The Southern Railway Round House in Spencer was once home to the Spencer Shops, a repair house for the many steam locomotives that carried the state’s freight and passengers. The shop was active from 1896 through the late 1970s. It is currently active as the North Carolina Transportation Museum. The Humanities Council’s 2012 Teachers Institute Summer Seminar participants spent the day here as part of the Humanities Council’s \textit{Laying Down Tracks} — \textit{A Study of Railroads as Myth, Reality, and Symbol}. Find out more about the seminar on p. 32. In addition, Museum on Main Street’s \textit{Journey Stories} exhibition will be housed at the museum from January 5 — February 17, 2013.


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122 N. Elm Street, Suite 601
Greensboro, NC  27401
(336) 334-5325 (p) | (336) 334-5052 (f)
nchc@nchumanities.org
www.nchumanities.org

\textbf{NORTH CAROLINA HUMANITIES COUNCIL STAFF}

Shelley Crisp: Executive Director
Lynn Wright-Kernodle: Associate Executive Director
Darrell Stover: Program Director
Anne Tubaugh: Director of Development
Debbie Gainey: Finance and Grants Officer
Donovan McKnight: Program Associate and Website Manager
Carolyn Allen: Program Officer
Kristen Jeffers: Public Affairs Officer
Harlan J. Gradin: Scholar Emeritus

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\textit{FROM THE CORNER OF ELM AND FRIENDLY}

Shelley Crisp, Executive Director

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The woodsman’s song, the ploughboy’s on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else...

\textit{Walt Whitman’s catalogue} of working Americans celebrates industry, commerce, craftsmanship, travel, trade, home, journeys — the spirit of individuals in a country where the whole is greater than its parts. First published in the 1860 edition of \textit{Leaves of Grass}, the same year the Fresnel lens lit the Cape Lookout, North Carolina, lighthouse, casting light 19 miles out into the Graveyard of the Atlantic, Whitman’s anthem is an emblem of shared enterprise, of democracy, of America’s story: \textit{E pluribus unum}, diversity and democracy, the essence of the “American Experiment.”

In the 1970s, the North Carolina Humanities Council funded a series of scholars-led forums that addressed a “Reassessment of the American Experiment.” The Council’s resources have been put to use chronicling, celebrating, addressing, and assessing ever since, including topics as far-ranging as the Constitution’s Bicentennial, the decline of agricultural society, the haunted past and threatened future of Appalachian culture, and the fight for equality in the public schools. Why? The 1965 legislation creating the National Endowment for the Humanities and the State Humanities Councils states:

Democracy demands wisdom and vision in its citizens. It must therefore foster and support... the arts and the humanities [which] reflect the high place accorded by the American people to the nation’s rich cultural heritage and to the fostering of mutual respect for the diverse beliefs and values of all persons and groups.... [to] support, then, an orderly continuation of free society, and provide models of excellence to the American people.... (The National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities Act of 1965)

Affording “wisdom and vision” continues to be the work of the North Carolina Humanities Council as does “the fostering of mutual respect for the diverse beliefs and values of all persons and groups.” In this issue of \textit{North Carolina Conversations} are varied voices, like those in Whitman’s song, clear evidence that, as Richard Brodhead’s Caldwell lecture argues, “the humanities are not a specialized taste but the root of the most basic human and civic competencies.” The words of \textit{Crossroads} authors, the detailed accounting in “The Annual Report to the People,” the work of teachers and project directors, the wisdom of scholars and story-tellers — all contribute their gifts to the cause of excellence and shared endeavor.
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*Television show* Teenage Frolics, with host J.D. Lewis. Early 1960s, Raleigh, NC. Photograph courtesy of Yvonne Holley, p. 40 — From the Field
The 2011 Caldwell Lecture in the Humanities

The Fire That Never Goes Out

Dr. Richard Brodhead | President, Duke University

Eudora Welty’s 1944 essay “Some Notes on River Country” begins with this memorable line: “A place that ever was lived in is like a fire that never goes out.” Some years back, I went to see the country she describes. This is the stretch of land west of Jackson, Mississippi, and north of Natchez whose settlements are at once weirdly abandoned yet also weirdly preserved. Its chief sites are Windsor, a mansion near Port Gibson whose pomp survives only in an intact set of Corinthian columns; Grand Gulf, a thriving international cotton port until the Mississippi washed the town away; and Rodney’s Landing, a river town successful enough to have built a series of exquisitely ornamented churches in the 1840s, until the river changed course and left it high and dry.

These are enchanting places, but the average visitor would draw their lesson very differently from Welty. For these are icons of desolation, images of the utter transience of this world’s glory. Windsor, once a great house, survives exclusively as a ruin. Grand Gulf, once a boom town, was wiped from the face of the earth, leaving only the overgrown graves of forgotten entrepreneurs. Rodney’s Landing’s churches still stand, but wholly disconnected from the people who built and used them. Those people have vanished — and lest anyone miss the lesson of the extinction of the human, this town is approached through mile after mile covered exclusively with vines.

So how could she say, "A place that ever was lived in is like a fire that never goes out"? If one thing is true of these places, it’s that their life did go out. And yet, and yet: Welty felt their distant force when she visited, and I experienced the connection when I went decades later. So how was this! Welty’s reply is that the spark of “original ignition,” having been once struck, lives on: “Sometimes it gives out glory, sometimes its little light must be sought out to be seen, small and tender as a candle flame, but as certain.” But in truth, these places did not simply stay in life: they were brought back to life by the mind of a latter-day observer, re-animated by her powers of perception, sympathy, and imagination.

I am here to speak in praise of the humanities, and I begin with my Welty tale to remind us what the humanities

“Ruins of Windsor.” Reprinted courtesy of the Eudora Welty Collection, Mississippi Department of Archives and History, and Russell & Volkening as agents for the author’s estate. Copyright ©1980 Eudora Welty, LLC.
are. The humanities aren’t just the subjects listed in college course catalogs — literature, philosophy, history, music and the other arts — though those are certainly included. The humanities are a name for the process by which all the things humans have made, said, thought, and done come back to spark the understandings of other humans across time.

Two facts make this transaction possible. The first is that humans make things, express themselves through the materials that surround them, and that these wrought things — a tool, a house, a picture or song, an expressed idea — live on when their fashioners have departed. Faulkner said that the work of art is “the artist’s way of scribbling ‘Kilroy was here’ on the walls of the final and irrevocable oblivion through which he must someday pass.” But it isn’t only art objects that have this trick of persistence. The idea of representative government was envisaged, once upon a time, by people who have long since left the scene. In Faulkner’s Requiem for a Nun, the most everyday mark made by the homeliest figures — the name a country wife carved in a window pane — announces the fact of her human being: “Listen, stranger; this was myself; this was I.”

Second, as we make things that outlive their makers, another of our innate capacities is that we go out in spirit toward the works of others. Humans have the peculiar ability — and, judging by the amount of time we spend reading, watching videos, and listening to music, arguably even a fundamental need — to exit the confines of our own experience and to take up mental residence in spaces created by others. Put these two together and you get the difference the humanities make. This gift for going out of ourselves and entering into things is what gives fresh being to creations whose origins are distant in space and time. As we “get into” it, the book or song composed by another comes to life again as our experience. As Welty trains her gaze on Windsor or Rodney, she feels the obscure life of which these are the remains.

When we live outside ourselves with sufficient intensity of feeling, we in turn have a chance to be changed. This is the way we annex understandings that have been struggled toward by others that we would never have reached on our own. This is how we get to see the world differently from the way our own minds or culture habitually present it, and recognize that our customary outlook is not the only point of view. This is how we learn that there is more to human history than the present, and that our present is itself a moment in time. This is how we begin to understand the other customs, beliefs, and values men and women live by in other countries (or indeed within our own country), and to imagine how differences can be accommodated for a common good.

Understood this way, the humanities are not a specialized taste but the root of the

Since becoming Duke University’s ninth president in 2004, Richard H. Brodhead has focused on enriching undergraduate education, increasing access to financial aid, and expanding the University’s global programs. Under his leadership, Duke has established the Duke Global Health Institute, launched the signature service-learning program DukeEngage, and made investments to strengthen the relationship between the University and the City of Durham. In addition to serving as president, he is a professor of English at Duke. Elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 2004, Brodhead currently serves as the Co-Chair of the American Academy Commission on the Humanities and Social Sciences. Brodhead received his B.A. and Ph.D. from Yale and had a 32-year career there, serving as the A. Bartlett Giamatti Professor of English and American Studies, chair of the English Department, and Dean of Yale College. An expert in 19-century American literature, Brodhead has written or edited more than a dozen books on Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Charles W. Chesnutt, William Faulkner, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louisa May Alcott, Richard Wright, and Eudora Welty, among others. Brodhead won the DeVane Medal for outstanding teaching at Yale and spent eight summers teaching high school teachers at the Bread Loaf School at Middlebury, Vermont.

Photo by Duke Photography.
most basic human and civic competencies. If we lacked these gifts, we would be condemned to the harshest of poverties, dependence on our own unaided selves. Collectively, we would have little idea where we came from or where we could be going. So it matters how this impulse is fed.I spoke of the humanities as the interplay of human making and human receiving. But a third thing is needed for the reaction to work: some mediating or connecting force, something to bring the past to the present’s attention. Welty was brought to her River Country partly by her work as photographer for the Works Progress Administration, the Depression-era agency that commissioned photographers to record the life of regions. I was brought there through the medium of Welty’s essay and photographs: in a million years, I would never have happened onto these places on my own.

Since this is so, when we think about the health of the humanities, we need to think of the agencies that carry the human legacy across to its new receivers, and that teach the forms of attention that bring distant things to life.

I’m not a native North Carolinian (had you guessed!), but since moving here I’ve learned a fair bit about the lives that have been lived in this state, so I have my own thank-you list of institutions that taught me. It was in the brand-new Nasher Museum that I got to see the films H. Lee Waters made in small Piedmont towns in the 1930s and ‘40s, when he would first catch everyday people in everyday activities, then circle back and allow the town to become the movie audience for their own daily selves. It was at the new History Center at New Bern that I got to see the tools of timber workers from the naval stores industry and oyster harvesters from the Sound, and to hear letters in faint and fading hands voiced into compelling life.

Sorry I started it: this list is far too long to complete. The agencies involved in this broad work of education include elementary and high schools, colleges, universities, and community colleges, museums, libraries, and concert venues, and all manner of formal and informal community activities, from book clubs on up. Keeping these all strong is essential to our civic well-being. Tonight’s host, the North Carolina Humanities Council, helps North Carolinians by the thousands learn the Many Stories that, entered into with delight and added to our store of knowledge, can make us One People, as your tagline says.

But with every gratitude to this rich array of teachers, my first North Carolina immersion came through my own research. So I hope you’ll allow me to share the story of how I began going to Carolina in my mind, long before I ever imagined living here.

Charles Waddell Chesnutt was the major African American writer of the post-Civil War generation. Like many writers in his tradition, he was unread and virtually unheard of at the time of my graduate training. He began to be noticed in the 1980s, at which time I read his volume of tales The Conjure Woman, loved it, and began to teach it. From there it was an easy step to giving a paper on Chesnutt at a scholarly conference, in which I mentioned drafts of an early Chesnutt novel named Rena Walden. After the talk, a stranger in the audience, Reynolds Smith, longtime humanities editor at Duke University Press, came up to ask if I would be interested in doing an edition of this manuscript. Perhaps so, I said, and filed the thought away.

Some months later, I had the idea of going to inspect this manuscript, which like all Chesnutt’s papers had been deposited in the Special Collections of the Fisk University Library. Five minutes after arriving, it was clear that there was no such edition to be made. But since I had two days in Nashville before my return flight, I opened some other boxes in the archive and started into the journals Chesnutt kept in his late teens and twenties, between 1874 and 1882.
This was one of those uncanny moments when the past’s fire reignites. Here I was, reading the penmanship of a young man who had written these words one hundred and twenty-five years before, in a moment that must have felt as present and alive to him as my present moment was to me. I was hearing confided hopes, fears, and ambitions he had perhaps only ever shared with his diary, with no thought that they would ever be read by others.

After that, off and on for the space of a year, I kept company with Chesnutt, transcribing the journal and trying to grasp the milieu it arose from. This took me mentally to Fayetteville and what to me were a series of revelations. I knew in some abstract way that North Carolina had an unusually large free black population before emancipation: John Hope Franklin, later to be my colleague, had written a book on this subject. Well, here was such a person in his living actuality: a black man from a slave state, neither of whose parents had been slaves. From Booker T. Washington I knew of the ardent desire of blacks during Reconstruction to reclaim the education that had been denied them before. But I would not have guessed that, when free blacks including Chesnutt’s father contributed the money to found the Howard School, the consequence was that Fayetteville had a grade school for African American children before it had one for white. History is particular and thus full of surprises.

Charles Chesnutt was the prize pupil of this newly founded school. Astonishingly precocious, he became the head of school at the age of twenty-two, when it was designated to be one of North Carolina’s first two state-supported teacher training institutions, the State Colored Normal School. (The other, white school was the education school at UNC.) Chesnutt’s journal supplies access to the thoughts and feelings of a gifted young black person living with the new opportunities and old restrictions this time and place provided. Let’s tune in to a moment in this vanished yet visitable past.

July 1874. “While Mister Harris was packing up to-day for his Northern trip, I came upon his journal, one which he kept several years ago, and obtaining his permission, I have read a part of it. In fact nearly all. After reading it, I have concluded to write a journal too.” From this first entry, we know that diary-writing was a learned behavior for Chesnutt, a tribute of imitation paid to an admired teacher, and an index to how deeply Chesnutt identified with the new world of teachers, learning, and black educational opportunity.

Summer 1875. Chesnutt hunts for summer teaching jobs in the hinterland between Charlotte and Statesville. It’s clear at once how the milieu that supports his aspirations gives him a jaundiced view of other, less privileged lives: “I inquired the way to Jonesville church, and by dint of stopping and inquiring at every house, and by climbing fences and crossing cotton fields, I arrived at Jonesville. Where the ‘ville’ was I am not able to say, for there was but one house within nearly half a mile of the ‘church.’ The church itself was a very dilapidated log structure, without a window; but there was no need of one, for the cracks between the logs furnished a plentiful supply.”

On this scouting visit, Chesnutt found dinner and a bed with a local family, and his journal lets us tune in to a remarkable dialogue. “After supper we had a talk concerning schools, schoolteachers and preachers. The old man said that ‘you teachers and preachers are too hard on us. You want us to pay you thirty or forty dollars a month for sitting in the shade, and that is as much as we can make in 2 or 3 months.’” It took me awhile to learn that, having obtained a first-class teaching license (itself a fairly new bureaucratic invention for both white and black educators), Chesnutt was entitled to earn forty dollars a month as a teacher at age seventeen — a stupefying sum to the agricultural laborer he is speaking with. (Chesnutt was neither the first nor the last teacher whose work was not thought to be work at all by those doing manual labor.)

Secure in the superiority of certified skills, Chesnutt looks scornfully on this lame reply. But by chiding the older man for his cheapness, Chesnutt provokes a fuller articulation of where this man is coming from. “Well, but we haven’t got any chance. We all of us work on other people’s, white people’s, land, and sometimes get cheated out of all we make; we can’t get the money.” I’m not too cheap to pay, the man is saying. I am a tenant farmer, I live in another new post-emancipation status, legally freed yet economically still dependent. So my income is not under my control.
As he gains a deepened sense of the social position of the person he is speaking with, Chesnutt becomes able to fashion a far more effective retort. “Well, you certainly make something?” “Yes.” “Now, I’ll tell you. You say you are all renters, and get cheated out of your labor, why don’t you send your children to school, and qualify them to look out for themselves, to own property, to figure and think about what they are doing, so that they may do better than you?” To paraphrase: Education isn’t an expensive scam, it’s an investment. The less you think you can afford it, the more you actually need it. Put your money into your kids’ education and they’ll know how to control their social destinies.

The humanities are a name for the process by which all the things humans have made, said, thought, and done come back to spark the understandings of other humans across time.

Through this moment in Chesnutt’s diaries, we catch people in the act of arguing out the costs and values of education in rural North Carolina ten years after the Civil War, at a time when both were new realities. The argument between educators and the public that pays them is a never-ending dialogue. But it helps to be reminded that funding arguments in our day come out of a long history; that people’s views on such issues are always embedded in the circumstances of their social lives; and that we argue more effectively when we become better able to enter into another’s point of view.

With the slightest encouragement, I would go on all night on my work with the Chesnutt diary. But to ensure that David Price can go home with the medal he deserves, I will draw to a close. You have heard my argument. The humanities aren’t a luxury good to be enjoyed by those with high discretionary
Caldwell Laureates

The John Tyler Caldwell Award for the Humanities, the Humanities Council’s highest honor, has been presented annually since its inauguration in 1990. Named for its first recipient, the late Dr. John Tyler Caldwell, former chancellor of North Carolina State University from 1959–1975 and a founding member of the Humanities Council, the award pays tribute to individuals whose lives and work illuminate one or more of the multiple dimensions of human life where the humanities come into play: civic, personal, intellectual, and moral.

An Invitation to Honor the 2012 Caldwell Laureate

Please join the North Carolina Humanities Council on October 5 at the Lauren Kennedy and Allen Campbell Theater at Barton College in Wilson, NC, to honor humanities advocate and public servant Betty Ray McCain as the John Tyler Caldwell Award recipient. The event is free and open to the public.

For more details, visit www.nchumanities.org
A Brief History of a Very Important Broadside

...it was sometime in the spring of 1997 and it all started out rather innocently over breakfast at Breadman’s, a local hangout for generations in Chapel Hill, North Carolina...Dr. Sue Levine and Darnell Arnoult, the two co-chairs of the program committee were meeting with [me] to continue planning special projects to help celebrate the Council’s 25th anniversary [when Levine] a distinguished U.S. labor historian at East Carolina University, half-jokingly suggested...”What about some kind of broadside...like the broadsides of the American Revolution?” (Harlan Joel Gradin, scholar emeritus for the North Carolina Humanities Council)

Thus Crossroads was born and became a project, according to Gradin, “that captured the imaginations of North Carolinians and still continues to be an important programming component for the Council.” Its purpose was to emphasize the voices of ordinary North Carolinians presenting their experiences in their own words and on their own terms. Its bilingual issues were the first and often the only Spanish-English bilingual humanities-based publications made available to the public.

The concept for the publication was based on research about early American broadsides explored by historian Bernard Bailyn in Pamphlets of the American Revolution (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1965) and the introduction to this collection, subsequently published as The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1967). Awarded a Pulitzer Prize, this work, explains Gradin, “transformed and electrified the field of early American history by its bold and innovative exploration of the written materials of American colonists in the years before the Revolution.”

Broadsides, “single sheets on which were often printed not only large-letter notices but, in three or four columns...essays...[that] appeared everywhere,” wrote Bailyn, “could be found posted or passing from hand to hand...the pamphlet...” he explains, “had peculiar virtues as a medium of communication. Then, as now, it was seen that the pamphlet allowed one to do things that were not possible in any other form.” And so Crossroads, perhaps best described as some combination of broadside and pamphlet, was designed to be passed from hand to hand and since its inception in 1998, has been used everywhere in our state. Copies have been distributed, for example, at community...
Reclaiming Sacred Ground: How Princeville Is Recovering from the Flood of 1999

Victor E. Blue | Excerpted from NC Crossroads, Volume 4, Issue 3, October/November 2000

Before Hurricane Floyd, the rest of the state and the nation knew little about Princeville and its legacy. The drama of the flood changed that; everybody seems to be asking about the old black town now.

CEMETERIES ALWAYS HAVE STORIES TO TELL. They speak the names of ancestors and rescue the past from obscurity. Black folk — especially those in the rural South — seem to cherish these sacred places; they not only reconnect people with their pasts, but they also bond residents with the land. And for many African Americans in the South, that land is sacred ground, because our ancestors worked the soil in slavery and in freedom. But what lessons could be learned from the community of the dead in Princeville? The historic town in Edgecombe County is still recovering from the devastating flood of 1999. Residents are slowly returning to their homes, but to a group of about 50 drowsy-eyed college students on a Sunday morning late this summer, the town’s oldest cemetery appeared to be forgotten. Tall grasses blocked the tombstones from the view of passers-by on the road. Some grave markers had fallen like dominoes. And the threat of being cut by briars or bitten by snakes loomed large.

The students — and a few professors — were part of a research team from North Carolina Central University in Durham that visited Princeville one year after the flood. NCCU’s history department had just begun a multi-year project to collect oral histories in Princeville and to assist the town’s preservation efforts. The first stage of the project led us to the old cemetery. Grass had to be mowed, leaves and debris needed to be raked, and trash had to be collected. Most of the students knew hardly anything about the historic town save what they gleaned from media reports. Although they knew that this was one of the oldest towns established by blacks in the country, they did not seem to realize that the community was founded by ex-slaves after the Civil War. For some reason, it was difficult for them to make the connection to that period. If this place was so important to history, then why was the cemetery in such disarray? Where were the ornate monuments and bold signs commemorating that dignified past? This day spent in the cemetery forced them to consider what conditions might have been like during slavery and at the moment of emancipation....

The town — and the cemetery — tell a story of black determination. In the hazy, first days of freedom, former slaves like Turner Prince labored to create a sacred, living place for themselves and their progeny. Some of their descendants have remained in this space for generations — defying periodic floods, the threat of white supremacy, and public ignorance of the community’s very existence — because it reminds them of this past.

THE TOWN THAT DEFIED WHITE SUPREMACY

Princeville was incorporated in 1885, but its history as an independent black community predates that. At the end of the Civil War, Union troops occupied the Tarboro area. By that time many slaves had fled the nearby plantations and come to the military zone in search of a new life in freedom. In 1865 some of these refugees settled in the swampy flood plain across the Tar River south of Tarboro, on the property of local white planters John Lloyd and Lafayette Dancy. There the refugees laid the foundation for an experiment in black self-determination: Freedom Hill....
The community’s 1880 population totaled 379 people. The largest number of residents, 55, were day laborers, launderesses, and washerwomen. The community was also home to eight carpenters, seven blacksmiths, four grocers, three seamstresses, and three brick masons. One of the carpenters, ex-slave Turner Prince, had lived in Freedom Hill since its founding; residents renamed the community in honor of him when it was incorporated in 1885.

It was, however, a bitter, violent time. Waves of white supremacy and economic depression threatened to swallow black communities throughout the South. But in several eastern counties of North Carolina, black residents were a majority, and in many of these locations, blacks exercised their political strength by electing black men to office. Princeville and Edgecombe County voters had elected eleven black men to the state legislature to serve fifteen terms from 1877 to 1890. Edgecombe County was part of the Second Congressional District, the famous “Black Second,” which sent to Congress two black representatives: James E. O’Hara of New Bern, from 1883 to 1887; and Henry Plummer Cheatham of Vance County, from 1889 to 1893.

No white mob ever attacked or razed Princeville, but the town successfully battled a racist campaign to have its charter revoked in 1903. Some white Tarboro residents must have considered what a black town meant — a place where blacks governed themselves, owned businesses, and operated schools — to the idea of white supremacy. The Tarboro Southerner, the local newspaper controlled by white supremacists, urged Tarboro to annex Princeville because blacks were deemed unruly, beyond white “law and order.”

THE WATER THIS TIME
Flooding, like the threat of white supremacy, has plagued Princeville since its settlement. Major floods occurred two years after the community’s founding and again in 1919, 1924, 1928, and 1940. Time after time, residents evacuated, came back and rebuilt. After a major flood in 1958, town officials approached the Army Corps of Engineers with a proposal to build a dam. A three-mile long, four million dollar earthen levee along the south bank of the Tar River was finally completed in 1967. The dike could accommodate 37 feet of water: since flood waters had never exceeded 33 feet, people felt safe at last from the Tar.

By the 1990s, Princeville was still a tiny community of about 2,100 residents, but it appeared stable. Just before the 1999 flood, the town was home to 37 businesses, including auto mechanic and body shops, beauty parlors, barber shops, a lawyer’s office, truck stops, a restaurant, and car dealers. Town officials were trying to secure a post office and bank. The town was also trying to acquire ownership of the cemetery; the lots were now owned by individuals, many of whom have moved away and don’t often visit. Princeville’s town hall, originally built as a schoolhouse in the 1920s, was badly damaged by the recent flood, and past floods destroyed many other older structures.

Back in the cemetery, the dead are still silent. But signs of life are everywhere in Princeville, especially in the churches. A small, white wooden church — hushed when we arrived that early Sunday morning — sits opposite the cemetery across US Highway 258. While our team from NCCU was busy trying to restore voices in the community of the dead, the congregation was rejoicing. The joyful noises they made drifted over the road, an appropriate soundtrack for our meager efforts. Exactly one year had passed since the immense flood. The resilient, historic little town had survived, and residents were giving praise to their Creator for guiding them through the last 115 years.

The late Victor E. Blue was a doctoral student at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and taught at North Carolina Central University in Durham. He was a historian, journalist, and freelance writer. His writings have been published in the News and Observer, the Columbus [Ohio] Dispatch, Obsidian II, Catch the Fire, and Dark Eros.
Fleeing war, persecution, and poverty, Jewish immigrants sought freedom and opportunity in the United States. After first settling in port cities, some then headed south. By the late nineteenth century they had created communities in towns like Wilson, Goldsboro, Tarboro, and Fayetteville.

In 1996 my wife Joan and I started a Jewish congregation in Chapel Hill, the town’s first. We had people but little else. We needed chairs and prayer books, Bibles, and a Torah scroll. Chapel Hill is in the Sunbelt, which means that our community was new and growing. While we were planting roots, I heard tell of small towns down east where Jewish communities were dying. The children and grandchildren of peddlers and storekeepers had found careers and new homes in places like Charlotte, Atlanta, and Raleigh-Durham. Century-old synagogues were closing. Goldsboro’s wondrous Romanesque Revival synagogue, built in 1886, no longer had enough worshipers to hold a service. An empty lot marked the site of Tarboro’s 1892 synagogue. It had been rented to a church and then demolished when its roof collapsed. Lumberton’s Temple Beth El was now a Baptist church, and its books and furniture were warehoused. Wilson’s Temple Beth El was being sold to a neighbor who intended to convert it into a private home. Jews in Weldon and Kinston were aging, dying, or moving on.

I’d borrow a truck, and with my friend Barry Fine go on a religious quest into a terra incognita, the small-town Jewish South. We’d cross a railroad track into a sleepy downtown. A few stores were still open, but otherwise the once bustling streetscape was a ghostly scene of boarded-up buildings, thrift shops, and storefront churches. On the abandoned stores, above the “For Rent” signs, were the names of the former proprietors, sometimes Jewish names like Adler, Marks, Leder, Epstein, Kittner, Oettinger....

I visited homes, sat, and talked to find out what it was like to be the lone, or one of the few, Jewish families in Clinton or Weldon. Southern Jews looked familiar, like my own family up North, but their accents drawled and their manners reflected the grace and softness of southern breeding. I had lived in the South long enough — 34 years — to recognize the southerness of their character, the down-home courtesy and hospitality, but I also could sense the Jewish bond, the comfort and familiarity we all feel when we’re among our own. They were warm and vital, quick to laugh at the irony of their situation as Jews. Despite the tightness and longevity of their local bonds, they still felt different, and their community extended across oceans to global Jewry. Jerusalem was “home” as well as Greenville or Rocky Mount.

At the temple we’d meet an elderly resident who recounted nostalgically the old days when children filled the Sunday school, the women cooked kugel (noodle pudding) for community dinners, and

their parents or grandparents shouldered the burden of community. They’d introduce us to other local Jews, lifelong friends who were more like brothers and sisters. Often, in fact, they were in-laws or distant cousins. Barry, a native Virginian and Chapel Hill graduate, quickly drew kinship, friendship, and alumni ties. Southern Jews are an extended family.

In storerooms and social halls we’d find piles of black-covered, half-Hebrew, half-English prayer books dating to the 1940s. With their “thees” and “thous” and their gender insensitivity, these books deserved the honor of a proper ritual burial. Sometimes we’d pull from a stack or carton a far older tome, musty with age or brittle from disuse. Printed in Warsaw, Moscow, or Vienna, these Hebrew prayer books and Talmudic commentaries told the stories of immigrants from a century ago. They were remnants of a devout belief that did not survive the generations, that was discarded in modern America.

Other books, too, opened a door into the folklife of a vanished people: Yiddish translations of Émile Zola or Guy de Maupassant bespoke a cosmopolitan culture. The children’s books revealed generational changes. The dull Hebrew primers of the early 1900s, with their black-and-white prints of patriarchs and matriarchs, yielded in the post World War II years to brightly illustrated textbooks of baseball-playing kids with names like Judy and Jerry.

I had a sense of resurrecting the dead, of bringing buried names back to life. I scoured libraries and archives to learn what documents, newspapers, and histories said about these communities. I’d wander the cemeteries reading the weathered stones that listed birthplaces in Prussia and Bavaria. I read of Solomon Fishblate, who had served as mayor of Wilmington in the 1870s and ‘90s. I found credit reports on the Bloomingdales, who had peddled and opened stores around Wilson in the 1840s and ‘50s before heading to New York and department-store immortality.

A librarian in Washington, NC, sent me a photo of Ben Susman, circa 1913, standing with a motley crowd before his Washington Horse Exchange Co. I located a copy of a ketubah (a wedding contract) of Max Bloom, a Lithuanian immigrant who had fallen sick while peddling in Halifax County in the early 1900s. Nursed to health by a farmer’s daughter, he fell in love, took her to the Wilmington rabbi who converted her to Judaism, and then married her. I perused the collected papers, biographies, and academic studies of Gertrude Weil, the s sprightly Goldsboro suffragette and civil rights activist who, though she has been dead for twenty years, seemed very much alive. Invited to “bring her neighbors” to a gubernatorial candidate’s reception at a segregated hotel, Miss Gertrude marched in with the African Americans who had moved into her changing neighborhood. “You said to bring the neighbors, didn’t you?” she told the startled onlookers.

I also met Jews who seemed less familiar, the first families who were descended from German immigrants of ante-bellum days. Weils, Cones, Oettingers, Bluethenthals, and Rosenthals had Confederates in their attics. These were elegant, courteous, and thoroughly acculturated Southerners. Alex Katzenstein spun yarns about his grandfather, who came to Selma in the 1870s to pan for gold. Standing in a field between his grandpa’s cotton gin and tobacco barn, Alex regaled me with stories of horse racing and possums in trees. Scooping some Warren County soil in his hand, he explained why this dirt makes good sweet potatoes. He took me to a small pine grove outside Warrenton where his grandpa had a rabbi demarcate a cemetery. Alex wanted to lie there someday with his family, but who would care for the graves when everyone was gone?

I realized that if these stories weren’t written down, these places located, these artifacts and photographs collected, the history of Jews in eastern North Carolina would die with their communities. Some books and artifacts could be returned to life in new congregations like ours while others needed preservation and archival protection. Lenora Ucko of Durham’s Museum of the Jewish Family (MJF) realized at once the significance of this endeavor. With assistance from the North Carolina Humanities Council, we developed the traveling exhibit, “Migrations: The Jewish Settlers of Eastern North Carolina.” To realize this vision the MJF reinvented itself as the Rosenzweig Museum and Jewish Heritage Foundation of North Carolina. This foundation is expanding its mission to document and preserve, and, even more significantly, to tell about the Jewish South.

For more information about the Jewish Heritage Foundation of North Carolina, call (919) 668-5839 or visit jhfnc.org.
Todo Mi Equipaje
Adolescentes Latinos en Transición
My Only Luggage
Latino Teenagers in Transition

Seira Reys and Diana de Anda  |  Excerpted from NC Crossroads, Volume 7, Issue 1, May 2003)

INTRODUCCIÓN
Para inmigrantes y sus familias, el ajustarse a la vida en un nuevo país puede ser difícil. Al mantener las tradiciones de su país, los inmigrantes conservan su herencia cultural, mantienen lazos con sus familias y amigos y construyen nuevas comunidades.

Para dos adolescentes de México, sus habilidades artísticas y tradiciones culturales les han ayudado a facilitar su transición a la forma de vida en Carolina del Norte y del Sur.

Seira Reyes, del pequeño pueblo de Córdoba, Veracruz, en México, se mudó con su familia a Saluda, Carolina del Sur, en 1997. Aunque encontró muchos cambios (frequentemente frustrantes) de la forma de vida en México, su increíble talento artístico le ha ayudado a afrontar y superar muchos obstáculos.

Diana de Anda y sus amigas de la Ciudad de México escribieron los versos o poemas cortos que se presentan en esta edición de Crossroads. Después de mudarse con su familia a Louisburg, Carolina del Norte, Diana continuó escribiendo versos. Por medio de ellos se mantiene conectada a su tierra natal y puede expresar sus sentimientos sobre temas cercanos a su corazón.

Aunque Seira y Diana son de diferentes estados de México, viven en diferentes estados en el sur de los Estados Unidos y no se conocen, sus historias revelan un deseo común: un anhelo de ser aceptadas y poder entender sus nuevos mundos. Por medio del arte han encontrado refugio de una cultura desconocida en la cual frecuentemente se sienten fuera de lugar.

Sin embargo, ellas expresan sentimientos que comparten con muchos adolescentes por todo el mundo: miedo de no ser aceptadas, el deseo de tener amistad y amor y sobre todo la aspiración de tener una comunidad que las apoye. Ambas jovencitas—Seira por medio de su arte y Diana por medio de sus versos—tienden sus manos más allá de ellas mismas para hacer el esfuerzo de conectar con otros. Por medio de sus acciones nos dejan con un reto importante (y tal vez un deseo) de hacer lo mismo.

INTRODUCTION
For immigrants and their families, adjusting to life in a new country can be difficult. By practicing cultural traditions from home, immigrants retain their cultural heritage, maintain ties to family and friends, and build new communities.

For two teenagers from Mexico, cultural traditions and artistic skills have helped ease the transition to life in the Carolinas.

Seira Reyes, originally from the small Mexican town of Cordoba, Veracruz, moved in 1997 to Saluda, South Carolina, with her family. Although she experienced many changes (often, frustrating ones) from her life in Mexico, Seira’s incredible artistic talents have helped her to confront and overcome many obstacles.

Diana de Anda and her friends in Mexico City wrote the versos, or short poems, presented in this issue of Crossroads. After moving with her family to Louisburg, North Carolina, Diana continued to write versos that connected her to her homeland and expressed her feelings about issues close to her heart.

Though Seira and Diana come from different states in Mexico, live in different states in the South and have never met, their stories reveal a common desire: a yearning for both acceptance in and understanding of their new worlds. Through art they have found refuge from an unfamiliar culture in which they often feel unwelcome. They express feelings held by many teens across the globe: a fear of not belonging, a longing for friendship and love, and above all a desire for a community to support them. Both of these young women — Seira through her art, Diana through versos — reach out beyond themselves in an effort to connect with others. In so doing they leave us with an important challenge (and perhaps a desire) to do the same.

Si yo fuera astronauta te llevaría a plutón pero como soy estudiante te llevo en mi corazón

If I was an astronaut I would carry you to Pluto But since I am a student I will carry you in my heart.
Cuando te conocí tuve miedo de hablarte
Cuando te hablé tuve miedo de besarte
Cuando te besé tuve miedo de quererte
y ahora que te quiero tengo miedo de perderte

When I met you I was scared to speak to you
When I spoke to you I was scared to kiss you
When I kissed you I was scared to love you
Now that I love you I am scared to lose you

Nacimos para vivir
vivimos para soñar
nuestro destino es morir
y nuestra meta es amar

We were born to live
We live to dream
Our destiny is to die
And our goal is to love

El anillo que tu me diste
fue de vidrio y se rompió
el amor que tu me diste
fue muy poco y se acabó

The ring that you gave me
Was made of glass and broke
The love that you gave me
Was very small and ended

Si lo ves dile que todavía
lo amo pero no le
digas que lo dije llorando

If you see him tell him that
I still
Love him but don’t
Tell him that I told you
while I was crying

Antes eras un amigo
despúes una gran ilusión
y ahora eres lo más bello
que existe en mi corazón

Before you were a friend
Next a great illusion
And now you are the most beautiful
Person that exists in my heart

Sacred Places in the Heart
Lumbee Family and Faith

Malinda Maynor | Excerpted from
NC Crossroads, Volume 7, Issue 2,
September 2003

“Y ou cum home,” Sarah Oxendine wrote to her brother Daniel Webster Oxendine in 1897. “You can get work to do here and we will be together in our troubles and that will be a comfort to us.” “Webb” was working in Bulloch County, Georgia’s turpentine industry, his wife Christinne and their children alongside him. But the rest of his Lumbee Indian family had stayed home in Robeson County, North Carolina. Sarah asked him to send money and to do it “rite at once.” If he did not return, “som of us you will never see in this world and I am sorry you went to Georgia.” Webb faced a dilemma — moving to Bulloch County helped him provide for his immediate and extended families, but his absence broke their hearts. Unfortunately, Webb Oxendine did not return — he died in Georgia...

“Home” is more than a place, more than a house or piece of land — it is where history is lived and imagined. Home is the relationships and places most basic to any community — kinspeople, ancestors and offspring, churches, schools, and cemeteries. Often these aspects of community are expressed through the strongest emotions.

This “feeling” for place made it possible for members of the Lumbee community to make life-changing decisions. Bulloch County became a kind of home when Indians lived there, but it did not replace the original home of Robeson County. These places are sacred — sacred in the land, sacred in the events that occur there and sacred in the heart-breaking longing that Lumbee people feel when away from them.

The Indians who lived in Bulloch County between 1890 and 1920 yearned for their loved ones and homeplaces in Robeson County. Today, their descendants feel a need to visit and care for the place in Georgia where many of their ancestors died and were buried. This mutual sense of longing not only illuminates the Lumbee’s sense of place, but it also reveals the power of the Lumbee’s sense of community. Lumbees — then and now — long to be home with their kin, whether that home is geographical, spiritual, or both.

Today, there are 56,000 Lumbees who live in North Carolina, Baltimore, Atlanta, Detroit, and a host of other towns and cities across the United States. For many of us that live away, the swamps and fields of Robeson, Hoke, Cumberland, Scotland, Bladen, and Columbus counties
are still “home.” But other places have tremendous significance, particularly as markers of identity, as reminders of who we are as a people, what we have been through and the lessons we have learned. Here is the story of Webb Oxendine’s family, told through the memories of his great-granddaughter, Quessie Cummings Dial, and her husband, James C. Dial

Webb and his family came to Georgia with the turpentine industry, which had flourished in North Carolina and employed many Lumbees. Turpentinology was seasonal work, brutal and lonely, and it required migration when trees produced less profitable turpentine. To ease the loneliness, Lumbee turpentine laborers brought their immediate families with them to Georgia, and eventually they established an Indian-only school, church, and cemetery.

After Webb’s death, his daughter Mary Margaret started a family of her own and married another young man in the Georgia Lumbee community — Reasley Cummings.

BUILDING A SCHOOL
The Indian community valued Reasley and Mary Margaret because they could both read and write, uncommon skills. Determined to educate their children, Lumbee built their own school in their new home. Reasley taught at the school, and in 1914 participated in an in-school debate about the education of boys. (He agreed that girls should be educated.) Lumbees in Robeson County had opened their own school in 1887, and it quickly became an integral part of the Indian homeland. It was more than a place where Indians could go to school — it was a symbol of Indian control in a world dominated by racial segregation.

Indian residents of Bulloch County were equally proud of their school, which they founded on the same principles. One correspondent wrote, “While days of sunshine seem to flow, we Indian people of Bulloch County, GA, are trying to do a better work and a greater work, especially for the education of our children and bringing them up to a higher standard of life.” By invoking “we Indian people,” the writer articulated the Indian community’s intense focus on transmitting that identity to Indian children who, if they were born in Georgia (as many increasingly were), knew nothing about the homeland of Robeson County. In the absence of their children’s knowledge of the community’s heart, Bulloch County Lumbee used the school to make sure that children understood who they were and had a home of their own.

BURRING THE DEAD
In addition to the school, Lumbees established a church and a cemetery in Bulloch County, re-creating the cornerstone institutions of the Lumbee homeland in Robeson County. Mary Margaret Cummings buried her three-year-old child in the Bulloch County pine forest, at her community’s cemetery. Her child might have been the cemetery’s first resident — a precious resource gone, laid to rest in a strange place without kin to surround her.

Quessie, a mother herself, identified with Mary Margaret’s pain and her lost relative, buried alone in Georgia almost a century ago. “You think about those things,” she said forlornly. Quessie has never visited the cemetery in Bulloch County, though her husband James has. Describing his visit to the cemetery, he said, “I think when I was at that cemetery, it felt sad. Not so much sad like you’d want to cry but it made you feel meditative, I guess, to see all the little graves and the children who had died there. Thinking about their relatives that ended up coming back here, and left them there all alone.”

RETURNING HOME
“Times was hard back then,” James observed, thinking of the group’s decision to leave their deceased relatives. “I mean they were really hard. I’ve heard my daddy talk about it. Indian people — they have had a real hard way to go in Robeson County. The opportunity was much greater outside of Robeson County, but they still had this idea that I’d rather be home and have less.” So the migrants returned, even though they may have made more money in Georgia, and even though their relatives were left buried along.

Their return did not mean that they had forgotten their relatives, however. Rather, the descendants of those who went to Georgia have carried the cemetery in their hearts, just as the Georgia residents carried Robeson County in their hearts. The places maintain their power because they are deeply respected and fondly remembered, not just because they are visited. In recent years, however, many Lumbees have traveled to the Bulloch County Indian cemetery, making their connections emotional, physical, and spiritual.

Malinda Maynor Lowery is an assistant professor of history at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She was born in Robeson County, North Carolina, and is a member of the Lumbee Tribe of North Carolina. Her book **Lumbee Indians in the Jim Crow South: Race, Identity, and the Making of a Nation** was published by University of North Carolina Press in March 2010. She has published articles about American Indian migration and identity, school desegregation, and religious music. She has a bachelor’s degree in history and literature from Harvard University, a master’s degree in documentary film production from Stanford, and a Ph.D. in history from UNC-Chapel Hill. Her previous teaching appointments include Harvard University, North Carolina State University, Duke University, and San Francisco State University.
The Scholar’s View:
War Zone off North Carolina’s Outer Banks

Kevin Duffus

As the program unfolds, the faces of the audience reflect a range of reactions, from astonishment to keen interest, comprehension, disbelief, wonder, amusement, and sorrow. Some sit perfectly still; others shift uneasily as the stories take a serious turn. The Road Scholars attendees are hearing about the winter and spring of 1942 when the United States suffered its greatest naval defeat, not in the Pacific or North Atlantic, but within American waters. No matter where this program unfolds across the state, the most common response is, “I had no idea of the extent of this disaster!”

It is true that for the first few months of America’s involvement in World War II, the fate of the world hung in the balance off the beaches of the United States. Between January and July of 1942, more than 65 German U-boats waged a withering, widespread campaign against Allied merchant vessels and their military defenders. Three hundred ninety-seven ships were sunk in just half a year. Nearly 5,000 people, including many civilians — and some women and children — were burned to death, crushed, or drowned, or vanished into the sea. The toll of lives lost was twice the number killed at Pearl Harbor. Each day, towering columns of black smoke and orange flames from torpedoed merchant vessels filled the skies from New England to New Orleans. Explosions rattled windowpanes and the nerves of startled coastal residents. Beaches were littered with oil, debris, and bodies.

Mostly kept secret from the public, the crisis embarrassed Washington, panicked Great Britain, and nearly changed the course of history. Within months, the Allied war effort was considered by military authorities to be in jeopardy, and the waters off the U.S. East Coast were classified the most dangerous place for merchant shipping in the world. Left unchecked, Germany’s ability to disrupt the vital supply chain of men and war matériel had the potential to delay, or even prevent, a future Allied invasion of Europe. This pivotal chapter of American history has been left out of the history books and school curricula, risking the fulfillment of President Kennedy’s warning that future generations who don’t know their nation’s history will “stand uncertain and defenseless before the world, knowing neither where they have come from or where [they are] going.”

The greatest number of U-boat attacks in 1942 occurred in the waters off North Carolina’s Outer Banks on the approaches to Diamond Shoals, a notorious passage feared for centuries as the epicenter of the Graveyard of the Atlantic. On the fragile barrier islands off the mainland of North Carolina, once forgotten communities were irrevocably changed. Oil from sunken tankers washed ashore in quantities that rank among the worst environmental disasters in American history. Corpses washed up on the beaches, sometimes to be found by terrified children. Adults spread rumors of...
encounters with German sympathizers, spies, and saboteurs. And thousands of servicemen poured onto the islands of the Outer Banks, Bogue Banks, and the Cape Fear region to defend America’s shores, straining public infrastructure such as hospitals, housing, food supplies, and postal services. The residents of North Carolina were on the front lines, and they had no choice but to watch as war was waged on their doorstep.

America’s armed forces hastily mounted modest defenses to the enemy’s incursion. Teenage boys from the fields of the nation’s heartlands were sent out into deadly waters. Against well-trained, battle-tested Germans in 250-foot-long U-boats, they bravely took up the fight with small arms, in small boats, and on small horses. The carnage witnessed by Coast Guard defenders seared into memory visions that only late in life the veterans were willing to share.

A typical Road Scholars audience often chuckles when hearing of the two recruits assigned to Ocracoke Island in January 1942, a place the servicemen called “the last stop in civilization.” The two young men thought they’d be fighting mosquitoes and boredom. They soon found out otherwise. One of them was Mr. Mac Womac whom I interviewed twelve years ago, just two months before he unexpectedly passed away. He first joked a little about life on Ocracoke, and around, hoping to pick up somebody helpless. “All we could do is go around and around, hoping to pick up somebody that was alive,” Womac says with a huge sigh, his eyes beginning to glisten. “And it’s — it’s a terrible feeling, especially when you see them jump overboard with flames on to ’em and know that they were going into the fire just as quick as they hit.” Only two of the 57 British sailors aboard the ship were rescued.

To compensate for the horrifying tales of death and destruction by the Nazi’s torpedo-laden leviathans of terror, there are more than enough heartwarming stories of the baby born in a lifeboat in 15-foot seas and total darkness off Cape Hatteras, of the intrepid volunteer pilots of the Civil Air Patrol who risked their lives to hunt the U-boats, and of fearless civilian counter-spies and coast watchers who quietly served in the war zone. The resilience and patriotism of the U.S. Merchant Marine in the throes of constant peril on a sea of oil slicks and vacant lifeboats and their post-war betrayal by the government when they were shamelessly denied veterans benefits should be lessons never to be forgotten.

Such are the remarkable memories of 1942 that I present through Road Scholars programs across the state. Perhaps most exemplary of the true essence of this mostly forgotten time is the story of the little cemetery at Ocracoke, hallowed ground known to many as a “corner of a foreign field that is forever England.” In May 2005, a large crowd of men, women, and children gathered at that cemetery for an historic event. The guest of honor at the podium read the names and ages of the dead, his words expressed in a careful cadence, his voice wavering with emotion. “Perhaps, it is as well to remember these young men in the verse of the poet Laurence Binyon from his poem, ‘For the Fallen,’” he said as his blue-gray eyes averted downward and became teary with grief:

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

The speaker was Thomas Cunningham, Jr., and he was, for the first time in 62 years, standing before his father’s grave, a Royal Navy officer killed when the HMT Bedfordshire was torpedoed and sunk in a cataclysmic explosion off Cape Lookout.
NEH Announces Muslim Journeys: A Bridging Cultures Bookshelf Program for Libraries across America

Information courtesy of the National Endowment for the Humanities

The National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) and the American Library Association (ALA) present Muslim Journeys, the first in a planned series of Bridging Cultures “Bookshelves.” Through this initial program focused on the history and diverse cultures of Muslims in America and around the world, NEH will provide free books, films, and on-line resources to enhance libraries’ collections and enable them to create new programs for their communities.

This project is a leading effort in Chairman Jim Leach’s Bridging Cultures initiative, which has highlighted the importance of civility in American life and embraced the role of libraries in fostering community conversations that bring the humanities to the public in new ways. “There may be no institution more civil than the public library,” Leach said. “Libraries are centers of learning that offer a welcome space where members of the public can learn about the history we share and express different points of view in an ethos of openness and mutual respect.”

The Muslim Journeys grant opportunity, one of a substantial number of NEH programs offered over the years in comparative religion, was formally announced at ALA’s annual conference in Anaheim, CA, in June 2012. All public libraries, community college and academic libraries are invited to apply for a set of the Muslim Journeys collection by submitting an online application.

**MUSLIM JOURNEYS**

The Muslim Journeys Bookshelf seeks to provide the nation’s libraries — and in turn their patrons — with a selection of resources that will introduce readers to diverse perspectives on the people, places, histories, beliefs, practices, and cultures of Muslims in the United States and around the world. Although there are hundreds of books, films, magazine articles, and Web resources available on these topics, this Bookshelf was chosen especially for public audiences, based on the advice of scholars, librarians, and other humanities educators and program experts. The resources comprising the Bookshelf were recommended, reviewed, and selected by distinguished scholars in the fields of anthropology, world history, religious studies, interfaith dialogue, the history of art and architecture, and world literature as well as interdisciplinary fields such as Middle East studies, Southeast Asian studies, African studies, and Islamic studies. The Bookshelf’s curators envision inquiry and conversations on five different themes, each developed by a nationally known scholar:

- **American Stories** — developed by Kambiz GhaneaBassiri, Reed College, to bring to light the varied experiences of Muslims in America since colonial times:
  - *A Quiet Revolution: The Veil’s Resurgence, from the Middle East to America* by Leila Ahmed
  - *Prince Among Slaves* by Terry Alford
  - *Zeitoun* by Dave Eggers
  - *Acts of Faith* by Eboo Patel

- **Connected Histories** — developed by Giancarlo Casale, University of Minnesota, to introduce the long history of shared influences that have tied Islam and the West together for centuries:
  - *The House of Wisdom: How Arabic Science Saved Ancient Knowledge and Gave Us The Renaissance* by Jim Al-Khalili
  - *In an Antique Land* by Amitav Ghosh
  - *When Asia Was the World: Traveling Merchants, Scholars, Warriors, and Monks Who Created the “Riches of the East”* by Stewart Gordon
  - *Leo Africanus* by Amin Maalouf, translated by Peter Sluglett
  - *The Ornament of the World* by Maria Rosa Menocal

- **Literary Reflections** — developed by Leila Golestaneh Austin, Johns Hopkins University, to look through the lens of literature at diverse expressions of Muslim faith and cultural traditions:
  - *The Arabian Nights* (anonymous), edited by Muhsin Mahdi, translated by Husain Haddawy
  - *Minaret* by Leila Aboulela
  - *The Conference of the Birds* by Farid al-Din Attar, translated by Dick Davis and Afkham Darbandi
HOW TO SPONSOR A LET’S TALK ABOUT IT PROGRAM

The North Carolina Humanities Council Let’s Talk About It also offers to public libraries a book series titled “Divergent Cultures: The Middle East in Literature.”

An application to apply for a Let’s Talk About It book, poetry, or film library discussion series may be found at www.nchumanities.org. Questions about applying for or planning a program should be directed to Carolyn Allen at (336) 256-0140 or callen@nchumanities.org. Since 1999 the North Carolina Center for the Book and the North Carolina Humanities Council have partnered to manage the Let’s Talk About It project in North Carolina.
The 2011 Annual Report to the People

Shelley Crisp | Executive Director

Mapping a year of work at the North Carolina Humanities Council is no easy feat. In spite of continued budget constraints, the Humanities Council supported over 200 programs in fiscal year 2011, seeded investments in public humanities worth almost half a million program dollars, and reached over 60,000 people. Governed by a volunteer group of 23 trustees from every area of the state, the Humanities Council relies on the tireless energy of a small staff, creative program partners, and visionary scholars to offer programs on everything from church fans and poetry to Zebulon Vance and New Bern’s Great Fire of ’22. Working alongside community leaders and with the faithful support of donors and friends, the Humanities Council has been able to sustain the quality of its public humanities outreach and enlarge the family of its audiences.

The story is the same for many of our partner organizations, and I offer deep appreciation to the libraries, museums, historic sites, municipalities, arts councils,
nonprofit organizations, and colleges and universities that have stretched our resources and theirs to extend a collective reach to the dynamic population that calls North Carolina home. While a cut in the Council’s grant dollars, Teachers Institute seminars, and staffing balanced the loss of income this year, the remarkable commitment to provide resources in every Congressional district and in as many counties as possible remains a guiding principle in the Council’s yearly funding decisions.

As the contents of *North Carolina Conversations* and the Council’s website attest, there is every intention to keep going. While an annual report offers the opportunity to look back and reflect, this year’s successful struggle to balance resources with goals has relied in some measure on the optimism of looking forward. Donations and gifts are increasing; *Journey Stories*, a new Museum on Main Street exhibition, has already begun its tour; and new partnerships are in the making. I encourage you to support the Council’s work in every way you can in the coming year whether through making a gift, attending a program, applying for a grant, or writing your elected representatives to let them know how Council resources have enriched your lives and neighborhoods.

As so eloquently stated by *Journey Stories* scholar Pam Grundy, in any one given year, the Council offers “new ideas to discover and absorb, new landscapes and people to contend with and learn from... prodding North Carolinians to reflect on where we have come from, where we are, where we aspire to go.”
The Teachers Institute

The Teachers Institute, a free professional development program for public school educators in North Carolina, held its annual summer seminar June 19–24, 2011, at the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum and Heritage Center, located on Harkers Island, NC, near Cape Lookout National Seashore.

The week-long seminar, “Core Sound: A People and a Place of Change and Courage,” gave 31 North Carolina educators from twelve NC counties the opportunity to explore such issues as: How has the Core Sound region’s unique geography shaped the lives of coastal people? What cultural traits can be traced back to the early English settlers? How do fishing families survive in the face of modern-day challenges? What role have women played in a water-based economy? Complementing the academic study were visits to a working fish house and a closed fish house, to a shelter for some Shackleford ponies, and to the Cape Lookout lighthouse. In addition, teachers toured communities with local historians as they worked toward an understanding of the deep sense of place that continues to live in Down East Carteret County.

Lead scholars were Karen Willis Amspacher, executive director of the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum and Heritage Center; Barbara Garrity-Blake, independent anthropologist; and Carmine Prioli, Professor of English at North Carolina State University. Visiting scholars included geologist and author Stanley Riggs, East Carolina University; writer Bland Simpson, UNC at Chapel Hill; photographers Anne Simpson and Scott Taylor; poet Peter Makuck, East Carolina University; and author Jay Barnes, former executive director of the North Carolina Aquarium at Pine Knoll Shores.

Challenging interdisciplinary, graduate level study is a hallmark of the Teachers Institute. Participants were provided with an extensive reading packet as well as with six texts which highlighted and enhanced their study. Six months after this summer learning experience, participants completed an assessment on the impact of their work at the seminar. Over half of the teachers had incorporated much of the seminar experience into their fall semester curriculum, with others noting their plans for using seminar materials in the spring semester. Several teachers had held workshops for their colleagues to share what they had learned.

The 2011 John Tyler Caldwell Award For The Humanities

Congressman David Price grew up in Erwin, Tennessee. He attended Mars Hill College, then a junior college, and transferred to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill as a Morehead Scholar. He then received a Bachelor of Divinity and Ph.D. in Political Science at Yale University. Before he began serving in the U.S. Congress in 1987, Price was a professor of Political Science and Public Policy at Duke University. Price is the recipient of the Wilbur Cross Medal from the Yale Graduate School and of the William Sloane Coffin Award for Peace and Justice from the Yale Divinity School. The American Political Science Association honored him with its Hubert H. Humphrey Award, and he has been elected to the National Academy of Public Administration. He has given the Walter Capps lecture at the University of California-Santa Barbara, the McLeod Bryan lecture at Mars Hill College, the Odum Institute’s 80th Anniversary lecture at UNC at Chapel Hill, and the Olin lecture at the U.S. Air Force Academy. He is a Durham NAACP Freedom Fund honoree and recipient of the North Carolina National Guard’s Medal of Merit.
Linda Flowers Literary Award

Nancy Dew Taylor’s chapbook of poems, Stepping on Air, was published by Emrys Press in 2008. Born in Lake City, South Carolina, Taylor is a graduate of Furman University, with an M.A. from UNC at Chapel Hill and a Ph.D. from the University of South Carolina. She has taught English in the public schools of North and South Carolina and at Randolph-Macon Woman’s College, the University of Puerto Rico, the University of South Carolina, and Lander University. For almost fourteen years, she taught the medical humanities to residents and faculty at the Greenville (SC) Hospital System, where she was a medical editor.

Taylor’s short stories have been published in The South Carolina Review and Sargasso, a Caribbean journal. Her poems have appeared in Appalachian Journal, Kalliope, Scribble, The South Carolina Review, Timber Creek Review, Chebacco: The Magazine of the Mount Desert Island Historical Society, Tar River Poetry, and New England Watershed and in several anthologies, including Pinesong, Mountain Time, A Millennial Sampler of South Carolina Poetry, and Contemporary Appalachia, volume 3 of The Southern Poetry Anthology. She was a finalist in the Contemporary Appalachia, volume 3 of The Southern Poetry Anthology New England Watershed and in several anthologies, including Pinesong, Mountain Time, A Millennial Sampler of South Carolina Poetry, and Contemporary Appalachia, volume 3 of The Southern Poetry Anthology. She was a finalist in the 2006 Rita Dove Poetry Competition in Salem College’s Center for Women Writers’ National Literary Awards and in 2008, Carolina Poetry. She was a finalist in the Contemporary Appalachia, volume 3 of The Southern Poetry Anthology, New England Watershed and in several anthologies, including Pinesong, Mountain Time, A Millennial Sampler of South Carolina Poetry, and Contemporary Appalachia, volume 3 of The Southern Poetry Anthology. She was a finalist in the 2006 Rita Dove Poetry Competition in Salem College’s Center for Women Writers’ National Literary Awards and in 2008 was named honorable mention in the same competition. She lives in Greenville, SC.

Let’s Talk About It

The Let’s Talk About It library discussion series brings together scholars and community members to explore how selected books, films, and poetry illuminate a particular theme. There are twenty five books series, eight film series, and three poetry series available for loan to public libraries throughout North Carolina. Let’s Talk About It is a joint project of the North Carolina Humanities Council and the North Carolina Center for the Book, a program of the State Library of North Carolina/Department of Cultural Resources and an affiliate of the Center For the Book in the Library of Congress.

BRUNSWICK
$800 to Friends of the Library, Southport/Oak Island, Southport
Picturing America: Places in the Heart $612.64

CABARRUS
$1000 to Cabarrus County Public Library, Concord
Explorations of Faith in Literature $1902.53

CARTERET
$1000 to Carteret County Public Library, Beaufort
The African American Experience $4727.93
$1000 to Carteret County Public Library, Beaufort
Discovering the Literary South $4982.64

CASWELL
$1000 to Caswell Friends of the Library, Yanceyville
Not For Children Only $1120

CATAWBA
$0 to Hickory Public Library, Hickory
Affirming Aging $200

CRAVEN
$1000 to Havelock-Craven County Public Library and Craven Community College, Havelock
Beyond the Battlefield $2625
$1000 to New Bern-Craven County Public Library, New Bern
Picturing America: Places in the Heart $3146
$1000 to New Bern-Craven County Public Library, New Bern
Mysteries: Clues to Who We Are $2408

DAVIDSON
$1000 to Friends of the Lexington Library, Lexington
Writers From North Carolina’s Literary Hall of Fame $1500

DAVIE
$1000 to Davie County Public Library, Mocksville
Altered Landscapes $1372.97

EDGECOMBE
$1000 to Edgecombe County Memorial Library, Tarboro
Tar Heel Fiction: Stories of Home $1099.96

HAYWOOD
$1000 to Friends of the Haywood Public Library, Waynesville
Discovering the Literary South $900

IRODELL
$1000 to Iredell County Public Library, Statesville
Divergent Cultures $2631.04

MADISON
$1000 to Madison County Public Library, Mars Hill
Picturing America: Places in the Heart $1249.97

MARTIN
$1000 to Martin Memorial Library, Williamston
Writers From North Carolina’s Literary Hall of Fame $1000
$1000 to Martin Memorial Library, Williamston
America’s Greatest Conflict $925

MCDOWELL
$1000 to McDowell County Public Library, Marion
Altered Landscapes $1000

NASH
$1000 to Braswell Memorial Library, Rocky Mount
Affirming Aging $1468.06

PERSON
$1000 to Friends of the Person County Library, Roxboro
Discovering the Literary South $1531

VANCE
$1000 to Friends of the Perry Library, Henderson
Altered Landscapes $2375

WAKE
$600 to Cameron Village Library, Raleigh
Not For Children Only $1100

WAYNE
$1000 to Wayne County Public Library, Goldsboro
Tar Heel Fiction: Stories of Home $2702.59

NORTH CAROLINA HUMANITIES COUNCIL  |  23
The North Carolina Humanities Council awarded four planning grants, ten mini-grants, and eight large grants to cultural and educational organizations to conduct humanities programs in 2011. There was only one large grant cycle in 2011 due to budget cuts. Funded groups matched the Humanities Council grants with in-kind and cash contributions. (In-kind amounts are listed below each project title throughout “The Annual Report to the People.”) The projects supported during this grant period are integral to the Humanities Council’s commitment to advocate lifelong learning and facilitate the exploration and celebration of the many voices and stories of North Carolina’s cultures and heritage.

### Planning Grants

**CRAVEN**
- $750 to Uptown Business and Professional Association, New Bern
- Mapping the Great Fire of ’22: Race, Place, and Memory in New Bern  $7,517

**ORANGE**
- $575 to UNC Chapel Hill Southern Oral History Program, Chapel Hill
- Power Sound: African American Media, Music, and Civil Rights in the Carolinas $575

**PITT**
- $450 to East Carolina University, Greenville
- Impact of Urban Renewal on the African American Community in Greenville $453

**WAKE**
- $700 to Town of Cary, Cary
- An Icon Transformed: Cary Elementary School Renovation and Repurpose $6,521.87

### Mini-Grants

**ALAMANCE**
- $1,074 to Graham High School, Graham
- Picturing America: Enter to Learn — Go Forth to Serve $1,150

**DURHAM**
- $1,310 to the Durham Veterans Affairs Medical Center, Literature and Medicine in the VA Hospital $2,100

**EDGECOMBE**
- $1,200 to Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, Inc. Chi Omega Chapter, Rocky Mount
- Anna Easter Brown: Crusader for Education, History, and Human Rights $1,600

**GASTON**
- $750 to Gaston County Public Library, Gastonia

### Large Grants

**ANSON**
- $4,057 to Anson County Writer’s Club, Wadesboro
- Carolinas Writers Conference, a celebration of readers and writers at all levels and ages supporting the literary arts by encouraging creativity. Agents, publishers, news columnists, scholars, storytellers, poets, and authors shared their professional insights in workshops and panel discussions. $4,357

**GUILFORD**
- $6,315 to The ArtsCenter, Carrboro
- Southern Sacred Steel Conference $17,139

**JACKSON**
- $1,200 to Voices from the American Land, Taos (NM)
- Every Breath Sings Mountains: Southern Appalachian Landscape and Culture $3,665

**ORANGE**
- $2,100 to The ArtsCenter, Carrboro
- Southern Sacred Steel Conference $17,139

**CUMBERLAND**
- $25,845 to Fayetteville/Cumberland County, Fayetteville
- FayetteNow Oral History Video Documentation, a scholar-led oral history project cultivating dialogue between the area’s Vietnam veterans, Vietnamese emigrants, Vietnamese Americans, and members of the larger community. $6,315

**YANCEY**
- $6,743.27 to Elson Memorial Library, Williamston
- Lee Smith, Mountain Women and Southern Fiction $2,122.50

**GASTON**
- $750 to Gaston County Public Library, Gastonia

**GUILFORD**
- $5,000 to Cabarrus County Public Library, Concord
- One Book, One Community — Cabarrus Reads, featuring Tim O’Brien’s classic The Things They Carried as the book selection. Project activities included a multi-media presentation based on the oral histories of local Vietnam War veterans, film screenings, scholar talks, explorations into aspects of Vietnamese culture, and reader’s theater. $40,820

**CHATHAM**
- $6,507 to Chatham County Arts Council, Pittsboro
- Racial Justice and Reconciliation in NC Film Forum, a continuation of the ChathamArts Sustainable Film Series, designed to address African American history, identity, culture, and social justice and reconciliation within the context of storytelling and documentary film. $6,315

**ROANOKE**
- $13,849 to Cabarrus County Public Library, Concord
- One Book, One Community — Cabarrus Reads, featuring Tim O’Brien’s classic The Things They Carried as the book selection. Project activities included a multi-media presentation based on the oral histories of local Vietnam War veterans, film screenings, scholar talks, explorations into aspects of Vietnamese culture, and reader’s theater. $40,820

**WAKE**
- $13,169 to the ArtsCenter, Carrboro
- Southern Sacred Steel Conference $17,139

**ORANGE**
- $6,680 to Elsewhere Collaborative, Greensboro
- Living Room Lectures a series of critical and reflective conversations investigating issues of social, political, artistic, and cultural import, with monthly lectures staged in a store-front window that opens on a downtown sidewalk. $13,849

**LENOIR**
- $5,000 to Black Heritage Society, Inc. DBA Cultural Heritage Museum, Kinston
- Civil War to Civil Rights — I, a project which initiated research and documentation of United States Colored Troops (USCT) cemetery sites in Wilmington, Raleigh, New Bern, and Roanoke Island, and featured a three-day symposium with Civil War battle re-enactments and presentations on the role of the USCT in battles of eastern NC, the network of black spies in the South during the Civil War, and black naval history. $13,169

**YANCEY**
- $1,600 to Traditional Voices Group, Burnsville
- Faithful Expressions: Mountain Roots of Spiritual and Gospel Music, the fourth annual RiddleFest celebrating the life of Yancey County’s Lesley Riddle, including an evening concert, interpretative performances by musicians and educators, and workshops on such topics as shaped-note singing, black gospel, and the origins of southern gospel. $6,743.27

**ORANGE**
- $10,000 to American Indian Center, Chapel Hill
- Revision and Implementation of the K-12 Curriculum Guide on American Indians in
The Harlan Joel Gradin Award for Excellence in the Public Humanities

Named this year for Humanities Council Scholar Emeritus Dr. Harlan Gradin, this award honors outstanding, imaginative, and significant work that reflects, affirms, and promotes the mission and vision of the North Carolina Humanities Council. The award celebrates substantial involvement by a project sponsor or individual in inspiring and developing activities in the public humanities that invite active collaboration by a wide range of community partners. With the naming of this award, the Humanities Council honors scholar emeritus Harlan Gradin, who for many years has encouraged Council partners to work with diverse community groups, providing “opportunities for North Carolina citizens to see themselves as actors in making their own history.”

Humanities Council staff and trustees presented the 2011 award to the Gaston County Public Library’s Standing on a Box: Lewis Hine’s National Child Labor Committee Photography in Gaston County, 1908, a large grant awarded in 2008 that built on an earlier Council-funded project, 2005’s History Happened Here, commemorating the 75th anniversary of the Loray Mill Strike of 1929. Standing on a Box, directed by Carol Reinhardt, was a multi-part humanities project exploring Lewis Hine’s investigative photography of child workers in early twentieth-century Gaston County textile mills.

Road Scholars

The North Carolina Humanities Council has been offering speakers, free of charge, to public audiences since 1990. Road Scholars speakers have continued to gain in popularity and recognition across the state. Programs took place in 48 counties in 2011, with more than 7,000 people attending a presentation.

$0 to O. Henry Study Club, Lexington
$438

Do Not Toss Out Your Grandmother’s Letters

$286 to First United Methodist Church, Lexington
Stories From the Underground Railroad

$361

DAVIE

$280 to Davie County Senior Services, Mocksville
Dancing Through the Depression

$440

$273 to Friends of Davie County Public Library, Mocksville
The Overmountain Men of 1780 and Their Campaign

$215

$272 to Davie County Senior Services, Mocksville
Scoundrels, Rogues and Heroes of the Old North State

$110

DURHAM

$326 to Duke Homestead Education and History, Durham
Scoundrels, Rogues and Heroes of the Old North State

$685

$350 to Tryebyrn Men’s Club, Durham
On North Carolina Waters

$2,489

$250 to Durham County Public Library, Durham
Sincere Forms of Flattery

$740

$350 to Angier Avenue Baptist Church, Durham
Fannin’ the Heat Away

$260

FORSYTH

$350 to Forsyth County Genealogy Society, Winston-Salem
The Overmountain Men of 1780 and Their Campaign

$445

$258 to Heart of the Triad Quilt Society, Winston-Salem
Sincere Forms of Flattery

$282 to Friends Home West Retirement Community, Winston-Salem
GUILFORD

$322 to Pennyrhn at Maryfield Retirement Community, High Point
Chagall and the Women in His Life

$235

$280 to Friends Home West Retirement Community, Greensboro
The Jack Tales, North Carolina Heritage Tales

$180

$291 to Friends of UNC-G Library, Greensboro
Mountain Women in Fiction

$217

$350 to Friends of University Women, Gastonia
North Carolina’s Long Civil Rights Movement

$776

$350 to Gaston County Public Library, Gastonia
Sincere Forms of Flattery

$780

$350 to American Association of University Women, Gastonia
North Carolina’s U-Boats

$1,296

$350 to American Association of University Women, Gastonia
The Changing South: Who’s Benefitfitng, Who’s Losing

$1,231

$350 to Gaston County Public Library, Gastonia
Rockabilly Head to Toe

$1,686

GRANVILLE

$336 to Friends of Thornton Library, Oxford
The History of North Carolina in 45 Minutes

$688

$350 to Granville County Chamber of Commerce, Oxford
The American Tobacco Culture: Our Heritage

$260

HAYWOOD

$350 to Friends of Haywood County Library, Waynesville
The New Road and Today’s Roots Music and the American South

$1,231

$350 to Friends Home West Retirement Community, Greensboro
Lost in Translation

$1,296

$350 to First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro
Sit a Spell

$1,296

$350 to Friends of University Women, Gastonia
North Carolina Piedmont

$279 to Friends of University Women, Gastonia
Sincere Forms of Flattery

$280 to First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro
Museums and Their Campaign

$281 to Piedmont Triad Council of International Visitors, High Point
US Foreign Policy Implications in Islamic Countries

$291 to Freedom Regional Library, Charlotte
Writing in the Familiar

$735

$350 to Freedom Regional Library, Charlotte
Sincere Forms of Flattery

$735

$350 to Freedom Regional Library, Charlotte
Democratic Conversations in Cultural Institutions

$910

$350 to Freedom Regional Library, Charlotte
$259 to Piedmont Triad Council of International Visitors, High Point

$900

$350 to Freedom Regional Library, Charlotte
Discovering Elvis

$1,016

$350 to Freedom Regional Library, Charlotte
Sit a Spell

$1,016

$350 to Freedom Regional Library, Charlotte
$331 to Black Heritage Society, Sanford
Fannin’ the Heat Away

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MOORE
$297 to Sandhills Community College, Pinehurst
Virginia Dare in Fact and Fancy $572
$258 to Belle Meade Retirement Community, Southern Pines
Chapall and the Bible $400
$331 to Sandhills Community College, Pinehurst
The History of North Carolina in 45 Minutes $632
$257 to Sandhills Jewish Congregation, Jackson Springs
Jerusalem Windows: the Twelve Tribes of Israel $865
$297 to Weymouth Center, Southern Pines
George Moses Horton: Uncovering and Celebrating Lost Black History $650
$290 to Sandhills Community College, Pinehurst
Biblical Images in Literature $905
$349 to Moore County Historical Association, Southern Pines
A North Carolina Icon Brought to Life $548
$350 to Sandhills Community College Senior Seminars, Pinehurst
What If? Counterfactual Scenarios in the American Civil War $730
NEW HANOVER
$297 to St. Andrews Covenant Church, Wilmington
Fannin’ the Heat Away $440
ORANGE
$250 to Carol Woods Retirement Community, Chapel Hill
The North Carolina Way: Civil Rights and Wrongs in the 20th Century $815
$250 to Davie Poplar Chapter/Gen Davie Chapter DAR, Chapel Hill
Democratic Conversations in Cultural Institutions $250
$263 to Burwell School Historic Site, Hillsborough
William Henry Singleton’s Recollections of My Slavery Days $351
$259 to Carol Woods Retirement Community, Chapel Hill
Sincere Forms of Flattery $83
PASQUOTANK
$350 to Pasquotank-Camden Library, Elizabeth City
Slave Voices in North Carolina $715
$349 to Elizabeth City State University, Elizabeth City
Stories From the Underground Railroad $1,092
PENDER
$350 to Historical Society of Topsail Island, Topsail Beach
A North Carolina Icon Brought to Life $1,315
PERSON
$270 to Research Club of Roxboro, Roxboro
North Carolina’s Oldest Roads $465
$311 to Friends of the Person County Public Library, Roxboro
Still Cookin’ $644
PICT
$322 to Tar River Sail and Power Squadron, Greenville
How Shipwrecks Shaped the Destiny of the Outer Banks $520
$349 to Lifelong Learning East Carolina University, Greenville
Sincere Forms of Flattery $708
$334 to Lifelong Learning East Carolina University, Greenville
How Shipwrecks Shaped the Destiny of the Outer Banks $924
$350 to Lifelong Learning East Carolina University, Greenville
Hoofing It By Mule Across North Carolina $894
RANDOLPH
$350 to Victory Mountain Youth Camp, Sophia
Fannin’ the Heat Away $0
ROBESON
$341 to UNC-Pembroke, Pembroke
North Carolina Indians Before the English $827
ROCKINGHAM
$350 to Rockingham Community College, Wentworth
Demystifying Poetry $552
ROWAN
$295 to Rowan County Chamber of Commerce, Rockwell
In the Footsteps of Daniel Boone $180
$280 to Friends of Rowan County Public Library, Salisbury
Hard Times in the Mill $1,378
$301 to Friends of the Rowan County Public Library, Salisbury
Still Cookin’ $1,552
$317 to Friends of the Rowan County Public Library, Salisbury
Hoofing It By Mule Across North Carolina $1,118
$350 to North Carolina Transportation Museum, Spencer
The Tar Heel Traveler $1,407
SAMPSON
$287 to First United Methodist Church, Clinton
Fannin’ the Heat Away $585
$350 to Cedar Point Disciple Church, Newton Grove
Breaking the Silence and Healing the Soul $1,127
SCOTLAND
$349 to Scotia Village Retirement Community, Laurinburg
The Sandhills: the Comforts of Tradition and Ritual $650
STOKES
$350 to Mount Airy Museum of Regional History, Mount Airy
Small Stories in the Big Picture $899
$350 to King Public Library, King
The Tar Heel Traveler $446
$350 to King Public Library, King
Hard Times in the Mill $470
SURRY
$350 to Mount Airy Museum of Regional History, Mount Airy
The Last Days of Black Beard the Pirate $1,176
$350 to Mount Airy Museum of Regional History, Mount Airy
The American Tobacco Culture: Our Heritage $547
TYRRELL
$350 to Tyrrell County Genealogical and Historical Society, Columbia
The Last Days of Black Beard the Pirate $304
VANCE
$350 to H. Leslie Perry Memorial Library, Henderson
Native Americans and Their Use of the Environment $942
WAKE
$250 to Lake Lynn Seniors, Raleigh
How Shipwrecks Shaped the Destiny of the Outer Banks $295
$350 to NC Capitol Foundation, Raleigh
Breaking the Silence and Healing the Soul $968
$329 to Gen. James Moore Chapter DAR, Wake Forest
Blackbeard! The Man Behind the Legend $740
$260 to Lake Lynn Seniors, Raleigh
The Tar Heel Traveler $155
$250 to Parkview Manor Senior Housing Center, Raleigh
Sit a Spell $195
$260 to Raleigh Sail and Power Squadron, Raleigh
The Tar Heel Traveler $190
$324 to Piney Grove Baptist Church, Fuquay Varina
Fannin’ the Heat Away $650
$250 to Passage Home, Raleigh
Sit a Spell $155
$321 to North Regional Library, Raleigh
The Many Faces of Islam: Beyond the Headlines $795
$250 toYWCA, Raleigh
Sit a Spell $65
WATANAGA
$337 to Outer Lifelong Learning Institute, Blowing Rock
North Carolina in a Bottle: An Overview of the NC Wine Industry $325
WAYNE
$341 to Wayne Community College, Goldsboro
America Without Indians $880
$304 to Wayne County Public Library, Goldsboro
The Tar Heel Traveler $335
$272 to Wayne County Historical Association, Goldsboro
James Longstreet: Scalawag or Scapegoat? $180
$307 to Wayne County Historical Association, Goldsboro
Southern Cooking, High and Low $412
$322 to Goldsboro Sail and Power Squadron, Goldsboro
How Shipwrecks Shaped the Destiny of the Outer Banks $881
$328 to Goldsboro Sail and Power Squadron, Goldsboro
On North Carolina Waters $777
YANCEY
$331 to Carolina Mountains Literary Festival, Burnsville
Southern Craft: A Revival in the Mountains $740
Ways to Give

UNRESTRICTED GIVING –
Unrestricted gifts support the Humanities Council wherever the need is greatest. Operational support is necessary for the day-to-day activities of the Council.

RESTRICTED GIVING – Gifts may be given to any of the Humanities Council’s programs or special initiatives, such as Museum on Main Street or Teachers Institute. These gifts allow donors to support those programs most closely aligned with their personal interests.

GIFTS AND PLEDGES OF CASH –
A gift of cash to the Humanities Council is the most common gift.

A pledge of support over multiple years allows donors the ability to support the Council at a higher level of commitment while enjoying a more flexible payment method.

MATCHING GIFTS – Many businesses and corporations offering matching gift programs that often match dollar-for-dollar charitable contributions given by their employees and, in some cases, former employees. Please consult your employer to see if your gift is eligible.

GIFTS OF STOCK – Transferring shares of stock to the Humanities Council is a convenient way for donors to support the Council and often offers tax benefits to the stockholder. Typically, transferring stock helps the donor avoid capital gains tax on appreciated shares of stock and often allows for a larger gift to the Council.

BEQUESTS AND PLANNED GIVING –
One of the simplest ways to give to the Humanities Council is to name the Council in your will. For information on how to make a bequest, or to find out about planned or deferred giving, please contact the Humanities Council to help find the best plan for you.

For more information, contact the North Carolina Humanities Council at (336) 334-5325.

Financial Overview

Listed below are the balance sheet, revenues, and expenses for the fiscal year ended October 31, 2011. The audited statement for fiscal year 2011 is available upon request. Contact Debbie Gainey, Finance and Grants Officer, with any questions.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Revenues</th>
<th>Expenses</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Public Support</strong></td>
<td><strong>Program Services</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH)</td>
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<td>State</td>
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<tr>
<td>Other gifts and grants</td>
<td>179,985</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Other Revenue</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Loss on sale of fixed asset</td>
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<tr>
<td>Interest income</td>
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<tr>
<td>Investment income (loss)</td>
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<td><strong>Total Revenue</strong></td>
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<td>Change in net assets</td>
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<td><strong>Net Assets: End of Year</strong></td>
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Laying Down Tracks: A Social Studies Teacher’s Notebook

*Timothy McDonough*

**Laying Down Tracks ~ A Study of Railroads as Myth, Reality, and Symbol** was the theme for the 2012 Teachers Institute Summer Seminar held at The Friday Center for Continuing Education in Chapel Hill, June 17-23. Through literature, art, music, and history, participants explored various viewpoints of railroads, considering how trains and railroads have functioned as symbols of power, change, and inevitability.

**Christmas in springtime!** Weeks before the Teachers Institute 2012 Summer Seminar would begin, select educators across the state received a present — a box of books and other reading material. Later, a seminar participant would comment how all these texts enhance his professional library — one of the goals, I discovered, of the Teachers Institute.

Good books and good learning experiences are full of information — and questions. Why are Black women, ill-dressed for the winter weather, cleaning up a railroad right-of-way? Why does the Illinois Central’s magazine feature a recurring racist cartoon? The most exalted position the “best and “brightest” of slave descendants can aspire to is “porter”? We read and we wrote.

Shouldn’t a railroad course be about Casey Jones and John Henry, robber barons and a lonesome train whistle, hopping freights before interstate highways existed? The seminar notebook and texts included all of the above and more: the golden spike joining East and West, the romance of the rails, plans for “high speed” rails — and the exploitation and corruption so evident in the building of the railroads. How do trains affect our lives today? Do they?

The seminar hadn’t even started yet.

A diverse group of 40 educators came together in Chapel Hill on the afternoon of June 17 to begin a week of learning. Among us were college instructors, librarians, school counselors, teachers of all grade levels and subject areas and of all kinds of students. Our ages and outlooks, accents and skin tones were as varied.

We were geographically diverse as well. An icebreaker required that we creatively merge to create our own North Carolina rail companies and routes. Piedmont people were most eager to find counterparts from Waynesville and Beaufort.

Thus, we began.

The core of these summer seminars is found in small group seminars designed as intense graduate-level experiences.

Dr. David Zonderman (History, NC State University) began with a discussion about the irony of a group of states seceding from their union with other states over the issue of state’s rights — and immediately forming a new “Confederate States,” banding together to fight a war. Almost incidentally, they needed some sort of coordinated railroad policy. In this new “nation,” who decided anything? The resulting Southern RR mess was inevitable.

Dr. Rachel Willis (American Studies and Economics, UNC Chapel Hill) brought a laser-like focus to determine who controls the rail corridor. She made clear that whether the plans are for interstate rail or intra-urban, serving the people and places is the most important task. Teachers should find such ways to make our lessons so clear to students.

Dr. Anne Baker (English, NC State University) delighted participants with a fresh literary perspective using poetry, short stories, and essays. A discussion of a Langston Hughes poem written in dialect sparked questions: If it’s uncomfortable, why? Does it put us back into Jim Crow times? Does it sound demeaning? Are these questions personal, political, aesthetic, racial? This historical and philosophical discussion — from a poem!
Teachers take a ride on the turn-table at the Bob Julian Roundhouse. The 37-bay roundhouse, built in 1924, is one of the largest remaining such structures in the country. The first 16 bays hold steam and diesel locomotives, cabooses, freight cars, and passenger cars. The roundhouse was dedicated as a Historical Mechanical and Engineering Landmark by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in 2011. Photo by Lou Nachman.

In the larger group, other quality academic aspects of the seminars were evident: visitors, guest lecturers, documentary film, art, music, related literature, class discussion, performance. From personnel at UNC’s School of Education and at Wilson Library we learned of a multitude of primary sources and additional resources available to us. We rode a train to spend the day at the North Carolina Museum of Transportation in Spencer and benefitted from “behind the scenes” experiences. All of this affords us with resources that we can use with our own students.

The seminar encouraged us toward a broad view of educational tools: they can be anything! Beyond those already mentioned come others such as signage, architecture, and design; competition, games, and prizes; customer relations, and scheduling of Amtrak; background strategy, politics, museum management, and government relations; a view from a train. The list of educational “supplies” is as limitless as human imagination, and the Teachers Institute experience made this quite apparent.

During the week we learned that standard gauge for railroad tracks is 56½ inches. Also called “Stephenson gauge” after a British railroad pioneer, it describes most of the track in the world. The various other spans in use are called “narrow gauge” and “broad gauge.” Brazil, for example, has both broad and narrow gauge, thousands of miles of each.

When I was growing up in Cooperstown, NY in the 1950s and 60s, a Delaware and Hudson freight train came about a hundred yards from my front door. Passenger service had been discontinued long before. A friend lived with his family in the former passenger terminal, and we used to play in their giant “baggage room.” The last scheduled passenger train departed from that ornate stone station 78 years ago.

The specifics about Brazil and my childhood do not come from our summer seminar syllabus.

But the spark to learn does.

I look into track width and the D&H because I want to know. This is not likely subject matter for my students. But teaching them to follow up on ideas that interest them — to investigate further and learn more — is certainly something all of us can learn from “Laying Down Tracks.” And that lesson most definitely will roll into my lessons.

Timothy McDonough is a social studies teacher, grades 6-12, at the Lakeview at Red Mill Road school in Durham, NC. A Teachers Institute alumnus, he completed the 2009 spring semester course, “The South in Black and White,” a collaboration between the North Carolina Humanities Council and the Center for Documentary Studies at Duke University. He also attended the fall 2009 Teachers Institute weekend seminar in Wilmington, NC, “The Segregated South Through Autobiography.” In this article, McDonough reflects on his experience at the week-long 2012 Teachers Institute Summer Seminar.
Caroline Courter (Pender County Schools) was selected as a North Carolina Kenan Fellow to work with DPI consultants on STEM curriculum and lessons for the Southeastern Region. In August, Courter began her doctoral studies at UNC Wilmington in Curriculum and Instruction/Supervision in Education.

Justin Harper (Cleveland County Schools), who participated in a 2010 weekend seminar on “roots music” in conjunction with the Museum on Main Street exhibition of New Harmonies, participated in the opening of that exhibit in Cleveland County. This year, the Cleveland County Elementary Honors Chorus performed a song Harper composed entitled “Carolina.” The lyrics were inspired by the 2010 seminar in Mt. Airy.


Kwame Nyerere (Winston-Salem/Forsyth Schools) was selected as one of twenty-five NEH Summer Scholars from a national pool to attend a four-week institute in Chicago, “African American Political History.” He will develop innovative curriculum on African American political history for use in his classroom after the summer institute.

Craven Peay (Rockingham County Schools) was selected as Teacher of the Year (2011–2012) for Rockingham County Middle School.

Theresa Pierce (Rowan/Salisbury Schools), who was honored as the school system’s Teacher of the Year (2011–2012), has moved from the position of curriculum coach at Overton Elementary School. She began teaching World History at the Rowan County Early College in August.

Debbie Russell, formerly a teacher with the Rockingham County Schools, has completed her course work for the Ph.D. in American history at UNC Greensboro. She has been elected for a two-year term as president of the Alpha Delta Chapter of Delta Kappa Gamma, an international educational society for outstanding women educators.

Jane Shipman (Dare County), the 2011-2012 Teacher of the Year for First Flight High School, has renewed her National Board Certification. She coordinates the school system’s China Partnership through which students from Wuxi, China, visit Dare County every fall and teachers spend time in China every other year. Shipman has begun doctoral studies at NC State University for a degree in New Literacies and Global Studies.

Kristi Short (Guilford Technical Community College), a communications instructor, serves as the Online Degree Program Coordinator at GTCC. She has been selected as the Implementation Director for “Completion by Design,” a collaborative program with four other NC community colleges, designed to improve completion rates for young, low-income students. The program is funded through the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation.

Rebecca Summer (Caldwell County Schools) was recognized by her colleagues as the Caldwell County Schools Assistant Principal of the Year. Summer is the Assistant Principal of Hudson Elementary School in Hudson, NC.

Kelly White and Ric Arnold (Caldwell County Schools) moved to Busan, South Korea, in July where they will teach English. During the 2011–2012 academic year, White conducted a year-long writing project with her creative writing students based on work she did at the 2010 and 2011 Teachers Institute Summer Seminars focusing on the importance of “place” and identity. She involved not only students and teachers from her school, but also school board members and other members of the community. Over 200 people contributed to the contents of the final booklet, published with financial support from the Education Foundation, Inc. of Caldwell County.
Teachers Prepare Students for Digital Documentation of Journey Stories

Eight teachers began their own journeys on March 31, 2012, as they participated in a Teachers Institute seminar which helped them explore ways of engaging their own students in becoming “junior curators” — conducting oral histories, collecting photographs and artifacts, and digitizing this information in ways that begin to tell the “journey stories” of their families and communities.

The seminar, partially funded by a Youth Access grant from the Smithsonian Institution’s Museum on Main Street Program (MoMS), was based on the North Carolina Humanities Council’s current MoMS exhibition, Journey Stories.

Held at Barton College in Wilson, NC, this seminar brought together educators from Robeson County, Wilson County, and Pender County. Dr. Benjamin Filene, director of the Public History program at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, served as scholar for this program. Teachers were Donna Dial-Jacobs, Karena Kimble Locklear, and James Rosemond (Robeson County Schools); Jessica LeCrone, Kimberly Newkirk, Sheri Sammons, and Jennifer Sicilia (Wilson County Schools); and Caroline Courter (Pender County Schools). Also participating were Blake Tyner, director of the Robeson County History Museum and Nancy Van Dolsen, director of the North Carolina Museum of the Coastal Plain.

Throughout April and May, these educators worked with their students to conduct oral histories in their families and communities and to digitally document various journey stories. Some of these stories can be found at www.storiesfrommainstreet.org.

The MoMS Journey Stories exhibition, along with additional presentations from some of these teachers and their students, was in Pender County (June 23–August 4), and will be in Wilson County (November 17–December 20) and Robeson County (February 23–April 6).

Fall Teachers Institute Seminar: Journey Stories in Western North Carolina
October 11–14, 2012

Working with scholars from the Mountain Heritage Center (MHC) at Western Carolina University, the Teachers Institute will offer a fall seminar in conjunction with the North Carolina Humanities Council’s Museum on Main Street traveling Smithsonian Institution exhibition, Journey Stories.

The exhibition, which will be at the MHC September 29 – November 9, focuses on immigration, migration, innovation, forced moves, and freedom. Twenty-five public school educators will be selected to participate in the seminar which will be led by Dr. Scott Philyaw, historian and Director of the MHC, and assisted by MHC Curator Pamela Meister. Meister describes the mountains of western North Carolina as “rich in journey stories, from ancient Cherokee legends to tales of today’s vacationers.” One of these journey stories is featured in a special exhibit at MHC — that of Horace Kephart, who came to the state early in the twentieth century and joined the movement to create a Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

The North Carolina Center for the Advancement of Teaching (NCCAT) will offer a follow-up weekend seminar, April 19–21, designed for these teachers to continue research begun in the fall. As NCCAT Teacher Scholars in Residence, participating teachers will have access to additional resources for curricular planning based on Journey Stories in Western North Carolina.
In 1750, a fifteen-year-old named Daniel Boone helped his Pennsylvania family load their belongings onto six covered wagons, in preparation for a lengthy journey to North Carolina’s Yadkin Valley. As they set off, the Boones joined thousands of similar families on an Indian trading path that had become known as the Great Wagon Road, journeying from their increasingly crowded colony to one where farmland was plentiful and cheap.

A hundred years later, an enslaved Wilmingtonian named Abraham Galloway sought his fortune in the opposite direction. Galloway and a friend persuaded a Wilmington ship’s captain to stow them aboard his Philadelphia-bound vessel. After several anxious days concealed among barrels of pitch and turpentine, the pair reached Pennsylvania. Sympathetic abolitionists helped Galloway on to Canada, where he became a brick mason and an antislavery activist.

These two very different journeys highlight the powerful role played by movement and mobility in North Carolina history, as well as the energy and determination with which the state’s varied residents have responded to the constraints and possibilities around them.

Journeys such as these are being showcased around the state this year, as part of a new Smithsonian Institution exhibition entitled Journey Stories. Touring under the direction of the North Carolina Humanities Council, Journey Stories chronicles more than three centuries of American movement. At each North Carolina stop — in Burgaw, Wentworth, Cullowhee, Wilson, Spencer, and Lumberton — locally created displays will explore the effects such movements have had on our state and its history.

Journey Stories provides a varied and thought-provoking account of American mobility. Photos, quotes, songs, artifacts, and images document journeys that range from the hunting expeditions pursued by the continent’s first inhabitants, to the westward push of waves of fortune-seeking immigrants, to the peregrinations of residents who had to fight for rights and recognition in almost every place they stopped. Soldiers, explorers, traders, vacationers, civil rights activists, and many others find a place within the exhibition’s bounds.

The stories radiate aspiration, excitement, and hardship as the exhibition’s protagonists encounter new challenges to meet and master, new ideas to discover and absorb, new landscapes and people to contend with and learn from. The stories also offer a telling lens for viewing
perused the displays, they began to reminisce about their own family journeys, adding new tales of arrival, departure, and return.

Displays at other venues will further multiply these stories, underscoring the ways that North Carolina journeys

highlighting the eagerness with which North Carolinians embraced new ways to travel. Another documented the many generations of Pender County residents who left home to fight in one war after another: the Revolution, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, World War I, and World War II. As opening-day visitors

opened the displays, they began to reminisce about their own family journeys, adding new tales of arrival, departure, and return.

Displays at other venues will further multiply these stories, underscoring the ways that North Carolina journeys

our own state’s history, prodding North Carolinians to reflect on where we have come from, where we are, where we aspire to go.

The plethora of stories offers a wide range of food for thought. At the exhibition’s North Carolina opening, for example, the locally produced displays at the Pender County Library emphasized the broad range of journeys undertaken by the residents of just that single county. Maps, photographs, and advertisements documented successive waves of immigration: eighteenth-century newcomers from England, Africa, and Wales; twentieth-century immigrants from Italy, Holland, and Germany; more recent arrivals from Asia, Latin America, and the Middle East. One panel showcased photographs of local residents alongside trains, steamboats, automobiles, and airplanes,
have been marked by conflict as well as aspiration, have both divided and united our state’s residents. One of Wentworth’s exhibits will detail the years just after the American Revolution, when the combined efforts of blacks and whites, free men and slaves, made it possible for flat-bottomed bateaux to traverse the dangerous waters of the Dan River, expanding the region’s horizons as well as its commercial prospects. Cullowhee’s displays will touch on the Trail of Tears, the journey forced on those Cherokee who lived in the path of fortune-seeking Europeans.

These intersecting stories weave a complex tale of individual and community transformation. New arrivals often came with strength and determination developed through arduous journeys. This energy disrupted existing traditions in ways that could be either destructive or creative, depending on perspective and circumstance. Bitter conflicts could emerge that ranged from land disputes to labor strife to tensions over language and religion. Or residents could reach across cultural and political divides, using new ideas to refashion and revitalize customs and institutions. Shorter journeys could have similar effects, as residents returned from vacations, trading expeditions, years at college, or time in military service with new ideas and experiences.

For those of us who make North Carolina our home, these kinds of journeys — the cultural journeys that continue after travelers reach their destinations — hold particular significance. Again, the stories of Daniel Boone and Abraham Galloway highlight these variations.

Daniel Boone had few rivals when it came to telling tales of adventures, of battles, friendships and betrayals, discovery, imprisonment, and escape. Pressing ever westward, he blazed trails that many others followed. But while he created lasting legends, he left few of his own marks on the places where he paused. He kept his family on the go, moving from North Carolina to a succession of Kentucky cabins and finally out to the westernmost edge of European settlement. When Kentucky’s state leaders wanted to memorialize their most famous pioneer, they had to journey to Missouri to retrieve his bones.

Abraham Galloway, in contrast, departed and then returned. Born into a situation that neither he nor his African ancestors had chosen, he used his wits and his determination to escape. But rather than turning his back on the oppression he had fled, he worked to end it. When the Civil War broke out, he used his abolitionist connections to join the Union Army as a soldier and a spy. He spent the war years traversing the swamps, forests, and plantations where he had grown up, gathering information and recruits. After the Union victory, he settled back in Wilmington and won election to the North Carolina legislature where he helped write legislation that bestowed on all North Carolinians the rights he had been forced to journey to obtain.

All around us, the patterns of movement that Journey Stories documents continue to shape our world. Families still journey...
to North Carolina in search of better lives, coming from all across the globe and bearing an ever-broader range of experience and tradition. Travel, war, business, and education still carry North Carolinians far from home and back again. We too must determine which roles we want to give to tradition and new ideas, when to move away from hardship and when to stand squarely and confront it.

In the face of an uncertain future, the many journeys taken by predecessors offer warning, inspiration, and a wide range of possibilities. We can take heart from the remarkable energy that Journey Stories contains, the striving of so many different people over so many years. We can pause at the moments when interests and ambitions clashed, when the rise of one group of people’s fortunes came at the expense of another’s. We can draw insights from the transformations sparked by individual journeys and from the moments when varied groups of residents pooled their skills and resources to confront common challenges. Visit Journey Stories if at all possible. It will be well worth the trip.
The Bull City Soul Revival

Tracie Fellers

A series of events presented in Durham this spring as part of The Bull City Soul Revival project — with the sponsorship of the Durham County Library and various supporting organizations, and grant funding from the North Carolina Humanities Council — was nearly as wide-ranging as the stories of the music and local musicians that the project documented. The month-long slate of programs started March 27, 2012, with a lecture presented by Dwandalyn Reece, the curator of music and performing arts for the Smithsonian Institution’s National Museum of African American History and Culture. Her remarks anticipated the 2015 opening of the museum and addressed the importance of collecting the local narratives that are key to telling the national story of the tremendous influence African American music has had on American culture.

Reece’s opening lecture was delivered on the campus of North Carolina Central University, an influential site in the development of Durham’s R&B and soul musicians of the 1960s and ’70s. The historically black liberal arts school has a long history of providing a comprehensive curriculum in music and was a training ground for musicians like bass guitarist Aaron Mills, who went on to worldwide fame as a member of the funk band Cameo in the ’70s and ’80s, and drummer Pete Joyner, who cut his teeth as a musician with some of Durham’s best-known soul bands — the Jammers, the Black Experience Band, and Johnny White and the Elite Band. Saxophonist Stanley Baird, whose popular jazz group regularly performs in the Triangle and beyond, not only graduated from NCCU but also taught at the university during the early years of its jazz studies program. During a panel discussion featuring Mills, Joyner, trumpeter Charles Bailey, and vocalist Vernelle Mack, now a Raleigh minister and gospel artist, Mills recalled connecting with Cameo after first playing on a national stage with Baird and other NCCU musicians in the band New Central Connection Unlimited (N.C.C.U.). That seven-man group — another example of Durham’s rich, yet little-known history when it comes to the golden age of soul music — was assembled by jazz legend and then NCCU adjunct professor Donald Byrd in the mid- to late-’70s. Members of Cameo, perhaps as well-known for their over-the-top costumes as their signature funk sound, “weren’t the kind of musicians I was used to,” said Mills, reflecting on writing music for all of the songs the band was performing when he joined the group. “Thank God for the professors at NCCU because I knew how to read and write music,” he said.

It’s stories like those shared by Mills and countless other musicians with Durham ties — stories only they can tell — that inspired “The Bull City Soul Revival” (BCSR) project. As noted by the organizers, including filmmaker and singer Jaisun McMillian, BCSR began as an effort to celebrate and call attention to the R&B and soul music of the 1960s and ’70s created and interpreted by Durham musicians who made names for themselves in groups such as Duracha, the Communicators, and The Modulations. (First known as the Pimps, The Modulations put their hometown in the national spotlight with a memorable appearance on Soul Train in 1976.) The stories of many of the area musicians who contributed to Durham’s R&B and soul legacy were introduced to public audiences with the BCSR “Soul Souvenirs” exhibit. Curated by local historian Joshua Clark Davis and Carolina Soul website founder Jason Perlmutter, this notable collection of photographs, records, articles, and other artifacts, interwoven with invaluable histories and reflections, was on display at Hayti Heritage Center.

As the project evolved, it became “more than a celebration of the music,” said McMillian, a member of the original BCSR steering committee. Through Triangle Virtual Media, a film and graphic media company McMillian runs with filmmaking partner Victor Stone, the pair produced the first edition of a BCSR documentary, titled “Bull City Soul Revival: A Tribute to Durham’s Music Legends.” It premiered at the closing BCSR event at a Hayti Heritage Center concert featuring performances by Johnny White and the Elite Band and a new generation of artists putting their own spin on soul. Those twenty-first century grooves came courtesy of The Beast, a band fronted by

Tracie Fellers is a freelance writer and editor who started her career writing for daily newspapers in North Carolina and Virginia. Her fiction has appeared in Obsidian, Long Story Short: Flash Fiction by Sixty-Five of North Carolina’s Finest Writers, and roger, the art and literary magazine of Roger Williams University. She has published creative nonfiction in the journal Sing Heavenly Muse! and has received awards for her fiction from N.C. State and the National Council for Black Studies. She lives and works in Durham.
Pierce Freelon, son of Durham’s own jazz luminary Nnenna Freelon, and a young band that has taken on a name familiar to old-school soul fans in Durham: the Black Experience.

McMillian’s and Stone’s involvement with BCSR grew out of their work on “Hayti: The Legacy of Black America,” a documentary about Durham’s historic Hayti community: “Everything they (African American musicians) needed was there in Hayti,” she added, from the Biltmore Hotel to theaters to an array of other black-owned businesses. With the Hayti film, and now BCSR, McMillian and Stone “wanted to highlight Durham’s uniqueness.” “Music is the way different cultures learn about each other,” she said, “and this music reflects the culture of America, the conscience of America,” and everything that was happening during the Civil Rights era. This was also echoed in how project scholar Mark Anthony Neal of Duke University characterized soul music as the soundtrack for the American imagination in his presentation.

In the midst of that era, long before he managed Durham soul group Duracha in the early to mid-1970s, Melvin Alston was rooted in the city’s R&B and soul music scene. Not only did he see the Hillside High School students who first formed Duracha — named for Durham, Raleigh and Chapel Hill — develop into excellent musicians and upstanding young men, but Alston, a guitar player, also was a regular patron of the city’s range of soul music clubs. The Stallion Club on Highway 55, where he worked as a security guard in the mid-1960s, was the biggest, Alston recalled, reminiscing about being there on opening night, when Solomon Burke, one of the biggest soul stars of his day, was the headliner.

That space and many others are no longer. Some, like the Stallion Club, were shut down by deliberate acts of violence. Others fell to changing tastes and times. But thanks to The Bull City Soul Revival, the legacy of the places, spaces, music, and musicians of a vital era in Durham’s history — and the nation’s history — will live on.

The Bull City Soul Revival: Pride in Place and Time

Jaisun McMillian

The success of The Bull City Soul Revival (BCSR) surpassed my expectations. For me it was almost spiritual. As a member of two of the country’s most popular music groups in the 50s and 60s, The Platters and Martha Reeves’ Vandellas, I understood pride in place and time. As a musician, it is important to have your music appreciated and feel that you have left a mark. The purity of soul music was violated in its prime, as other genres began to use it as a foundation to “crossover.” It is way past time to honor the music legends who have left their mark on our hearts. Working under the direction of Carter Cue, librarian at Durham’s Stanford Warren Library, young and old musicians, scholars, and historians came together to plan our strategy. Word about the project spread throughout the east coast. Phone messages and emails began to flood my message boxes. I heard from Cookie and Olivia Harris, sisters who were once a part of Durham’s music scene. Cookie made calls to musicians and forwarded photos of Leon Pendarvis, music director for the “Saturday Night Live” and Blues Brothers band, and Bif Henderson, David

The Modulations

The Modulations to Head Artists On This Week’s “Soul Train”

My greatest source of pride in developing the BCSR was the opportunity to sit down with the remaining members of The Modulations, Nick Allen, Larry Duncan, and Hoyal Saunders. I wanted them to know that their success was a source of enduring pride for their fellow musicians and the people of Durham. They each talked candidly, remembering the late Henry Channell and others, and reminisced about the day of “the call” to appear on *Soul Train*. Their wives sat nearby. The room was filled with emotion.

Opening night of the “Soul Souvenirs” exhibit created by Jason Perlmutter, Josh Davis, and Lincoln Hancock had music from the era playing in the background. The more people saw, the more they remembered. The more they remembered, the more they shared with each other. One lady pointed at a poster of the Jammers and told a story of John Snells in a wedding dress. Alice McClary, one of the original founders of our band, Risse, brought boxes of old photographs and mementos to share. On one photo, my partner Victor wore a huge gheri curl (a hairstyle) and a leopard design jumpsuit. Another woman brought ticket stubs from a big concert at the Dorton Arena featuring the Chi Lites, the Communicators, and the Black Experience Band.

People are now following BCSR on Twitter, Facebook, and the bullcity-soulrevival.org website, waiting for updates and announcements of future events. This project has created a way to connect music education to Durham’s history and to reach new audiences who can take pride in the communities where they live.

Jaisun McMillian is a screenwriter, playwright, and multimedia producer. She is also an accomplished vocalist and former performing member of the Platters and Martha Reeves and the Vandellas.
Soul Souvenirs

Jason Perlmutter and Joshua Clark Davis

I was checking my post office box one Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago — something I don’t do very often — and this young guy came up and asked, “My name is Jason Perlmutter. Are you Pete Joyner who used to play with the Jammers? I’ve been looking for you!” Let me just say that I was blown away. Not only did Jason know about what I had done in Durham, but he even knew that I played on “Trying to Make Ends Meet” by the Apaches, a band I worked with while living in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in the 1970s. I guess it pays to advertise drum lessons on the side of my truck, which is how Jason figured out who I am.

That was how Pete Joyner, longtime Durham musician, explained on opening night how he became involved with The Bull City Soul Revival (BCSR) exhibition “Soul Souvenirs: Durham’s Musical Memories from the 1960s and 1970s.” Indeed, Joyner’s story suggests the careful preparations, collaborative spirit, community involvement, and even the luck that helped make the “Soul Souvenirs” exhibit successful. Bringing together photographs, personal recollections, rare recordings, and stories from the Carolina Times, Durham’s historically African American newspaper, “Soul Souvenirs” represented the first in-depth narrative about the history of soul, R&B, and funk music in the Bull City. Working across generational and racial lines, with help from graphic designers Lincoln Hancock and Robin Vuchnich and project director Carter Cue of the Durham Public Library, we collaborated with dozens of veterans of Durham’s musical scene to craft the exhibit. While some of these connections arose from research that we undertook years before the BCSR ever came to be, the project would not have turned out as well as it did without generous, sometimes serendipitous assistance from Durham community members.

For the numerous local musicians who visited the exhibit, “Soul Souvenirs” provided not only welcome but also, in many cases, overdue recognition of past accomplishments. The exhibit offered musicians the chance to see photographs of their peers and themselves that they had not seen in years — or in some cases, had never seen before. For younger Durham natives, many of them African

Jason Perlmutter is a collector and researcher of local music of the Carolinas. In 2005, he founded the Carolina Soul website, as a home for discography and articles on soul recordings from North and South Carolina.

Joshua Clark Davis has researched, spoken, and written extensively on the history of soul music businesses. His article “For the Records: How African American Consumers and Music Retailers Created Commercial Public Space in the 1960s and 1970s South” examines record stores like Snoopy’s in Durham and appeared in the journal Southern Cultures in winter 2011.

(L to R): Jason Perlmutter, Johnny White, and Joshua Clark. Photo courtesy of Jason Perlmutter.
Despite profiling over forty different performing acts, there were still more bands that we had somehow overlooked. And in some cases, we never found photographs for bands we had identified. Still, the “Soul Souvenirs” exhibit documented an often-forgotten dimension of Durham’s local cultural history and can serve as a model for similar exhibits on local musical history throughout the state in cities like Charlotte, Greensboro, and Fayetteville.

Stories like Pete Joyners’ showed our audiences that the history of local music can be discovered all around us if we open our eyes and earnestly try to communicate with our community about its musical heritage. In a number of instances, Durham musicians and community members directed us to historic materials that we otherwise would have never found. Johnny White of the Elite Band located a rare poster of his former outfit; concert promoter Roosevelt Lipscomb supplied promotional materials from his lengthy career; and musicians like “Little Nick” Allen of The Modulations and Charles Bailey of the Black Experience Band shared photographs from their personal collections. Melvin Alston, a former manager of Duralcha, brought by a photo of that band on the opening night. To our knowledge, it is the only color photograph of Duralcha and serves as a fitting example of how documenting the history of a musical scene is a constant work in progress.

More Voices from The Bull City Soul Revival

Darrell D. Stover

Eleanor “Cookie” Harris and her sister, Olivia, grew up teenagers in Durham during the Motown era of the 1960s. Those years were saturated with gospel songs sung at Mount Vernon Baptist Church and soul music heard through the radio on WSRC and played at family gatherings and teen parties. Back then soul was also offered up on the WRAL-TV Teenage Frolics dance show hosted by J.D. Lewis, a former Montford Marine and Morehouse College graduate. The sisters would enjoy that show, sing, dance, and share the aspirations of many of their peers (just like the teens of today) to get on the microphone and explore their creative selves. Vocal performance was that aspect of soul music heritage where young women expressed themselves as lead singers in vocal ensembles or as back-up singers. Cookie and Olivia would do both, nurtured by the music-loving Hayti community of Durham. “It was…a wonderful life experience,” Cookie says of her days in various groups throughout Durham.

After starting on their grandmother’s front porch — with neighborly encouragement — Cookie sang at Whitted Junior High School. There, she with three other schoolmates performed the doo-wop hit “In the Still of the Night.” Olivia sang at talent shows at the historic Hillside High School. Cookie recalls parties at the “Y”
on Umstead Street and singing in the talent competition at W.D. Hill Recreation Center. These were essential outlets for youthful energy, but most importantly they were major spaces for social development and guidance. Etiquette was taught alongside parliamentary procedure. The highlight at many of these places were radio DJ’s Dr. Jive, Jammie Diddy, Norflee Whitted, or Thurmond Ruth making visits or better yet, hosting parties and talent shows.

Cookie and Olivia were in an ensemble called The Diamonds in 1968; they wore costumes Cookie designed and sewed. Along with Sonja Hedgpeth, they sang such songs as “Dry Your Eyes” by Brenda and the Tabulations, “Baby Love” by Diana Ross and the Supremes, and “Think” by Aretha Franklin. Cookie says her voice was like Diana Ross’, Olivia’s was like Aretha Franklin’s, and Sonja’s was like Gladys Knight’s. What a collective of all-star, soul-stirring sound to grace venues throughout Durham and beyond, including the Durham Armory, the Civic Center, and the ever-vital W.D. Hill Recreation Center. They would eventually sing with separate bands. They would perform at the Stallion Club, fraternity parties in Chapel Hill, and Sonny Smith’s night club — Sonja with Gwendolyn Hudson in Candy and the Kisses, Cookie with the Soul Masters, and Olivia with Thomas Parker in True Deliverance. The Soul Masters would do covers of the Isley Brothers “It’s Your Thang,” Candi Staton’s “I’m a Victim,” and Aretha Franklin’s “Heard It through the Grapevine.” Sonny Smith’s nightclub was special, Cookie says. It was “a small venue...where you honed your craft.”

They saw acts such as The Temptations, Joe Tex, and Archie Bell and the Drells on the nearby North Carolina Central University campus and were inspired by the entrepreneurship of the students putting on those events. Cookie would wonder, “Wow, they are so talented. How do they interact with their families? What are they like as persons?” She compared these thoughts to when she would go on the road to Fayetteville under the watchful eye of guitarist Moose, the barber on Fayetteville Street, with the Soul Masters, all working class musicians who had day jobs. She worked at that time at the Jumble Boutique store owned by entrepreneur Sonny Smith. She reflects, “I always had a job, because everybody is not going to make it” — wise words from someone who sang with her sister in one of the latter versions of the Marvelettes, toured in a vaudeville show with Sherman Hemsley and Tiny Tim, and appeared in the early Al Pacino film Serpico once she went off to New York.

“My grandmother told me to look out for city slickers,” was the warning she still recalls when she remembers performances at the Apollo Theatre and Catskill Mountain resorts. Cookie and Olivia return to Durham often with their own soul music memories, which they contributed to The Bull City Soul Revival through stories and photographs. Cookie’s characterization of that time is probably similar to many of the musicians’ and singers’ experiences: “Growin’ up in Durham was a very, very beautiful place, because everybody took care of you.”

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Thomas Parker (kneeling), Olivia Harris, and other members of True Deliverance. Photo courtesy of Eleanor “Cookie” Harris.
Humanities Council Welcomes New Leadership

The North Carolina Humanities Council thanks for his tenure as a trustee Robert (Bob) Brunk of Asheville, Buncombe County (term 2006-2012). Brunk has given generously of his time to the Humanities Council, in fundraising, promotion, oversight and evaluation. He has contributed greatly to the common good of North Carolina. Without the commitment of volunteers like him, the Council could not offer its extensive array of humanities programs throughout the state.

The North Carolina Humanities Council also welcomes Mark Costley of Durham, Durham County. Costley is an attorney who helps individuals, families, and businesses with all legal aspects of the management of their financial affairs. He received an AB, Magna Cum Laude, from Duke University in 1982, and was awarded his Juris Doctorate in 1985 by the Duke University School of Law. He is currently a Senior Member of Walker Lambe Rhudy Costley & Gill, PLLC, where he practices in the areas of Estate Planning, Estate and Trust Administration, Asset Protection Planning, and Business Succession Planning. Costley has served as a member of the Board of Trustees of Duke University, as Chairman of the Board of the Servant Center, Inc., a member of the Board of Directors of the Carrboro Arts Center, and President of the Durham Orange Estate Planning Council.

In addition, the Council would like to thank outgoing 2010-2012 Chair and Vice Chair Townsend (Towny) Ludington and Hephzibah Roskelly for their service as officers.

The incoming Chair is Cynthia (Cindy) Brodhead, and the incoming Vice Chair is Richard Schramm.

Brodhead, as the spouse of the president of Duke University, spends much of her time working to extend the outreach of the president to university and community constituencies. She is a member of the advisory boards of Duke’s Nasher Museum of Art and Sarah P. Duke Gardens. She also currently serves on the boards of directors of Carolina Ballet, Preservation North Carolina, the Durham Arts Council, the Central North Carolina Chapter of the American Red Cross, and St. Joseph’s Historic Foundation Hayti Heritage Center.

Schramm is vice president for Education Programs with the National Humanities Center, where he previously served in various executive management positions. Schramm served as adjunct professor of English and a coordinator for the Program in the Humanities at UNC Chapel Hill. He was a consultant to five U.S. Department of Education Teaching American History projects in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Minnesota, and to the NEH Humanities Faculty Workshop in Vermont. Schramm is author of numerous publications, including James Agee in Southern Writers: A Biographical Dictionary; James Agee in Fifty Southern Writers after 1900; and reviews of Reynolds Price’s Early Dark in Southern Exposure and “The Restless Journey of James Agee” in the Southern Humanities Review. Schramm holds three degrees from the UNC Chapel Hill: a B.A. and M.A. in English and a Ph.D. in American literature. His dissertation is titled James Agee and the South.

Cindy Brodhead and Richard Schramm at the 2011 Advisory Board dinner.
Mission Statement

The North Carolina Humanities Council serves as an advocate for lifelong learning and thoughtful dialogue about all facets of human life. It facilitates the exploration and celebration of the many voices and stories of North Carolina’s cultures and heritage.

The North Carolina Humanities Council is committed to

- an interdisciplinary approach to the humanities
- dialogue
- discovery and understanding of the humanities — culture, identity, and history
- respect for individual community members and community values
- humanities scholarship and scholars to develop humanities perspectives
- cultural diversity and inclusiveness
- informed and active citizenship as an outgrowth of new awareness of self and community.

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Charlotte
with new sprouts growing from their
great trunks. The path grew increas-
ingly rough and steep, but we were not
yet tired, still fed by our excitement and
aided by walking sticks we had carved.

According to the trail markers, we were
about six miles into the hike when we
began discussing food. We had eaten
most of the nuts and dried fruit we had
packed and realized we would be very
hungry before we finished the hike.

"Why don't we catch something and
roast it," Leon suggested eagerly. "We
have matches and pocket knives and
could cook something over a good,
hot fire."

"We haven't seen any animals," I
suggested, "and if we did, how would
we catch anything?"

"Let's each carry a stone," Orrie urged.
"Maybe about the size of a golf ball, and
if we see something, maybe we can hit it.
I've eaten rabbit and it was really good."

I wondered if there were any rabbits in
this forest.

We each picked up a stone, mine a
piece of red granite, which my hand,
seeking a smooth side, rotated while
we hiked. The vision of a frontier
dinner stayed in our minds as we
negotiated the trail, now through a field
of large boulders. At the edge of the
open field, as we were about to reenter

The Fallen
Bird

Robert Brunk

The three of us, Orrie Clemens, Leon
Yoder, and I were, in 1961, freshmen at
Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana. Many
late nights we talked about our boring
lives and how much we longed for an
adventure, something exciting, maybe
risky, to break the monotony of our thus
far plain, predictable, Mennonite lives. We
decided to go west on a camping trip to
The Grand Tetons, though none of us had
much experience in outdoor life, or hiking
in rough terrain. We had seen photos of
snowy peaks rising from the plains in
western Wyoming and were intrigued
by the idea of exploring a remote moun-
tainous region.

Orrie drove his tiny, dark blue Opal
from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to
Shipshewanna, Indiana, to pick up Leon,
then to Lombard, Illinois, to add me
and my borrowed sleeping bag to the
remaining space in the car. As we traveled
west across Kansas and Colorado, we

Robert Brunk has been president and founder for 30 years of Brunk Auctions based in Asheville, North Carolina. He is the editor and publisher of two volumes, May We All Remember Well: A Journal of the History and Cultures of Western North Carolina; “Volume II” was awarded the Thomas Wolfe Literary Award in 2003. Brunk has taught sociology and anthropology at UNC Asheville for five years and had a 12-year career as a wood worker and sculptor. He has served on the Advisory Board of the Museum of Early Southern Decorative Arts, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and the Board of the Asheville Art Museum, Asheville, North Carolina. Brunk has been a trustee of the North Carolina Humanities Council since 2006. Currently, he is completing work on a memoir. This personal essay was previously published in the 2012 Bear River Review.

Photo courtesy of Robert Brunk.
the deep woods, a covey of birds, six or eight, thundered up in front of us. “Aim for the last one!” Orrie shouted, and reflexively all three of us threw our stones, now warm from being held.

The flight of the last bird lost its even trajectory, the beating of its wings now erratic as it dove to the earth, its body swaying like a rudderless ship. It landed at the edge of the woods. “We got it,” someone yelled as we raced to claim our prize. It was a half-grown Ruffed Grouse, its neck broken either by a stone or from its fall. We watched as it quivered, its eye motionless, its fine, speckled feathers shaking slightly as its life slipped away. Then it moved no more.

We were bewildered by what we had done and looked in horror at the dead bird. I wondered how we could have done this. How could we have killed a beautiful, wild bird? Were we still children, living in a make-believe world?

None of us spoke as we dug a hole to bury the bird. We used pointed sticks and stones with sharp edges to scratch at the ground, but the earth yielded itself only with great effort, the soil held by a tough web of roots. We sawed through the largest of them with the serrated blade of Leon’s Swiss army knife. When our awkward, ill-equipped work was finished, I lined the shallow cavity with green moss before I lay the light, soft body of the limp bird in its crude grave. With our hands we gently pushed the small pile of soil over the body of the bird. We placed two rows of flat stones on the slight mound of disturbed dirt.

We did not speak of the death of the fallen bird for the rest of the day, nor the next day, nor for the rest of the trip; the excursion now barren of any joy or intrigue. I wondered if I would ever forget how the very ground shifted beneath my feet that day as I leapt across the field of large boulders, or if I would ever forget how the air sounded without the beating of wings.
The North Carolina Humanities Council serves as an advocate for lifelong learning and thoughtful dialogue about all facets of human life. It facilitates the exploration and celebration of the many voices and stories of North Carolina’s cultures and heritage. The North Carolina Humanities Council is a statewide nonprofit and affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities.