Why did you decide to come to Furman?” a member of Furman’s Advisory Council asked a student at a recent meeting. “I knew,” she said, “this was where I wanted to spend my next four years as soon as I drove in the front gate.”

Last spring a Furman administrator asked the same question of a student visiting in his home. The student said that her father, an airline pilot who frequently flies over Furman, urged her to think about Furman because he thought it had an unusually beautiful campus.

Although the majority of Furman students say they decided to attend the university because of its academic reputation, many only found out about the academic program after they were attracted to Furman by its campus. Other visitors have been equally impressed. After driving through the campus a few years ago, a Californian wrote that he had visited all of the best known colleges in the country and thought Furman’s campus was the most beautiful.

If any season is the most beautiful at Furman, it is spring. Thousands of flowering dogwood, azaleas, crabapples, redbud trees, Bradford pears and magnolia trees line the roads and walkways and provide brilliant patches of red, white and pink all over the campus. Pink Japanese flowering cherry trees circle the main fountain at the front gate. More than 800 rosebushes of 21 different varieties bloom in the rose garden.

The lawns have been unusually green this spring. The Bermuda grass was fertilized and overseeded with rye grass last fall. The lawns were fertilized again at Easter, so that after a rain of several days the grass grew furiously.

“Keeping the grass cut and trimmed is our biggest job,” says Gregory Burriss, who is now in charge of Furman’s grounds. “The hardest job is keeping all of the trees and shrubs trimmed.”

An ornamental horticulturist who previously served as director of grounds at Presbyterian College, Burriss has been at Furman about a year. With a grounds crew of ten, he is responsible for all the planting, cutting, trimming and everything else that goes along with keeping up 750 acres.

“I'm still memorizing the campus, although I know it pretty well by now,” he says.

When asked if he has any special plans for the campus, Burriss says he and his crew are working on a lot of projects and he has a few ideas he would like to try in the future. “Right now we're trying to pay more attention to detail work. We're trying to get everything in good shape.”

For some of us, it's hard to imagine the campus in better shape. But chances are, next spring will be even more spectacular at Furman.

M.H.
Striking the Balance in the Sixties

As editor of the Florence Morning News, James A. Rogers disagreed with most of his readers on the subject of desegregation. Yet he managed to keep their respect, as he led the community to better race relations.

By James A. Rogers

It was lonely in the sixties for liberal newspaper editors in the South. During those years the newspapers in South Carolina generally reflected the attitudes on the race question of their white readers, who by a vast majority stood by the “never” position on public school desegregation. Of the 14 daily newspapers in the state, all but two sounded what might be called the “party line.”

The two exceptions were the Greenwood Index-Journal, edited by the late Ed Chapin, and the Florence Morning News, which I edited. The story went around among some members of the South Carolina Press Association that when Ed Chapin and I went into a room and closed the door, the liberal press in South Carolina was in session.

I have never considered myself a liberal in the great liberal tradition, except in the matter of social justice and human rights. But in the sixties you were at best a liberal and at worst a communist if you did not stand among the majority who, like our forefathers, were willing to stake all in defense of a “lost cause.”

Actually I had been asked in 1956 to come back as editor of the Florence Morning News because I was thought to hold generally moderate views on the race question. The young man who had become editor in 1953 was forced out of his job and ultimately out of the state because he had come out in support of the Supreme Court’s 1954 decision that outlawed public school segregation. He was intellectually brilliant and morally idealistic, but he was young, unseasoned, sometimes inconsistent, and surprisingly insensitive to the depth of Southern mores. He also possessed a flavor for writing in ways calculated to stir public wrath. But on the basic issue of social justice, he was also right. The trouble was that he was so far ahead of his time that no one listened, or, if they did, they reacted in anger.

Upon his departure I was asked to come back to pick up the pieces, reverse the downward circulation spiral of the newspaper, and, hopefully, regain the support and respect of readers. I debated long whether to undertake it. I was not particularly unhappy in what I was doing but I somehow felt that whatever talents I had were not being used to the best advantage. So in August 1956 I returned to the editorship I had left four years earlier.

Readers’ recollection of my earlier four years as editor proved no problem. Apparently no one remembered, or cared if they did, that I had supported Judge Waites Waring’s decision outlawing the South Carolina Democratic Party as a private club for denying the black man his right of meaningful franchise or that I had not supported the States’ Rights ticket in 1948. I was welcomed back by written and spoken word. A ringleader in the strong White Citizen’s Council stated they now had someone in the editor’s chair who would speak the truth.

My problem as I returned was not a simple one. It involved being honest with myself on a matter that was greatly disturbing the public mind, being effective as an editor, and...
holding the respect of the public even when we were in disagreement. Walking that tightrope would not be easy.

Like most Southern whites at that time I was deficient in my education on social issues. I was Southern by birth, by tradition, by habits, by everything that made a Southerner, even to having had grandfathers—one a slaveowner, the other not—who marched off to war during the 1860s. When the Supreme Court ruled out a segregated school system, it was hard to believe. I had never known anything but a segregated South and had never raised any serious questions about it. In that, I don’t think I was different from the average white Southerner of that time. Only in recent years had the light begun to dawn, as the black man jolted the conscience of the South by a new phenomenon called nonviolent action.

Still I believed myself basically a segregationist, but for an entirely different reason from most others. It wasn’t because I was against the black, but because I was for him, I reasoned; not because I wished to keep him in his place, but because I wished for him to have every opportunity that I had to make a place for himself, and because I believed, too, that he could best achieve that within an atmosphere and among surroundings where there would be no social tension to embitter him or retard his development. That, it then seemed to me, could happen best only in a black school environment — providing black schools were not inferior to white schools. That was, of course, falling back upon the old “separate but equal” doctrine that the South had never implemented.

Discovering the fallacy of that doctrine would be a part of my educational experience, but at that time it afforded me an editorial position which I considered at least one step ahead of those who were manning the ramparts against all attempts to render meaningless that euphemism called the “Southern way of life.”

So quite deliberately and with forethought, I set my course, as an editor, to try to stay at least one step ahead of prevailing opinion but not too far lest I render void any capability for leadership. That had been the problem with my predecessor. He was right but he had been right at a time when the importance of being right in that sense and at that time had not found its way into the Southern conscience.

About that time, a University of South Carolina professor wrote a book entitled Profile in Black and White. It was in reality a profile of South Carolina editors and their role in the defense of segregation. He had high praise for the previous editor but
declared that I had succeeded him as an "orthodox segregationist." I considered that a misinterpretation of my position, but excused him on the basis that he was not walking in my moccasins — a fact made clear by his discreet decision to quit his job and leave the state before his book came off the press.

My education on racial matters continued as mounting pressures, court decisions, street demonstrations and waves of racial bigotry swept the South in newspapers, editorial columns, legislative halls and even in the churches.

In the meantime, the base of the desegregation movement had broadened beyond the schools to encompass everything that concerned equality of opportunity, justice under the law and the whole spectrum of human rights for American citizens of whatever race, color or creed. It soon became apparent that to stand on "separate but equal," while perhaps philosophically sound, was a moral incongruity in a free society.

The message was "change": that society doesn't stand still but moves forward with a defiant inexorability; that the might of massed police armed with clubs, police dogs and firehose cannot stay the right of ideas whose time has come; and that historically the South had enslaved itself much as it had enslaved the black man. In an effort to stay ahead without getting too far ahead, my message was couched in an obliqueness whose meaning I hoped would be understood by those who thought with their minds and perhaps missed by others who were controlled by their emotions.

Little Rock, Oxford, Montgomery and Birmingham might not have told us what to do, but they have certainly told us what not to do, I reminded my readers. Timing was important. Avoiding salvos too heavily loaded was a part of wisdom. Quiet communication unreported in print became a method. Formation of a Community Relations Committee — so named to avoid using the term "biracial" — was initiated, and a full-page newspaper public service ad, published over a supporting statement signed by leading and influential Florence citizens, opened the way for interracial exchange. At the first meeting of the committee, I met with them to explain that their meetings would not be covered by the newspaper in the interest of a frank and candid exchange across color lines.

In the fall of 1962, when street demonstrations were exploding across the South, I was invited to attend a weekend Lutheran Faith and Life Conference at Litchfield Beach. Attending that conference were 50 Lutherans from across the state, gathered to discuss a broad range of community problems and application of the Christian ethic to them. As it turned out, the talk centered on the race question. I, a silent participant, was so impressed that I returned to Florence to try to organize and implement a weekend conference of Florence citizens to meet at the same place — away from business and telephone interruptions for a frank exchange about race relations in Florence.

One month later, a conference of approximately 70 Florence citizens representing a broad cross-section of the city — lawyers, doctors, industrial leaders, merchants, ministers, government leaders, Chamber of Commerce officials and educators — did meet at Litchfield and pledged themselves to make their influence felt back in Florence for racial peace and justice. Some will tell you now that that unpublicized conference became the key that opened the door to a nonviolent transition in Florence marked by grace and style.

A short time later, I travelled across the state with Bishop Paul Hardin, Robert Davis of R.L. Bryan and Company, and Bob Hickman, then heading the State Parks, Recreation and Tourism Department, to attend pre-arranged mass meetings in Methodist churches for encouraging whites and blacks to respond with Christian goodwill to the social revolution swirling around us. At every place we were cordially received by surprisingly large delegations of lay representatives and clergymen. At Kingstown one man who appeared somewhat hostile wanted to know what the black man wanted. Someone arose in the audience to reply that "as an American citizen, he wants every right that belongs to me as an American citizen, and he's entitled to it." At that time and in a county with a majority black population and one of the most economically deprived in the state, I could hardly believe I was hearing that kind of answer. But having heard it, I knew then that the message was getting across and that South Carolina would come through without serious loss to its dignity as a state.

In the mid-sixties, I served on a committee in my community designed to bring whites and blacks together for group dialogue during a week of evening conferences in which small group discussions would be followed by a general meeting to hear invited guests speak on subjects pertaining to the human equation. The planning committee was biracial and the appeal was to the whole community — black, white, Jew, Gentile, privileged, underprivileged. Guest speakers for the general meetings included Dr. Carlisle Marney; Dr. Kyle Haselden, editor of the Christian Century; Dr. Benjamin Payton, president of Benedict College; George Polk, Jr., chaplain supervisor, Harlem Hospital Center in New York City; and John C. West, lieutenant governor of South Carolina.

Group discussion leaders included a black chaplain from Harlem, one or two local persons, and a North Carolina Baptist leader well known for his success in individual and group counseling.

As a member of the committee and editor of the newspaper, I saw to it that the program was well publicized before and during the week, including a full-page display advertisement asking such questions as, "What is it like to be a black man in a predominantly white community?" "What is it like to be a Jew in a predominantly Gentile city?" "What is it like to be economically deprived..."
amid the economically affluent, and to live on the proverbial wrong side of the tracks?"

Needless to say, the white community did not turn out in mass, and neither, for that matter, did the blacks. But for five nights there were about 500 people present with a near 50-50 ratio between whites and blacks. Those who did attend found it to be both stimulating and exhilarating and, more importantly, an experience of discovery. As a result of the group discussions, with whites and blacks seated in a circle and sharing their thoughts from their own social backgrounds, one white participant later said, “You know, this was the first time in my life that I had really seen the individual black person. Heretofore, I had always seen them in the mass and not as individuals with aspirations like my own.”

It reminded me that I, too, had been no different. A short while earlier, the Florence mayor and one or two others had met in my newspaper office to select persons suitable to serve on the Community Relations Committee — ten to be white and ten to be black. I had no problem about the whites, but in a city whose population was about 35 percent black, I discovered that I, the editor of a newspaper, could not identify ten blacks by name in all that city. That came as a jolt, for it made me realize that, though I considered myself liberal in terms of race relations, I had stereotyped the black man into the mass and did not know him as an individual. I had later realized how much wisdom, insight, brainpower, understanding, talent and, indeed, basic Christianity, the black man has to offer if we but know him, or her, as individual persons.

My judgment is that the two persons in the most sensitive position during those years were the editor and the minister. I’m not sure how I would have fared in the pulpit, but I know how difficult it would have been to speak out when the church was more a reflection of the culture than a spiritual dynamic to inject into the culture the basic implication and meaning of the Christian ethic. I know, too, that the best that an editor could hope for was to retain the respect of his readers, even though he knew that there were many who disagreed. I like to believe that I may have been successful in maintaining that balance.

Let me emphasize that I was by no means alone. There were many who supported, encouraged and made their voices heard. From his pulpit in First Baptist Church, Dr. Edward L. Byrd sounded like an Old Testament prophet so courageously did he speak to the issues of the times. Two blocks down the street, from the pulpit of Central Methodist Church, Melvin Medlock spoke with a clear voice and with the love of a man who was loved in turn. And there was a physician, my doctor and a leading diocesan Episcopalian, whose love for all men was all-encompassing, and who was the first man I went to for assistance in organizing the weekend conference at Litchfield Beach.

Knowing all that I know now, I would not choose different years to be editor than the years when I was in that role. During the early and middle years of the seventies when so many of the civil rights battles had been won, the issues became somewhat blurred. But during the sixties, they stood out very sharply, and very clearly, requiring no special insight to see that history had overtaken and, indeed, was overrunning the segregated South. Marshal Frady, Furman graduate and distinguished American author, tells how it was in language of classic beauty: “The breath really hit the bottom of the lungs in those days. It was such a swashbuckling moral pageantry, and things were so clear, the issues and the villains so palpably distinct, passionately distinct. It was really a lyric season.”

I recall the statement made by Carlyle Marney in the midst of those years: “There’s a social revolution under way, and Southern Baptists in God’s white hand have had precious little to do with it except when run over from the rear.” That caustic criticism does not apply with the same force as when he said it. Early in the sixties, the church to which I belong took up in conference the matter of whether blacks should be seated if they appeared for a worship service. Only a thin majority said yes. The official policy of that church is now nonexclusion as to membership, and when the matter was discussed in conference recently not a voice was raised against it, a far cry from the mood of earlier years. Yet I must say that some people still don’t accept the full meaning of the parable of the Good Samaritan or the message to Simon Peter on the rooftop at Joppa. But there’s a sensitive and perceptive new generation now in the lead who do understand and accept the meaning of both, and who have set the pulpit free to speak with prophetic conviction.

The public school system survives, more vigorous than ever. A new generation of white youth, now accustomed to sitting in the same classroom with their black brothers and sisters, are wondering what the fuss was all about. A college dean told me just recently that he was hard put to try to explain to his incredulous teenage son why South Carolina and the South went through such a trauma over removing the barriers that deprived black citizens of their just rights as American citizens.

Still, many problems remain. There are great areas of social disease, and much progress remains to be made in developing a healthy sense of human value. We must broaden our understanding of tolerance. Poverty of body, mind, and spirit still binds us. Equality of justice eludes us. Equal opportunity remains an unrealized goal. Respect for people as people is still victimized by a blinding prejudice. But if we apply our conscience and our resources diligently, we can build for the South and the nation a society that absorbs the benefits of change without loss of the prime spiritual and cultural qualities that have given us distinction.

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Right: The author of Richard Furman: Life and Legacy, Dr. Rogers autographs a copy of the book for two descendants of Richard Furman, Dr. J. Earle Furman and his son, Richard H. Furman.
THE SHERIDAN FACTOR

By Vince Moore

Although Furman ended its football season this past fall with an 8-3 record and another year of unqualified success, the Paladin fans were unable to participate in an unqualified celebration. That would have to wait until sometime in December when they could rest assured that their head football coach and athletic director, Dick Sheridan, would not be lured away from the fold.

It wasn't that they were expecting Sheridan to leave, but they knew that if there was a coaching vacancy somewhere in the land after Furman's football season was over, then there was an excellent chance that Sheridan would be a candidate for it. In the past three years, he had been contacted by, among others, South Carolina, Duke, North Carolina State and Indiana, and the Wolfpack had ultimately offered him their job even though he had removed his name from consideration.

Sheridan has always said that he is content at Furman and has never actively pursued a job, but he has also said that it would be foolish for him not to see what these other schools have to offer. So he will be back at Furman in 1985 to direct what should be one of Furman's strongest football teams ever. But that still leaves us with two very important questions. Why is it that other schools are so interested in Sheridan and how long will it be before he is ready to move on?

It is impossible and maybe even unnecessary to try and answer the second question, but there is no difficulty in answering the first. Because what Sheridan has done with the Furman football program is nothing short of astounding, and if there is anybody who is more aware of that than the Furman followers it is the people around the country who make their livings in athletics.

Gene DeFilippo, athletic director at the University of South Carolina at Spartanburg, is one such person. He served as an assistant football coach at both Vanderbilt and the University of Tennessee before taking his present job in the fall of 1984, and he was aware of Sheridan's reputation long ago.

"I know everybody (the coaching staff) at Vanderbilt thought Sheridan was one of the best coaches in the country," he says. "Since we had Tennessee-Chattanooga on our schedule, we would get to see Furman

Right: In the midst of another success, Sheridan shares a mini-celebration with wide-receiver Chas Fox.
on film and we could never believe what we were seeing. Believe me, there are very few secrets in the game because of film and if a player isn’t doing something he is supposed to be doing, you can see it. And when we would watch Furman, we would all agree that they were as sound fundamentally and as well-coached as any team we had ever seen."

Joe Pate has been defensive coordinator for Tennessee-Chattanooga for the past six years and he is as familiar with Furman’s program as anybody. “It’s easy to see why Furman wins so many games,” he says, “because year in and year out they are the most fundamentally sound and disciplined team we play. You have to beat them, because they’re not going to beat themselves.”

Since Sheridan became head coach in 1978, his teams have compiled a 57-21-2 record and won five Southern Conference championships, including four in a row. His players have earned 63 positions on the all-conference team, which is 23 more positions than the Paladins claimed in their previous 41 years in the conference; and two of his players from the 1983 team, Stanford Jennings and Ernest Gibson, started as rookies in the National Football League.

Those figures may be impressive, but they are not enough. Because in order to understand the magnitude of Sheridan’s accomplishments at Furman, one must be aware of the factors that touch his football program, such as the fact that the academic standards are stringent and that the Paladins operate with fewer scholarships than anybody in the conference other than Davidson, which has totally de-emphasized its football program.

It’s also important to understand that Sheridan’s teams have created their own traditions and that there is nothing in Furman’s recent past to suggest that it could be done. For instance, in the 37 years prior to 1978, Furman football teams had compiled a record of 131-198-13. Only eight of those seasons were winning ones and Furman had been in the Southern Conference since 1936 without winning a title. Since 1928, Furman’s best season had produced eight wins (the Paladins had three such seasons), while Sheridan’s teams have averaged better than eight wins a year.

“Dick Sheridan has proved that you can win with scholarly athletes,” says Bobby Pate, head football coach at Hart County High School in Georgia, “and I doubt if there is anybody in coaching circles around the country who doesn’t know that.”

Pate was an assistant coach at Western Carolina when he went to West Georgia College in 1980 to start a football program. Since West Georgia had the toughest academic standards of any school in the Gulf South Conference and was trying to establish an even tougher academic reputation, Pate decided to model his program after Furman’s.

He came to a few of the Paladins’ practices and questioned Sheridan on some of his methods. The approach worked. West Georgia went 9-1 their first year and then won the Division III championship with a 12-0 record in 1982. Pate moved to Hart County earlier this year.

“If you were going to build a football program and you wanted to have players who could win and be good students at the same time, you could do no better than copy Furman’s program,” he says.

It just goes to prove that Sheridan’s reputation extends far beyond the northernwestern portion of South Carolina. And as one area coach says privately, “To be honest with you, I can’t believe that one of the bigger schools hasn’t gotten him away from Furman yet.”

“It is really no surprise that Dick Sheridan ended up at Furman, especially when you consider the path his career has followed. It began in 1964 when Art Baker, then the head football coach at Eau Claire High School in Columbia, was looking for a part-time coach who could also teach some physical education courses. It was only a temporary position and Sheridan, who was attending graduate school at the University of South Carolina, applied for it. But there was one other applicant who was given serious consideration and Baker called his assistants, Jimmy Satterfield and Steve Robertson, into his office to discuss who should get the job. It was Sheridan’s first victory.

“You could tell right away he was a competitor and that he was serious about coaching,” says Satterfield, who has been Sheridan’s offensive coordinator at Furman since 1978. “We used to play basketball during sixth period everyday and Dick played to win.”

Sheridan was so popular with the coaching staff that Baker figured out a way to retain him after the temporary position had ended. When Sheridan graduated from South Carolina a short time later, he joined the athletic staff at Eau Claire full time, serving as head basketball coach and assistant football coach.

Although football was Sheridan’s greatest love — he played the sport at North Augusta High School and Presbyterian College — he approached basketball as he did everything else, with a desire to excel. It is noteworthy to mention that Sheridan’s basketball teams at Eau Claire won two regional championships and finished as the state runner-up in 1969.

“But I loved coaching football more than anything else,” he says, “because I believed you could have a greater impact as a coach in football than basketball. In basketball you could get your players to do exactly what you wanted them to do, but there were times when that ball wasn’t going to go in the basket. There isn’t anything a coach can do about that. I just believed that, in football, less talented teams could win with greater frequency.”

So when Sheridan had the opportunity to become head football coach at Orangeburg High School in 1969, he took it. It didn’t take him long to win. Two years after his arrival, his team went 13-0 and won the state championship. He returned to Columbia in 1971 to become head coach at Airport High School and his star, at least on the high school level, was ascendant.

By this time, the original foursome of Baker, Robertson, Satterfield and Sheridan had been separated for quite a while. Baker was an assistant coach at Texas Tech, while Robertson was...
an assistant at Newberry College and Satterfield was head coach at Irmo High School. But when Baker was named head coach at Furman, it wasn’t long before they were reunited.

Robertson was the first to join the staff, followed by Sheridan. It took Satterfield longer to make a decision. “Steve and Dick decided right away they wanted to join Art,” Satterfield recalls, “but I wasn’t so sure. I had a lot of job security at Irmo and, let’s face it, Furman wasn’t that attractive a situation. The academic standards were tough and there weren’t that many scholarships.”

Satterfield didn’t have a monopoly on the apprehension, however, and Sheridan, who was 31 years old at the time, certainly felt it. “It was a bigger decision than most people would think,” he says. “I had only been at Airport one year and, frankly, I was making more money there. But I couldn’t resist the challenge and the opportunity to get back together with Steve, Art and Jimmy.”

The job certainly wasn’t a glamorous one. The coaching staff recruited during the day and slept on cots in the basement of Furman’s gymnasium at night. It would be three months before their families would follow them to Greenville and they would become settled.

Sheridan remembers that the day after he agreed to come to Furman he was on his way to Atlanta with a sheet of paper that contained the names and high schools of possible recruits. He says he had no idea of how to even locate the high schools.

“I can remember driving down to Atlanta that day and wondering what I had gotten myself into,” he says. “I had never recruited before and I had some doubts about whether I could do it. And then when I did go to the high schools, none of the coaches knew who I was or even knew where Furman was.”

Let the record show, however, that the first recruit Sheridan ever talked to was David Whitehurst, who would go on to become a great quarterback at Furman. Looking back, Sheridan says that particular recruiting class was one of Furman’s finest and included such players as Larry Robinson, Jeff Holcomb and Tony Cox.

Meanwhile, Baker and his staff were laying the foundation for the current football program. In 1973, their first year, they produced only the second winning season (7-4) at the school in the past 10 years. But while the school’s football fortunes improved immensely, success didn’t come easily and the Paladins compiled a 20-20-4 record over the next four years.

But that was about to change. After the 1977 season, Baker accepted the head coaching job at The Citadel and Sheridan was named head coach at Furman. Satterfield and Robertson supported Sheridan’s promotion and elected to stay with the ship.

“I wanted the job and was glad to accept it when they offered it to me,” Sheridan says, “but I was scared. I mean we hadn’t been doing that well the last couple of years. But I was excited and willing to work hard at it. I just decided to concentrate on the things it takes to be successful and not worry about what might happen if I failed.”

Although much of Sheridan’s coaching philosophy coincided with Baker’s, it differed in many key respects. For one thing, Baker’s offense had been geared more toward finesse, toward running the option and passing. Sheridan, however, was convinced that any offense had to have power as its fundamental component. Once you establish the fact that you can do what you want to do, then you can sprinkle in a little variety.

“I wanted Furman to be a more physical team,” Sheridan said. “Some people told me we couldn’t be physical because we weren’t big enough, but I didn’t think we had any choice. I believe that unless your offense can go right at the defense, you’re not going to score enough points to win consistently.”

He also made some defensive changes, using alignments that wouldn’t become popular with the rest of college football for a few more years. But, more importantly, Sheridan gave his players something much harder to come by, that intangible quality that so few teams ever gain — the ability to win.

“There is no doubt that Coach Sheridan is a tremendous motivator,” says David Henderson, who quarter-backed Sheridan’s first team in 1978. “After he became head coach, we
became a different team.’’

May be the biggest changes occurred in practices. They were longer and more intense. Sheridan was determined that his players wouldn’t see something in a game that they hadn’t seen and worked on in practice.

‘‘Nobody ever stood around at one of Coach Sheridan’s practices,’’ says Henderson. ‘‘You were always doing something, trying to perfect some aspect of your game. You would work on one thing and you wouldn’t go on to something else until you had gotten that right. And when it was game time you knew you were ready.’’

Stanford Jennings, Furman’s all-time leading rusher who now plays with the NFL’s Cincinnati Bengals, says that kind of preparation is one reason the Paladins win. ‘‘We would go into a game knowing that we were going to win,’’ he says. ‘‘We knew we were prepared for anything that might happen.’’

If Sheridan has one key philosophy, it is that. If you are ready to play, then you have gone a long way toward winning. If not, then the chances are good that you are in for a long afternoon. He is willing to put in however many hours it takes to make sure Furman is ready to play each Saturday.

‘‘I think it’s a coach’s job to prepare a team mentally and emotionally,’’ says Sheridan, who works 90-hour weeks during the football season. ‘‘Confidence comes from knowing that you’ll be able to handle any situation that might arise. You’ve prepared for it. And if something bad happens, well, you forget about it and go on to the next play. You have to direct your energies in the proper direction.’’

It didn’t take long for Sheridan’s influence to be seen. His first team compiled an 8-3 record and won the Southern Conference championship, Furman’s first. The offensive unit, led by Henderson, ranked among the top 14 in the nation in three different categories and that was when the Paladins were playing in Division I.

‘‘Coach Sheridan taught us to be tough,’’ Henderson says. ‘‘Whenever we had faced adversity before, we would just collapse. But it wasn’t long before we weren’t collapsing anymore and we started winning.’’

The next season was a little different, though. The Paladins lost their first five games before they managed to regroup and win five of their last six. The 5-6 record was the first time Sheridan had ever overseen a losing effort. But it was also his most gratifying year.

‘‘I know people are going to find it hard to believe that I enjoyed coaching that year, but it’s true,’’ Sheridan says. ‘‘We lost a lot of close games and there was a lot of frustration, but that group wouldn’t fold. They never gave up. They always gave it their best and, in the end, it paid off. That’s what we were trying to teach.’’

Sheridan’s program hit its stride the following year and none of his teams have had to look back since. Since 1980, the Paladins’ record stands at 44-12-2 and they have ruled the Southern Conference like no other team in recent history. And those closest to the situation aren’t surprised.

‘‘What it boils down to is that Dick is a winner,’’ says Satterfield. ‘‘It wouldn’t make any difference if he was coaching in college, the pros or Little League. He’s going to win.’’

Just what is it that makes a great head coach? What separates those who struggle and those who succeed? Should a head coach get involved in every minute detail or should he be more concerned with devising a master plan? Is it more important to be a strategist or a motivator? An ideal coach, of course, would be all of those things.

‘‘Some coaches are intelligent, some are hard workers, some can get along with people and some can map out strategy,’’ says Satterfield, ‘‘but there are very few coaches who have all of those qualities. Dick really does.’’

Sheridan also takes nothing for granted and doesn’t believe that winning will take care of itself.

‘‘Normally, when you go to coaching clinics around the country, most coaches spend their time out in the hall talking about how well their programs are doing,’’ Satterfield says. ‘‘But not Dick. It doesn’t matter who’s speaking, he’s going to be sitting there five or six seats from the front taking notes, and I guarantee he knows more about football than anybody there. But he always says he learns at least one thing he didn’t know at those clinics.’’

In the final analysis, Sheridan’s greatest gift as a coach may be his ability to instill a fierce determination in others, to make them believe that character can often be the difference between winning and losing. Such lessons are not easily forgotten. ‘‘I know that a commitment to excellence is something most of us kept after we were through playing football,’’ Henderson says.

‘‘You always hope you can make your players better people,’’ Sheridan says. ‘‘Otherwise, it’s hard to justify being a part of the educational system. You have to care about the people in the program, because they know whether you’re using them or whether you’re all in it together.’’

Satterfield believes that if you weren’t reading about Dick Sheridan’s success as a football coach, you would be reading about his success in another area. He is sure that Sheridan’s value system would work anywhere, that there’s no way to hold back some people. ‘‘He would have been successful in any profession he chose,’’ Satterfield says. ‘‘He just happened to choose the coaching profession.’’

Sheridan certainly has no complaints about his choice. It was one that he made years ago when he was attending Presbyterian and it has been good to him ever since. In fact, he developed the core of his coaching philosophy during that time and it has changed very little in the intervening years.

‘‘I have always believed that athletics can give you the opportunity to develop certain positive characteristics,’’ he says. ‘‘And how you go about winning is more important than winning at any cost. If you can produce the effort and commitment and learn to make sacrifices, then it’s really not that important that you win.’’

And then he smiles as the rest of the philosophy comes to light. ‘‘But you’ll find out that if you do those things, you’ll win more often than not.’’

Vince Moore is director of the news service at Furman.
It just won't work! It can't work!”
That was the reaction of Professor Hugh Anderson, a Scottish New Testament professor, when in the 1960s I explained to him how Baptist churches are constituted and how they work together in associations and conventions.

Professor Anderson was evaluating the democratic congregational church life of Baptists in comparison with the life of churches organized on a more hierarchal basis. It was hard for him to accept the fact that a local congregation of Baptists is a church and nothing else is necessary to make the church complete. But he found even more inconceivable the idea that a group of such churches could cooperate to carry out ministries beyond the capacity of any one congregation.

My instinctive reaction to Professor Anderson’s incredulity was, “Well! It has worked in America for over 250 years!” And it has worked in America since 1707 when a group of individuals from Baptist churches in Philadelphia were transformed into “an association of messengers authorized by their respective churches to mediate and execute designs of public good.”

Furman and the South Carolina Baptist Convention

The South Carolina Baptist Convention, like Baptist associations and other state conventions, was founded by churches to enable them to carry out mutually supportive activities and to “execute designs of public good.” From its inception, Furman University has benefited from this desire of Baptists to work together. In fact, Furman University is one reason the convention was created. Richard Furman led in the organizing of the convention in 1821 for the purpose of cooperative ministry which included education. After having been elected the first president of the convention, Furman encouraged the messengers to adopt a constitution that stressed (along with other goals) “the promotion of religious education, and particularly that of indigent, pious young men designed for the gospel ministry.” The constitution adopted by the messengers indicated that “the interests of morality and religion” would be inculcated by means of the education of ministerial and other students. These moral and religious interests would be based on “principles of Christian liberty” and they would favor “the rights of private judgment.”

The history of Furman University can be used to refute my friend’s doubt that Baptists can cooperate successfully in a democratic fashion in carrying out the work of institutions such as colleges and universities. Division of Baptists into groups such as Calvinists and Arminians or “conservatives” and “liberals” has challenged the ideal for which the convention was established. Nevertheless, men and women with diametrically opposed views in matters of doctrine and practice have cooperated to enable the convention to carry out its goal in higher education. The good will of these men and women has not tempered their theological and social differences, but it has enabled them to do what Professor Anderson thinks can’t be done.

The current crisis

Today the genius of Southern Baptists is being tested by an ultra-conservative political movement which may prove that Professor Anderson is correct. This movement began in 1979 and at first was seen as a simple matter of theological disagreement. It seemed to concern itself with the concept of the authority of the Bible, with ultraconservatives faulting the moderate conservatives for their less “orthodox” stand on the matter of biblical inerrancy. The majority of Baptists apparently felt that the controversy was a “tempest in a teapot.” By the mid-1980s, however, we have come to a different perspective. C.R. Daley, editor of the Western Recorder, the Baptist publication in Kentucky, says that the movement which began in 1979 “stands to capture the teapot and change its contents.”

The plan since 1979 has been to gain control of convention agencies and institutions by taking advantage of the democratic procedures of the Southern Baptist Convention. The important process is as follows: the president of the convention appoints a Committee on Committees which in turn appoints a Committee on Boards. The Committee on Boards nominates the trustees and directors of all the Southern Baptist Convention agencies (including the seminaries). This committee also nominates the Executive Committee which is the most powerful committee in the convention structure.

The key to ultraconservative control of the Southern Baptist Convention, then, is a president who will make the “proper” appointments to the Committee on Committees. In the

Right: The Tower Building in downtown Nashville, Tenn., houses the Baptist Sunday School Board, the publishing arm of the Southern Baptist Convention.
democratic operation of the Southern Baptist Convention, the key to the election of the president is the messengers.

**The plot to control the convention**

In 1979, at the Southern Baptist Convention in Houston, two men, Paul Pressler and Paige Patterson, decided to “change the contents” of Southern Baptist life by gaining control of the agencies and institutions. Editor Daley uses the terms “superconservative” and “ultraconservative” to describe these men and their institutions. Pressler (the “coach” of the movement) is described as “a very able super­conservative attorney with proven organizational ability and political experience.” Patterson, who “took the field as quarterback” under Pressler’s leadership, “is the head of the ultra­conservative Criswell Bible Institute.”

Since 1979, Pressler and Patterson have chosen a succession of “running backs” (nominees for the presidency of the convention) who have scored touchdowns each year.

Daley recently wrote, “The set-up has not changed in the five intervening years. Pressler and Patterson are still in charge. They have masterminded every convention presidential election since 1979 and by now they have a network of selected supporters with whom they stay in contact by phone and visits.”

As the political machine has been successful, the ultraconservatives’ desire to control the agencies and institutions and their narrow theological stance have become more and more evident. For Patterson and Pressler it is not enough to believe in the inspiration and authority of scripture. Every word of the Bible must be seen as absolutely true. Patterson himself says, “We believe that the original autographs of the Bible represent an infallible and inerrant document that is absolutely true theologically, philosophically, scientifically, and historically.”

All faculty members at Patterson’s Criswell Institute are required to sign a confession of their belief in the fundamentalist doctrine of biblical literalism and inerrancy.

**Ordination of women**

A most significant action in the 1984 convention was the passage of a fundamentalist resolution opposing the ordination of women. The resolution actually states that woman is responsible for bringing sin into the world, and for this reason, God has given men authority over women. The convention could well have taken the position that approving or disapproving such a resolution was not a proper action for the convention since the matter of ordination has been and continues to be a matter for the local congregation. The literalistic approach of the fundamentalists, however, forced them to the position that a culturally conditioned circumstance of the biblical revelation (superiority of the male) was a part of the divine requirements for church leadership.

When told that the fundamentalists intended to bring the resolution on women to the convention in 1984, a religion teacher in one of our colleges declared, “That is the best news that I have heard! They cannot win on that issue!” The teacher thought the convention itself would refuse to approve any such resolution. Although wrong on that issue, the teacher may be correct in the long run. That resolution has helped Southern Baptists to see what Patterson and Pressler have in mind and how they have been carrying out their purposes. Associations and state conventions have either opposed the Southern

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**Above:** Three of the principal figures in the current struggle between fundamentalists and moderates to control the Southern Baptist Convention are (left to right) Dr. Roy F. Honeycutt, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, who has declared a “Holy War” against the political activities of the ultra­conservatives; Appeals Court Judge Paul Pressler, who has led the fundamentalists’ campaign to gain control of the convention; and Dr. Russell H. Dilday, president of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, who is under attack by the fundamentalists.
Baptist resolution on women or have approved resolutions supporting the right of churches to ordain whomever they wish. The Executive Committee of the Atlanta Association, the home of the current Southern Baptist Convention president, went on record as opposing the hastily adopted resolution against women, with only 15 of the 125 persons present voting against the action.

Opposition to political activities

The best-known proclamation opposing the five-year political campaign is the “Holy War” that Dr. Roy F. Honeycutt, president of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, declared against the “unholy forces which, if left unchecked, will destroy essential qualities of both our (denomination) and this seminary.” SBC Today, which describes itself as “a national, autonomous publication of news and opinion for Southern Baptists,” reports that activities throughout the Southern Baptist Convention are taking place in reaction to the political activities of the fundamentalists. The reaction goes beyond opposition to the resolution on ordination of women.

The December 1984 issue of SBC Today reported on a November conference sponsored by the St. Charles Avenue Baptist Church of New Orleans. Bill Elder, pastor of the church, said that the conference was “based on the belief that what the Southern Baptist Convention needs at this point in its long history are real Southern Baptists.” During the conference, Glenn Hilburn, chairman of the religion department at Baylor University, stressed that the Southern Baptist Convention was “emphatically not created as a consequence of theological differences but for the propagation of the Bible.” He indicated that liberty of conscience, separation of church and state, evangelism, ministerial education, and missions have united Southern Baptists beyond their theological differences. He said the present yearning for the “security” offered by theological orthodoxy is illegitimate and needs to be replaced by the desire to “find the authority of Jesus Christ” and to be “open to the Spirit of God.”

Elder said that the conference offers real hope that Southern Baptists are returning to their heritage. One-third of the conference participants came from out of the state and more than half of those who participated were lay people. In addition, about 250 letters from persons who were not able to attend affirmed the conference and expressed the intention to hold similar meetings.

The crisis in theological education

The significance of a fundamentalist takeover of the Southern Baptist Convention is becoming more and more obvious. The relative openness and pluralism in the seminaries would be abolished. The term “relative” is used because of the fact that — as David Matthews, pastor of Greenville’s First Baptist Church, has observed — “in relation to the broad theological spectrum of American Protestantism, it is very, very difficult to find a Southern Baptist professor, denominational official or minister who could be classified as a liberal.” Even though the institutions are conservative, they claim the freedom which Baptist polity has given to churches. The fundamentalists represented by Patterson and Pressler, however, do not like that framework of freedom because, according to Matthews, “fundamentalism requires some kind of creedalism.” The freedom of Southern Baptist polity “does not suit the fundamentalist need for authoritarianism.”

Russell H. Dilday, Jr., president of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, which is generally considered to be in the center of Southern Baptist conservatism, has reacted vigorously to developments in the convention. In response to a statement by a spokesman for the Patterson-Pressler movement that “perhaps in five more years more than 50 percent of the professors (in the seminaries) will be under pressure from trustees to resign,” Dilday said, “It is now clear that mainstream Southern Baptists must actually claim the convention from the manipulation of political machines and return it to the people. We must restore an open convention and forbid secular politicization from dominating and becoming the pattern of the future. We must shun the blatant power struggles and redeploy our energies and resources to the priorities of obeying our Lord’s commission.”

The fundamentalists already elected to the Board of Trustees of Southwestern Theological Seminary have attempted to muzzle President Dilday by introducing a motion at the board meeting to deny Dilday’s right to participate in the denominational struggles. Although the motion was tabled (not rejected), one observer close to the situation has observed, “We are about one vote away from a complete take-over and when that happens Dr. Dilday will be fired and the Criswell Center will be brought in as part of the seminary.”

The crisis and Baptist colleges

Baptist colleges (operated by the trustees elected by state conventions) are not immune from attempts to remodel them in the model of the fundamentalists. Zig Ziglar, who was elected first vice president of the Southern Baptist Convention in 1984, has criticized Baylor faculty members and outlined beliefs which he considers essential for teachers in Baptist colleges. Indeed, according to the Dallas Times Herald, Ziglar admits that he became involved in denominational politics after learning of the lack of “orthodoxy” on the part of certain Baylor professors.

The accusations of Ziglar have aroused Herbert Reynolds, president of Baylor University, from a normally conciliatory attitude toward critics. According to Reynolds’ public response, Ziglar does not know Baylor from personal experience and is only part of a “priestly and self-anointed group” which wants to take over the educational system of Baptists “so that they will be able to produce the kind of clones which will make willing followers of demagogues who seek to change the essential characteristics of the Southern Baptist Convention.”

Reynolds characterizes Ziglar as “a Johnny-come-lately on the Baptist scene.” Nevertheless, Reynolds warns that if the group of which Ziglar is a part is successful, “our historical commitment to the priesthood of the believer would be replaced by the
belief that we need a priestly group of inerrant interpreters..."

Watch Dallas in June 1985

In an essay entitled "Holy War in the Southern Baptist Convention" David Matthews advises us, "Watch Dallas in June of 1985." (The Southern Baptist Convention meets in Dallas in June 1985.) Matthews chooses not to act as a seer, declaring that "historically, the outcome of 'Holy Wars' has been no more predictable... than unholy wars. At this point, this one could go any one of several ways."

"On the one hand, the fundamentalist strategy appears to be on track after six annual conventions," he says. The boards are indeed feeling the impact. This year, Judge Pressler actually got himself elected to the Executive Committee, the most powerful committee in the denominational structure.

"On the other hand, with the actions of the 1984 Southern Baptist Convention, a significant backlash has been created. The Patterson-Pressler program is now being named and denounced by prominent denominational officials who have been utterly silent on the subject since 1979."

Matthews does give some hope that the answer "yes" will be given to the question whether Southern Baptists will remain Baptist in the sense of being free, diverse, non-authoritarian and non-creedal. The fact that the meeting place is Dallas, Texas, is not necessarily in favor of the Patterson-Pressler group even though it is their homeland. The largest seminary of the Southern Baptist Convention (Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary) and the largest university (Baylor) are in Texas. These institutions are "threatened by and weary of the fundamentalists' agenda" and they have "enormous influence in the state."

Friends and graduates of Furman University will want to watch Dallas in 1985. Furman University is a college which acknowledges its denominational and regional heritage and responsibility," but this denominational responsibility has never been conceived of in a narrow, sectarian way. Furman is also presented in the statement as "a person-centered community," "a college which emphasizes freedom of inquiry and competence in the skills of living and learning" and a school which seeks "a heterogenous student body and encourages the development of students into mature, integrated persons."

Thousands of open-minded Baptists and non-Baptists have committed their resources of time, money, influence, and intellect to the development of Furman University. If the fundamentalists are successful in carrying out their ten-year goal of dominating the convention's agencies and institutions, the Southern Baptist Convention will cease to be the sort of convention that can support the approach to education carried out by the seminaries (conservative, but free and liberating). Although the South Carolina Baptist Convention is independent of the Southern Baptist Convention in a certain sense, there are relationships. Churches of the South Carolina Convention are also part of the Southern Baptist Convention. Modifications in the Southern Baptist Convention, therefore, will impinge upon the South Carolina Convention and its agencies and institutions.

I hope that Professor Anderson is wrong. I hope that Southern Baptists and South Carolina Baptists will continue their effective support of agencies and institutions and enable individuals and churches to minister in a way far exceeding the ability of individual members and churches.

We need to be reminded, nevertheless, that the Southern Baptist Convention is not the church. It is a legal body incorporated according to laws of the state of Georgia (where the convention was begun). The churches constitute the real life of Baptists. These autonomous (but cooperative) churches will continue to flourish and minister in the name of Christ regardless of any ultraconservative swing of the convention. Furman University is an educational institution, not a church, but its mission goes beyond the political intrigue of any group or even beyond the vote of any one convention meeting. Just as autonomous churches will "watch Dallas" in 1985 but retain their stability regardless of the results, Furman needs to "watch Dallas" and..."
continue to receive direction from the century-and-a-half heritage bequeathed by "real" Baptists who believed and continue to believe in liberal and liberating learning.

Dr. Edgar V. McKnight, a Baptist minister, is the William R. Kenan, Jr., Professor of Religion at Furman. He is the author of several books, including The Reader and the Bible: An Introduction to Literary Criticism, which will be published by Fortress Press this summer.

Above: The 1985 Southern Baptist Convention will be held in the Dallas Convention Center.
Above: Judith Babb Chandler lives with her husband, psychologist Jim Calhoun, and children (left to right) Joel, Abigail and Dylan Winston in Winterville, Ga. A third generation Furman graduate, she is a freelance writer and the editor in the Office of Instructional Development at the University of Georgia. Left: She and her husband share a study and a word processor in their home, where Dr. Chandler does much of her writing.
Parenthetical Women

Four classmates met recently to celebrate more than two decades of friendship. In many ways they represent the “between” generation.

By Judith Babb Chandler

Hey, look us over,
Lend us an ear.
We are the class that’s
Full of pep and cheer.

It is 1962 and John Crabtree is on the stage of McAlister Auditorium addressing a group of naive, cowed freshmen, who are wearing plastic name tags and hideous purple beanies. He tells them to look at the person in front of them, behind them, and to the left and right. One of these people will graduate. We all look around and hope it’s us.

It is 1984. It is 7 a.m. on a Monday morning. Sandra Thomason Greer ’66 slams the hatch of her Ford station wagon and leaves behind her split-level home in suburban Rockville, Maryland, to beat the traffic on the Washington beltway on the way to her lab at the University of Maryland, where she is professor of physical chemistry. In the kitchen eating bagels are her husband, Bill, a Star Wars research analyst at the Pentagon, and fourteen-year-old twins, Mike and Andy, who attend private school in the city.

It is 7:40. Lucia Timmerman Horowitz ’66 steers her Volvo station wagon out of the driveway of her shady Mount Pleasant, South Carolina, neighborhood overlooking the community tennis court and pool. She is drinking a Dr. Pepper and making mental “to do” lists as she attends to the backseat carpool chatter of Laine, five “and a half,” and Sean, nine. Lucia is en route to the busy office she shares with a fellow psychologist. Lucia’s husband, Eddie, crosses the river to his law practice in Charleston.

It is 7:45. Judith Babb Chandler ’66 leaves her Winterville, Georgia, kitchen table, stuffs a load of clothes in the washer, and enters the book-lined study she shares with her psychologist husband, Jim Calhoun, who is a University of Georgia faculty member. She flips the “on” switch of their Apple II and begins to lay out a newsletter. She has just launched Joel, eleven, to middle school; Dylan Winston, seven, to elementary school; and Abigail, two, to playschool for her morning out.

It is 8 o’clock. Judi Frederick Byce ’66 in the Big Apple dons her pearls, clutches her briefcase, and in her running shoes with pom-pom socks descends the subway. She will leave the train two stops early to squeeze in her exercise on the way to a high-pressure job as admissions director for the Tobe-Coburn School of Fashion Careers in “The Village.” She modestly refers to herself as the Lee Iacocca of this institution. She has left behind a nine-year marriage to good friend and fellow classmate Jason (Erv Buice ’66) who continues his successful musical career.

These four friends and their assorted children and significant others, including a very nice Atlanta executive and a very tolerant host/dog Tramp, assembled at the Greer household last year to celebrate Thanksgiving and over two decades of friendship. And one of the truths we shared was: “We may have come a long way; but don’t call us ‘baby,’ and we’re not there yet.”

Brown eyes, I’ve lost my heart to you
I can’t forget, I can’t forget
You may be faithless, but I’ll be true
I’ll love you ’til the sun has set.

In the years since 1966, this group, which I suspect is not typical of the rest of our class, has lived compositely in twenty-nine dwellings, has made eleven trips to Europe, has three terminal degrees, has owned twenty-three cars and thirteen refrigerators, and we have gained sixty-eight pounds. We have changed our names eight times; we total seven children, two stepchildren, two adoptions, and two divorces. One of us has watched her house burn down. Three of us subscribe to Ms., two belong to NOW, three voted for Mondale. We are now one Unitarian, one Methodist, and two Presbyterians; one of us will have a
bar/bat mitzvah for her children; one is married to an ordained minister; all four of us remain hopelessly compulsive.

We were joined on Turkey Day by Joyce Turner Bruckner '66 and her law partner-husband, Arnie, along with their children (Monica, sixteen, and Eric, twelve), who brought our total to eighteen. Tramp, dismayed, watched most of the action from her refuge on the landing, where most of these interviews took place.

What did we do on this weekend (which Sandra's twins referred to as "The Revenge of the Judi")? We walked the dog to walk off our dinners (we are all terrific cooks — one of us was even a former Betty Crocker Home Tester); we exchanged books (especially favored was Run with the Horsemen); we watched The Big Chill (twice, once without the comments of the children); we played hours of killer Trivial Pursuit (none of the five of us are any good at green and we are all good at brown, whatever that says about a liberal education). But mainly we talked and talked and reminisced and stayed up late, way past our bedtimes every night. We tromped through Washington, were exhilarated over the American primitives at the National Gallery, were moved by the Archives, and were saddened over the hungry homeless on the Mall. We tried to explain the Vietnam Memorial to the children and to ourselves. We sat on fat cushions in a Moroccan restaurant and ate strange dishes out of a common bowl with no utensils — we are good friends. We shopped, or more accurately looked, in Bloomingdale's.

We had an obviously ecumenical blessing over our two turkeys while listening to a "45" of the Furman Marching Band. Sandra wore her rat hat; we toasted Garland Carrier; and we talked about everyone who wasn't there.

We explored at length how we were not politically or socially aware or committed in the sixties. As Sandra says, we sat innocently in Camelot while the big movements — civil rights and emerging feminism and, of course, the war — swept through the rest of the country. We were, at best, oblivious then. We were frightened, I remember, by the Cuban Missile Crisis and comforted by L.D. Johnson. We were shocked by the gunning down of the young John F. Kennedy. But ours was a dream world of button-down collars and Lettermen concerts and fraternity serenades. Even the Beatles were remote. In our self-centeredness, our biggest concerns were whether Maurice Williams and the Zodics would show up, stuffing Kleenex in chickenwire before Miss Tumlin's curfew, and the injustice of an 8 o'clock Crapps' pop test.

If I were a carpenter
And you were a lady,
Would you marry me anyway?
Would you have my baby?

Now we are all in our own Top Forties. And where have we come to? In many ways, we represent a between generation, between the aproned, stay-at-home mothers of the Dick and Jane and "Father Knows Best" era on the one hand and the dress-for-success cover women of Savvy on the other. We've tried for both worlds; and as Sandra said at the time of her belated 1979 induction into Furman's Phi Beta Kappa chapter, "We couldn't say 'no' to either way of life ... and the price we pay is eternal fatigue." We're all in the center ring of the circus, performing our amazing juggling acts, parenthood with one foot in the land of the nurturers and dusters and the other in the land of the asserters and microwaves. We represent a kind of feminist Colossus with the older of whom competes at the state level. Joyce's daughter, in addition to baking a mean pumpkin cheesecake, is a synchronized swimmer. Most of our offspring, like Sean, are avid "hackers," which they inform me is the right terminology. As Sandra observes, like our parents we are "enormously invested in who our children are and what they are doing." Our child-rearing philosophies meet in "discerning their interests and inclinations and going with them." We're trying, not to superimpose, but to "understand and facilitate." Who knows, there may not be a Furman scholar among them.

For two of us, our role conflicts as professional women hinge on the issue of child care since our children are still small. Ironically, Lucia's clinical practice often requires that she keep office hours when her own children are home from school. While she, herself, has admittedly been blessed with a jewel of a housekeeper, she depletes the lack of the kind of child care in our society that would provide "a good place for children to be, not just day care." One of her fantasies is to create just such a place. It is characteristic that Lucia juggles her schedule (and puts in long, late working nights) so that family time remains a top priority. Too, her housekeeper operates under instructions to always put the children, not the house, first.

It is typical of our life choices that none of us works a traditional 9 to 5, 40-hour-a-week job. Sandra's lab and teaching workday starts before sunup; Judi's ends late in the evening. Joyce, Lucia and I work disjointed hours to enable us to be free as much as possible for parent conferences, soccer games,

"It is typical of our life choices that none of us works a traditional 9 to 5, 40-hour-a-week job."

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orthodontist appointments, and the odd trip to McDonald's. Joyce's situation is enhanced by living in a planned city, Columbia, Maryland, where most activities are within walking distance for her children. I write in the mornings and during Abby's naptime, but rarely after the schoolbus disgorges starving boys in mid-afternoon.

For those of us who are married, a significant factor in this exercise in goal setting and time management is the active, involved role our spouses enact. In fact, for most of us, as Sandra says, it's the sharing that's the secret. Our husbands play quite different parts and have far different attitudes from those of most of the fathers in our childhood neighborhoods. Laundry, carpools, homework, cooking are — if not jointly shared — at least cooperatively negotiated. As Joyce describes her home and work partnership with Arnie, "The two of us work it out all the time, every day."

It is illustrative that as the eighteen of us sat down to Thanksgiving dinner, when the inevitable milk glass was toppled, the nearest father or mother or single friend mopped it up and whoever saw the trash carried it out. (Men, however, are better at Trivia green. Is that a sexist statement?) In all honesty and with residual guilt, it should be acknowledged that all of us have eliminated some formerly required activities. We seldom bake cookies; but our older children, male and female, all cook. We dust, but our housekeeping standards are not what our mothers' are or were. Irons are not featured appliances in our homes, but computer printouts are commonplace. My oldest once made his own two-headed calf costume for the school play; and Sandra and I have discovered that in a pinch Scout merit badges can be stapled on. Judi's painting has taken a back seat to her administrative talents.

We don't write letters as we once did and still resolve to; but our phone contact is constant, especially in troubled times that more and more seem to focus on pre-teens and teenagers. We may be behind schedule, but we are never out of touch. We nurture these friendships and they are a top and sustaining priority.
Left: Lucia Timmerman Horowitz and her lawyer-husband, Eddie, make family time a top priority. Below: Dr. Horowitz juggles her schedule as a child psychologist to spend as much time as possible with her own children, Laine and Sean. Right: Sandra Thomason Greer is a professor of physical chemistry at the University of Maryland. Engaged in research to gain a better understanding of the fundamental nature of fluids and fluid mixtures, she received the Award for Outstanding Achievement in Physical Science from the Washington Academy of Sciences in 1977.
And 'neath her shade they rest secure,
And drink from wisdom's fountain pure,
And rally, loyal sons and true
'Round our dear Alma Mater.

What lies ahead for Laine and for Abigail and for others for whom we — this parenthetical generation — serve as role models? Good grief, we're now in our fifth decade and are matrons and role models. It's a long way from Minus McBee, but at least we're not yet appearing in Geritol or Oil of Olay commercials.

Sandra sees us as an "intermediate step" and predicts that our daughters in the next generation will "take better care of themselves and be easier on themselves." She feels that "once one has proved that one can do it all, it is no longer necessary to do it all." One outcome of our juggling may be that this next generation may, unlike us, choose one way of life or another.

Judi, from a different experience and perspective, feels that choices will be more clearly defined for women in the future, that there will be "a better sense of more options" and that women will be free "to be more selective and focused." On the other hand, she suspects that women may be programmed early on for one way of life or another, thus restricting their actual alternatives.

From Lucia's point of view, she can't see "that life will get a whole lot easier for them," but feels that our successors may have "less guilt — possibly. Mentally, it will be easier for them." She hopes for her own kindergartner the kind of balance she has been able to achieve in her personal/professional life: "I hope that she will feel as good as I do about what's happening when I'm not there."

Basically, single or married, with small children or teenagers or none, we face the same daily issues and carry the same mythic expectations from our childhoods. (Lucia and I have been friends since we were four years old and shared the coal-fueled "gentle poverty" of the faculty prefabs during the return of the veterans after World War II.) As Judi puts it, whatever our lifestyles, we will always be caught in the dilemma of how to spend our time.

The issue, she explains, is in the tension between "... quality time and quality time. A woman asks herself, 'Do I want to rehearse for the opera or be with my children?'" Of course, the answer to both questions is, "Yes." The point, she concludes, is to keep the choices well in hand. She cites a recent newsletter edited by Greenville classmate Diane Estridge in which every respondent had made a New Year's resolution to spend more time with the significant people in his or her life.

We have come a long way from those "Zoo girls" who preceded us and who strolled, hatted and gloved, between DeCamp and Atwood streets "without registration until dark," and yet in many ways we have not come so far at all. Our consciousnesses may have been raised and our professional horizons extended and our political commitments deepened, but our feet are still planted firmly in the traditional values by which we were nurtured. The Alma Mater was updated in the mid-seventies (over the protest of Yates Laney '28 that we'd have to change the institution's name to Fur-person) to "sons and daughters true"; but we are still the heirs of those leafy mountain city campuses. It is not nostalgia for those sheltered days that brings us together, nor fond memories of Judson and Old Main or of old loves and learnings. It is the friendships that were forged there. And in our own "between" ways it is still true that "... from far coasts her children come/And crown her brow with flowers sweet."
RETURN TO YOKNAPATAWPHA

Article and photographs by Willard Pate
Nineteen years after her first visit to Faulkner country, Willard Pate finds that the physical links between Faulkner's fiction and his region are coming apart.

I sped down I-85 from Greenville to Atlanta, then bumped along winding north Alabama roads leading through thick pine forests alternating with small country towns. By the time I reached the hills of Mississippi, a cold January dusk had settled over the brown stubble in the fields. I drove on to Oxford in the dark. The trip had been uneventful, even monotonous. Then I came to a stop, made a right turn when the light changed green, and almost yelled out loud, "There it is!"

My excitement was provoked by a white courthouse looming out of the shadows a block away. Had I seen the same sight in any other Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina or Georgia town, I would have passed it by. White box-shaped courthouses with clock domes, Corinthian columns and Confederate soldiers standing permanent sentry are hardly novelties in the rural South. Yet at that moment, even the moonlit Parthenon standing solid and eternal atop its rock fortress could have seemed no more enchanting.

I made that first visit to Oxford, Mississippi, and first saw that courthouse almost nineteen years ago. I went back for my eighth visit this past summer. This time daisies and butterfly weeds brightened the roadside and cotton and soybeans grew in the long June twilight. Still, the drive was slow, and I was weary when I made the final turn toward the square. Yet once again the sight of the courthouse dispersed my lethargy, for once more it seemed a magic link between Oxford, county seat of William Faulkner's famous Yoknapatawpha County.

According to Faulkner's own account, halfway through Sartoris, his third of nineteen novels, he "discovered that my own little postage stamp of native soil was worth writing about and that I would never live long enough to exhaust it. I created a cosmos of my own." Which is not to say Faulkner merely used his descriptive powers to record his native Lafayette County on paper. Rather his imagination transformed his locale — its inhabitants, its topography, its history — into art that mirrors the universal struggles of mankind.

Yet because Faulkner's art is so deeply rooted in that locale he knew so well, his works evoke a powerful sense of place. The visitor to Faulkner country seems compelled to use his own powers of imagination and observation to discover the relationship between Lafayette County and Yoknapatawpha County. No wonder, then, my epiphanies every time I drive into Oxford and affirm the physical existence of the courthouse described in Faulkner's works and called by him "the center, the focus, the hub; sitting looming in the center" of Yoknapatawpha.

The courthouse, like Yoknapatawpha itself, always seems permanent. To travel the main roads and the byways branching from the square, however, is to be reminded of impermanence. Year by year Lafayette County changes. Year by year the physical links between Faulkner's fiction and his region come apart. Still this slow, constant process seems but an extension of Yoknapatawpha, a reminder that Faulkner's art captured a South not static, but alive and thus subject to both loss and change.

Rowan Oak, the 1840s home Faulkner bought and restored in the 1930s, is only a few minutes away from the courthouse. The area surrounding it is dotted with brick suburban development, but Rowan Oak remains appropriately isolated at the end of a dirt drive, now level, but reputedly once pocked with holes Faulkner dug in an effort to discourage visits from unwelcome reporters, professors and literary ladies who treated him and his home as if they were public curiosities.

The house, now owned and carefully preserved by the University of Mississippi, will undoubtedly survive to put future generations in touch with some of the fragments from Faulkner's physical existence. But even it has not been and will not be immune to changes in atmosphere, if not appearance.

When I first walked through the front entrance nineteen years ago, Dorothy Oldham, Faulkner's sister-in-law, was hostess at the house which was closed except "by appointment." And to persuade Miss Oldham to make an appointment was somewhat akin to persuading Cerberus to stop barking and showing his three sets of fangs. She took her duties seriously: Mr. Faulkner was a private person in life; his home, therefore, would remain private. It would be opened for those visitors who came out of respect, but it would never become a museum catering to the curious, the unfeeling or the insensitive. No one really disputed Miss Oldham's philosophy, just her whims. Her criteria for separating the sensitive from the merely curious were known to her alone.

Somehow Miss Oldham agreed to let me inside. In keeping with her conviction that visitors to Rowan Oak were guests and not tourists, she had turned the library into a shelter from the gray January clouds: a fire blazed and cracked in the fireplace, a vase of newly picked spring daffodils and three or four of her personal copies of
Above: The courthouse remains the same at the center of Oxford, Miss., while all around change is evident. Left: William Faulkner, who died in 1962, is buried beside his wife, Estelle, in St. Peters Cemetery in Oxford.
Gavin Stevens goes "to eat cheese and crackers and listen to old Mr. Garraway curse Calvin Coolidge" in The Town.

As significant as these direct connections with Faulkner is the store's place in the social history of the South. I do not know the specific history of the College Hill Store, when it was built, by whom, if it was profitable or not. I know it only as representative both of those stores Faulkner dotted along the rural roads of Yoknapatawpha and those stores that once dotted the rural roads of the South.

"Nobel Prize-winners have been so overcome at being in Mr. Faulkner's home that they have wept."

Compact shopping centers they were. Flour sacked in printed cloth used later to make Sunday dresses, fatback crusted with salt, red tins of Prince Albert chewing tobacco, horse collars and hame strings — all were there for the farmer to load into his mule-drawn wagon. Sometimes the stores served also as post office, polling place or magistrate's court, not to mention social center — a role they shared with the church. Faulkner described the setting and the scene often, especially when he wrote about Varner's Store in Frenchman's Bend, another Yoknapatawpha hamlet.

When I first walked up three sagging steps and across the worn gallery into the one-room College Hill Store that January day almost nineteen years ago, the traditional potbellied stove was blazing. As I warmed my hands I recalled a familiar scene from my early childhood: an overcast winter day when weathered, middle-aged Georgia farmers in faded overalls straddled chairs or upturned soft drink crates and discussed Roosevelt, the war, and the weather while propelling streams of tobacco juice into the box of sand at the base of the iron stove in the back of my grandfather's large general store. My grandfather's store was in town, so when the war ended and the building boom began in the late forties and early fifties, my uncles were able to remove the stove, throw out Prince Albert and the hame strings, and turn their business into a profitable builder's supply company.

Pearl Galloway, owner of the rural College Hill Store, kept her store into the mid-sixties — as well as her tobacco cutter and cheese slicer — but when the farmer migrated to town permanently, or at least found the capacity to speed there three or four times a day in his new Chevrolet pickup or used Buick sedan, her biggest customers became the handful of children who hurried in to buy candy or potato chips when the small private school across the road let out.

By the early 1970s Miss Galloway had replaced her stove with a gas heater, although she continued to cut wheels of cheddar on her old cheese cutter and continued to ice the six-ounce bottle "Co-Colas" in her old red cooler to that delicious point just between freezing and bursting. The labels on the cheap tins of vegetables and potted meats were fading, but the children still rushed in at recess. And visitors in search of William Faulkner's world still bought sardines or saltines or those cold "Co-Colas" when they came by. Miss Galloway, who admitted to little knowledge about the famous author, kept all new visitors' names in a series of brown spiral notebooks.

This summer weeds had grown between the untrodden steps, the heavy doors were shut, and a permanent closed sign was posted next to a rusting reminder to buy Colonial bread.

College Hill Store, so necessary to a "forty acres and a mule" economy, survived into the late 1970s only as an anachronism. The mule and the forty acres did not survive so long. Most authors who devote space to animals celebrate the independence of the cat, the fidelity of the dog, the patience of the donkey or the beauty and grace of the horse. But Faulkner, in keeping with his Southern heritage, composed odes to the stubbornness of the mule. In Sartoris he wrote: "Some Homer of the cotton fields should sing the saga of the mule"; and in The Reivers, his last novel, published over thirty years later, he was still singing his admiration for the beast "you can make . . . work for you. But . . . only
within his rigid self-set regulations...[the beast who] will work for you patiently for the chance to kick you once.'

Today Lafayette County, like the rest of the South, has very few mules for anyone to sing about. The long-eared beast that pulled the plow across the South cannot, of course, become extinct until his parents, the horse and jackass, do, but the machine has made him rare. I, who grew up watching mules plow fields and pull wagons, now find myself slamming down the brakes and taking a second look to be sure my imagination has not grown ears on a horse when occasionally I spot a mule standing idle in some out-of-the-way field.

Nineteen years ago there were still a few working mules in Lafayette County. Most of these remaining today seem no more than pels kept for nostalgia. Dick is an example. He lives a few miles up the road from the College Hill Store in an enclosure about the size of two football fields. His owner, over 80, thin as the proverbial rail, rotten of tooth and much more weathered than his clapboard house, is loquacious about the past, "When I was a boy..." The old man's son, who lives in a brick house on the other side of Dick's field, is potbellied and unweathered. He says, "Daddy wanted a mule to plow the garden. The first one we found died before we could get him home. We finally found this one." Dick himself seems too old to plow anything, and his prospects for waiting around for ten years for a chance to kick seem slim indeed.

The cotton field may not have become as obsolete as the mule, but it too has changed. For one thing, it has diversified into soybeans and cattle, even wheat in some cases. A few farmers still sow crops on small acreage, but almost all farmers whose sole livelihood is the land now cultivate thousands of acres with great machines. The farmer who plows forty acres, or even a hundred acres, with his tractor has another job in town. And the tenant farmer, or sharecropper, has gone to Chicago, Memphis, Detroit, Atlanta, or the local mill, leaving his houses and churches to crumble on the hillsides.

This process of desertion has been going on since the end of World War II — longer really, but that's within...
my own memory. I think the story is best told by a rural church on an eroding Lafayette County hillside. When I first wandered into the church nineteen years ago, the windows were broken and the clapboards were peeling, but out back the hand-lettered gravestones (the letter s was usually written backward) had recently been decorated with flowers — some real, some artificial. With some difficulty I found the site again this summer. The building had collapsed into a heap of rotting boards and shingles, and the gravestones were lost in the brambles. There were no flowers.

Another site I visited nineteen years ago was the Jones house. Several people named Jones as well as a woman whose surname was Bond are buried in the family cemetery there. Faulkner had used the two names for important characters in Absalom, Absalom! and though I was not presumptuous enough to assume the cemetery as Faulkner’s source for the names I found the coincidence more than merely interesting.

The rotting plantation house was occupied by an old black woman, her daughter, and a host of grandchildren. The old woman, Helen Sisk, directed me to the small cemetery hidden in the low-hanging cedars and tall sedge off to the side of the house. The air was damp and cold, and a light rain had begun to fall, but I pushed on through the thicket toward the old graves.

My love for Absalom, Absalom! the two names in the ancient cemetery; the old house in the distance; the drizzling rain on a damp, cold, sunless afternoon — all combined to play on my imagination and, for a brief, flickering instant anyway, half convinced me I had been transported to Yoknapatawpha and the cedar-shaded cemetery at Sutpen’s Hundred where Mr. Compson and Quentin sought shelter from the rain late one afternoon.

... the rain began to come down again gray and solid and slow, making no sound, Quentin not yet aware of where they were because he had been riding with his head lowered against the drizzle, until he looked up the slope before them where the wet yellow sage died upward into the rain like melting gold and he saw the grove, the clump of cedars on the crest of the hill dissolving into the rain as if the trees had been drawn in ink on a wet blotter — the cedars beyond which... would be the oak grove and the grey huge rotting deserted house...

When I emerged from the cedar grove shivering, Helen Sisk and her daughter invited me inside the house. I accepted and was led to the big iron stove in the first room on the right of the wide entrance hall. This stove was the only source of heat in the house; thus the entire family lived in two rooms and a kitchen. Beds with deep sunken mattresses covered by faded, clean spreads seemed to jut out of every corner.

For a long while we sat around the stove and talked. The daughter showed me a much-handled snapshot of the house (completely out of focus) that a friend had taken. Many white people, she said, had come to the house to take pictures, but she had never seen any of those. She wondered why so many people wanted to see their house. I asked, “Have you ever heard of William Faulkner?” “Seems like I’ve heard people where I works call his name, but I don’t know him,” she replied. “He’s dead now,” I explained, and added that he was a famous writer who describes a house similar to theirs.

The old woman joined in. “One man, he come out here and took pictures, and give me a nickel for each of my grandchilun.” Her smile was wide, but the rest of her face, turning now to a rich chocolate under the influence of the heat, was typically inscrutable. I could not read the eyes. I was, however, enough of a rural Southerner to understand the meaning behind the words. I was being asked to give her a few coins “for the grandchildren” before I ended my visit.

The conversation continued, but I do not remember much of what we said, for I was thinking of Faulkner. He had captured, at least from the white perspective, the relationship between Southern whites and blacks like Helen Sisk when he wrote in The Sound and the Fury:

... that blending of childlike and ready incompetence and paradoxical reliability that tends and protects them that it loves... and withal a fond and unflagging tolerance for whitefolk’s vagaries like that of a

Dr. Willard Pate, who teaches English at Furman, first visited Oxford in 1967 and her article, “Pilgrimage to Yoknapatawpha,” appeared in the winter 1969 issue of the Furman Magazine. Some portions of her first article are repeated in this account of her most recent trip. An admirer of mules, she spotted Dick in a field a few miles up the road from the College Hill Store.
grandparent for unpredictable and troublesome children . . .

Faulkner had also understood that such a relationship was degrading to both black and white. The black had mastered such a role in order “to survive in a minority.” Perhaps it had taught him the humility that characterized his race — a race, in Faulkner’s own words, of “gentle and tender people, a little more so than white people because they have had to be; a little wiser in their dealings with white people than white people are with them . . . .” But still it denied the black his inherent dignity. And the white man, by forcing the black man to survive through subservience, had yielded to the worst in his own nature.

In Faulkner’s Go Down, Moses, Roth Edmonds, a young boy, has spent his early childhood eating, playing, hunting, sometimes sleeping, with a black companion his own age. Then one day Roth demands that his friend move out of the big bed and sleep on a pallet on the floor, for no reason except that “the old curse of his fathers, the old haughty ancestral pride based not on any value but on an accident of geography stemmed not from courage and honor but wrong and shame, descended on him.”

The same curse has descended to all Southern whites, I thought, as I continued to sit there in the warm room. As I left, I would dig into my purse and produce a few nickels; Helen Sisk would accept them with an outstretched hand and a wide grin. Each of us would have played the proper part in the outmoded drama. But I would feel a little embarrassment and much shame because the time had not yet come when Southern whites and blacks could base their relationships on respect for individual human worth. And Helen Sisk — she had learned her role too well for me, a white person, ever to know what feelings she might long ago have surmised.

I have returned to the Jones house on subsequent trips to Lafayette County. Even seventeen years ago Helen Sisk was gone, the house unoccupied and the cedar trees in the graveyard cut down. This summer the old ruin was barely standing behind a mass of vines, shaggy cedar trees, abandoned tractors, and day lilies stubbornly defying the encroachment of disorder on what was once the garden. Inside, the plaster had fallen and the floor boards had rotted. It will not even be here when I come back, I thought.

Over breakfast the next morning I considered all the changes that had occurred in Lafayette County through the years. I knew that Faulkner’s Yoknapatawpha was permanent. It would be subject to changing interpretations certainly, but its characters and scenes would, like the figures on Keats’ Grecian urn, be forever fixed. One need but thumb through printed pages to find, arrested for man’s eternity, the wagon tied beneath the oak tree; the mule, motionless except for ears twitching to shoo the buzzing flies; the men jawing around the stove.

Even so, I could not help lamenting the disappearing links between Yoknapatawpha and a changing Lafayette County. Faulkner’s Mississippi would soon become as difficult to locate as Dickens’ London. I realized that the mule and wagon on the unpaved country road and the warm stove at the end of the line were hardly deserving of eternal existence simply because of their picturesqueness. But their disappearance and replacement by acres of chrome at the K-Mart seemed to signify more than the simple loss of a literary landscape.

Faulkner himself understood the problem. The world he created in Yoknapatawpha changes constantly. Sawmills replace the woods; automobiles replace wagons; washing machines replace iron wash pots. Plantations are ravished by war and time. Merchants and bankers flourish. Old families lose their money and social positions or die out; new ones take their places.

These changes in Yoknapatawpha, like most changes, are ambiguous and ambivalent. Some reflect material progress, but at the price of a Southern culture not only less picturesque and homogeneous, but also less personal. In Requiem for a Nun, as in so many new works, Faulkner seemed to lament such changes:

. . . gone now were the last of the forest trees which had followed the shape of the Square, shading the unbroken second-story balcony onto which the lawyers and doctors’ offices had opened . . . . and now gone even the balcony itself with its wrought-iron balustrade on which in the long summer afternoons the lawyers would prop their feet to talk . . . . gone was the last wagon to stand on the Square during the spring and summer and fall Saturdays and trading days, and not only the Square but the streets leading into it were paved now, with fixed signs of interdiction and admonition applicable only to something capable of moving faster than thirty miles an hour . . .

Yet despite his lament, his backward glance, Faulkner knew that not to change was to become sterile. He dealt harshly with his characters whose inflexible stewardship of tradition led to stagnation and moral impotence. And he reserved his greatest accolades for those characters whose adaptability led to a synthesis of the best of the past with the best of progress.

Eventually I was aroused from my reverie about Faulkner and a changing South by the laughter surrounding a booth to the right of my breakfast table. The customers were a well-dressed black couple who seemed to have ordered the entire menu. Platters of eggs and bacon, pancakes and sausage, biscuits and toast, butter and syrup continued to arrive as two thin white waitresses scurried back and forth from kitchen to booth. I recognized the black woman from the previous morning when she had cleaned my room. Her day off, I realized, and she’s brought her husband for a complimentary breakfast.

I sat there watching the group of four — two blacks and two whites who knew each other; two blacks who were being served by two whites — laughing, at ease with each other, clearly accepting of each other. I knew I could not have witnessed such a scene nineteen years earlier. I felt Faulkner would be glad of this change.

Right: The owner of Dick, the mule, likes to talk about the days when he was a boy in Lafayette County.