

Book Reviews

Walter Darrell Haden, Editor

The Green River of Kentucky. By Helen Bartter Crocker. The Kentucky Bicentennial Bookshelf Series. The University Press of Kentucky, 1976. 98 pp. \$3.95.

As a volume in the Bicentennial Bookshelf series, Helen Bartter Crocker's *The Green River of Kentucky* has an appropriately historic and economic orientation: the lives of the people on the banks of the Green seem most concerned with how much green they can take to the bank; and Ms. Crocker, who teaches history at Western Kentucky University, sees economic factors as determining the valley's future. But, despite the monetary and political focus of the book, the river itself emerges as the vital force, the agent curiously independent of those who see it with the eyes and needs of their own short lives.

The Green is named for its color in dry weather and is said to have originally been an underground stream, not surprising in Mammoth Cave country. It drains an area of twenty-eight counties in southwestern Kentucky and flows for 370 miles into the Ohio at Evansville. Its nature requires a thoughtful and continuing effort of those who would make it useful to man: although it is one of the deepest minor rivers in America, the river is not navigable year-round without a series of locks. Hence, its history is tied in a special way to human qualities of imagination and sustained effort.

After the Revolution, Virginia encouraged settlers to move into the Green River Country by offering them 200 acres if they were veterans — 400 acres to settlers of waste or unappropriated lands. By 1810 most of the counties were chartered and the first effort to improve the river had been undertaken by the Kentucky Legislature: an 1808 law requiring each settlement to spend three days annually in clearing the river of debris and obstructions. Once steamboats came to the Ohio, efforts to make the Green navigable began seriously, and the construction of locks was undertaken by the state. The archetypal pattern of public works was repeated here: cost over-runs, delays, uneven funding, disillusionment, and recrimination. The state's effort to keep a balance between tolls and maintenance costs was a losing one all through the 1840s and '50s, and the '60s brought disaster. Neither the Grey nor the Blue gunboats paid tolls, and each side discouraged small craft from using the river in wartime; some locks were jammed, and there were threats that Lock 3 would be blown up. By the end of the war the locks were in a dangerous condition, the state lacked funds to restore them, and the whole project was leased to a private firm for 30 years. The monopoly by the Green and Barren River Navigation Company — called "the Monarchs" — was archetypal, too, and was played out against a gradual conflict with the emerging railroad — a complex period handled with skill by Ms. Crocker. By the time the Corps of Engineers bought the lease in 1888 (ten years early), the locks had again deteriorated. Then the second great era of steam boating began with heavy use of the river for logging to feed the important hardwood market at Evansville; with asphalt operations along the river; and with pleasure excursions and passenger service as far as Mammoth Cave. With the 1930s, barge and tow traffic replaced the packets, and government funds continued to supply whatever upkeep there was. But federal funding is based on use; where locks and people are poor, use declines; hence, money declines, too. Not until the coal boom of the '50s did local effort bring attention and money to the river again. And Ms. Crocker predicts a bright future based on coal and rec-

reaction, one that she feels can have economic benefits without damage to the valley. She makes some references to the denuding of forest lands in the last century, but surprisingly little is said of the strip-mining controversies of our time.

There are all too few people in the book, but those included are memorable: like Skiles, one of the few politicians to become poor while in office; Shroeder, the boatman-photographer who used river water to develop his film — and printed a little “green stuff” on the side; Sally Beck, postmistress of Rockland and owner of a telephone, who shouted messages by megaphone from atop Sally’s Rock to passing steamers; and like the Williams steamboat family of Evansville who made unscheduled stops — for example, to deliver a spelling book to a boy who lived along the bank.

I would argue with Ms. Crocker’s thesis that the “struggle for control retards development”; her evidence does not seem to me to support such an idea—quite the contrary. As to style, the book is very readable except for occasional summary paragraphs which are followed by slower and more detailed accounts; the chronology then is briefly confusing. But by and large, the work is well written and the pictures are appropriate. An additional selected but annotated bibliography encourages the casual reader to explore further and demonstrates the soundness of Ms. Crocker’s research. Her quotation of John Prine’s “Paradise” (*And daddy won’t you take me back to Muhlenberg County/Down by the Green River where Paradise lay*) recalled the many times I had hummed it as I passed the Great Shovel near the western Kentucky Parkway; as a reader of the *Courier Journal*, I had always seen the shovel rather than the land. But I am now reminded of another quotation — Lippi’s lines by Browning:

*For, don’t you mark? we’re made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted — better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.*

Next time I go to Louisville, rather than eat at the half-way house, I think I’ll fix a sandwich. And there where the road curves to meet the bridge over the Green River, I think I’ll stop, scramble down to the river’s edge, eat my lunch, and think about this book.

Martha Y. Battle

Stars of Country Music: Uncle Dave Macon to Johnny Rodriguez. Bill C. Malone and Judith McCulloh, eds. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1975. 532 pp. \$10.00. New York: Avon Books, 1976. 532 pp. \$2.50.

Stars of Country Music will be for many a welcome addition to the corpus of material dealing with country music and its performers. However, the book will be a disappointment to others at several points because of the attitude taken by the author who chooses to act as apologist for the performer he treats. Additionally, the performers which are included as well as the ones excluded will remain a bone of contention despite the disclaimer in the Preface that the editors were not able to come up with writers to treat authoritatively other stars not included in the book. Coincidentally, there seems to have been a bit, perhaps more, of tokenism involved in the choices of only one woman (Loretta Lynn), a black

(Charlie Pride), and a Mexican-American (Johnny Rodriguez) rather than such giants in the business as Kitty Wells, George Jones or the late Lefty Frizzell. Nevertheless, even for the informed reader there are essays which come across as being singularly objective and evenhanded in their treatments.

For the general reader the book will no doubt be an informative book regarding the lives of some of the most important performers over the brief history of country music. However, for the informed reader there will be some distaste for the apologetic stance taken by Douglas Green regarding Gene Autry and William Ivey's attempted reconciliation of Chet Atkins' commercial and artistic pursuits. (I must add that this reviewer found these attempts offensive.)

The arrangement of the book starts with the earliest performers, proceeds through a roll call of many of the giants in the industry and concludes with a survey by co-editor Bill C. Malone of the country music scene just prior to the book's publication. The chronology allows the reader to gain a perspective on and an appreciation of the variety which has made country music at home in just about every part of the world. (I might add that the formulaic pattern of many of the essays becomes a tedium after reading a couple of them.)

Notwithstanding the editors' statement that available writers to speak authoritatively on given performers were scarce, one wonders just how hard qualified writers were sought. And when such stars as Kitty Wells, George Jones and Lefty Frizzell are excluded and such relative newcomers of questionable durability as Charley Pride and Johnny Rodriguez are included, one also suspects tokenism rather than genuine merit. Even such an obvious fault as including only one woman performer in the individual essays (Loretta Lynn) when the Queen of Country Music (Kitty Wells) is relegated to brief treatment in the concluding chapter hints that more effort should have been exerted so as to eliminate such glaring shortcomings. And Dorothy A. Horstman's "Loretta Lynn" strains a bit trying to establish Loretta Lynn as somehow a "transitional" female singer exhibiting both the old "double standard" toward women and a new attitude toward the woman's role. Moreover, to include Charley Pride and Johnny Rodriguez at the expense, one presumes, of George Jones, Lefty Frizzell, Buck Owens, et al., makes no sense in any way except that perhaps Malone and McGulloh wanted to be sure to please as many segments of their readership as possible.

Having said all this, I still must say that there is much in this collection of essays to make it worth the price to both the general and informed readers. I have already suggested that the generally chronological arrangement makes it handy to read eclectically. Additionally, a very important element in the book is the inclusion at the end of each essay not only of a bibliography for further study but also a discography for those wishing to add to their record libraries or to do research of their own into the music of a given performer or group. As to individual essays, I find that the ones which were most enjoyable and fair in their treatments were Norm Cohen's "Early Pioneers," Walter Darrell Haden's "Vernon Dalhart," D. K. Wilgus' "Bradley Kincaid," and William C. Martin's "Tom T. Hall." I find Mr. Martin's essay an outstanding general introduction to Tom T. Hall and his music. Moreover, Bill C. Malone's concluding essay, "A Shower of Stars: Country Music Since World War II," is a neat way of giving both summary and symmetry. And here, too, he briefly looks into the future of the industry and implies optimism regarding its permanence, even if in altered form. Finally, in spite of the faults stated at the beginning of this review, the book is worthwhile.

B. W. Keene

Life in the Leatherwoods. By John Quincy Wolf. Memphis: Memphis State University Press, 1974. \$2.50.

If laughing out loud in public embarrasses you, you should read this book in private. Boyhood escapades and pranks, frontier violence, human foibles and comic episodes make *Life in the Leatherwoods* thoroughly entertaining. It is amusing only in part. Sensitive readers will find other portions steeped in a nostalgic melancholy and sympathy for the human condition.

Life in the Leatherwoods describes life in the northern Arkansas Ozarks between the Civil War and the 1880s as experienced by an alert, vigorous and enquiring boy. Stealing cream, fighting, and trying to outdo his foster brother and other peers make up a good part of a story told with a casual yet expert style.

The book owes much to its editor. Indeed, the listing of the author is misleading unless the introduction and afterword are consulted. John Quincy Wolf, Junior, a professor of English at Southwestern at Memphis, selected and edited them after he retired from teaching. His expert craftsmanship entitles him to being listed as co-author, a listing he apparently rejected.

The life of the elder Wolf should force us to reconsider some prevalent social theories of our time. He grew up in extreme poverty and deprivation, unprotected by officious government agencies and lacking such indispensable aids to life as automobiles, television, and supermarkets. Hopelessly inadequate schooling, social isolation, and being orphaned in early childhood did not stop him from becoming a successful banker and an honest, intelligent man.

Life in the Leatherwoods is a good reading experience, but it is worthwhile for the information it conveys as well. Rural customs and attitudes in the Gilded Age, agricultural methods, and an appreciation of the rude economic system of the nineteenth century Ozarks are all presented in revealing tidbits here and there in the book.

This book has been attractively printed and prepared. It is well worth its costs.

Patrick R. Taylor

Medina and Other Poems. Neil Graves. Jackson, Tenn.: Old Hickory Press, 1976. 40 pp. \$1.40.

Believe it or not, there exists in the South a generation of dislocated "half-breeds." (Editor's note: In a communication accompanying this, the reviewer seems to define half-bred as one reared in an area which lacks full cultural development and maturity, the individual thus being not "well-bred" but "half-bred.") We belong primarily to the fifties, that decade-wide crack between Korea and Viet Nam we were lucky enough to fall into by an accident of procreation. Most of us can date our emergence from high school according to B. P. or A. P. — before or after Elvis Presley's famous appearance on the Ed Sullivan show.

Our most formative years were sandwiched between WW II and the assassination of President Kennedy, or if that's somewhat late as a *terminus ad quem*, then up until the first space shot. Whether we grew up in cities like Memphis, or smaller towns such as Jackson, or in one of those innumerable, it seems, county-seat places like Brownsville or Ripley, with their hub-like squares around

which the Saturday afternoon traffic promenaded, we moved in an ambience of Southern mentality and Southern religion.

We are also the generation that got caught. Enough remnants of Faulkner's old South were still around so that we have some memory of out-houses, cooling cisterns, milking by hand, and the Sunday visits to Grandmother, who still kept some chickens even if she had moved into town. We also remember some of the changes wrought by TVA in the lives of our more rural kin, and perhaps a third grade con man who blackmarketed bubble gum at fifteen cents a piece, and fishing on Reelfoot Lake when a 10 horse Johnson outboard was regarded as extravagant. We also recall the anguish of arguing with close relatives about the merits of separated drinking fountains, and the growing awareness that something we were rooted in was beginning to collapse.

One night, as we hovered in the darkened bedrooms with our ears pressed to the table radio, the Twenty-Mule Team Borax wagon train pulled out with our innocence loaded in back and disappeared into the far horizon. We woke up to face interstate highways, K-Marts, Kentucky Fried Chicken stands, new biblical criticism, sociological relativism, push-button telephones, and three-channel television. It took us years to catch on. And we're still trying to recover.

Neil Graves is one of us. Of the many generalizations about Southern writers, some of which have become almost cliches, none is more applicable to this poet than the one that remarks how often Southern writers have a strong sense of place. But those of us who are "half-breds" would expect as much. We know our identity is in some way tied to the corner drugstore where we surreptitiously peeked into Mickey Spillane's *My Gun Is Quick*, the reservoir where we parked on dates, the twenty mile stretch of highway between towns where dead dogs could always be seen.

Pack up your suitcase, spend four or five years in college, and maybe even longer in graduate school, set up shop in some other part of the country, or the world for that matter, and those places seem to follow you. Maybe that's not just Southern, but we "half-breds" seem to be more dislocated than others. We keep looking over our shoulder, wondering where the wagon train went.

Transience, mutability, decay, loss, death — we are steeped in such things. In and out of these forty poems, over three-fourths of which are sonnets, such themes weave their way. (The picture on the cover, of a Sinclair station, presumably in Medina, Tennessee, with cars of a thirties vintage parked around front and with men pedaling by on bicycles: even the graphics assert the retrospective glance, the attempt to measure how far we've come, or haven't come.)

Graves knows what it means to take stock, to try his hand at emotional accounting:

*At twenty-five a man can see the years
that brought him there, the quarter-century span
that, taking away his childish bubbly spheres,
bartered him those new toys time gives to men.
His childhood was expendable.*

He also knows that even having to take the tally is a sign of loss.

*He made, in rhyme,
an end to freedom, to recall their names,
and saw at once his time-lapse eye betray
the rapid change that presages decay.*

(“Twenty-five”)

Like all of us “half-breds,” Graves has a head full of images crowding out of the past: of Mason jars containing lightning bugs and the recollection of “*that death/which we saw in the slowly suffocating things*” (“Medina”); of “The Forties,” and

*milk that
came cream-topped in bottles, and small fairs
in parks, and far-off wars, and metal toys,
bright, heavy in the hand, that made no noise.*

or the days when “Daddy was a Sinclair man, back in the days/when a station really worked on cars.” Those were the days. Though as we pushed tires downhill,

*We wondered then,
when a slick, gray tire had filled its crescent full
how steep a hill would empty it all again.*

(“Medina Garage”)

Such reflections, though, are not mere nostalgic longings for by-gone days. They are rooted in metaphysics. And though the simplicity of feeling which could be aroused by a Baptist revival has faded, and the theology it engendered (or that engendered it) has been lost, revised, or discarded, the metaphysics still retains the Baptist seriousness. Graves summarizes the attitude in these lines from a poem intitled “Concussions”:

*The Baptists are right when they speak in hyperbole.
Wrong is rampant, self consumes, not many
are true. I knew a man who drank to misery,
and drank to exhaustion, and lusted to show
falsehoods about himself, and smoked to death
spontaneously.*

As proof that matters can be posed more philosophically, “Questions” asks a perplexing query about the relationship between the wholes and their parts in light of the fact that particular functions seem to dictate that the parts be sacrificed. A poem such as “Christmas Reckoning” wonders aloud whether the constant search for new experiences is worthwhile: *For what can promise more than what we have?*”

Graves, like some of the rest of us, is an educated “half-bred.” As such, he knows enough about sentimentality, false feelings, and the pitfall of too much enthusiasm not to be overly self-indulgent. We take our pain slow, with a dash of bitters. We also take our affirmations the same way. We display a genial humor. Avoid pushing too hard. Remain tentative. We never expect to see the wagon train again, but we’re more reconciled now to the changes, despite the losses. We are learning to make our way “*in a backyard world where process works for good.*”

A truly fine poem is the next to last in the volume. “The Barn” is one of the handful of poems written in some form other than the sonnet. It is longer, and thereby builds intensely and cumulatively toward the powerful closing lines. The poem is about fear, the kind of fear that is existential, too deep for labeling or classification. After developing a series of images and metaphors, each

resonant in its own evoking power, Graves concludes:

All of these fail at naming my fear. They fail even together.

All large words fail, like empty, dark, or death.

There are things you name by saying what they are not.

Reading these lines, one has a shock of recognition, the kind of experience which poems are intended to give.

This may seem like a strange kind of review, I admit. But five false starts led me here. Why no mention of technique? Why so little said in way of praise or blame? Because, reviewing books of poetry for scholarly journals is like being a scout assigned to report back to headquarters about alien or at best uninteresting territory. After the report has been submitted, someone files it and gets on with the really important matters.

Okay:

Summary Report

Poems characterized by controlled use of sonnet form, but with flexibility that avoids monotony; skilled use of rhyme and run-on lines prevents jejune jingle effects.

Poems might be described as having what eighteenth century would have termed "wit"—intelligent, fresh, even startling images, metaphors, and diction; also possess ironic tensions and sophisticated insights.

If you're interested in reports, you can file this one and move on to more urgent matters. But if you are one of us "half-breds," or if you want to know for your regional, sociological, or psychological studies what being a half-bred Southerner feels like, get a copy of *Medina and Other Poems* and read it.

Reed Sanderlin

The Battle of Belmont, Missouri: A Brief History. John M. Muscovalley, ed. Wickliffe, Kentucky: *The Advance-Yeoman Press*, 1974. 27 pp. \$2.00.

Mr. Muscovalley has put together three documents which, in quite interesting fashion, tell something of the story of the Battle of Belmont, November, 1861. The first and most valuable document is possibly extracted from a diary, although Muscovalley refers to it only as a "small book." The author, a reluctant Confederate soldier, does a splendid job of setting the scene of battle and the action that follows. Additionally, he observes soldiers' sources of humor and what reduces even the most hardened of them to tears. He is extraordinarily observant, intelligent, and sensitive.

The second document, entitled "The Editor's Story," is a journalistic high drama. This account of the battle is taken from a Confederate newspaper published in Columbus, Kentucky, and in spite of the journalistic emphasis, there are some interesting facts to be gleaned from it.

The third document is a letter written by a Union soldier to his brother. As might be expected, this is a newsy missive with information regarding mutual

acquaintances, but it then goes on to give details on place names and dates which help to reconstruct the battle. Regrettably, the letter is quite brief.

In the Preface to this little volume, Muscovalley makes the extraordinarily naive statement that "... I have attempted to show the battle through eye witness accounts. I believe this is the only true way to describe a battle that took place so long ago. I realize one could embellish or change these accounts to his own liking and claim all as his own. This is not my way." He then proceeds to violate his own counsel with the editorial observation that "... the impressed New Yorker says that General McClernand commanded the Federal troops attacking Belmont. Of course, we know it was General U. S. Grant." Muscovalley is guilty of change and embellishment, because the "New Yorker" makes no such statement. He simply refers to an attack by Union troops led by General McClernand, and this might well have been the case since McClernand did serve Grant as Commander of the 1st Brigade. Muscovalley goes on to make several incongruous observations. No harm has been done, but publishing is not Muscovalley's long suit.

Very possibly, John Muscovalley serves a worthy cause by collecting historical materials. However, amateur collectors are often destructive of records in an attempt to achieve some small amount of personal recognition. Let us hope that as he continues to collect historical documents, Mr. Muscovalley will then donate those documents to an archive for purposes of preservation and scholarly research.

Langdon S. Unger

The Mid-West Indian Relic Manual. By John M. Muscovalley. Wickliffe, Kentucky, 1974. 36 pp. \$2.00.

The author intends this little book, he says in the "Preface," for the amateur relic collector. Actually, however, it is geared to the beginner, to the person who has seen an arrowhead or two, has been fascinated by them, but does not know where to go from there. The book begins with a chapter entitled "Why Should You Collect?" and continues by taking the beginning fancier through the *hows* and *whats* of collecting via four chapters concerning the finding, identifying, displaying, and buying of relics. The last chapter is a discussion of additional publications of interest to the collector.

Mr. Muscovalley knows his material well; he is a shrewd businessman; and he has a genuine feeling for his work. He believes that any collector of Indian relics should know as much as he can about the people who created and used them. For one thing, that is simply good business; also, however, knowledge will provide a further appreciation of "these beautiful artifacts." For these reasons Mr. Muscovalley includes an historical calendar of Indian cultures, sixteen pages of drawings of various artifacts (all from his private collection), and a working bibliography for the beginning collector.

The last page of this little book (the "Bonus Page," the author calls it) contains several bits of folk wit and wisdom. I conclude this review with one of these which synthesizes, I am sure, the author's attitude towards the original Americans who created the relics he so avidly collects:

When the white man came to America, the Indians were running things. The men spent their time hunting, fishing, playing games, and smoking their pipes. The women did all the work. There was no taxes. The whole

nation was in an erosion saving soil bank and at no cost. Of course, the white man knew he could improve on a stupid system like that.

Phillip J. Miller

Religion in Antebellum Kentucky. John B. Boles. Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky, 1976, 148 pp. \$3.95.

To a reader who is neither historian nor Southerner, Professor Boles' small book is a useful and interesting introduction to the religious history of the Antebellum South in general and of Kentucky particularly. The early chapters deal, in somewhat general terms, with the period of earliest settlement in the Kentucky territory in the mid-eighteenth century, and the resulting transfer of the religious cultures of the settlers. A later chapter deals with "the Great Revival" of 1800 and the years immediately following and its impact on Southern culture:

And a peculiar cast of mind — highly individualistic, localistic, and conversion — oriented — was laid over the southern populace by the forces emanating from the Great Revival . . . A genuine folk culture emerged, one that exalted the individual and the identification with the locale. Much that is associated with the southern character may be linked to conservative religion, and the Great Revival . . . was largely responsible for that relationship. (p. 30).

There follows a description of the difficulties within the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches that developed from the Revival, giving rise to the eventual formation of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the Disciples of Christ, and to the establishment of Shaker communities in Kentucky.

As well as delineating the history of the various churches then preponderant in the south — the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian — Professor Boles presents interesting answers to questions that a reader might ask himself. Why was the Anglican Church never strong in Kentucky and its environs, when many of the early settlers came from colonies where it was the established religion? How did the "Bible Belt" develop in the first place? How did the Roman Catholic Church fare in the days of the Revival?

A particularly interesting chapter discusses "Black Christianity." A description of the relationship between black and white members of the same churches — one slave, the other free — and of the slaveholder's difficulty in reconciling his sense of responsibility to Christianize his slaves while protecting his "property" is worth noting. So is the revivalistic atmosphere of Southern Protestantism more in keeping with the ritualistic religion of Africa and, therefore, responded to it strongly.

Though he states that the early chapters of the book are excerpted from his larger work on the Great Revival, Professor Boles' present volume is both useful and entertaining.

Mary D. Cowser

An Asian Anthropologist in the South. Choong Soon Kim. The University of Tennessee Press. Knoxville: 1977. Prologue, Epilogue, Notes, Bibliography, Index. 168 pp. \$9.95.

A Korean, a naturalized American citizen studying, conducting research,

teaching and writing in the South for the past ten years has produced a rare anthropological study. Pulpwood workers in the Piedmont and coastal plains of Georgia and Choctaw Indians in West Tennessee and in East Central Mississippi are his field work, but the writer substantiates telling observations about the larger ethnic, social, political and religious milieu enveloping his southern subject. His method is scientific, shifting quickly from the theoretical to the pragmatic as human obstacles threaten to render his research ineffective, if not impossible. The able young anthropologist, a graduate student at Atlanta's Emory University, holds his natural dignity and pride in reserve as he assumes the kind of "Oriental humility" and "foreignness" that allow him the cooperation, albeit an often condescending compliance, from the informants he needs — white, black and red — but of necessity, his not being accepted as an equal excludes him from full social participation in the occupational and ethnic groups he is analyzing.

In a carefully documented narrative as readable and often as suspenseful as quality fiction, Dr. Kim describes a nonfiction sequence of experiences that will be of absorbing interest and use to the general as well as to the specialized reader of American anthropology. And the writing is such that the reader is allowed a fresh, objective feel, not only for American English, but more importantly for the plight of American minorities in the South.

Although the Asian anthropologist is often on the receiving end of slights, distrust, resentment and even theft, racial slurs and anonymous threats, his reaction under stress is almost as discreet and gracious as the deliberative style in which he writes. Kim is not astounded that the alien anthropologist often finds himself the object of his informants' curiosity, remembering his own distrust of U. S. troops occupying his homeland and his amazement as a youth to see "blue eyes and projected noses" for the first time.

Early in his southern field work he learns the value of formal dress and Oriental manners over the egalitarian approach of casual dress and informal address: "If a foreigner has succeeded in America and appears to be American, then (he will be treated) . . . as a member of a minority group." Communication is no little handicap, especially when the beginning speaker of Amerianese is attempting to develop rapport with, to understand and be understood by, native informants with tongues, as he puts it, "as thick as my own." Even those potential respondents with any inkling of the meaning of the science the anthropologist is pursuing think that he is "studying primitive people."

Kim defines an extra-reservation settlement of over 200 Choctaw sharecroppers as a "peasant" community rather than as the "rural proletariat" euphemism which he feels a preponderance of native-born American anthropologists prefer. He agrees with senior Asian anthropologist Francis Hsu that "White anthropologists find it most intolerable to accept theories about their White American culture by non-White anthropologists, especially if the theories contradict the ones White anthropologists have already held dear."

He accuses the popular news media of exaggerating that the South is the bastion of racial prejudice. But prejudice he does find: whites towards blacks and vice versa; blacks toward Choctaws; Choctaws toward blacks: "Choctaws tend to look down on blacks but not disapproving of the marriage of their daughters to white men in a matrilineal and matriarchal society which sometimes effects a Choctaw acculturation of children born of such mixed marriages: "Blacks . . . don't care much about other minorities — no sympathy whatsoever . . . I guess none of the minority groups want to remain at the bottom."

The author is also disappointed that transplanted northern industrialists show little or no social consciousness about the inequities accorded those whose labor they exploit. He also deplors the creeping white acculturation of Choctaws in the churches and schools of whites. Choctaws accept white culture as "high culture" with its judgment of Indian sharecroppers as ignorant and uncouth, depending upon their continuing kinship to and frequent contact with the larger tribe for their self-esteem, maintained through visits to the Mississippi reservation.

The dispassionate observer is most appalled by "white, blue-collar workers with a marginal education . . . invariably the most frustrated people in their community . . . They think that any person, idea, or issue must be considered dangerous or at least suspect when there is a variance in their frame of reference . . . Usually covertly, if not unconsciously, this group of white southerners clings to the belief that the United States is and should be a white man's society."

But even that considerable element in the South is changing through more education in each new generation of the middle class. Professor Kim sees quality and equality of education as the South's best hope. His reasonable book one can see only as an affirmative part of that rational hope.

Walter Darrell Haden

Land Between the Lakes: Experiment in Recreation. By Frank E. Smith. Introduction by Roderick Nash. Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky, 1971. x + 124 pp. \$5.95.

In a small volume Frank E. Smith, formerly a Tennessee Valley Authority director from Mississippi, has produced a history of the recreational area and project known as "Land Between the Lakes" and explained the concept behind LBL. The geographical site for that governmental activity under TVA since 1964 is the forty miles of Kentucky and Tennessee between Lakes Barkley and Kentucky on the north, east, and west and Tennessee Highway 79 on the south.

Understandably his account was written from the viewpoint of TVA and LBL personnel. The statement does not imply a neglect of interests of feelings of persons who use the area and individuals who were dislocated because of the LBL plans for a recreational program. Actually TVA and LBL staff, Austin Peay State University professors, and Karl Maslowski, a noted wildlife photographer from Ohio, contributed directly or indirectly to the contents.

Generally the text centers around the need for and use of open-space recreational land and facilities in the United States. The idea behind LBL is the provision of a recreational and conservational program which is designed also to be educational, flexible, and ongoing. While the National Parks approach primarily is designed for viewing, LBL intends to involve individuals as much as possible and limit artificiality. Indeed Smith claims, "The uniqueness of Land Between the Lakes lies in its very lack of uniqueness." In that sense it is a demonstration effort and — it is hoped — conservational, recreational, and educational experiences learned there can be applied elsewhere throughout the United States.

Smith has also sought to present the history of the area which comprises the Land Between the Lakes. His three historical chapters quickly cover the inhabitants between the period of the Mound Builders, a group of Indians who were there until about 1500, and hard times during the twentieth century. His-

torians knowledgeable about the frontier stages of Kentucky and Tennessee and the Civil War will find little new or different, but those persons unfamiliar with those eras will see highlights of notable persons, events and developments. The general reader, for instance, may be surprised to learn of the iron works there during the nineteenth century and the role of the slaves in those operations. Indeed, he will discover that a few remains of those iron works still stand and can be seen today.

The book has several aspects to commend it. There are good maps. The subject matter is adequately handled and easily followed although a person may find the introductory material a bit slow unless he has a great interest in the philosophy of parks and recreation. Easily, the most noticeable feature is the forty-eight pages of color scenes which depict the natural beauty of the countryside and LBL efforts. From a reader's viewpoint, it would have been better to scatter the photographs throughout the text, but likely production costs would not allow for that arrangement. In addition, the historically-oriented individual will find considerable information as will the ecologist and the conservationist.

Marvin Downing

George Rogers Clark and the War in the West. Lowell H. Harrison. The University Press of Kentucky, Lexington: 1976. Frontispiece Photograph, Preface, Notes, Note to Reader. 120 pp. \$3.95.

Harrison's book is well written in good educated diction without the faults of verbosity and overuse of scholarly terms. The material was evidently researched with painstaking care and written with care for the material.

Harrison brings out many very interesting little-known facts about George Rogers Clark. In addition, he shows the reader the human side of a man who deserves to be listed among the heroes of the American Revolution.

One aspect of the book that interested this reviewer very much was the disclosure of the workings of government in the period of Clark's life. We are still plagued with the ineptness, the apathy, and the administrative blundering which hampered Clark's efforts.

The book should be in all public libraries and in all school libraries. It would be a valuable adjunct to any history class covering the American Revolutionary period.

The book would be even more useful if it were furnished with an index.

R. L. Brittain

Old Columbus: The Town That Was. By Charles J. Custer. Wickliffe, Kentucky: The Advance-Yeoman Press, 1976. 12 pp. \$1.00.

This little pamphlet (published posthumously, I presume, under the auspices of John M. Muscovalley) purports to be the chronicle of a town that was "without a parallel in the Annals of History." Actually, however, it is a nostalgic record of the birth, maturity, and death of a town for which the author has a deep emotional attachment. Because of his personal associations with old Columbus and his assumption that his readers will know as much about it as he does, Mr. Custer neither mentions the state of which it was such a proud mem-

ber nor the names of any of its leading citizens. Surely a town important enough to have been "proposed as the logical site for the Nation's capital" after the burning of Washington in 1814, deserves to have its state and some of its inhabitants mentioned by name.

The first half of the pamphlet is in the form of a dream vision, with "Time" surveying the high points of old Columbus from 1804 to 1927. The focus here is on the town's crucial military position during the Civil War and on its industrial importance as a link in the railroad line from Mobile to St. Louis. The second half of the book is a reminiscence by Mr. Custer on the magnitude and majesty of the Mississippi river and its role in the death of his town.

Mr. Custer speaks of old Columbus with all the fervor and poetic intensity common to those who feel deeply about the places of their birth. His diction and style are elequent and romantic. The following passage is typical: "No song of Homer could quite compare with an Iliad of Old Columbus and the River. No saga has yet been sung, nor epic penned to commemorate the Town that Was."

Let me conclude this review by saying I only wish there had been more substantive information here. I want very much to believe that old Columbus was a unique town, and I somehow feel cheated that I am unable to.

Phillip J. Miller

Kentucky and the Second American Revolution: The War of 1812. James Wallace Hammack, Jr. Lexington, Kentucky: The University Press of Kentucky, 1976. 116 pp. \$3.95.

This book is a well-written and absorbing account of the important and exemplary military contributions of Kentucky frontiersmen during America's second armed conflict with Great Britain. Author Hammack commences with a brief review of the major events which had precipitated the crisis in Anglo-American relations. These stemmed principally from England's infringements on the rights of American maritime commerce (impressment of supposed British subjects from American vessels, and the prohibition of trade with France) in the interest of prosecuting the war against Bonaparte.

Kentuckians were early among the most vociferous advocates of war with their former rulers, believing that a demonstration of American strength was necessary to compel England and the rest of Europe to respect her rights as a sovereign nation. This conflict, as the book's title implies, was viewed by many as a second war of independence. Hopes of early and easy victory, and the expulsion of the British from Canada, were voiced by Thomas Jefferson and other prominent persons. Such plans proved to be unrealistic, however, and Americans were unprepared both militarily and psychologically for the bitter, drawn-out conflict which was to follow.

In his narration of developments immediately preceding America's declaration of war, and of the initial setbacks and later triumphs of the two full years of hostilities, Mr. Hammack succeeds in communicating an idea of "the spirit of the times" in Kentucky. He does this largely by citing various relevant contemporary accounts of events as they were unfolding — newspaper stories and editorials, official reports of military engagements, and eye-witness accounts from soldiers' letters and diaries.

The book focuses chiefly upon the campaign in the Northwest, because it

was in this quarter that Kentuckians saw by far the greatest part of their military service. Kentuckians always felt that their natural sphere of responsibility was the Northwest, as Ohio, to the north, was as yet too sparsely settled to raise significant militia. Kentucky forces became crucial early in the war to a continued American military presence in the Northwest, after the capitulation of General Hull's regular army at Detroit following its overly optimistic and abortive invasion of Canada. Kentuckians did their full share of fighting and dying throughout the entire scope of the war in the Northwest, from the defeat ending in massacre of prisoners by Indian allies of the British at Frenchtown on the River Raisin to the successful American resistance after staggering losses at Fort Meigs and, following Perry's victory on Lake Erie, the rout of British and Indians at the battle of the Thames (during which engagement the redoubtable leader of the Indian Confederation, Tecumseh, was killed). Kentuckians were always less willing to volunteer for service in other theaters, believing these to be the proper concern of other states. Twenty-five hundred Kentucky militia did, however, play a role in the defense of New Orleans.

Mr. Hammack relates with dramatic effectiveness several thrilling instances of conspicuous bravery and inspired leadership on the part of individual Kentuckians. Captain Zachary Taylor's determined defense of Fort Harrison in the wake of Hull's surrender at Detroit staved off the further collapse of American strongholds in the Northwest. Ensign William O. Butler's dash through withering enemy gunfire at Frenchtown, to torch a barn sheltering highly effective snipers, and the charge of the "Forlorn Hope" suicide squad of twenty at the Thames were no less awe-inspiring deeds of valor. Twenty-two-year-old Major George Croghan's defense of Fort Stephenson against overwhelming odds precipitated British General Proctor's retreat; this act constituted "possibly the most celebrated instance of individual heroism by a Kentuckian during the War of 1812." Years later, when Andrew Jackson was reminded that Croghan's career had been marred by intemperance, he retorted that Croghan's accomplishment at Fort Stephenson entitled him, if he so chose, "to be drunk the rest of his life."

Although engaged in a serious business, Kentuckians were not totally devoid of a sense of humor, as indicated by accounts of practical jokes played on the unpopular General Winchester (soon to be replaced as Commander-in-Chief of Kentucky forces by the popular and respected hero of Tippecanoe, W. H. Harrison). "At one encampment," one private soldier wrote, "they killed a porcupine and skinned (sic) it and stretched the skin over a pole that he used for a particular purpose in the night, and he went and sat down on it, and it like to have ruined him." The same pole on another night was sawed nearly in two, "so that when he went to use it in the night it broke intoo (sic) and let his generalship, Uniform and all fall Backwards in no very decent place, for I seen his Rigementals (sic) hanging high upon a place the next day taking the fresh air."

Mr. Hammack estimates that four or five out of every six able-bodied Kentuckians served at some point in the War of 1812. Although they comprised only 4.6 percent of American troops of all kinds who served in the war, they participated in much of the heaviest fighting, accounting for sixty-four percent of the total number of Americans killed. Such exemplary patriotism is all the more remarkable when one considers that the state of Kentucky itself was never seriously threatened by either Indians or British. These facts, as Mr. Hammack states, are a convincing indication of "the sincerity of the patriotic rhetoric that characterized Kentucky oratory and journalism before and during the

war." Although there was widespread disappointment that the issues which had precipitated the war remained unresolved by the Treaty of Ghent, Kentuckians eventually seemed satisfied that American interests had been advanced by the war in several important respects: (1) the republican form of government had proven itself stable and worthy of international respect, (2) the threat of serious organized Indian resistance to settlement in the Northwest had been dispelled forever, and (3) the need for a strong federal army under effective centralized control had been convincingly demonstrated.

This volume, though brief, is an informative, very readable and enteraining narrative of an important chapter in the history of the War of 1812. The lack of specific documentation is not a fault, since the book is clearly intended for the general reader; the serious student of the era is referred to the author's more comprehensive doctoral dissertation, from which this book is an adaptation of several chapters. The book itself is attractively printed, with a map on the fly-leaf and several illustrations, which help the reader envision the events described.

James V. Wehner

American Indian Policy in the Jacksonian Era. By Ronald N. Satz. Urbana, the University of Illinois Press, 1975. pp. \$12.50.

This first one-volume comprehensive study of American Indian policy in the era of Jacksonian Democracy is a devastating marshalling of empirical evidence showing this country's use of Christian missionaries, Indian annuities, federal "Civilization Funds" and other public funds to dislocate and disorient Indian religions, kinship groups, and other tribal unities in the epic federal transplanting of American aboriginal peoples. Harmon's 1941 monograph is the only previous attempt at a comprehensive effort to analyze a subject too vast and complicated for the treatment he gave it.

As soon as Jackson was president, he began to encourage and enlist the aid of various protestant denominations in gaining a broader based endorsement of Indian removal. In fact, such church-sponsored agencies as the New York Board for the Emigration, Preservation, and Improvement of the Aborigines of America were formed and federally subsidized for the express purpose of cultivating grassroots religious approval for the removal of the "heathen." Secular and non-sectarian opponents called indiscriminate uprooting and resettlement of advanced civilizations such as that of the Cherokees Jacksonian hypocrisy and barbarism.

Professor Satz's careful analysis begins with an unraveling of the complexities of pressures and exigencies making the Removal Act of 1830 possible. There is, next, a thorough examination of the experiences of the first major Indian group removed, the Choctaw. His comprehensive investigation of how the various removals were botched and bungled during two decades includes the various political and bureaucratic snarls in Indian Bureau implementation of the Jackson Indian policy. Finally, the fates of transplanted eastern and southeastern tribes are assessed. In this portion of his study particularly, Satz shows convincingly the federal meddling in Indian internal affairs, the use of the plight of uprooted peoples as a political football by Congressional and sectional interests to postpone for another century and a quarter the Indians' being recognized at last as first class American citizens.

Satz records the bidding of contractors for the removals, Henry Clay's objection that the gargantuan undertaking would cost more than forty million dollars, ecclesiastical admonitions to the Choctaw to produce a Moses to rise up and lead the way to "a goodly land" beyond the muddy Mississippi, and the bribes paid to complying chiefs. In the winter of 1831-32, DeToqueville observed the Choctaw exodus through Memphis: "the sick, newborn babies, and the old men on the point of death . . . with neither tents nor wagons," subsisting on stale, often putrid pork condemned five years earlier in Army storage.

Cherokee interment before their eventual "Trail of Tears" west included criminal rapes, crimes against nature and murder carried out by U. S. soldiers and lawless hangers-on at detention centers.

Once settled in their often alien environment, survivors in Indian territories could expect negligible representation in Washington since many senators and representatives feared the admission of Indian legislators would open the floodgates for black enfranchisement. Indian affairs, then — with rare exceptions — were the province of appointed white politicians — sinecure holders fattening on the Spoils System — rather than that of knowledgeable administrators sensitive to the needs of a neglected people in an alien land. Once removed, the nonentities were all but neglected by Washington, now economy minded in administrations immediately succeeding Jackson's, hardly committed to the upkeep of an initial investment that had made Indian misery even more widespread. Occasional amelioristic gestures failed passage because of sectional animosities and frontier paranoia about the "red menace" on the flank of white "Manifest Destiny." In fact, Stephan A. Douglas and some of his compeers in the 1840s saw that they had supported relocation now obstructing the path of the nation's realizing its "natural boundaries" and hastened to urge further "relocation of emigrant tribes away from their 'permanent' homes in order to provide a pathway to the Pacific Coast for white settlers." Much earlier the House Committee on Indian Affairs had decided "either that those sons of the forest should be moralized or exterminated." Thousands of displaced first Americans were to pay the price of the nation's demographic progress. Farmers before their world shifted to prairies and wastelands, the subjects of an expansionist experiment seldom fared well as nomadic hunters and scavengers, especially after railroads would decide the systematic decimation of the buffalo. Indian and Indian culture were to suffer the fate of being natural "obstructions" as westering white adventures attempted to impose their chaotic interpretations of Christianity and gun-inforced Causasian civilization. Federal policy reinforced white acculturation rather than the assimilation of the emigrants' rich cultures. Subjects of the ill-fated experiment grew dependent on federal hacks, annuities and handouts, all damaging to the self-esteem of a people proud of their independence.

This indispensable study is furnished with five maps, many illustrations, Preface, Introduction, Epilogue, Appendix, Selected Bibliography, and Index.