to finance self-managed firms.

In short, I saw progress, I wish it were faster, but we have to start somewhere. Most of the examples of self-management in practice came into existence in the last decade.

—RALPH J. YEHLE
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Regarding Desmond Lawlers's letter [WIN, 8/5/76] criticizing the article I did on the NAEP citizenship tests, I would like to point out the following:

1) The main purpose of the article was to raise some questions concerning the testing. I worked for NAEP for several months in 1974-75 and was concerned at the secrecy surrounding the citizenship testing (it is not a classified project) and also that several members of the NAEP staff, including one of my immediate supervisors, told me they had misgivngs about certain aspects of the tests which they were afraid to raise for fear of losing their jobs. The article was originally written for **Environment Action Bulletin** and, while I could have easily written several times as much on the topic, I was under severe space restrictions and thus tried to present true information, some of which is circumstantial, which raised doubts in my own mind about the program. If the reader wishes to conclude from the information given that the tests are harmless or beneficial, that is her/his prerogative.

2) I certainly endorse verbal communication as a nonviolent means of achieving social change. As an activist in the peace, civil rights and environmental movements of Colorado since 1967 I have on a number of occasions attempted to communicate my views verbally to people who disagreed with me, including of the military, Congresspeople, and corporation attorneys. I have also made an effort to understand their views. I do not see the NAEP citizenship tests, however, as providing a vehicle for meaningful political dialogue between school students and various other known and unknown parties.

3) I did **not** say that the companies and government agencies which comprise Research Triangle Park to **only** research on techniques for behavior modification and control. That a significant amount of research in those areas is going on there I believe to be beyond dispute.

4) Any further information Mr. Lawler could provide about Research Triangle Institute or Dr. Tukey's involvement with NAEP or any other relevant information could be of great help and should be forwarded to Dave Anderson, **Colorado Daily**, UMC 408, U. of Colo., Boulder, CO 80302. Mr. Anderson would like to update the NAEP story before he reprints it this fall in his paper. Both Congresswoman Pat Schroder and US Senator Gary Hart have been unable to get certain kinds of information which they have sought about the NAEP tests, e.g. what other government contracts are held by Measurement Research Center and Research Triangle Institute, and copies of the NAEP citizenship test booklets in use during the past year. I personally wonder how Congresspeople can continue to fund such tests when they are consistently **refused copies of what they are funding**. I also would really like to know what connections, if any, there are between Dr. Tukey's work with NAEP as part of his Army research (see below), his position as professor at Princeton Univ., and the storage of all NAEP data on a Princeton Univ. computer. Mr. Lawler might write **his** Congresspeople to see if they are any more successful than mine in getting some of this information.

5) For additional published information, I suggest Mr. Lawler consult the following sources: **Frontiers of Educational Measurement and Information Systems—1973**, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1973, on p. 113 of which an article by John W. Tukey entitled "The Zig-Zagging Climb from Initial Observation to Successful Improvement: Comments on the Analysis of National Assessment Data" is footnoted as "*Prepared in part in connection with research at Princeton University sponsored by the Army Research Office (Durham)"; **National Assessment Citizenship Objectives for 1974-75 Assessment**, available from NAEP, 1860 Lincoln St., Denver, CO 80203; the **Rocky Mountain News** (Denver), 11/16/75, p. 10; **Peace and Freedom**, 10/75, p. 15; **Another Mother for Peace Newsletter**, 2/76, pp. 6-7. In addition I would be delighted to send Mr. Lawler any or all of the eight pounds or so of information which I have acquired about NAEP citizenship testing over the past year and a half, should he be willing to reimburse me copying costs and postage.

6) As to the article's "encouraging paranoia": One of the first people I talked with about these tests outside the NAEP office was Charles Morgan, Jr., director of the Washington, DC ACLU national office. At the end of our discussion I asked him if I were being paranoid in opposing this kind of testing. His reply was, "You are not paranoid."

—MARGARET PULS
Denver, CO

In response to Bill Meacham's request for some substantive comment on the "new age" politics of Gov. Jerry Brown [WIN, 7/29/76], Jerry Brown's position on amnesty is indicative of his image-based politics. While he poses as a former antiwar leader and representative of the "younger generation," his amnesty proposal is to the right of Hubert Humphrey and Gerald Ford, the architects and defenders of Washington's Indochina War and implacable foes of universal and unconditional amnesty.

When asked about amnesty while campaigning this spring, Brown responded that he favored an amnesty only for draft resisters and conditioned upon the completion of a period of alternative service in what he called a "Public Service Commission." Gerald Ford's punitive Clemency Program, however, at least did not discriminate between categories of war resisters. It punished everyone, requiring alternative service for deserters, some veterans with less-than-honorable discharges, and some civilians with antiwar "criminal" records as well as draft resisters.

The draft resisters Brown's proposal favors for conditional amnesty are from predominantly white, middle class backgrounds.

—JACK COLHOUN
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

What would it be like to open your mailbox and not find WIN? To be cut off from Mark Morris, Art Waskow, Wendy Schwartz and all of those other folks who help you keep your balance? To be left all alone out there in Nebraska surrounded by Ford supporters or in Berkeley surrounded by Trotskyists?

It could happen, you know. WIN currently owes past due money to the company that owns the typesetting machine, the electric company, the telephone company, etc. These are people who could make it impossible to publish the high quality magazine that delights you every week.

WIN also owes its staff 10 weeks back salaries. Most of them have been living on borrowed money. Every week the staff has to make the decision to print or get paid. They are now talking of taking part time jobs to support themselves while working on WIN.

Help keep WIN coming to your mailbox. Help the WIN people pay rent. Help end this endless series of fund appeals. Send your check or money order today, and keep the "liveliest magazine on the Left" alive.

Michael Wells, a subscriber from Oregon
who was passing through

* * * * *

With this issue WIN takes its annual four week break from publishing. While we will try to squeeze in some vacation time each, mostly we will be catching up on all the things that have gone unattended in the frantic pace of weekly publication. Some of us will attend the WRL National Conference. The office needs some finishing touches, there are piles of correspondence waiting to be answered, manuscripts to read and we face the always difficult process of finding a new staff member. We also hope we can scratch up the money to pay some long overdue bills and back salaries so we can start September in good standing.

Our deepest thanks to David Morris for organizing and preparing the material for this special issue on Appalachia. We have so many good articles and graphics we intend to do a follow-up issue on other aspects of Appalachia later in the fall. Our thanks also to Michael Wells, a former staff member of the *Portland Scribe*, who dropped in and helped out with deadline chores.

The next issue will be dated September 23. The deadline for articles, photos, drawings, poems, etc. is September 10. Have a good rest of the summer.

Peace,
The WIN Staff

Dear folks,

After having worked on the staff of WIN for eight years, I have decided I need a change. Also, it's good for WIN to have new people helping to produce the magazine. I want to move on to other situations and ways of living and dealing with this world. I'll take with me the education WIN has given me and I hope to continue to put it to good use.

I'll still be around for a while, helping out. The circulation work I've been doing will be passed on to Susan and Ruthann. Murray will take over Susan's bookkeeping, and we hope to have a new person doing pasteup and design.

WIN is a good place to work. The staff is easygoing. Pay isn't always regular during periods of hard times but we've managed to squeak through year after year. What WIN achieves is most important. I hope the magazine continues to spread its benevolent influence to increasing numbers of people.

I may contribute to WIN from time to time in the years to come, so this is not quite goodbye!

Love,
Mary

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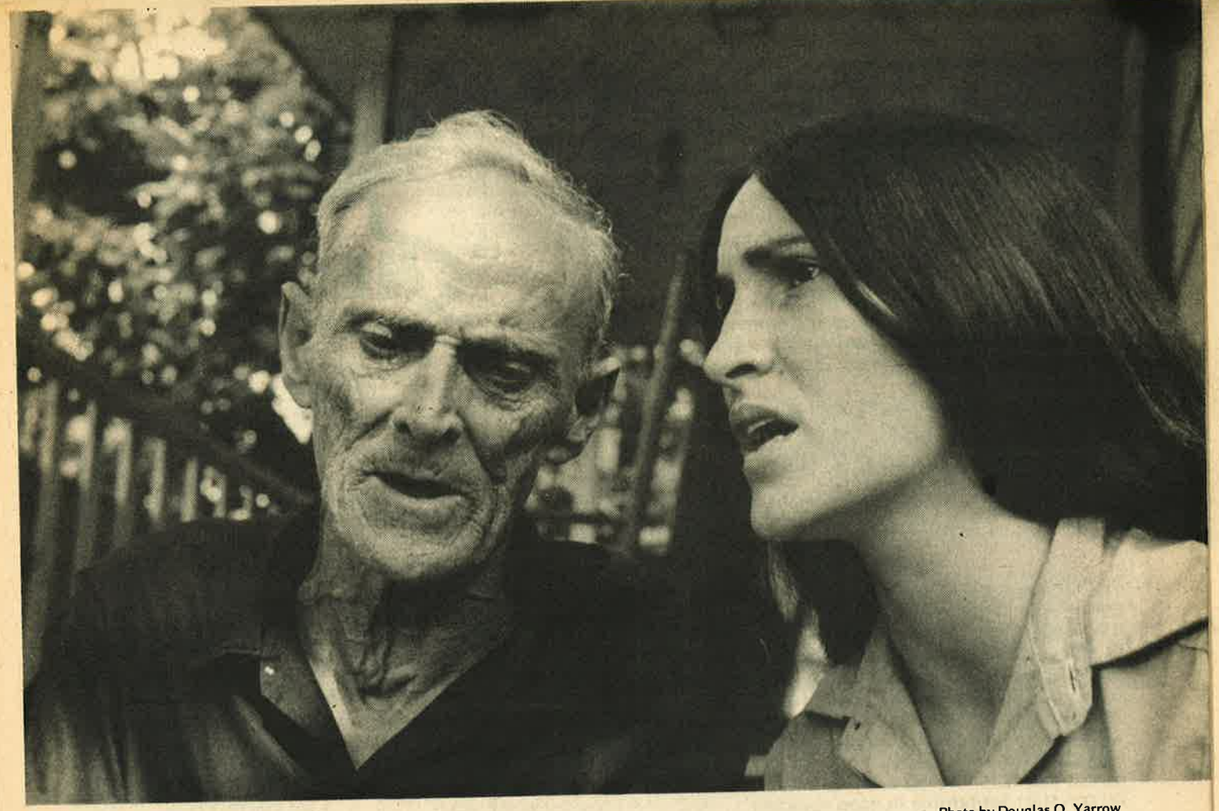


Photo by Douglas O. Yarrow

Mystery seems to hang over the southern Appalachian mountains like early morning fog for those who have never traveled through the region. The reality is more complex than the projections. In this special issue of WIN, we bring you several voices from the mountains to share the contrast that defines life here today.

—David Morris

Appalachia: The Changing Times

MIKE CLARK

Appalachia has been viewed by many Americans as a place where change comes slowly and where people still live as they did one hundred years ago. As anyone who has lived here can verify, few things could be further from the truth. Within the past century major changes have come to the region, and today the Appalachian area is a highly industrialized segment of the larger American economy.

However, certain geographical and historical factors have combined to mold the rural population in the mountains into a people apart. The life of most Appalachian people is still heavily influenced by rural patterns of living. Almost 60% of the population, or twice as many as in the rest of the country, still live outside metropolitan areas. The contrast in Appalachia between rural life and modern technological society is often vivid and dramatic: a home garden sometimes surrounds an oil or gas rig; modern highways may pass by log cabins; electric power lines cut huge swaths through valleys long isolated by rugged terrain. The industrial development of the region has always been uneven, concentrating in the broad river valleys and bottom lands and leaving the more rugged areas relatively untouched. Under these conditions it is natural that rural customs and values continue to have strong influence throughout the mountains. But the past few years have been marked by tremendous change, and the real story of Appalachia today is the attempt by mountain people to retain the humanistic elements of the old culture and at the same time adapt to the pressures and demands of a technological society.

Mike Clark is currently director of Highlander Center in New Market, Tennessee and has been involved in community organizing/community based education since the early 1960's. This article is reprinted with permission of the author from Voices from the Mountains, *Alfred Knopf, 1975.*

The Appalachian South is a vast area stretching from the tablelands of West Virginia and southeast Ohio to the rolling foothills of north Georgia. It contains three distinct sections: the plateau country, the Great Valley, and the highlands. The plateau country includes the central Appalachian coal fields, takes in part of the Allegheny Plateau in West Virginia and Ohio, and moves south to the Cumberland Plateau, which sweeps through eastern Kentucky, southeastern Virginia, and parts of east Tennessee.

The Great Valley splits the plateau country from the highlands. It begins with the level bottom lands and broad valley of the Shenandoah River in Virginia and extends down through east Tennessee. This section contains most of the manufacturing and small industrial plants along with the better farmland. The highland area includes the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Unakas, Balsams, and Blacks of Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia. This is the most rugged section of Appalachia, with thirty peaks rising over 6,000 feet in elevation. Most of the jobs in this section come from textiles, lumber, and tourism.

Within the mountainous Appalachian South boundary of some 55,000 square miles, over 8.6 million people make their homes. Most have family ties to the land going back several generations. Almost 99% were born in this country. About 6% are black and live mostly in the industrial centers and towns. Less than 1% are Native Americans.

For 200 years the rugged mountain barriers of Appalachia served as a cultural barrier until the coming of electric power lines, new roads, and modern mass media opened up the region to more modern influences. The coming of mills, mines, and new industry after 1900 forced major changes in the old pioneer way of life. The past 60 years have seen the passing of most of the old ways. During the last 20 years the rate of change has accelerated. Consider these factors:

Very few people are alive today who know firsthand the pioneer ways of our ancestors. The leaders of most communities in Appalachia today are people who have been exposed to the influences of modern industry.

Farming, once the base of the old pioneer culture, has declined. Appalachia remains the stronghold of the small family farm, but most people now earn their income in wages or in payments from the federal government. Less than one fourth of the population earns a living from farming. Seventy-four per cent of all rural residents in Appalachia received some form of federal subsidy in 1970, compared to 54% for the rest of the nation.

Since 1944 over two million people have left the region—most of them from coal mining areas, although lumbering and agricultural areas have also lost population. Since 1960 this out-migration has slowed down, but over 500,000 high school graduates are expected to leave the area in the next ten years to find jobs. Unemployment in Appalachia averages 30% higher than the rest of the country.

The coal industry has undergone drastic changes in markets and mining techniques. Today 150,000 miners produce approximately the same amount of coal as did 600,000 miners 30 years ago. Strip mining over the past 12 years has changed the entire nature of coal production. In 1960 strip mining accounted for less than one fourth of the coal produced in Appalachia; today it is the major method, producing well over one half of all the coal mined in Appalachia and employing one tenth as many miners as are needed in deep mining.

The Tennessee Valley Authority, long regarded as the most responsive and progressive of federal agencies, has become a coal-consuming monster to produce cheap electric power. Strip-mine coal companies contracted by the TVA are destroying thousands of acres of mountain land—laying waste one section of Appalachia to light cheaply the homes and factories of another section. Only 10% of the TVA's electric power is now produced by hydroelectric facilities.

The Army Corps of Engineers has assumed control of most watersheds within the region. In 1972 a report issued by the corps, in co-operation with other federal agencies, called for the construction of 200 new dams primarily to provide water and recreation benefits for metropolitan centers outside Appalachia. Dams are already a major disrupter of Appalachian life and have forced thousands of families to be uprooted from their family homesteads. Forty-four dams are planned for eastern Kentucky alone, although recent federal studies have shown that existing lakes and rivers in the coal fields are rapidly dying because of acid mine drainage and sedimentation from strip mining.

The Appalachian Regional Commission (ARC), a federal agency with broad administrative powers regarding federal spending in Appalachia, has begun reorganization of local county governmental units in a plan that may bring about the greatest change in local government since the Revolutionary War. The ARC concept establishes multicounty planning units with governing boards composed of elected officials, businessmen, and civic leaders. The boards have veto power over all federal funds, creating a new level of bureaucracy removed and insulated from the democratic process of direct election by the people.

The development of second homes and huge tourist centers by land speculators has sent land rates and taxes skyrocketing since 1960, making it harder for natives to hold on to their homes. This trend has hit elderly people particularly hard since they often live on fixed incomes; their children have migrated to find work, and the old people must either submit to a lower standard of living because of inflation or sell their homestead and obtain a "nest egg" rather than become a financial burden to their children. While the scarcity of fuel caused by the energy crisis may slow down this exploitative use of land, the demand for recreation and "escape" areas from the cities seems to ensure a continuing increase of land rates.

The US Forest Service has continued to acquire more mountain land under its management and ownership. In 1930 the Forest Service had seven national forests within the region and a total of 2,462,015 acres of land. By 1964 there were nine national forests lying primarily within the southern Appalachians and over 11,365,000 acres owned by the US government. The Forest Service, in 1970, owned over 14 million acres in Appalachia. Since the government has the right of eminent domain in acquiring land for national forests, there is little choice for the individual mountaineer but to move and begin life elsewhere.

Photo by Douglas O. Yarrow

The growing power of the federal government combined with the ruthless practices of the coal, textile, and timber industries has, in recent years, raised the specter of a huge industrial park or "hillbilly" reservation extending throughout Appalachia, peopled only by a few maintenance workers and ruled by federal or corporate managers who refuse to let native mountaineers remain on the land. Stripped of the coal and timber, it is dotted with lakes in which only tourists can swim. In the midst of all these trends the individual mountaineer has little opportunity to counter the pressures of the federal government or large corporations. The pattern of outside interests controlling the region is a familiar one to anyone who has studied mountain history. Appalachia has always been a domestic battleground with conflicting forces trying to gain control of the rich natural resources. Native Americans were driven off their ancestral land by waves of white pioneers who swept across the hills in a never-ending flow. Behind the pioneers came land speculators representing rich eastern investors who desired vast expanses of new land. Later still came the railroads and the corporations that opened up the region to industrial exploitation around the turn of this century. Along with the industrial barons were missionaries of the major American churches seeking new converts and new domains. With the advent of the War on Poverty and the expansion of federal programs within Appalachia, a new type of missionary has descended upon the region.

It is not surprising, then, that many rural mountaineers have adopted a wait-and-see attitude toward new developments, looking with well-warranted suspicion upon anyone who promises a new and better way of life. To mountaineers survival has meant acquiring patience and a sense of perspective about the pressures of modern life. Like most Americans, we have changed when it seemed in our best interests to do so. In this respect, we are no different from our ancestors.

The early white settlers of Appalachia came here from Europe to escape the powers of church and state. Along the eastern seaboard, where large landowners and the state Church of England were already firmly entrenched, they found similar abuses; so they moved west where land was cheap. Most were Scotch-Irish and English, with a scattering of Dutch and German.

In 1774 (two years before the Declaration of Independence) mountaineers said in the Watauga Declaration they were free from the English king; they fought against slavery in the 1800s, believing that no man had the right to own another; they became a national symbol of a militant union movement during the 1930s; and they have always sent a disproportionate share of young men off to war. But today the region is in the hands of absentee corporations. The recent coming of cheap electric power, new roads, and public schools has not meant that local government is more responsive to the needs of people. Instead, improvements have been made only when they would be profitable to the industries of the region. Rural Appalachia has always suffered from a one-industry economy, whether it be coal, textiles, or lumber; and the political power has usually been concentrated in the hands of old, established families who form the core of the local business community or of the new managerial groups that run the industrial plants. Local wealth is also concentrated in the hands of a few—only 9% of the population earned more than $10,000 in 1970.

What does the future hold for the people of Appalachia? It is evident that real progress cannot be made until large numbers of people begin to share in the decisions that affect all of us. So far the most effective attempts to build new political forces have come from the central coal fields, where union members have used their years of experience working within their own organizations. The mountaineers who migrated north and then returned home brought back with them valuable experiences in organization and leader-

A tipple, the conveyor belt that brings coal out of the mine. Photo by Douglas O. Yarrow.

ship. For democratic change to come to the region, all of these skills and experiences are needed. Unfortunately most of our college-educated people have either left the region or have returned to take jobs which perpetuate the economic and political exploitation that an increasing number of mountaineers oppose. The small middle class in the mountains is usually tied closely with local industry and has given little support to recent efforts to bring about change.

Over the past ten years the most effective leaders in Appalachia have emerged from working, disabled, or unemployed people, and a new coalition of power is at work among many of these grass-roots organizations. Union organizing techniques have long been known in the more industrialized sections of the mountains, particularly in the coal fields, but these techniques and the tremendous collective energy behind them have traditionally been applied only to the industrial workplace. In recent years, though, these techniques have been applied to organizing communities for common goals. The first significant attempts to do this since World War II came from the struggles of black people in the South who were fighting for equal rights. Their leaders combined union-organizing ideas with the tremendous motivation of a people who were determined to obtain political freedom and equality. The struggles centered around the concept of "community" rather than the centralized workplace of the mine and mill or the core of a political party.

The people who have seen a problem in their own community or workplace and tried to solve it through direct action are changing the very nature of Appalachian society. The roving pickets of the early sixties, the anti-strip-mine movement that followed the pickets, the development of grass-roots community organizations in the War on Poverty, the rise of welfare-rights groups, and the reform battles of the UMWA have all left their mark upon the collective face of Appalachia

In the past few decades new elements have been introduced into the traditional framwork of Appalachian life—elements that must be considered when we talk about what the future of the region might be. Most writers on the region have chosen to emphasize the hopelessness of the area rather than the many examples of people striving to improve their lives. For those of us who are from Appalachia, who love it, and who want to remain, these people offer valuable insights and feelings about what it means to be a mountaineer in a modern technological society. For those who do not live in Appalachia, there is much to be learned from present attempts within the mountains to build a more democratic society. Welcome to the developing Free State of Appalachia.

Photo by Douglas O. Yarrow

Reflections on Women and Appalachian Culture

LINDA JOHNSON

Introduction

The Appalachian Region, which extends from the tip of New York down through the hills of North Georgia, is a land of many contrasts and contradictions. The region, which includes parts of 13 states, has been defined as such and is ministered to by a political body, the Appalachian Regional Commission (ARC), which is headquartered in Washington. Some regional residents compare the modus operandi of the ARC to the Bureau of Indian Affairs—both agencies "serve" the natives, who are a captive population living on what remains of their own land.

I live in central Appalachia, which includes counties of southern West Virginia, eastern Kentucky, southwest Virginia, and east Tennessee. Here one may find tremendous wealth amidst wretched poverty. The heart of the coal mining industry, the romping grounds for easterners who come to play in the National Forests and recreation areas, a major producer in the chemical industry, central Appalachia should be one of the wealthiest regions in America. But the wealth, like the resources, flows out of central Appalachia to exploitative corporate headquarters in such places as New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Richmond. Central Appalachian residents are left with inadequate schools, poor housing, a roadway network which goes from bad to impassable due to overweight coal trucks hauling their loads to tipples, insufficient health care (there is still no hospital in Dickson County, Va., which has a population of 16,000), low paying jobs, mining disasters which occur with regular frequency, and a host of missionaries who have insisted that they most definitely have the cure for what ails us.

Two Models of Analysis

Two models have been used in explaining and defining the Appalachian Region. One model, and until recently the most popular, is the culture of poverty model. Sociologists, anthropologists, religious missionaries, and others have looked at Appalachian culture and viewed it as bankrupt and deficient in relation to middle class America, which they consider the norm. What is wrong is the people, their attitudes and how they look at the world. If these hillbillies could only be inspired to shape up, to become motivated, to learn to compete and to achieve, then they too could buy into the American dream and we could do away with all this silliness of hillbilly culture and an antiquated lifestyle.

The other model is the colonialism model. The cultural values are not held suspect, but rather the structure in which these values operate is viewed as exploitative. What needs explaining is this structure and if changes are to be made, they should be structural changes, not individual adaptations of cultural values.

Re-viewing Regional History

In the late 1880's, a well thought out and well executed program of acquiring mineral rights was conducted by geologists, surveyors, and entrepreneurs who represented business interests in the east. Vast expanses of timber, coal, and gas were bought up for 30¢ to a dollar an acre. This was followed by the building of railroads and small towns, where the owner-operator class lived. Thus began much of the exploitation which remains with us today. People lost control over the decision of what they would produce and how they would produce it; many lost their land. In a region where control of resources is synonomous with wealth, control of the land becomes synonomous with survival. In a very short period of time (late 1880's to 1915), the region was forced to shift from an agrarian society to industrial capitalism.

Accompanying these business people was an army of missionaries, whose role it was to change the cultural values so that the new hillbilly workers might adjust more easily to the demands of the new industrial order. Mission schools were set up and the youngest and brightest children were schooled and sent off to learn about the new world which awaited them. Many of these youths returned; many of those who did come back returned in the capacity of the educated class, which is always necessary to keep the "natives" in line, to enforce the rules and regulations of the colonizers.

The missionaries also created a dependency relationship as they more and more assumed the functions previously fulfilled by the extended family. They distributed clothing sent to the mountains by rich parishoners in the east, ministered to the sick, buried the dead, took in orphaned children, and generally acted as a year-round Santa Claus.

Resistance to Domination

Mountain culture might well be called a resistance culture, or an adaptive or defiance culture. Many of the values found in early mountain culture are present today, despite massive cultural change programs carried out by schools, missionaries,

Linda Johnson was born and raised in West Virginia, and thinks of herself as a woman, a hillbilly and a feminist. She is co-author with Helen Lewis and Don Askins of a forthcoming publication The Colony of Appalachia: Selected Readings, *Appalachia Consortium Press, North Carolina. This article is an abridged version of an article which appeared in the UMWA* Journal, *March, 1976*

government agencies, and other regulatory bodies. There is still an emphasis on non-competitiveness, egalitarianism, traditionalism. Mountain people have a capacity for being realistic (which outsiders define as having a fatalistic approach to life), and they are existence and action oriented. Much importance is placed upon the personal, of being accommodating and neighborly. There are still very strong kinship and family bonds.

Women in the Mountains

Women are the emotional and religious bulwark in these families. They also make many economic decisions, especially in coal mining families. It has been women who have been the prime organizers for welfare rights, black lung compensation, health rights, etc. A few of these women are regional heroines—Granny Hager, Florence Reece, and Mother Jones, a native of Ireland who organized for the United Mine Workers of America during their big drives in the 1930's.

In central Appalachia there are collective problems which face women (as workers and as wives of workers), which cut across class and race lines: *Sexual inequality*—women are objectified as a form of property; there is a sexual division of labor wherein women are relegated to raising the children, nurturing husbands and other men; remuneration for productive labors is limited, as are the types of jobs open to women; there is underemployment and low wages.

General lack of child care facilities—especially in rural areas. The first center of this nature in southwest Virginia is about to open in the town of Appalachia.

Little good physical health care—this is extremely hard to come by, even if a woman can financially afford these services.

The ability to cope with living in a repressive social, economic, and political environment (industrial capitalism)—for a woman, especially a poor woman, to have a "bad case of the nerves" is not uncommon. A doctor will generally prescribe Valium or Librium to alleviate the symptoms of nervousness. But little is done to change the way/structure of women's lives. Some women are stuck at home all day long with children, with no means of transportation, preventing even minimal self-sufficiency for doing simple things like buying groceries.

Degree of educational attainment—there is a high drop out rate and low proficiency for those who do finish.

Women's self expression—there are a few consciousness raising groups among middle class and left oriented women. The most acceptable self-expression for poor and poor-working women comes through their participation in a fundamental religion. Shouting, speaking in tongues and making gestures is okay for it is really the Holy Spirit moving through the women.

Creating a New Reality

There are women in central Appalachia who are actively involved in understanding these problems and their relationships to class and industrial capitalism. There are women who continue to organize around specific areas—health care, abortion, strip mining, workers' rights. There are women who continue to try to introduce non-sexist materials into the schools and who try to raise their children to be sensitive to sexism, racism and class distinctions.

And there are good, strong women who continue to struggle each day just to get by, to make ends meet. The reality of their lives is putting another meal on the table or filling a medical prescription. And there are women whose reality is defined in other ways—perhaps as being the wife of a doctor or strip miner and consequently dealing with the expectations and social pressures levied upon them in fulfilling their roles.

But there is a certain reality here, the struggle to have some semblance of control over our lives. We are all engaged in this struggle, be we a Wallace supporter, a Reganite or a socialist feminist. It is my belief that reality is socially defined, maintained, and controlled. It is my desire to see us collectively fight to create a new reality which would be free of capitalist domination, a non-racist, non-sexist, humanistic reality.

Miner's wives in Harlan County Jail, Harlan, Kentucky. They were jailed for violating a court order against picketing during the 1972-73 strike at the Brookside Mines. **UMWA Journal** photo by Earl Dotter.

ANCIENT CREEK

GURNEY NORMAN

King Condominium the Third

One time there was a king named King Condominium the Third who sent his army to conquer a certain mountain district that had never been conquered before. The old king already ruled about half the world but he wasn't satisfied with just half. He wanted it all. He'd heard that this hill domain had a lot of beautiful rivers and valleys and meadows and great herds and flocks of wild game. The mountains had a lot of timber too, and other natural resources that the king was greedy for. So he sent his army into the hills to dispossess the natives and pacify them, then put them to work as laborers for his empire.

When the king got word that his army had everything in the hill domain under control, he decided to go down and look at it, check things over, see what he got. But before he could get started, first one thing then another came up to keep King Condominium from going. The king was real busy in those days. His armies were conquering places faster than he could visit them. He had two or three wars going on overseas, and there was a lot of intrigue in the main castle that distracted his mind. The king had two or three mistresses to tend to, not to mention Queen Condominium who was always wanting this and wanting that, she never was satisfied. So time went along, went along, and old King Condominium got to be an old man, way up in eighty, and he still had never got around to going to visit that part of his kingdom they called The Hill Domain. In fact, the king had just about forgot he even owned a hill domain, till one spring he got sick and his doctor said to him, "Now King, you've got to get away and rest up if you intend to live much longer. You've been working too hard and worrying about things too much. Your blood pressure's up, your heart's weak, you've lost your hearing and your eyesight's getting worse every day. The thing for you to do is go off in the mountains somewhere and live quiet for a while. You'll feel a whole lot better if you do."

King Condominium liked that advice. Breathing that pure mountain air and drinking that sweet mountain spring water would surely be a tonic to his system. And no doubt the mountain people, with their quaint customs and odd manner of speech and dress would be an entertainment for him and the members of his court.

"Doc," said the king. "Go pack your bags. We're all going to the mountains for a vacation." He told the Queen to get her shit together and be ready to leave at daybreak. The King ordered his chief assistants to get to work on preparations to move the government to Holiday Land, which was the seat of government in the hills as well as a famous spa. Then he told his secretary to send word to the Black Duke, the Royal Administrator of The Hills, to get ready, because the whole royal scene was coming his way fast.

The Black Duke

"Oh my god," the Black Duke shrieked when he learned of the king's impending arrival. "This is a disaster. Hugo! Get your ass in here, the shit has hit the fan."

Hugo limped into the Black Duke's private chamber on the top floor of the administration building at Holiday Land. He was a one-eyed albino hunchback who worked as the Black Duke's chief assistant in the Royal Bureaucracy of The

Gurney Norman is the author of Divine Rights Trip *and of* Ancient Creek, *a booklength folktale recently published as an LP album by June Appal Records. His collection of short stories,* Kinfolk, *will be released this fall by Gnomen Press, Lexington, Ky. This article appeared in* CoEvolution Quarterly, *Winter 1975.*

Hills. The Duke treated Hugo like a dog, but he depended on the hunchback utterly. For not only did Hugo possess the physical strength of ten men, he was a brilliant intellect as well who gave the Black Duke his best ideas and master-minded his most complex and daring schemes.

"Did you get the news?" the Duke wailed hysterically.

"Yes, Black Duke," said Hugo calmly.

"What are we going to do?" cried the Duke.

"There is no cause for alarm, Black Duke," said Hugo calmly. "Everything is in order to insure that the King and his court will enjoy their time among us, and that upon his departure the king will indeed be well pleased.

"How can you say that?" the Black Duke shouted. "This domain is a disaster area. The king wants to vacation in these crummy hills, he should 'a come fifty years ago. The region was a natural wonderland then. The rivers were pure, the virgin timberlands were untouched, wild creatures great and small abounded. Now it's an industrial wasteland. It's the armpit of the empire. The stately trees have been ruthlessly slashed from the hillsides. The mountains have been gutted of their coal and stone and mica and iron and oil and natural gas. The rivers have been poisoned by acid wastes from open pit mining. The fish are dead. The game is gone. The air's polluted and the once-proud and independent mountaineers have been reduced to vassalage. The king knows nothing of this. He's expecting to find the Garden of Eden, not this insane socio-economic nightmare."

"Peace, Black Duke," said Hugo calmly.

"Peace?" the Black Duke shouted. "My own personal head is about to be severed from my body to be suspended from a flag pole, to turn slowly, slowly, in the wind, and I'm supposed to listen to a one-eyed albino hunchback tell me peace? Good god, man, don't you know a revolution is brewing in these hills? Don't you know that the rebel outlaw Jack is on the loose again? Haven't you heard the reports from Finley County, where overt acts of defiance against King Condominium's rule have been occurring with alarming frequency? I have been assuring the king for years that all rebellion among the mountain people has been stamped out. If he finds out that I've been lying, falsifying my reports, he'll hang me. Oh Hugo, what am I to do?"

"Leave everything to me," said Hugo calmly. "I have a plan."

Hugo's Plan

"A plan?" asked the Black Duke calmly.

"A very simple plan, my lord. As you know, the King is old and infirm now. His eyesight is failing. His hearing is nearly gone. He will have little strength for venturing to outlying places where he might see the wretched mess that has been made in the Hill Domain. He will want to spend his time

Cartoons from CoEvolution Quarterly.

in his condominium here at Holiday Land. He will be safe from assassins and trouble-makers here. And as the king vacations, so will the members of his retinue. They will find diversion enough at Holiday Land's swimming pool, skating rink, tennis courts, squash courts, handball courts, shuffleboard courts, golf course, skeet-shooting range, skydiving field, scubadiving lake where they may also sail boats, water-ski and practice flyrod fishing, after which they will enjoy the sauna, steam room, Jacuzzi whirlpool, massage parlor, movie theater, chapel, meditation hall, photography darkroom, pinochle, canasta, bridge, poker and other games including the curious one played by the natives called Rook. In the mornings they will be enticed by the champagne brunch, and in the evenings made merry by the smorgasborg in Appalachian Hall, followed by dancing and drinks in the famous Cumberland Lounge where the music of Lance Cloud and his orchestra and the comic routines of Skinny Lewis and Bruno, the talking dummy, are featured nightly."

The Black Duke pursed his lips and thought for a moment. Then he said, "There must be something more."

Something More

"Yes, sire," said Hugo earnestly. "It has already been arranged."

"Arranged?" said the Black Duke suspiciously.

"Yes sire," said Hugo proudly. "We have arranged a special theatrical performance for the king's amusement, should he show signs of restlessness and have an urge to leave the compound here at Holiday Land."

"Hmmm," said the Duke as he went to the wall and pressed a small button. A large portrait of King Condominium the Third swung out, revealing a well-stocked liquor cabinet in the wall from which the Duke extracted a bottle of brandy. Pouring himself a drink, offering Hugo none, he said, cunningly, "About this plan of yours, Hugo. This theatrical performance. Tell me more."

"It's a variety show, Black Duke," said Hugo enthusiastically. "A full evening of comedy and song performed entirely by native mountaineers. I and members of my staff are writing it, of course. But the performers will be hill folk, who are sure to amuse the king with their quaint customs and odd manner of speech and dress."

"Hmmm," said the Duke, sipping his brandy. "Do go on."

"I guarantee, sire, that with such entertainment as I and my staff are preparing, the king will have little interest in going sight-seeing about the domain. I can also assure you, sire, that when the king has completed his stay with us here at Holiday Land and has returned to his castle rested and fit again, he will not forget that you, the Black Duke, were responsible for his wonderful time in the Hill Domain."

Smiling as he poured a brandy for Hugo, the Black Duke said, "Hugo, I know that I'm a tough commander and often hard to pease. And I know that from time to time I lose my temper and say foolish things, and occasionally make an ass out of myself. A man in my position, with my responsibilities, working under pressure as I do, well, sometimes . . . ,what I mean, Hugo, even though you're a one-eyed hunchback and all, and you walk with a limp, and your skin won't tan, still, Hugo, I want to tell you that deep down I feel like you're really my kind of guy."

"The Duke honors me," said Hugo bowing deeply.

The Black Duke and Hugo clicked their glasses together in a toast, then quaffed the brandy in a single gulp. "Long Live The King!" they shouted as they smashed their glasses against the fireplace across the room.

"When is the next rehearsal of the natives' stage show?" the Duke asked as he wiped his lips with a silk hanky.

"Why, they're rehearsing this very hour, sire," Hugo replied eagerly. "Would you like to observe them?"

"Indeed I would," said the Duke as he walked out of his private chamber into the hall. "I may be wrong about this Hugo, but I've got a hunch that this could be the start of something great."

The Start of Something Great

As Hugo and the Black Duke were crossing the central courtyard toward the theater where the rehearsal was in progress, a dusty messenger ran up, and after saluting handed the Duke a sealed envelope.

"What's this?" asked the Duke, somewhat annoyed by the interruption.

"It's from Captain Heath, sire," said the messenger. "There's trouble in Finley County."

Turning his back to Hugo and the messenger, the Duke broke the seal of the envelope and took out the letter:

Sire: Guerilla bandits have defied the King's edicts in Finley County. Raids have netted several prisoners but many more are still at large. Request reinforcements be sent from Holiday Land immediately to help my outnumbered forces quell these unruly heathen and restore order and respect for the high ideals and values of His Majesty, King Condominium the Third.
(signed) Captain Heath, Commanding.

"The vicious devils," the Black Duke muttered to himself. Angrily he crumpled the message into a ball and threw it on the astro turf at his feet. Then, in a firm voice, he commanded, "Hugo! Sound assembly! Mobilize the entire army and all support personnel in the courtyard immediately. We are marching to Finley County to assist Captain Heath in his hour of need."

But before Hugo could limp away to his duties, the Duke caught him by the arm and whispered, "How did that sound?"

"Fantastic," said Hugo.

"Good," said the Duke. Then, snarling again, he shouted, "Assemble the entire corps! I want to address all personnel before we march!"

The men and women and soldiers of Holiday Land poured from all the buildings and playing fields of the vast complex and dashed to the formation in the central courtyard as Hugo blew the bugle energetically. In a few minutes five thousand uniformed King's Men, carrying weapons and full field packs, plus five thousand more support personnel, were standing in perfect ranks in front of the Duke, who was perched on the top step of the entrance to the armory. The Duke's eyes misted over in pride as he watched the loyal people of his command respond with such eagerness and dedication to what ever cause the Duke would announce was theirs. Around the courtyard were the buildings that made up Holiday Land, a small outpost of progress in the heart of the alien mountains. The Duke looked at the flag waving grandly from the topmost spire of the administration building. He looked at the Grand Arena at the far end of the compound, where the great marble statue of King Condominium stood. The Black Duke looked at the mountains in the distance beyond Holiday Land, at the blue sky beyond the mountains, and at the faint outline of God's visage barely visible in that nether sphere beyond the sky.

The Duke wasn't a religious man exactly, but he was not utterly devoid of a sense of awe and respect for the Divine Creator who had made the Condominium Empire what it was, and who continued to bless and protect this outpost from the hostile forces arrayed against it.

For as the King Himself has once written, *there are no atheists among imperialists when the natives are on a rampage.*

"Men, women, all soldiers and support personnel of the Holiday Land command," the Duke began in a loud commanding voice. "I have just received word that the natives are restless in Finley County. Captain Heath has asked our assistance in dealing with some upstart hillbillies who have been so unwise as to defy the edicts of King Condominium the Third. We'll be marching to Finley County this afternoon. So if any of you need to have a quick turn in the Jacuzzi or a double-martini on the rocks in the Cumberland Room, you have thirty minutes before we go. We'll be gone an unspecified length of time, so be sure to bring extra sunglasses and turtle-neck sweaters. Are there any questions?"

"Aye, sire," a social scientist called out from the rear ranks. "Do you think we will return to Holiday Land before the King arrives? I am a consultant for the big show we plan for the King, and I have much work to do to prepare for the performance."

"Good question," the Duke replied. "Let me see the hands of all people who are in any way in-

volved with preparations for the King's visit to Holiday Land."

Two thousand hands went up, most of them among the civilian professional workers in the Royal Department of Tourism and Recreation.

"Excellent," said the Duke. "All you people are excused from this expedition. I also want one company of King's Men to stay behind to guard Holiday Land. As you have no doubt heard, that renegade Jack is on the loose again. He may be so bold as to attack Holiday Land itself if we let down our guard. The remainder of you will follow me to Finley County. Are there any other questions?"

"Aye, sire," said a lady psychiatrist who specialized in the provincial mind. "Could you tell us what form of transportation we will take to Finley County?"

"We're going to ski," said the Black Duke.

A silence followed the Duke's remark, broken here and there by low mutterings and rumblings in the ranks. At last the lady psychiatrist called out, "But sire, it's April. There's no snow on the ground."

"There'd be no snow on the ski slope either if we didn't manufacture it," the Duke replied. "Use your imagination, my dear. Since there is no snow on the ground, the guerrillas will not expect us to arrive in Finley County on skis. We will simply rig up our snow machine on wheels and have it precede us along the abandoned strip mines all the way from here to Finley County."

"Bravo!" someone in the middle ranks shouted when the Duke announced his idea. Others took up the cry until all ten thousand people in the formation were applauding and cheering the ingenuity of the Black Duke. The Duke bowed in

recognition of the applause. Then he shouted "Long Live King Condominium the Third! All glory and praise to his handiwork!" and the multitude replied, "Long Live The King!"

Onward, Condominium Soldiers

Trudge, trudge, trudge.

Ski, ski, ski.

In spite of the sleet and snow cascading back from the machine, the men and women of the Holiday Land command pressed on, on, ever on, a perfect column of fours, winding around the hillsides, skiing behind the huge machine which lay a carpet of white over the barren strip mine spoilbanks.

"Onward!" the Black Duke called out. "Onward, for the king!"

The marchers broke into song then, a rousing rendition of the famous anthem that for generations had inspired a nation on the move:

Onward, Condominium Soldiers

We are marching onwards
Over hill and dale
Which we have paved over
And put up for sale.

Natives will not stop us
We will take their homes
While King Condominium
Reigns upon this throne.

Nature shall not threaten
While we have the power
To protect our privileges
And make our culture flower.

The Duke halted the column then and led the marchers in the national cheer: *We've put nature on the run, to make the world safe for fun. Yeah, rah, fun!*

The cheer echoed through the narrow valleys of the hills as the long column resumed its trek along the carpet of pure white artificial snow.

Making the World Safe for Fun

Captain Heath and a platoon of King's Men met the Duke and his legion at the Finley County line. After telling the people of his command to fall out and work on their suntans while awaiting further orders, the Duke and Hugo marched on into the town of Blaine with the Captain, who gave his report as they walked.

"The culprits struck first on Hick's Branch in the Trace Fork area, sire," said Captain Heath. "Our patrol caught a dozen of them redhanded. Other patrols are pursuing an unknown number who got away. With assistance from your troop we are sure to catch those who remain at large."

"What, exactly, did you catch these culprits doing?" the Duke inquired.

"Telling old stories in the forbidden dialect, sire. They were sitting around an outdoor fire on a hillside, laughing and talking. Two men were caught whittling strange images from blocks of cedar. We have not yet determined the exact nature of these images sire, but they were definitely not the visage of King Condominium the Third, or, if they were, they were highly unflattering to his Majesty. Two women were caught with forbidden medicinal herbs drying on racks outside their houses. Another was heard singing a forbidden ballad. One old man was making an unauthorized wooden chair by hand."

"What kind of chair?" inquired the Duke.

"A big rocker, sire. Made of black walnut, with a bottom of woven hickory bark."

"Treasonous wretch," said the Black Duke angrily. "I trust you dealt with this chairmaker appropriately."

"Aye sire, that we did," said Captain Heath with a grin of satisfaction. "Our tribunal has fined him twenty per cent of his protein for five years and sentenced him to lifelong labor in the furniture factory. The women drying the herbs have been dispatched to Holiday Land to serve cocktails in the Cumberland Room."

"And the storytellers?" asked the Duke.

"We dealt with them most severely, sire. There has been a rash of this kind of subversion and we wanted to set an example. We cut out their tongues and ordered their protein rations reduced by half until further notice. We sentenced half of them to life at hard labor as public relations men for various imperial enterprises, and the remainder as script writers for an epic film based on the life and work of King Condominium the Third. Three of the captives have been temporarily spared, sire, until you have had a chance to interrogate them personally."

"Excellent, Captain Heath," said the Black Duke as Hugo nodded his agreement with these sentiments. "Excellent work indeed. I think, however, that sterner measures are called for in the wake of this outrage by the people of Trace Fork. That whole area has become a hotbed of dissent and an example must be made. I want all people in that hollow resettled in the worker's barracks at Holiday Land, to serve as a labor pool for our coming expansion program. I want all houses, barns, schools, churches, gardens, wells, cemeteries, trees, shrubs, flowers and meadows in that whole valley bulldozed away. Then I want a dam built across the mouth of the creek that will flood the entire valley. When the lake has formed I want townhouses and condominiums built on the hills around to serve as second, third and fourth homes for a thousand King's Men and their families. The surrounding forest region is to be off-limits to all native mountaineers forever. Got that?"

"Aye, sire, it shall be done."

"Good. Now, about these prisoners you say you're holding. When can I see them?"

"They are waiting for you now," said the Captain. "I'm sure you will find them most interesting."

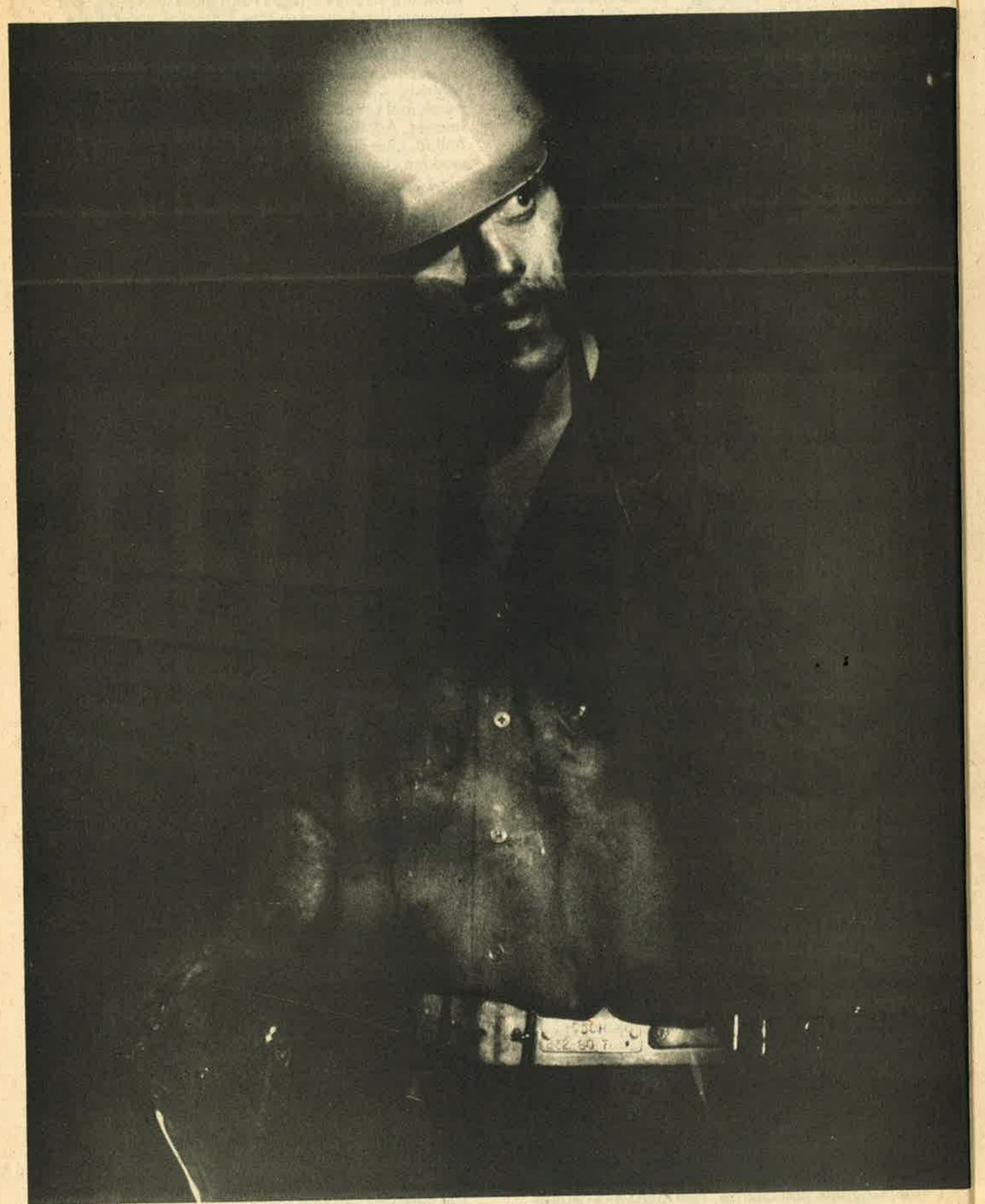


Photo of a young miner by Douglas O. Yarrow

Trust in The Rank and File

DAVID GREENE

For most of 1975 I worked in the underground coal mines of Bethlehem Steel Corporation at the head of Cabin Creek in the southern coal fields of West Virginia. Going to work in the mines is usually the choice of last resort. In the southern coal fields it is very nearly the only job available and sometimes not even that. Because of recent spurts in the opening of mines and the need for coal, many young men (myself included) have been hired. After going for a physical exam (paid for by the company, and a sure sign of being hired), I brought myself to the company's office at the mine site. After a lot of rushing to buy needed supplies, and hurrying to be signed up, I joined a bunch of joking miners, sitting in a lamp house waiting for the time to go into the ground.

I was kidded as new workers are, with some hard to understand words and good advice on what to do. Going underground in a man-trip, a kind of small railroad flat-car, is like nothing else. I wasn't sure of what would happen and it was hard to get down low enough not to hit my head on the top as we went under. It really is like slowly moving into the bowels of the earth, and the uncertainty of making it out alive becomes obvious instantly. But the sense to fear the loose top, soft ribs, machinery, electricity and cables is only in small part an instant reaction. Much of it needs to be learned and learned well as it is important to live. And even then there are less guarantees than in any other work. So I learned, slowly, and respected the miners of coal, beside me and all over.

My past is one of strong unionism and of the need for organization and education toward radical changes. I wanted to be active in the union, but the union there and in many other places at the local level seemed to be irresponsibly absent. Before starting at Bethlehem I had pushed with the UMWA and other workers for vital self-education, and within Bethlehem's local and at work I continued that. It was hard and I didn't do well, as there was a past to contend with, poor local leadership, and change takes more time than I have patience for. The agitation, education and organization essential to the elimination of our system of wage slavery and oppression need patience and the vigilance to carry torches everywhere and spread revolutionary brushfire. The illusion of removing the domination by corporate America and its pervasively oppressive and exploitative ideology in a one night stand is a tragic and misleading road.

In 1971, when the miners movement in the form of Miners for Democracy fought the corrupt leadership of Tony Boyle and his cronies, many miners and supporters of a strong workers movement believed that the election of a reform slate, led by Arnold Miller would straighten everything out. Miller, a rank and file miner himself and an active leader and fighter for Black Lung Compensation made efforts to institute reforms, not the least of which were District autonomy and rank and file ratification of the contract. However, the struggle of coal miners specifically, and other workers, for justice has always been a lot harder than winning an election. For 50 years, either

David Greene is an ex-coal miner who has become increasingly involved in labor education here in the Southern Appalachians and dreams of a worker-rooted labor school here in the near future.

directly or through his flunkies, UMWA president John L. Lewis opposed every effort at education of miners in the union. After all, an educated membership would question the leadership and challenge the domination of their lives by corporations and coal operators. Miners have questioned this, but not nearly as effectively as they could. John Lewis was a strong minded dictator, and while he led the labor movement in the development of the CIO, he certainly was opposed to trusting the rank and file.

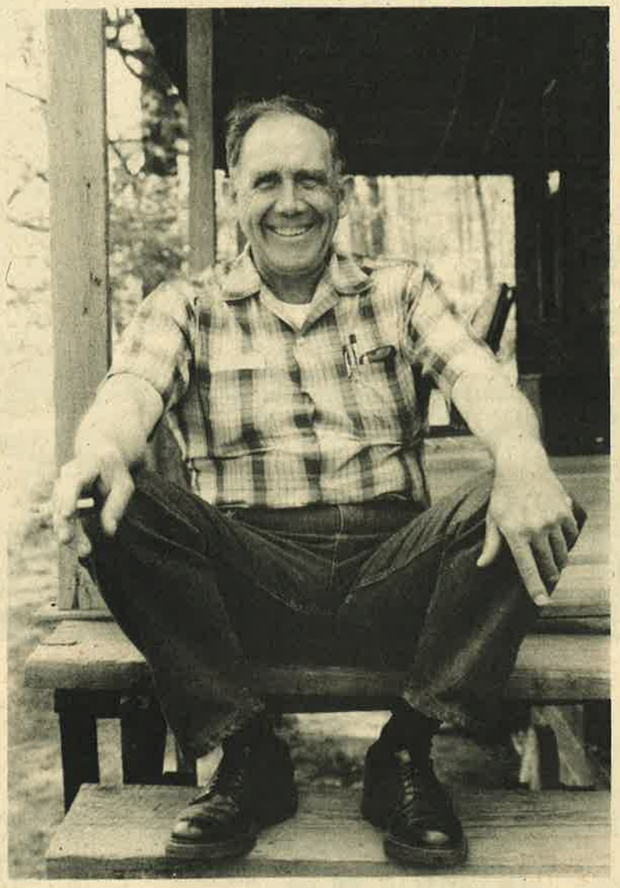
The assumption that leaders have greater wisdom and strength and must make the decisions for workers is a foundation for ignorance and fascism. The principle of workers education and each person's development to lead themselves, to openly and knowledgeably challenge and question the actions, decisions and situations that effect their lives, is the basis for the strongest unionism, workers liberation from the corporations' chains and the building of a new world. Blind obedience to leadership allows us only to be "the universal soldier" who kills for Hitler as well as anyone else.

Miners in the UMWA have a history of militancy, respect for picket lines and leadership in the labor movement. In recent strikes, rank and file miners have shown strength and flexed some of their political muscle but strikes have been too spontaneous and poorly organized. Relationships with other workers must be stronger and better education and organizing needs to go on. The working class consciousness, spirit and potential political strength of miners deserves admiration, but to be effectively used, must be focused and exercised with an analysis of what is to be done and how. A major aim for all workers today has to be to educate each other on basic issues practical tools to organize together and fight corporate domination and strategies for winning working control and uprooting capitalism.

During the spring of 1976, with the help of some people committed to worker education, I began teaching (and coordinating) several extension courses out of a local college (West Va. Tech) specifically for coal miners. The classes were on Labor History, the UMW Contract and Labor Law and Effective Unionism, which developed into a course on important issues facing coal miners. There were many problems with the classes, but they were very successful. Issues that were barely talked about elsewhere got full, open discussion with necessary facts and resource people being brought in. A process of questioning and challenging what was said and what was emphasized was encouraged. Miners in the courses felt that the classes were their own, to help form and lead. There was some positive new involvement in the UMW that I believe was stirred into action with the classes' help, and there has been an emphasis on education by men and women in the classes. My having been a miner and worked underground made me feel better teaching, more as the students equal and I'm certain they felt better about my being there.

Material and resources for the classes could have been better organized and the connection with a college offered both advantages and disadvantages. The 16 week long semester needs to be adjusted to fit workers lives. The fact that these were college courses, tho they were open to anyone was also a plus and a minus. The "collegeness" of the classes scared some miners off, but the Veteran's Benefits available as a result encouraged others to participate. The rigid class enrollment requirement of 15 was almost a serious problem this past spring and certainly made the classes' beginnings both uncertain and confused. Meeting in UMW local halls was good, maybe a little cold and dark, but getting off campus was a real value. More classes are set for the fall of 1976 and things look good for getting more workers involved and more effectively organized classes. Some work is being done by a workers education committee toward developing a workers education center and program that will help to offer needed and relevant education.

In District 17 of the UMWA, in southern West Virginia's coal fields, some active union miners began this spring to teach the contract and grievance procedure to local union committee people and officers, and soon may begin classes to rank and file members. These classes have been good training on the grievance procedure and are a part of much needed education. They are sponsored by the union and arose, in part, out of legally pressured efforts by the union to stop so call authorized strikes. The instinct on the part of the union to be "legal" and responsible, to courts, companies and public, is destructive to strong unionism and open discussion and decisions on all issues. The effort to educate on the contract has been very positive and has yielded broader discussions of the law, the right to strike and touched on the issue of real worker control. The craving on the part of workers for education and the essential discussion of issues which effect them is obvious in all these classes.



Portfolio
by
Douglas O. Yarrow
Coal Ridge, West Virginia

Douglas O. Yarrow lives in Cool Ridge, W.Va. and photographs Raleigh County for the Raleigh Register.


DANGER
- HIGH -
VOLTAGE


BUSINESS IS SO GOOD
I COULD PUKE


THIS MEMORIAL
THOSE

Susan Arthur teaches classes for other women on preparing for childbirth. **UMWA Journal** photos by Earl Dotter.

Coal Mining is Our Way of Living, Too

DEBORAH BAKER

Wives are the silent part of the coal mine work force: packing dinner buckets, cleaning houses, cooking meals, pulling families through strikes, caring for this generation of miners and raising the next.

They work at home, in offices, in factories, school and hospitals. They are the PTA presidents, school bus drivers and homeroom mothers. They're the fund-raisers for the community clinics, the pickets fighting for unions at their own workplaces, the activists helping some people prepare for childbirth and others fight for black lung benefits.

They come from a variety of backgrounds, prefer widely differing lifestyles, and have a thousand different opinions on any given issue. But one thing is common to them all—they are women whose lives are affected in some way by coal.

* * * * *

For many women, much of their life's work is centered around families.

Dealing with children is a huge, energy-consuming part of that work. Some women have found they get off to a better start if the birth experience is a good one.

Twenty-five year old Susan Arthur of Beckley, W.Va., whose husband is a UMWA roof bolter, spends one night a week helping other women learn exercises and breathing that will ease the tension—and thus the pain—of childbirth.

Deborah Baker is a reporter for the Raleigh Register, *a daily newspaper in Beckley, W.Va., where her beat is coal and politics.*

A wintry night finds Susan sitting on the floor of a local church's playroom with members of her prepared-childbirth class.

"Okay, let's try a 45-second contraction with level two breathing," she says, and for nearly a minute the only sound in the still room is the short, puffy breaths of half a dozen pregnant women and their husbands, who will be their childbirth coaches.

"The first time I gave birth, I didn't know anything," Susan says. "But the second time, I took prepared-childbirth classes, and I found that if you know what's going to happen to you, you're not as afraid. You can deal with the contractions and birth."

Her husband, David, who works at Eastern Associated Coal's Affinity mine near Beckley, was with her through labor and delivery.

"At first he wanted to go to the classes, but he didn't want to participate in the birth. He was a little afraid." But he changed his mind and coached her all the way through "and it was really nice. The feeling after the birth experience is something else for a husband. He feels like he's been part of it, he's involved.

"He thought it was great. If ever he got teased about it at the mine, he just told them 'you're missing out on something really great!'"

Susan got so excited about their experience that she volunteered to help with some classes. A year later, she has progressed to team-teaching with another mother. She stresses that despite her enthusiasm for the subject, "I'm not an expert. I'm just a normal mother—with a high school education—who enjoyed her labor and delivery and wants to help other women enjoy theirs. I get a lot of satisfaction out of it. I wouldn't give those classes up for the world."

* * * * *

Most mothers find that children—especially once they're in school—provide a never-ending source of possible community involvement.

"Whatever my children's involved in, I work at it," declares Gertrude Vernon. "I've been through it for years. I've always worked football games, chaperoned dances. I was young with them."

"I don't like any parts of homemaking," she adds with a twinkle in her eye. "Just the children." She laughs. "That's terrible, isn't it?"

Her children have left the coal camp where they grew up at Caretta, W.Va., and are scattered now from the east coast to California. They return once a year for a Thanksgiving gathering Mrs. Vernon calls "Family Day." But she and her husband, John, a member of L.U. 6026 for the past 31 years, are "starting all over again." They have adopted their five-year-old grandson Tommy, and once again Mrs. Vernon finds herself at homeroom mothers' meetings.

She says her children have been "the joy of my life."

"For any hardships I've had in my life, my children made up for it. They were always doing something that made me feel good inside."

In the past 30 years, Gertrude Vernon has seen plenty of hardship.

She describes knocks on her door late at night—coal company officials coming to tell her which miner had just been killed on the job.

"They would tell me who got killed, and I would have to go tell his wife," she says simply. "First, I'd get the other ladies." They would all go together to wake up the new widow and spend that first night with her.

Such incidents left her sleeping fitfully whenever her own husband was on the midnight shift.

"When John worked nights, every time a car would come up to the house my heart would race. I hate the midnight shift—it seems like when he's in the mines working, I hear every crack in the house."

The hardest time for Mrs. Vernon and some of her neighbors came in the late 1950's, with the layoff of thousands of men and resulting suffering for their families. That period was one of the most dramatic examples of the coal industry's effect on people's lives.

Just when the coal company had told families at Caretta they must buy their houses or move out, work was cut back to one or two days a week. With families unable to leave the available work because of house and other payments, and unable to live on the meager salaries, some women in the camp did what thousands of men have done in similar circumstances: they headed north to find work. Recruited by an employment agency specializing in cheap labor from the South, Gertrude Vernon and Mollie Marshall and others left their husbands and babies and boarded buses for New York, where they were hired by rich families as live-in maids.

"I married out of the twelfth grade—I had no kind of training," says Mrs. Vernon. "I would rather have stayed here and worked, but people here are prejudiced; there were no jobs for black people. I never wanted to leave my family—you lose so much when you leave your children. But I went to keep the lights on, and shoes on my children't feet."

"At the time, all I could think of was employment, and that's where you had to go to get it," agreed Mollie Marshall, now head of a consumer program for the anti-poverty agency in Welch, W.Va. Her husband, Dillard, belongs to L.U. 6026 in District 29. "At the time I went to work my son was three years old. My mother and my husband's mother kept him.

The women were away an average of eight years, sending paychecks back to their families and visiting West Virginia twice a year. "Once I was in New York at Christmas, and that was really rough," remembers Mrs. Vernon. "But I survived. And my family had Christmas here because I was there."

Mrs. Marshall vowed to come back when it became clear that her son "was forgetting all about who his mother really was. I decided I'd come home if we had to eat beans for breakfast, dinner and supper."

"It was an experience," Mrs. Vernon concludes. "Anyway, the lights stayed on, and the children had decent clothes to wear to school. And we survived—the Lord was good to us."

* * * * *

Some UMWA families have opened their lives to the community's children.

Willa and Leo May of Shady Spring, W.Va., are foster parents, following a decision they and their four natural children made a few years ago.

"I guess I've got a lot of energy," says Willa May, "and I wanted to do something. I had read about being a foster parent, so we decided we'd take one child. But then we went from four kids to eleven kids in ten months' time!"

The Mays gave a home to a little girl who is brain-damaged, a family of six brothers and sisters, and one other child. Today, the May family has three 14-year-olds—two of them named John—plus nine others ranging from nine to 21. Plus two gardens, a washing machine "that goes night and day," and an out-of-sight grocery bill.

Even with the oldest grown and on their own, the house is still alive with kids, six of them teenagers. Mrs. May finds it a full-time job.

She thinks that mothers these days often function as "amateur psychologists."

"I think it's harder for kids nowadays," she said. "It doesn't seem to me that I went to my mother with as many different situations as my kids come to me with."

One of Mrs. May's main interests has been the country-wide foster parents organization she helped found, and a state-wide group which is just getting off the ground. She and her husband Leo, who drives a truck at Consol's Rowland strip mine in District 17, are active in both organizations.

She bristles at people who come up to her and ask, "Now which ones are yours?"

"All of them," is her prompt response.

But children grow up. Turn around, and they're in school. Turn around again, and they're gone.

"I think that's one reason women work—they get lonely," says Mollie Marshall. "And after getting into the work force, it's hard to sit home. You raise your standard of living up, and then you get to where you need to work to keep it up. I don't think I could stay at home any more."

But she adds that the single most compelling reason women go to work is financial need.

Willa May and her husband Leo, a UMWA surface miner, care for 12 children, 8 of them adopted. They are also active in the county and state foster parents organizations.

Many women suddenly find themselves the only support of their families when their miner husbands are injured or laid off or fired or killed.

"If I wasn't working, we wouldn't have anything to live on," noted Helen Phipps of Jewell Ridge, Va. Her husband, Clyde, a member of L.U. 6025 and a truck driver on a strip mine across the border in West Virginia, had been out of work two months with a knee injury. "He's trying to get compensation, but it's slow in West Virginia," she said.

Mrs. Phipps, who also has two sons in their mines, has worked for 10 years as an outreach worker for the Tazewell County Community Development Corp. Of her job, she says simply, "People call me."

And call they do: at all hours of the day, and sometimes in the middle of the night. She helps them wrestle with the sorts of problems that can completely dominate their daily lives: finding heating coal, straightening out food stamp or welfare or medical card problems, finding a ride to the hospital.

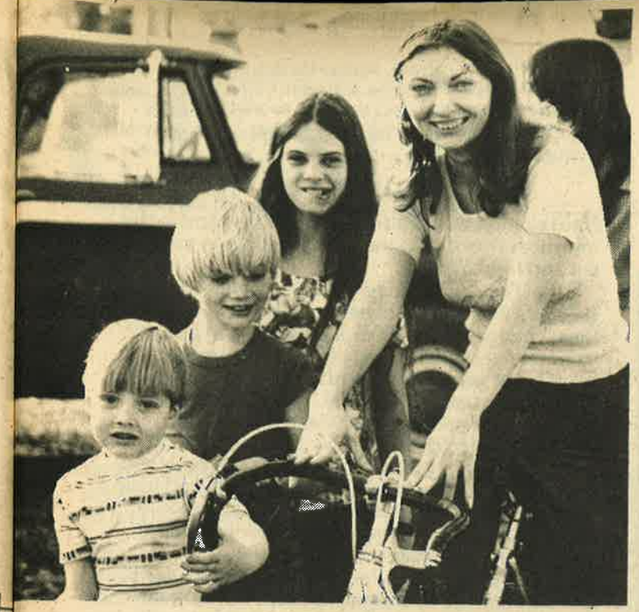
Many women, especially those in the coal-dominated southern Appalachians, find that even if they want or need to work outside the home, there are no jobs available.

"You can see how much coal companies dominate life here," said one miner's wife in McDowell County, W.Va. "It's partly the reason why women don't have any jobs, any alternatives outside of the home."

The problem is compounded by isolated living situations, the absence of public transportation, and the lack of day-care facilities.

For some women, one answer has been volunteer work. In many communities, women from UMWA families are the cornerstone of volunteer efforts that are building health clinics, outfitting and financing volunteer fire departments, and supporting groups such as senior citizens.

Tamsey Jenks of Premier, W.Va., is on the board of directors of the Tug River Health Association, which hopes to open a community clinic soon at Gary.



Pam Swallows, of DuQuoin, Ill., works in the packing department of a manufacturing company. She says that with school age children, she prefers working to being at home. "At home it seemed like every day the house got a little smaller, and I got a little smaller with it."

"We've really gotten excited about it—we've worked hard and come a long way. We're assured of doctors and staff, and we've got an old building we're remodeling. We hope to have a doctor there for pregnant women, and a pediatrician, so parents won't have to take their kids so far."

Tamsey, who serves on the board along with her miner husband, Jerry, and other UMWA miners and wives, is the board secretary and is on the personnel committee. She finds the work a good outlet for her energies. Her two-year-old and six-year-old boys are full-time work, she says, but if she had to stay home all the time, "I guess I would go out of my mind."

"I don't like housework, but to me it's an easy job. I resent it sometimes—I resent the fact that being a housewife is an everyday thing. But it's my job, and I have to do it whether I like it or not. Ever since I can remember, I've wanted to be in the medical profession," she adds. As soon as her littlest one is in school, she hopes to start nurse's training at the nearby vocational school.

Carrie Moore is a coalfield woman who does another kind of volunteer work. "I'm good for running up and down the road": that's her description of her seemingly tireless volunteer efforts in the West Virginia community of Coalwood, where neighbors find they can depend on this mother of seven for just about any sort of help.

"I've been involved in community work ever since I got married," she says. "For a while I may slow down because things get bogged down here at home, and I have to stop and straighten them out for a while—then I'm out again."

Mrs. Moore, 42, is the secretary of the local senior citizens group. "Believe it or not," she laughs. "I don't feel that old—it's just to be doing something. I love it. I've learned to crochet, and we made beads." She also attends county-wide senior citizens meetings—"I don't mind dropping what I'm doing to go"—and works several days a week doing housework for elderly and handicapped neighbors.

Like countless other women, Carrie Moore fits her community activities into an already-grueling schedule—sometimes lasting from 3 am to midnight, depending on the schedules of her husband and son, both miners.

"Sometimes around five or six o'clock in the evening you just want to go somewhere and sleep," she admits, "but if you just keep moving..." Like many other women, her survival instinct lets her know when she needs time to herself, an afternoon salvaged for her favorite pastime, reading.

* * * * *

Women married to miners voice a range of feelings about the impact of their husbands' jobs on their own lives.

"As far as being a miner's wife, I've accepted it," says one young West Virginia woman. "As for my personal opinion, I hate it. But I wouldn't tell him that. I just try to make everything comfortable for him."

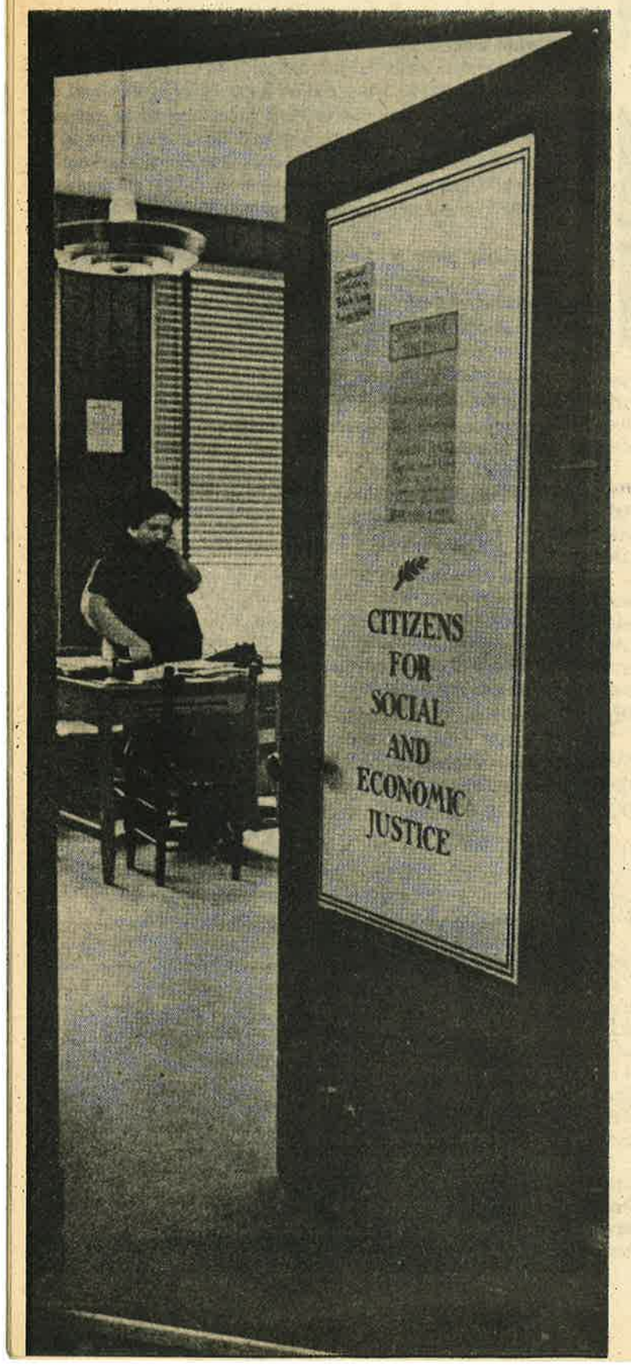
An Illinois woman whose husband averages 56 hours a week at a surface mine said she was "elated" when he finally got the job after years of trying. But Sherry Stowers admits that the schedule is tiresome, and that her husband Paul, who works at Consolidated Coal's Burning Star No. 4 mine, doesn't see their seven-year-old son, Skeeter, as often as he used to. "When Paul's not working, he's sleeping. When he comes home and gets warm, he goes to sleep."

"When he works straight midnights, I hate it," says Brenda Horn. She says she feels "deserted." And keeping her four young children, all under age six, quiet during the day in their trailer while her husband, Robert, sleeps is a hard task.

An even more common denominator among women married to miners is the realization of the danger involved.

"When he goes to work, it tears me up," says Tamsey Jenks. "I'd much rather he'd be doing something else."

"I still remember the fears and worries I felt each day he left for work to go underground," recalls Barbara Graham, whose husband James, L.U. 5876, now works on a tipple. "The first month is the worst, and the wife or mother feels the effects of it. After all, coal mining is our way of living too."



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One reaction that coalfield women have had to the injustices they see in their communities is to go out and fight back.

Ethel Darnell of Exeter, Va., has spent the past six years working for benefits for black lung victims, changes in the black lung laws, and justice for welfare recipients and other poor people.

"A lot of people says, and my husband sometimes says, that I'm a radical. I guess I am, in a sense. I just feel the world would be better if everybody lived the same way, had the same income and living standards—where everybody was equal. Everybody would live comfortably and have the same opportunity to have things they should have. I don't know if that's radical, or just being concerned," she said.

Ethel's husband, Billy, a member of L.U. 8771 in Kentucky-based District 19 has black lung now after about 20 years in the mines, "but he's still working—I can't get him to stop," she says.

Ethel helped found the Southwest Virginia Black Lung Association, and before the birth of her third child six months ago, she worked as outreach director for the Respiratory Disease Program at the Wise Clinic in Wise, Va. Now, she is paid as a community worker by the Lutheran Church In America to carry on black lung work and other activities. They include being chairperson of the Concerned Citizens for Justice, which offers legal services to low-income people and handles law reform cases—such as taking the food stamp program to court to force it to comply with the law.

She is also a member of the Wise County Citizens for Social and Economic Justice, formerly the Welfare Rights Organization, which she helped start. The group tackles problems which face most poor and working people. Their current fight is against Virginia's fuel adjustment clause, which allows the power companies to automatically pass along to consumers any increase in coal prices.

An important part of Ethel's involvement has been her support of local strikes. She joined UMWA pickets at an Eastover Coal Co. mine and Steelworkers on strike at a nearby hospital.

"I thought a lot of times about quitting work and staying home, especially when the baby was born. It meant a lot to me to have another baby; we really enjoy him. My family means a lot to me. But I felt like I should stick with this. I guess I just care a lot about people.

Ethel Darnell is an activist trying to change conditions in the Virginia coalfields. A community worker for the Lutheran Church, she is a member of the Wise County Citizens for Social and Economic Justice and head of Concerned Citizens for Justice, which offers legal services to poor people.

CHANGES

NEW HAMPSHIRE RESIDENTS PROTEST NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Eighteen New Hampshire residents were arrested August 1 when they attempted to occupy a nuclear power plant site at Seabrook, New Hampshire. The action is the first in a series planned by the Clamshell Alliance of New England. The Alliance, formed several weeks ago to take direct, nonviolent action against nukes, contains about 30 local New Hampshire organizations as well as other New England groups.

The construction of the Seabrook nuclear power plant is seen as a direct health threat to the community and the precious clam industry in the area. Despite the fact that a majority of the town plus the Regional Planning Board voted against the plant three times, the Public Service of New Hampshire has begun initial land clearing at the site.

The occupiers carried saplings and corn plants to be planted at the site in replacement of trees which have been destroyed. The corn plants are in memory of the historical predecessors of the area, the Mohawk nation. One corn plant was successfully planted before police handcuffed the 18 and dragged them from the site.

The occupation took place during a larger four-hour march and rally. As the occupation team left the march—followed by press and camera crews—they were cheered until out of sight.

The remaining demonstrators marched on to the Hampton Falls Depot, an area adjoining the nuclear site, where they waited for news of the occupiers.

Word finally returned to the demonstrators that the whole group had been arrested—along with the journalists who had accompanied them. About 50 demonstrators then marched to the Hampton Falls police department to show support for those arrested.

During the rally, many speakers expressed the community's opposition to the nuclear power plant. One woman, who had been involved in litigation surrounding the plant for several years, said that the Nuclear Regulatory Board had virtually disregarded the testimony she had researched in depth.

She found that an active earthquake fault runs near the site. Although the Nuclear Regulatory Commission has planned for the possibility of one earthquake, she said, the plant would probably be destroyed if there were a second quake, commonly called an aftershock.

Other groups opposing the power plant included Hampton Beach Chamber of Commerce, New Hampshire Fisherman's Association, Wildlife Federations, and the American Friends Service Committee. For further actions at the Seabrook nukes site see EVENTS.

—LNS

1000 WOMEN MARCH AGAINST RAPE IN NEW YORK CITY

"We have the right to use the world at night," Yolanda Bako of the National Organization for Women told an audience of several hundred who had assembled for the Women's Walk Against Rape in New York's Central Park the night of August 4. By the end of the evening about a thousand women had participated in the protest, organized as part of Rape Prevention Month.

Walkers carried candles and flashlights "to shed light on rape," according to one protester. They sang, chanted "women united will never be defeated," and carried banners and signs.

"Women on the walk felt a bond with the other women," said a member of the New York Women Against Rape. "It made them stronger to do something together."

This August is the fifth annual Rape Prevention Month, sponsored by a coalition of groups. Reported rapes usually go up in August, and from three to ten rapes go unreported for every one that is reported.

A program before the walk included testimony on rape, a martial arts demonstration, and an anti-rape alternative fashion show.

—LNS

GAY ACTIVISTS PLAN DEMONSTRATION IN KANSAS CITY

Citing the indifference of the Republican Party to gay rights and continued discrimination against lesbians and gay men, gay activists are planning major demonstrations on August 15-20 in Kansas City, the site of the 1976 Republican National Convention.

"We're not going to allow any political party, government, or religious institution to control our sexuality or deny us our fundamental civil rights," stated Joyce Hunter, an organizer for the National Coalition of Gay Activists.

"We know it isn't always going to be easy, but we're going to keep living our lives as out-of-the-closet gays regardless of what politicians or the Supreme Court say.

The planned activities include a candle-light march, picketing, a gay "love-in," and various unscheduled demonstrations, or "zaps."

Demonstrations August 15 in both Kansas City and Washington DC will focus on the special abuse and discrimination against gays in prison. "Gay prisoners are being raped, drugged, placed in solitary confinement, forced into therapy, and even killed," explained Hunter. "We're saying that until something is done about it, every homosexual in America is a prisoner." —LNS

"HEART OF DIXIE"

"Don't you find things have mellowed some down here since those days?" a tv reporter asked me as the Southern Walk took off from Kelly Ingram Park in Birmingham, Alabama. By "since those days," he was referring to May 14, 1961, when I was beaten almost to death by a Klan mob in the first Freedom Ride.

"They've 'mellowed' some, but there's a lot of 'mellowing' yet to go," I answered.

Had the reporter simply remained with us in Birmingham, he would have understood me.

In fact, he would have only had to walk seven blocks to see us 19 walkers arrested for walking in the street.

And had he proceeded to the courthouse basement where we were booked, he would have observed the paddywagon containing us nine arrested men remained in the underground parking area for over a half hour with its doors locked. The heat inside was so intense it was difficult to keep from fainting. We were literally drowning in sweat.

If the reporter had gone on to the city jail, he would have seen us locked up in a bullpen for 16 prisoners (it contained 16 bunks) but occupied by 40. The 24 without bunks had to sleep along the narrow benches which surround the bullpen or on the filthy concrete floor. There were no blankets, no soap, no games, no reading matter. And this was not just overnight: one prisoner had been there a week and another, five days.

Bail was set at $200 apiece. Though there were offers to bail out some of the individuals, we stuck together in refusing bail. The following day, Bernard Lee, the Southern Walk's coordinator and a committee of our local supporters, negotiated our release on recognizance. Afterwards, we walkers met with liberal Mayor David Vann. He apologized for the incident, attributed it to a "lack of communication" and agreed to drop the charges. We walked out of Birmingham—in the streets—starting at the downtown block where we had been busted.

If the tv reporter had followed me to the home of the friendly people who lodged walkers in Trussville, a country village 16 miles out from Birmingham, he would have witnessed a scene which indicated how some things have not mellowed. Gloria Firmin, a black woman from New Orleans, and her 15-year-old son, Keith were staying there with me. They departed Saturday night on their return trip to New Orleans. But the following night, around 11 pm, some Klansmen set fire to our host's car, parked 40 feet from the house.

I was awakened by the sound of a jammed horn blowing. When I looked out of my window, I saw the car in flames. I rushed outside, and found my host dragging a garden hose toward the car. I helped him, but when we got within range, the hose had no more effect than if somebody pissed on the fire. The arsonists had doused the car heavily with fuel.

When the fire was finally extinguished (the body was a total charred wreck), we went inside the house and the phone rang. A voice on the other end of the line said: "This is just a sample of what you're going to get if you keep on having niggers stay in your home."

Yes, things have mellowed some. Bull Conner, the notorious police chief is dead. A liberal mayor is in office. There is no longer any segregation in public places. But the ultra-bigotry of the old South is not dead. It lives in the Klansmen guilty of arson—and many other individuals unable to discard their bigotry. —Jim Peck

EVENTS

BOSTON—A Program on the Struggle of Labor in Post-Franco Spain with Augustin Souchy, Murray Bookchin and Will Watson; August 19, 8 pm, Faneuil Hall. Sponsored by the Ad Hoc Committee for Free Labor Unions in Spain. For information, call (617)492-6359, evenings.

BOSTON—Women's rights rally, August 26, 12 pm, Boston Common. For information, write the August 26 Women's Coalition, PO Box 146, West Somerville, Ma. 02144.

CHICAGO—Sing the Songs of Labor with Roxana Alsberg; September 5, 11 am, Third Unitarian Church, 301 N. Mayfield. Admission free. For information, call 626-9385.

NYC—A Reader's Theater presentation with poetry of imprisoned writers. Dialog written by Don Luce; August 22, 5 pm, Washington Square Methodist Church, 135 West 4th St.

PROVIDENCE, RI—Continental Walk rally as it passes through Providence; August 17, 2 pm, Westminster Mall in downtown Providence. For information, call AFSC, (401)751-4488.

RALEIGH, NC—March for Human Rights and Labor Rights, September 6. Sponsored by the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression. For information, call (212)243-8555.

SEABROOK, NH—SUPPORT THE CITIZEN'S OCCUPATION OF THE SEABROOK NUCLEAR POWER PLANT SITE RALLY; August 22, 1 pm, off Route 1 in Seabrook. Sponsored by the Clamshell Alliance. For information, call (603)474-3544, 926-3408.

SYRACUSE—Rally to kick off the Continental Walk, August 20th, 11:30 am, Columbus Circle. Sponsored by AFSC, Syracuse Peace Council (SPC), Ecumenical Peace Education Ministry, UFW Support Committee. For information, contact SPC 472-5478.

PEOPLE'S BULLETIN BOARD

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PUBLICATIONS

Unemployment Benefits for Massachusetts Workers: Your Rights and How to Collect Benefits. **Work Liberation:** A Pamphlet Series. Both from Vocations for Social Change; write for details. VSC, 353 Broadway, Cambridge, MA 02139.

Making love with a 6-year-old boy, how to buy land, interview with a country faggot, the ins & outs of a rural gay workday—plus letters, poems, photos, drawings—by and for rural gay men. **RFD Summer Issue**, $1. Four issues for $4. RFD, 4525 Lower Wolf Creek Rd., Wolf Creek, OR 97497.

FREE FOR ALL, a Journal of Anarchist ideals and Realities. New, different. Available from Dick Martin, publisher, 166 W. 18th, Vancouver, BC, Canada.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Training Weekend in **PERSONAL NONVIOLENCE** Sept. 10-12. Childerly Farm, Wheeling, Illinois. Sponsored by the New Society Construction Company (MNS), Chicago MNS, Nonviolent Training & Action Center, & Friendship House. For more info: Friendship House, 343 S. Dearborn, Rm. 317, Chicago, IL 60604. (312)939-3347.

A CONFERENCE TO SHARE RESOURCES FOR PERSONAL AND SOCIAL CHANGE: An AFSC Conference in Vermont, Aug. 29-Sept. 5. Participants' own resources will be called upon along with special resource people on Food, Work, Housing, Health and Money. Info: AFSC, 48 Inman St., Cambridge, MA 02139 (617)864-3150.

PRODUCTS

T-SHIRTS AND TOTE-BAGS CUSTOM-PRINTED by movement-oriented silkscreen printer. Get your message across in a unique way. Reasonable rates. Kip Shaw, Meredith, New York 13805.

MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE OF WOMEN'S, LABOR, FOLK AND OTHER POLITICAL RECORDS. Send 25¢: Bread and Roses, 1724 20th St., NW, DC, 20009.

NONCOMPETITIVE GAMES for children and adults. Play together not against each other. Free catalog: Family Pastimes, RR 4, Perth, Ontario, Canada K7H 3C6.

BUMPERSTICKERS! ANY MESSAGE CUSTOM-PRINTED. $2 for one; $7/10; $15/30; $20/50; $26/100. Colt/Donnelly, Newvernon, NJ 07976.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Position available—LAYOUT AND DESIGN/WIN MAGAZINE. Layout, paste-up bulk of WIN plus cover. Drawing ability not absolutely necessary, but helpful. Other editorial skills very helpful. Prior exp. layout, paste-up necessary. Movement background, into nonviolence, willing to work collectively, long hours, low and irregular pay. Women, gays, non-whites encouraged. Send samples, resume, address, phone. Don't plan to visit 'til we've been in touch. WIN, 503 Atlantic Ave., Bklyn., NY 11217.

Position available—COMMUNITY-YOUTH WORKER needed for progressive youth activities program. Non-traditional, diversified person with interest in exploring alternative life styles. Capable of youth outreach, support and advocacy. Total commitment in hours and spirit. Salary negotiable. Start at end of summer. Send SASE for application by August 22 to: PO Box 21, Berea, OH 44017. An Equal Opportunity Employer.

Position available—CCCO in Philadelphia: full-time position starting September 1, 1976: counter-recruitment, focus—schools and students. Military counseling, freedom to travel essential. Women and third world people encouraged. Salary: $6000 plus benefits. Contact: CCCO, 2016 Walnut St., Phila., PA 19103; 215-LO8-7971.

Positions available—New Midwest Research Institute seeks unselfish, socially-conscious, non-careerist, MA-PhD MOVEMENT economists, political scientists, etc. MUST be able to get grants or raise funds. Semi-scholarly studies on war-peace reconversion, etc. READ Gross & Osterman "The New Professionals" pp. 33-77, Studs Terkel "Working" pp 525-527, 537-540, Claudia Dreifus "Radical Lifestyles." Midwest Institute, 1206 N. 6th St., 43201.

LIVING ALTERNATIVES

We are building a **cooperative farming community** with a home for teenagers. If interested, call or write: Aliya Community, Box 2087, B'ham, WA 98225; (206)733-4713.

HELP!

Organizations, publications and individuals concerned with homosexuality: Please send copies of your material to Homosexual Information Center for free listing in the **Directory of Homosexual Organizations and Publications**. Also resource library: check it out. HIC, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., #210, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

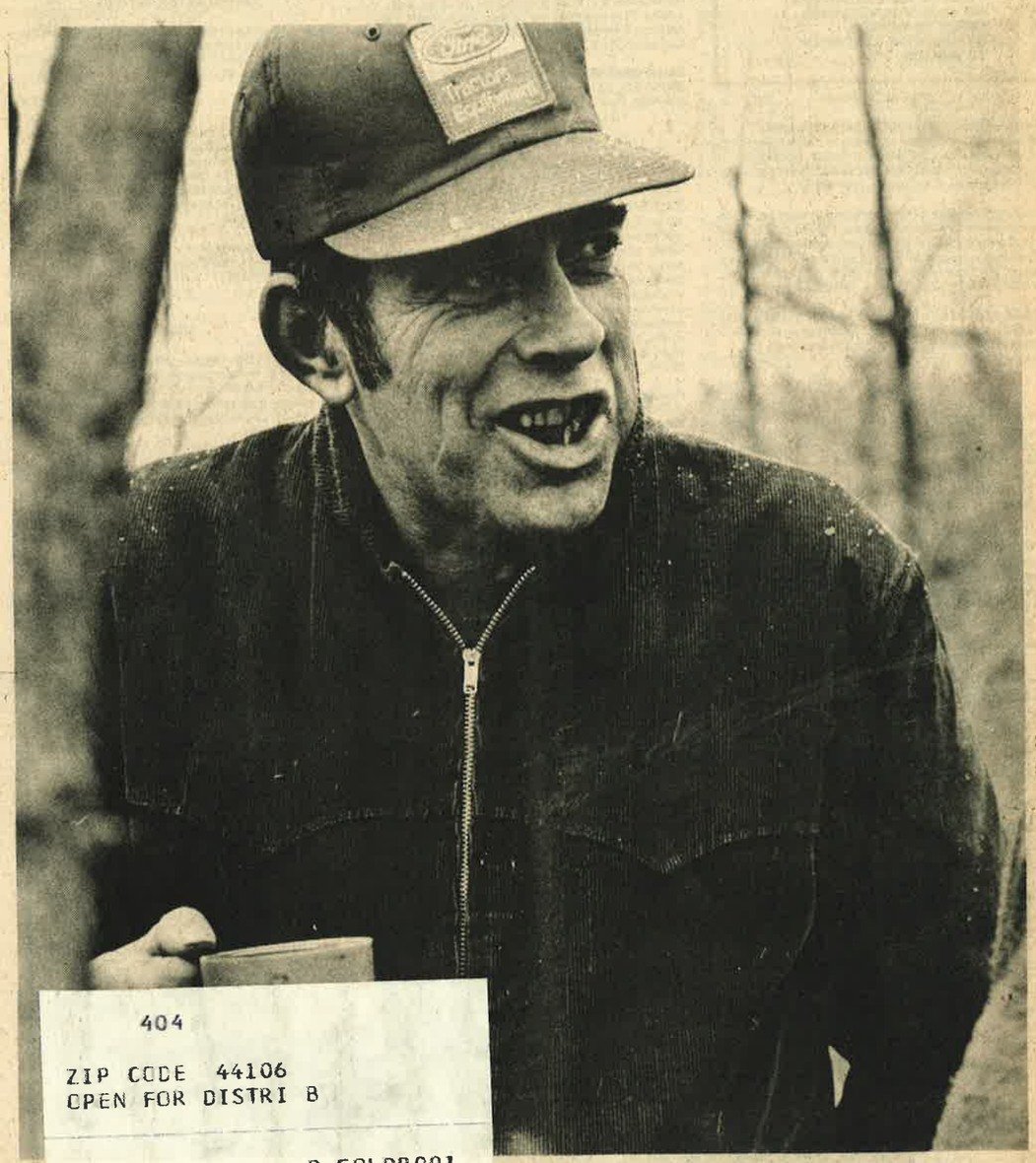
Would like accounts of stockade or brig uprisings, strikes, protests. Bill Pederson, 1360 Alder #16, Eugene, OR 97401.

MISC

HOUSE-SITTER: Woman WIN contributor, mature, responsible, wishes country house or cabin to complete book. Remote, private, any part of country acceptable. Fall, winter months. Can pay modest rent. Wolf, c/o Richards, 348 Duncan, San Francisco, CA 94131.

LOVEJOY'S NUCLEAR WAR is a film about the citizen, our environment, the law and nuclear power. "...a heartening and thoughtful film. It's a film to wake up the country." ...George Wald, Nobel Scientist. Available for rental or sale from Green Mountain Post Films, Box 177, Montague, MA 01351.

Group seeks to develop training, research, and action center in Ann Arbor, committed to nonviolent social change. All resources or ideas welcome. TRAC, 2332 Shadowood Dr., Ann Arbor, MI 48104.



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