43. In his recent book on the civil rights movement in the pre-Brown era, John Egerton poses the following questions regarding Judge Waring's fate: "Would white Charlestonians have acted more charitably toward Wartie Waring if he had ruled against segregation but never divorced his first wife? Would they have ostracized him if he had divorced but not ruled? Would Waring have changed his mind about white supremacy if he hadn't married Elizabeth Avery? The questions are intriguing, but unanswerable." Egerton, Speak Now Against the Day, 593. I would argue that these questions are moot. Given the intense overlapping of southern gender and racial mores, one cannot take these as discreet questions.

44. C. C. Phillips to Judge Waring, 27 November [1950?], hate mail file, box 23, series C, Waring Papers.

45. Anonymous to Elizabeth Waring, 20 January 1950, hate mail file, box 23, series C, Judge Julius Wartie Waring Papers, Moorland-Spingarn Research Center, Howard University, Washington, D.C.

46. See, for example, James F. Byrnes to Robert S. Allen, 28 October 1950, folder 1390, Byrnes Papers; William Jennings Bryan Dorn to Reverend Fritz C. Beach, 2 August 1948, folder 9, box 112, campaign series, personal papers; and anonymous typed testimonial (probably Dorn), n.d., correspondence file, box 23, public papers, William Jennings Bryan Dorn Papers, 1912–1988, Modern Political Collections, South Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina, Columbia. Dorn was United States Congressman from Greenwood, South Carolina.

47. William Jennings Bryan Dorn to M. A. [Marion] Wright, 17 August 1948, file 17, box 112, campaign series, personal papers, Dorn Papers.


50. Anonymous to Judge and Elizabeth Waring, 18 January 1950; Anonymous to Elizabeth Waring, January 1950; Elizabeth B. Munn to Elizabeth Waring, 18 January 1950, hate mail file, box 23, series C, Waring Papers.


52. Calvin Holmes to J. Strom Thurmond, 30 December 1949, folder 3404, editorial series, Thurmond Papers.

Chapter 12

Dynamite and "The Silent South":
A Story from the Second Reconstruction in South Carolina

"As a follower of Christ," Claudia Thomas Sanders wrote in 1957, "I believe that God is my Father and that all men are my brothers." Even for a wealthy white daughter of South Carolina's low country aristocracy, these words spoke heresy in the last days of Jim Crow, sure to incite ostracism and reprisal. Generations of white dissenters had opposed racial orthodoxy in Dixie. Most of them were so meek that George Washington Cable's hopeful late-nineteenth-century term for them, "the silent South," retained its descriptive power even as it lost its optimistic intent. A handful of what Anthony Dunbar terms "radicals and prophets" always expressed their egalitarian convictions. Lillian Smith, Jessie Daniel Ames, James Dombrowski, Myles Horton, Stetson Kennedy, H. L. Mitchell, Aubrey Williams, Carl and Anne Braden are but a few of the homegrown white radicals who took their stand in Jim Crow's Dixie.

The liberal mainstream of white southern dissidents, however, appeared helpless even to speak, paralyzed by the domestic pressures of the Cold War and ensnared in what one South Carolina liberal called "a grip of fear that freezes the heart and paralyzes the mind." For a few critical days after the United States Supreme Court's Brown v. Board of Education decision, southern liberals made halting gestures at leadership that John Egerton has characterized as "tiny shoots of new growth [that] heralded a false spring." But neither Brown in 1954 nor the lynching of Emmett Till in 1955 nor the Montgomery bus boycott in 1955–56 sounded the firebell loudly enough to embolden the majority. From his Birmingham jail cell in 1963, Martin Luther King, Jr., sadly concluded that the greatest obstacle to racial justice was not the violence of white bigots "but the white moderate who is more devoted to 'order' than to justice."

Even so, historians of the white liberal South have generally been as gracious as their subjects. Morton Sosna's 1977 In Search of the Silent South acknowledges the failings of an earlier generation of upper-class white southern liberals but reminds us that "they, too, had a dream." David Chappell, in his Inside Agitators: White Southerners in the Civil Rights Movement, explains the role of white southern dissenters who undercut the segregationist assertion of a monolithic wall of massive resistance.
Egerton’s monumental new study, *Speak Now Against the Day: The Generation Before the Civil Rights Movement in the South*, wisely directs our attention to the missed opportunities of the postwar era, especially the period just after World War II but also to the aforementioned “false spring” just after *Brown.*

Why did long-suffering southern white liberals fail to make the most of such moments of possibility? What follows is a story—only one story, but perhaps an exceptionally telling one—which suggests a partial explanation: that the violent coercion that marked the everyday politics of race in the South and the slim chance of recruiting other supportive whites silenced most potential “race traitors.” Behind the violence and hostility, moreover, lay an ever-present sexual politics that defined southern manhood and confined southern womanhood in an often unspoken but always present racial and sexual drama within every southern town. In the life of Claudia Thomas Sanders of Gaffney, South Carolina, these tensions collided and exploded in ways that illuminate the historical knife-edge of sex caste and skin color in the postwar South.

Two postwar African American political landmarks—the victory of the NAACP in the *Brown v. Board* decision in 1954 and the triumph of the Montgomery bus boycott in 1955–56—heralded what C. Vann Woodward has called “the Second Reconstruction.” These monuments to African American political perseverance and discipline stood against a backdrop of often violent “massive resistance” by southern white supremacists. In the uncertain years between Montgomery and the founding of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in 1960, white violence and political repression escalated sharply. The Southern Regional Council issued a report in 1959 which, though far from comprehensive, listed 530 specific instances of racially motivated reprisals in the South from 1955 to 1959: the toll included six African Americans killed; 29 persons—11 of them white—wounded by gunfire; 49 persons beaten or stabbed; 1 black man castrated; 30 homes and 7 churches bombed. “The echo of shots and dynamite blasts,” the editors of *The Southern Patriot* wrote in 1957, “has been almost continuous throughout the South.” Threats, floggings, gunfire, dynamite blasts, and the burnings of Emmett Till and Mack Charles Parker seemed to rock all but the most determined civil rights insurgents back on their heels.

White supremacy always had relied upon violence, especially in periods of crisis. In the 1950s, “black leaders forced whites to use violence,” Charles Payne writes, “by refusing to yield to anything less.” Most of the black insurgents who persisted slept lightly and kept their guns close at hand. *The Eagle Eye: The Woman’s Voice*, a black women’s newsletter in Jackson, Mississippi, argued in 1955 that “the Negro must protect himself” because “no law enforcement body in ignorant Miss. will protect any Negro who is a member of the NAACP” and warned “the white hoodlums who are now parading around the premises” of the publisher that the editors were “protected by armed guard.” Reverend Joseph A. Delaine, the Clarendon County, South Carolina, NAACP activist who defied reprisals to become one of the plaintiffs in the cases subsumed under *Brown v. Board*, blazed away at nightriders who attacked his home. Anzie Moore, the indispensable 1950s forerunner of the SNCC activists who cracked Mississippi in the 1960s, carried a gun “like most politically active Blacks in the Delta,” according to Payne. “His home was well armed, and at night the area around his house may have been the best-lit spot in Cleveland.” Medgar Evers, the first NAACP field secretary in Mississippi, Payne points out, “thought long and hard about the idea of Negroes engaging in guerrilla warfare in the Delta” of the early 1950s. Evers “kept guns all over the house,” and “rarely went anywhere without a rifle in the trunk of his car.” In 1957, Robert F. Williams and a group of African American veterans in Monroe, North Carolina, dispatched Ku Klux Klan marauders with a hail of disciplined gunfire and forced the Monroe city council to ban Klan motorcades. “We have been compelled to employ private guards,” Daisy Bates, the heroine of Little Rock, wrote to the United States attorney general after her house was bombed in 1959. In a letter marked “NOT FOR PUBLICATION,” NAACP executive secretary Roy Wilkins conceded to a friend in 1959 that “I know the thought of using violence has been much in the minds of Negroes.” Thus, in the years between the Montgomery bus boycott in 1955 to the Greensboro sit-ins in 1960, the nonviolence of the revolution in the South was more hypothetical than real. With the sit-ins, however, young black southerners launched an aggressive new phase of the black freedom crusade. “We the Union Army,” black football players announced as they formed a flying wedge that broke through white hecklers to allow demonstrators to reach the Woolworth’s lunch counter in Greensboro on the second day of the movement that would smash segregation. The battles of nonviolence not only overran segregation but eventually freed liberal white southerners to speak their minds.

Three years before the “Union army” took Woolworth’s in Greensboro, late on Monday evening, November 18, 1957, a telephone rang at the Gaffney, South Carolina, home of Claudia Thomas Sanders and her husband, Dr. James H. Sanders. It had been a difficult autumn for the prominent white family. At the invitation of a group of white clergymen, Claudia Sanders had authored one of twelve essays for a pamphlet entitled *South Carolinians Speak: A Moderate Approach to Race Relations.* Her contribution, “This I Believe,” made the Christian case for gradual compliance with the Supreme Court’s ruling on school desegregation. “We must move slowly because we are dealing with human beings within a framework of
democracy,” Sanders closed her essay. “We must move surely because our social conscience and Christian ethics leave us no alternative.” After the pamphlet appeared in late summer, hostile letters and threatening phone calls became common at the Sanders house. DR. Sanders picked up the receiver that November night. Total silence greeted him—not the now-familiar snarl of “nigger lover” or “communist”—not even the click of a caller hanging up.25

A mile away, a telephone receiver swayed slowly on its cord in the booth outside Jennings’ Trading Post. “That is where we tied Mrs. Sanders’ telephone up,” a member of the Cherokee County Ku Klux Klan recalled. “Boyette called the Sanders home and when they answered, he did not say anything and then left the receiver off of the hook.” Given 1950s telephone technology, this silenced the family’s telephone line as effectively as if it had been cut. Luther E. Boyette, a thirty-two-year-old white textile worker, walked across the parking lot to his 1954 Oldsmobile and drove to a hilltop graveyard half a mile away. There Robert P. Martin and James Roy McCullough, both textile workers, climbed into Boyette’s back seat. The twenty-five-year-old McCullough wedged a wooden nail keg between his feet. It held a homemade device whose main components were a dry cell battery, an alarm clock, and nine sticks of dynamite.26

Only a few hundred yards from the cemetery, on the corner of Rutledge Avenue and College Drive, magnolias and live oaks shaded the broad walkway to the stately Sanders home six blocks from the center of town. Gaffney was a county seat town in the Carolina Piedmont. About a quarter of its eight thousand inhabitants were African Americans. Cherokee County was largely agricultural but increasingly dependent on low-wage cotton mill jobs reserved for whites. Just south of the North Carolina state line, the county harbored a proud, hundred-year Ku Klux Klan tradition. J. G. Long of nearby Union, South Carolina—grandfather of the current state senator, John D. Long—had once led Cherokee County horsemen on the largest Ku Klux Klan raid in the history of the South.27 In 1957, the Carolina Piedmont witnessed a Klan revival led by a charismatic former Baptist tent evangelist named James “Catfish” Cole. The Klan crusade coincided with the closure of several area textile mills, pushing almost five thousand white workers out of their jobs.28

Though unemployment in the late 1950s may have fed the Klan revival, black activism in the decades following World War II had already infused the nightrider legacy with new fervor. By the early 1950s, a confusing array of growing Klan groups were carrying out violent acts across the South. Dynamite became their favorite tool; according to a Southern Regional Council report, terrorists bombed the homes of forty black families in the region in 1951 and 1952, probably a substantial underestimate, given that there were eighteen such bombings in Miami, Florida, alone in 1951. These attacks culminated in the Christmas Day dynamite murder of Harry T. Moore, the head of the Florida NAACP and former superintendent of public education, killed along with his wife by Klan terrorists and local law enforcement officers.29 In Gaffney, an African American grocer who declared his candidacy for the town council in 1952 withdrew after the hooded order issued repeated death threats. On the same day that the Gaffney Klavern packed their dynamite into the nail keg in Luther Boyette’s back seat, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clay, an African American couple in East Flat Rock, North Carolina, were shot and slashed to death in their home after a series of telephone threats; neighbors discovered their bodies after finding a cross smoldering in the front yard.30 Two days after the dynamite exploded at the Sanders home, a smaller blast shattered windows at the homestead of Lewis Ford, a black tenant farmer who lived ten miles from Gaffney.31

Warnings from the Klan in the Carolina Piedmont were not idle threats in the 1950s, even when they targeted whites. In late 1956, Klansmen kidnapped a white high school band director in Camden, South Carolina, and beat him savagely with a piece of lumber. The following week, hooded terrorists shot another white South Carolinian in the chest after condemning his liberal racial attitudes.32 A week earlier, Klan members hurled what the chief of police called “enough dynamite to blow the place to Kingdom Come” into the Temple Beth-el synagogue in Charlotte, North Carolina; the lives of the forty Jewish clubwomen inside were spared only because the lighted fuse fell out of the bomb.33

The imposing columns and wide porches of the Sanders home were almost within sight of Luther Boyette as he huddled with his accomplices. When the carload of Klansmen pulled up behind the house, the soft glow of a television set flickered on the window glass. “We circled the house one time,” Martin recounted, “and we came back. We stopped just a little past the driveway. James Roy and myself got out of the car.” Boyette wheeled the Oldsmobile around the block while McCullough and Martin performed their errand. “James Roy was carrying the keg,” Martin claimed. “He carried it up and set it down beside the house.” The alarm clock was set to go off at 2:30. It was now just past ten o’clock.34

The Sanders family presented unlikley martyrs in the struggle for racial equality in the South. Claudia Sanders was fifty-six years old, a short woman with brown hair and brown eyes, somewhat dark-skinned and rather pretty. “Her father was a well to do businessman and church and community leader,” her son wrote later, “with a rigid Victorian personality. Her mother was the wife expected of such a man.”35 For many years, Colonel John P. Thomas of Charleston had chaired the Board of Visitors
at the Citadel, perhaps the most hidebound institution in tradition-steeped South Carolina. His daughter's Carolina pedigree could not have been more proper. Claudia was "related to the Waring, Ravenel, Reves, Witte, and Thomas families in the Lowcountry," the Charleston News and Courier reported, "and connected with many other South Carolina families." Mrs. Sanders orchestrated the autumn bazaar at Gaffney's Episcopal Church of the Incarnation, labored in the ladies' auxiliary at the hospital, and served what the local society page called "dainty refreshments" to the Gaffney Home and Garden Club. The closest she had ever come to "politics," most believed, was the Cherokee County Public Library Board. Called by one newspaper the "soft-spoken mother" of two grown children, recently a grandmother, a less likely insurrectionist would be hard to find. Claudia Sanders, a friend would declare at her funeral, was "a real Southern lady."

Yet, if Claudia Thomas Sanders had been born to Charleston blue-bloods, this had also been true of the abolitionist Grimke sisters a century earlier. The oldest of five children, "Claude" grew up as "part mother, as well as big sister," to her younger siblings. As a kind of "family general," her son recalled, "she made decisions for her brothers and sisters, her children and her servants and she expected them followed." Her sister once turned to her at a family gathering and joked, "Claude, you were bossy when we were children. When we acted out Bible stories, you were Jezebel and you made me be the dog."

A graduate of elite Ashley Hall in Charleston, young Claudia Thomas attended Hollins College in Virginia, one of the premier women's academies in the South. Here anthropology and sociology fascinated her. After receiving her diploma, Claudia Thomas studied at New York's Columbia University in preparation for her brief career as a social worker in Charleston. Perhaps it was at Columbia, away from Dixie for the first time, that she began to rethink the racial assumptions of her upbringing. Her passion for anthropology led her to Professors Franz Boas and Melville J. Herskovits, whose work battled the scientific racism prevalent in the early twentieth century. Boas, a fixture at Columbia from 1899 to 1936, attracted many graduate students, including Zora Neale Hurston, with his groundbreaking ethnographic research and his considerable interest in "the homely life of the Southern Negro." While at Columbia, Claudia pursued her intellectual and political interests but kept in touch with her family. In 1924, excited about the presidential election—only the second in which women across the nation were permitted to vote—she announced her intention to cast her historic ballot for Progressive Party candidate "Fighting Bob" LaFollette. Colonel Thomas, a staunch Bourbon Democrat, furious at his twenty-three-year-old daughter's intention to desert the party of her fathers, "saw to it that she didn't get an absentee ballot." Despite her fury at this paternal high-handedness, Claudia Thomas soon returned to Charleston as a professional social worker. Here she met and married James Henry Sanders, a handsome and affectionate medical intern three years her senior. After he had completed his internship, the couple moved "up state" to Gaffney where Dr. Sanders set up a family practice and bought the large white house at the corner of Rutledge Drive and College Avenue. Claudia bore two children, a boy and a girl, and ruled her household with a gracious but firm demeanor. Flexible and full of fun, Dr. Sanders provided an easy-going counterpoint to his wife's somewhat formal and sometimes prickly personality.

Far from playing the traditional southern patriarch, Dr. Sanders delighted in his wife's willful and occasionally authoritarian character. Once, after "Claude" had given the local barber firm instructions as to how she wanted her toddler son's hair cut, the barber replied, "Okay." Young Jimmy turned to the barber and told him, "My mother doesn't allow people to say 'okay' to her." Dr. Sanders would roar with laughter as he told and retold this story. Another time, the physician turned to his young son and said, "Jimmy, you know that your mother wants to cut down the chinaberry tree in the front yard and you know that I don't want it cut down. What do you think will happen to that tree?" When the youngster answered flatly, "They will cut it down," Dr. Sanders doubled over in loud peals of mirth.

Though the physician poked fun at his wife's sometimes imperious bearing, he respected her judgment and acknowledged her independence. The couple nominally belonged to the Baptist Church and sent the children to Sunday School there. Mrs. Sanders, however, confined her own church activity to the women's organizations of the local Episcopal church. Reserved by nature, intellectual in her outlook, she remained leery of effusive religiosity. When twelve-year-old Jimmy Sanders, after attending a revival meeting, declared his intention to be baptized the following night, his mother asked him why. "I told her that a lot of my friends were joining and I wanted to join with them," he recalled. "She quietly told me that was not a good reason to join the church. After the revival was over, if I still wanted to join she would be happy for me to do so, but that she would not allow me to join during the revival."

Though she had returned to the Bible Belt South to raise her family, Claudia brought with her the world of ideas that she had found at Columbia. The leisure with which she continued to pursue her intellectual life rested at least in part upon the abundance of affordable African American domestic labor. "Mrs. Sanders, you should have been a lady lawyer," the family's black housekeeper delighted Claudia by telling her. "You is always studying your mind!" Active in the American Association of University Women, she hosted a regular discussion group made up of faculty
members at nearby Limestone College. At least one participant was a socialist and another advocated “progressive education.” Mrs. Sanders read ardently in her spare moments and saw to it that her children were well informed. “My mother read everything,” her son remembered. She and her husband not only encouraged their children to read, but to think critically about social issues. “They would quietly give me some idea about what they thought,” he recalled, “see that I had something to read that gave both sides of an issue and let me decide for myself.” Both parents, however, made it unequivocally clear to their children that racial discrimination was wrong.47

Tall and heavy-set, courtly but playful in his manner, Dr. Sanders was long on decency but short on dissent. Open-minded to a point that he considered a fault, Dr. Sanders liked to say that the problem with the world was that there were “too many people on the fence—like me.” It was good to be able to see all sides to a question, he conceded, but unwavering activists were the ones who made history. Though liberal in his politics, the fifty-nine-year-old doctor advocated “states rights” and defended South Carolina’s prerogative to impose a poll tax, even though opposition to the poll tax had long been the one unifying issue for white southern liberals.48

“He was in favor of more rights for blacks,” his son later recalled, “but he was afraid of the federal government taking over too much.” Some months before the dynamite bomb ticked beneath his window, Dr. Sanders had suggested to fellow board members at the local hospital that staff members should use the titles “Mr.” and “Mrs.” when addressing “Negro” patients.49 Failure to extend this courtesy, he observed, could wound the patient’s self-esteem and impair recovery. Voted down by the committee, Dr. Sanders made no further protest. “Quietly, sometimes effectively and sometimes not,” his son recalled, “he did what he felt like he could.”50

In writing her essay, Claudia Sanders joined Episcopal Church “moderates” in an effort to soften segregation. Their adversaries within the denomination characterized these efforts as “the organized, church-financed drive of integrationists within the church to promote the physical mixing of the races.”51 In the 1950s, most white churches in South Carolina edged close to the position that white supremacy was the will of God; one of the state’s most prominent churchmen argued that any effort to question segregation was “to mock God,” that so-called “moderation” on the race issue was “a compromise with sin,” and southerners who advocated integration were “condemning God.”52 Perhaps this view, too, was “moderate” compared to those of Christians in the Mississippi White Citizen’s Council, whose children’s literature reportedly assured the little ones that heaven would be segregated.53 In any case, even though conservative Episcopalians organized to prohibit interracial discussion groups or parish human relations councils, a tiny minority of ministers and lay persons began quietly to employ their own interpretation of the Christian tradition to advocate generosity, if not justice, for “the Negro.”54 In the summer of 1957, five Episcopal clergymen solicited essays from a dozen prominent citizens whose views would “steer a course between the excesses of the White Citizens Councils on the one hand and extreme actions of the NAACP on the other.”55 At the recommendation of her local minister, Reverend John B. Morris met with Claudia Sanders and asked her to contribute to South Carolinians Speak. This was why Sanders penned her first and only public statement about racial matters, “This I Believe.”56

Opinions expressed in the twelve essays ranged from those who considered integration “the worst thing that could befall the people of this section” to those who regarded it as an arduous Christian duty. The editors voiced their solicitude for “communication between the two races,” but chose an all-white cast of contributors. The central concern of South Carolinians Speak was “the right of the individual to freedom of thought, opinion and speech.” A new generation of fire-eaters alarmed by the Brown decision, said the ministers, sought to “require all South Carolinians to subscribe to their point of view or be ostracized from the community.”57 Guarded though it was, South Carolinians Speak represented a voice for civility and an attempt to expand and control the range of acceptable opinion among “moderate” whites.

“The real flashpoint of segregationist ferocity was the fear that less rigid racial barriers would open the way to sexual involvement between black men and white women. “We can talk about it all we want to—justice, equality, all that sort of thing, talking,” one white Carolinian said to Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely in 1957, “but when it comes right down to it, that’s what it’s all about: a nigger a-marrying your sister or your daughter.”58 The essayists in South Carolinians Speak knew that arguments for “moderation” flew against this gale of sexual fears and therefore almost all of their essays sought to calm the storm over “social equality.” John C. Barrington of Dillon, South Carolina, asserted that it “doesn’t make sense to claim that removal of legal segregation will mean interracial marriages as is so often expressed in the question, ‘Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?’” Arthur L. King of Georgetown took the same tack, arguing that “the use of Negroes as domestic servants and particularly in relationship to the white children” made the “race-mixing” bombast “too absurd to command the respect of intelligent citizens.” Claudia Sanders herself noted that proximity and equality were not the same thing; many white children already attended school among social inferiors of their own race, she pointed out, but this hardly “dooms them to marriages with different backgrounds, different ideals, different ideas of cleanliness and antagonistic religious concepts.” A. M. Secrest from Cheraw reassured white readers that segregation by “ability” and “scholastic preparation” could
“play a large role in maintaining—for the most part—a de facto segregated school system for years to come.” Where these measures did not entirely screen out African American students, Sneed suggested that “school districts may find it wise to separate students according to sex.” If Gunnar Myrdal exaggerated in his claim that sex was “the principle around which the whole structure of segregation of the Negroes. . . . [was] organized,” one cannot prove it by the writings in *South Carolinians Speak*.65 65

“The response of South Carolinians to this book,” Reverend John Morris, an Episcopal priest who served as one of the editors, wrote in his summation of the project, “has been overwhelmingly positive.”66 More than a decade later, contributor A. M. Sneed continued to claim that the episode reflected “some vitality in the democratic process in South Carolina.”67 These assessments reflected either self-deception or political discretion: they could hardly have been further from the truth. The best evidence that *South Carolinians Speak* failed to create any discernible political space for “moderation” is that white South Carolina continued to brook no dissent from its coerced consensus of white supremacy.68

Several months before the five Episcopalian ministers published the collection of essays, the prospectus for the pamphlet somehow made its way to the desk of Governor George Bell Timmerman, Jr. A grim and vindictive figure who had vowed that “not in a thousand years will the schools of South Carolina be integrated,” Timmerman leaked the prospectus to the press in an effort to sabotage the project.69 All five of the ministers who sponsored the pamphlet soon left their pulpits, joining the ranks of what one wag called the “displaced parsons” of the South.68 Reverend Larry A. Jackson of Florence hastily accepted a missionary pastorate in Santiago, Chile. Several of the essayists suffered harsh treatment from their friends, family, and fellow citizens. But the Sanders family were the only ones to whom the voice of retribution thundered with dynamite.65

To target Claudia Sanders for death by dynamite reflected a peculiar Jim Crow logic. Pretenses of chivalry for “white womanhood” provided the common thread in Ku Klux Klan justifications of racial terrorism. With her essay, Sanders joined a growing number of southern white women whose words and actions betrayed this line of argument. In Charlotte, North Carolina, about forty miles north of Gaffney, a white woman named Nettie Fowler decided in 1957 to begin admitting African Americans to the drive-in movie theater that she owned and operated. Three days before Christmas, arsonists torched her barn and three trucks. A few days later, the terrorists returned with dynamite and blasted Fowler’s theater marquee to bits.67 “Increasingly throughout the South,” one journalist observed in 1958, “quietly and usually without fuss, white women—and more particularly white churchwomen—are lining up on the side of desegregation.”68 Anne Braden, whose Louisville, Kentucky, home was dynamited by white supremacists in 1954, felt certain that this was true. “In fact,” the veteran activist wrote to a friend in 1959, “all my experience in the integration movement has led me to the firm conviction that the most dedicated and devoted people are women; this applies to both Negro and white women.” Not only that, Braden continued, but “we run into so many situations where women are held back from taking the position they want to take by husbands or other poor excuses of the male of the species that I often get to the point where I think if we could just get rid of all the men this problem would be solved overnight.”69

The “surprising number of women” that the *Gaffney Ledger* reported at a Ku Klux Klan rally the summer before the attack on Claudia Sanders may undermine Braden’s assertion to some extent.69 Nor did upper-class white women always rise above race-baiting as they pursued their own vision of reform. Pleading before the state Judiciary Committee in 1958, delegates of the South Carolina State Women’s Clubs suggested that white women were far more qualified to sit on juries than their racial “inferiors,” male or female. “As it is now,” Sara Livermore told the committee, “I cannot help but feel that the Negro permitted to sit on the jury is more a citizen than I am.”70

White women in the South, Jacquelyn Dowd Hall writes, “were viewed collectively as the repositories of white racial legitimacy.”71 The protection of white womanhood, “wrought with the crimson that swooned in the rose’s ruby heart, and the snow that gleams on the lily’s petal,” to quote one practitioner of the classic form, provided the central if shopworn justification for white supremacy.72 A white woman’s critique therefore represented a unique threat to Jim Crow. The challenge mounted when it came from a woman of Claudia Sanders’ social stature and intellectual ability. Her essay was not only the most “extreme” but the most effective of the twelve included in *South Carolinians Speak*. “This I Believe” mixed literary polish with moral passion. It did not lapse into self-righteousness. Stressing her own “stumbling blocks” of prejudice and the importance of teaching children “that politeness and good manners are for use towards all people,” Sanders suggested that “[g]radual desegregation in the schools accomplished by starting with the first grades would seem logical.”73 Her words were measured and calm, but Sanders had addressed them to a white South reeling from deep racial fears and historically resonant furies. *South Carolinians Speak* appeared on newsstands only a week after President Eisenhower dispatched troops to Little Rock on September 25. This echo of Reconstruction-era federal intervention fanned South Carolina segregationists to white-hot ferocity.74 A luncheon speaker at the Gaffney Chamber of Commerce, momentarily forgetting two world wars and the Great Depression, referred to “the invasion of Little Rock” as “the worst tragedy in this nation’s history in the past hundred years.”75
“Southerners will not quail in the face of bloodshed if bayonets are directed against them,” the Anderson (South Carolina) Independent crowed several days before Eisenhower ordered units of the 101st Airborne to Little Rock. After the paratroopers arrived, South Carolina state senator John D. Long—who supervised the lynching of at least eight black men—announced his county delegation’s purchase of nine new Browning submachine guns to beat back “any invasion of federal troops.” Thomas Waring of the News and Courier favored a new secession movement. “All unions are not eternal,” he declared. Waring envisioned the day when white citizens would be “fashioning homemade gasoline bombs to hurl at federal troops.” The editor justified violence resistance by white southerners because “their only crime is protection of their children and the white man’s civilization.” C. Vann Woodward writes of the late 1950s in the South: “Words began to shift their significance and lose their common meaning. ‘Moderate’ became a man who dared open his mouth, an ‘extremist’ one who favored eventual compliance with the law, and ‘compliance’ took on the connotations of treason.”

The bomb among the flower bulbs and boxwoods outside the Sanders home had been constructed on Sunday afternoon at the Ku Klux Klan headquarters three miles east of Gaffney. James Roy McCullough had brought the dynamite, an alarm clock, a battery, and an electric soldering iron to the “Klavern” in a suitcase. Robert Martin, thirty-five, the father of four small children, provided two electrical blasting caps. The men nestled the explosive charge in the bottom of the nail keg and covered it with nearly two feet of dirt and brick scraps from the yard of the house. The Klansmen placed the battery and the time clock, wired to the dynamite below, at the top of the keg so that the men could easily connect the wires when they planted the device; in this way, they could avoid riding around with a “cocked” bomb in the car. “James McCullough told me they were preparing this time bomb for Dr. Sanders’ home,” Martin told police later, “because Mrs. Sanders wrote an article in a book about the mixing of the races.”

Nine sticks of dynamite, packed in this fashion and properly placed, possessed enough force to demolish the house and kill everyone inside. At 10:25 Monday night, however, moments after Luther Boyette’s Oldsmobile raced away, the bomb in the flowerbed stopped ticking. A paper-thin enamel coating on the alarm clock, unnoticed by the bombers, prevented the batteries from igniting the blasting caps. All day Tuesday the nail keg sat unnoticed amid the shrubbery. And yet the murderous plot continued. “The next morning I figured the bomb did not go off,” Martin said. “I called Luther Boyette on the telephone, and he said that McCullough was coming down to see me. By the time I had hung up he was there.”

While Boyette attended a Klan council in nearby Blacksburg, his accomplices spent the day preparing a second assault on the Sanders family. They planned to toss a smaller bundle of dynamite near enough to the nail keg to set off the original bomb.

In the early evening, Martin and McCullough drove to the farmhouse of John E. Painter, Jr., thirty, another member of the Gaffney Klavern. “We blew the horn and Junior Painter came out,” Martin recounted. “We told him we wanted him to come with us and to get some dynamite.” Painter went to his garage and unearthed more than a hundred sticks of dynamite, pulled three from the sawdust in the crate and buried the rest back in the dirt floor. Walking to his chicken house, Painter slipped a dynamite cap from its hiding place and climbed into the car with his two friends. Stopping by McCullough’s house to obtain a length of fuse and some tape, the men attached the cap and an 18-inch fuse to one of the three sticks of dynamite and taped the bundle tightly.

“We drove from McCullough’s house to the Sanders’ house,” Martin reported. “I was in the front seat.” After the car had circled the house once, Martin rolled down his window and reached across the seat with the dynamite. “Junior lit the fuse with a match,” said Martin. “I threw it from the car out into the yard.” The bundle flew about thirty feet and rolled right up against the brick foundation of the house, almost touching the nail keg. The three men raced away into the darkness. Listening intently for the explosion, they heard only silence. The “invisible empire” struck out again; the fuse had somehow misfired.

Inside the house, family members were oblivious to their peril. Claudia chatted and did chores with her sister, Charlotte McLaughlin of Louisville, Kentucky, who was visiting for a few days. Charlotte’s husband Carl watched television while the two sisters washed the supper dishes and folded the laundry. Dr. Sanders had gone out on his second house call of the evening. Returning about ten o’clock, he joined his brother-in-law in front of the TV set to watch “The $64,000 Question.” Sometime after nine, Luther Boyette had returned from Blacksburg to check on his bombing crew. He drove to Robert Martin’s house alone and took him for a ride in the Oldsmobile. “He asked me if we had done any good,” Martin reported without apparent irony, “I told him no.” Boyette was determined to try again; since McCullough was working the graveyard shift at the mill, Boyette told Martin, the men would enlist the help of Boyette’s brother-in-law, Cletus Sparks. “We drove by Cletus Sparks’ house and got him to go with us,” Robert recalled. “Boyette already had three sticks of dynamite in a paper sack and already fixed up.”

Like his co-conspirators, twenty-four-year-old Cletus Sparks was a textile worker and a member of the Independent Klan. “Me and Cletus was in
the back seat and Boyette was driving,” Martin said. “We went back to the Sanders home.” Sparks struck a match and lit the fuse. This time, Martin jumped out of the car and hurled the dynamite bundle toward the house. It was less than a perfect throw, landing beside a chimney several yards from the original bomb. As Martin clambered into the front seat beside Boyette, the Oldsmobile roared off into the night.88

Ninety seconds later, as the Klansmen raced down Chandler Road, they heard the explosion. So did people for miles around. Deafened and stunned, jolted from their chairs, the two husbands imagined for an instant that the TV set somehow had exploded in their faces. Mrs. Sanders kept her composure, but her husband dashed out into the huge cloud of smoke billowing around the house. “I didn’t realize how serious it was,” he told reporters, “until I went outside and saw the yard filled with smoke.” Plaster dust and splinters rained from a gaping hole near the chimney. Broken glass drizzled like sleet. Waving his way through the smoke and the dust, Dr. Sanders saw no one but found a large crater in the earth just beside the chimney. Next to the foundation of the house he found a tightly taped bundle of unexploded dynamite with a charred fuse attached. Claudia summoned the police. Her husband’s first words to the investigators reveal the central reality of racial politics in the South of the late 1950s: “We had been expecting something like this,” Dr. Sanders told the officers.89

It was the chief of police, William Hill, who discovered the original nail keg bomb and ordered everyone away from the house. Someone remembered that R. H. Hines, an explosives engineer from Oklahoma, was visiting Gaffney on behalf of Western Pipeline Construction Company. Hines disarmed the makeshift bomb. He told officers that the exploded dynamite had been ignited with a match rather than a battery; there had been three separate attacks. By the next morning, the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division and the Federal Bureau of Investigation had joined local officers in an effort to locate the would-be assassins.90

Editorial reaction from South Carolina’s flagship dailies ran full-sail with the prevailing cluster of white opinion. Neither The State in Columbia nor the News and Courier in Charleston expressed any sympathy for the views or the persons of the victims. Both editorial staffs managed to restrain the high-flown fervor with which they customarily crowed for individual liberty; the effects of terrorism on freedom of speech went almost unmentioned. If the culprits could not be punished, The State averred, “at least let’s hope there will be no recurrence of this type of crime.” Both papers ran small, muted disavowals of violence beneath glowing segregationist lead editorials. “Dynamite is not the way to solve social problems,” the editors of The State objected faintly, making it clear that Claudia Sanders, not Luther Boyette and his bombers, represented the “social problem” in question.91

The primary concern was that such unruly methods might endanger Jim Crow. “Every citizen of South Carolina who believes in maintaining racial segregation,” the Greenville News opined, should be “shocked and angry” at the bombing. “[Segregation] is not so weak that it cannot stand full examination and thorough debate.” The violence, some pointed out, could provoke and mislead outsiders. “If there is much more blasting of this kind in South Carolina the whole thing will wind up with this state on the losing end of things,” The State lamented. “It’s the kind of incident that invites criticism, interference, and condemnation.” The News and Courier blamed the “disorder” on “tension and pressure from outside,” an intriguing allusion in light of Claudia Thomas Sanders’ impeccable lowcountry lineage. The strongest rebuke that the fiery editor Waring could muster was that the bombings “have a suggestion of racial tension about them that is disquieting to law-abiding persons of all shades of opinion.”92 A Charleston reader condemned the newspaper’s response as “an excuse, a justification, an alibi” for the bombing. “Anyone disagreeing with these self-constituted judges,” she explained, “runs the risk of having dynamite set off under his house.”93

Evidence from the Gaffney bombing led straight to what one observer termed “the bedsheet brigadiers who haunt the upper part of the state.”94 Seventeen days after the bombing, the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division arrested Luther E. Boyette, Robert P. Martin, James Roy McCullough, Cletus H. Sparks, and John E. Painter, all of the men who had taken direct part in the attacks. State investigators discovered ninety-six sticks of dynamite still buried in Junior Painter’s garage, the box of caps hidden in his chicken coop, and a stack of Klan literature—“The Kloman of the Independent Knights of the Ku Klux Klan”—in the house. A black notebook found in the trunk of Luther Boyette’s car contained minutes of Klan meetings and a list of local members, including the names of the accused. The unexploded dynamite found outside the Sanders home and in Painter’s garage matched perfectly. Fuses found at both sites were cut in the same distinctive style. The FBI crime lab established that soil found in the nail keg bomb came from the yard of the Ku Klux Klan meeting house.95

Detectives could see that the evidential case against the Klansmen was solid. But there was more. During the search of his house, James Roy McCullough asked agent Earl Collins of the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division what kind of sentence he could expect if he were to “admit the whole thing and tell the truth.” Beating McCullough to the punch, however, was his Klavern colleague Robert Martin. Immediately after his arrest on December 6, Martin rode to the state capitol at Columbia with investigators and wrote out a detailed, signed confession implicating himself and all of his compatriots: “I have been sick and worried to death ever
since [the bombing] happened," he told police. "I feel better now since I have told the truth." The following day, the state released each of the men on $5,000 bond. Martin apparently expected his revelations to state investigators to remain confidential.96

Martin and the four men he had implicated made no effort to mask their connection to the Ku Klux Klan. The accused all spoke at a Klan rally in the Lonesome Pine Rodeo Grounds just north of Gaffney on January 11, five weeks after Martin's confession. Hooded, robed Klansmen passed through the crowd collecting money for a defense fund and distributing flyers entitled "She Played With Dynamite," the text of which was a reprinted editorial from a newspaper in nearby Spartanburg. A crowd of about three hundred, two dozen in full Klan regalia, cheered a showing of D.W. Griffith's classic film tribute to the Reconstruction-era Klan, Birth of a Nation. "We do not wish Mrs. James H. Sanders any harm," bellowed the orange-robed Grand Dragon of the South Carolina Independent Knights of the Ku Klux Klan to the crowd. "If we could, we would send her back to Africa so she would be with her nigger friends."97

Confession, good for the soul, has an uncanny way of presaging fatal mishaps for the body. Among groups such as the Ku Klux Klan, who live by violence and operate under blood oaths of secrecy, this phenomenon is more pronounced. And so it happened that a few weeks after his confession but before the trial of the Gaffney bombing crew, Robert Martin suffered a tragic, fatal accident. In a two-inch story buried on page 7-B, The State reported that an automobile under which Robert Martin was working had fallen and crushed him to death when the jack had given way. "Details of the death were lacking," the newspaper stated. Apparently, none of the other major dailies in South Carolina felt that the mysterious violent death of the sole state's witness in a notorious terrorism trial was newsworthy. "Everybody here pretty much considered it to be a murder," a long-term Gaffney native and local historian recalled. The funeral was set for four o'clock the following Saturday. "Active pall bearers," according to the funeral announcement in the Gaffney Ledger, included "Luther E. Boyette, James R. McCullough, Cletus Sparks, and Junior Painter."98

On June 30, magistrate I. B. Kendrick ruled the deceased Martin's signed confession inadmissible and dismissed all charges against Luther Boyette and Cletus Sparks. Though the confession had been witnessed by eight police officers and notarized, Robert Martin's death rendered his account of the bombing legal "hearsay." The court also maintained that the Klan membership lists and minutes of meetings found in Boyette's car could not be admitted as evidence. "The state failed to produce any evidence connecting Mr. Boyette and Mr. Sparks with the dynamiting," the magistrate stated. Kendrick bound over the cases of Junior Painter and James Roy McCullough for grand jury assessment of the charges against them. Prosecutor J. Allen Lambright, meanwhile, in a strangely self-defeating move, publicly disparaged the strong physical evidence as "circumstantial" and claimed that his case against the remaining defendants was weak. "I'll have to get together with the State Law Enforcement Division to see what we can do with them," he shrugged.99

State Senator John D. Long, who only a month earlier had spent tax money to purchase machine guns to defend his home county from the United States government, represented Painter and McCullough at the trial. The attorney objected strenuously and successfully to any courtroom reference to the Ku Klux Klan and to the admission into evidence of the many written death threats against the Sanders family. So confident was the defense that Senator Long did not call a single witness. Prosecutor Lambright, meanwhile, admitted before the court that the article written by Claudia Sanders "is what caused all this trouble, there isn't any doubt in my mind about that." Lambright even declared his own willingness "to join some organization to preserve the integrity and the segregation of the white race in South Carolina." His only argument with the defendants, the prosecutor argued, was that he "would never dynamite and endanger the lives of innocent people." Apparently Lambright did not mention to the jury that he himself had recently received a scrawled, two-word letter from the Ku Klux Klan—"You're next"—nor is it possible to say with certainty how this message may have affected his handling of the case.100 The twelve white men of the jury, all citizens of Gaffney or the surrounding area, acquitted the defendants after two and a half hours of deliberation.101

Claudia Sanders took an extended vacation in Canada during the trial. No one could blame her for leaving. All of her friends in Gaffney had deserted her. Several members of her extended family had taken pains to let her know that they thought her either wrong-headed or foolish. People she had known all of her life no longer spoke to her. None of the major newspapers in her native Palmetto State defended her right to freedom of speech with any vigor. Her hometown paper featured Ku Klux Klan announcements on the front page, even after the bombing. No public figure of any stature uttered one public word against either the attempt to kill Claudia Sanders and her family or the acquittal of their assailants. The silence was louder than dynamite.

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Notes

1. Ralph E. Cousins et al., South Carolinians Speak: A Moderate Approach to Race Relations (Dillon, South Carolina: 1957), 70.
4. Cousins et al., eds, South Carolinians Speak, 29.
7. Sobna, In Search of the Silent South.
19. Payne, I Got the Light of Freedom, 44. Although there is not yet a book-length portrayal of Amzie Moore, Jennifer Gilbert’s “I Didn’t Fail To Tell It!: A Biography of Amzie Moore” (master’s thesis, University of Wisconsin, 1994) draws upon all the published sources and the Amzie Moore Papers at the Wisconsin State Historical Society to provide an excellent start.
23. Roy Wilkins to P. L. Pratifs, 28 May 1959, NAACP Papers, Group III, Box A333.
25. Sworn confession of Robert P. Martin, State of South Carolina, County of Richland, 6 December 1957, in possession of the author; Cherokee County court records, No. 18737, State of South Carolina v. James R. McCullough and John E. Painter, Jr., 6 December 1957; Claudia Thomas Sanders, “This I Believe,” in Cousins et al., eds., South Carolinians Speak, 69–73; Charleston News and Courier, 21 November 1957, 1; The State (Columbia, South Carolina), 17 July 1958, 1-D.
26. Martin confession.
28. For the Klan revival led by James “Cattail” Cole, see Timothee B. Tyson, Radio Free Dixie, Chapter 6; for the textile unemployment, see Southern Regional Council, “Report on Charlotte, Greensboro and Winston-Salem, North Carolina,” 4 September 1957, 11. The report concludes that textile unemployment in the area near Gaffney “may be of great significance in the event that interracial tensions are precipitated.”
30. For the East Flat Rock killings, see memorandum to Henry Lee Moon, 29 November 1957, Group III, Box A92, NAACP Papers; News and Courier, 21 November 1957, 1.
before." Guthrie presented this change of policy as proof of Communist "brainwashing." Although there is no evidence that all present agreed, neither the audience nor the reporters in attendance seem to have regarded the logic as absurd. See The State, 21 November 1957, 3-B.

30. Dr. James H. Sanders, Jr., interview with Tim Tyson, 29 April 1993.
32. Judge George Bell Timmerman to Rev. John B. Morris, 29 October 1957, box 1, Reverend John B. Morris Papers, South Carolina Library, University of South Carolina.
33. Pittsburgh Courier, 18 October 1958, 3.
34. Gaffney Ledger, 28 January 1958, 3; Dr. James H. Sanders, Jr., interview with Tim Tyson, 11 May 1993; Shelby Star, reprinted in the Gaffney Ledger, 26 November 1957, 4; Dr. James H. Sanders, Jr., to Tim Tyson, 11 September 1993. As Anne Firor Scott has demonstrated, "the Southern lady" had long deployed her respectable ancestry and civic concern as camouflage for social assertion and sometimes even radical politics. See Anne Firor Scott, The Southern Lady: From Pedestal to Politics, 1830-1930 (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970).
36. Dr. James H. Sanders, Jr., to Tim Tyson, 11 September 1993.
37. Cousin et al., eds., South Carolinians Speak, 69; Gaffney Ledger, 28 January 1958, 3; Dr. James H. Sanders, Jr., interview with Tim Tyson, 11 May 1993; Shelby Star, reprinted in the Gaffney Ledger, 26 November 1957, 4; Dr. James H. Sanders, Jr., to Tim Tyson, 11 September 1993. As Anne Firor Scott has demonstrated, "the Southern lady" had long deployed her respectable ancestry and civic concern as camouflage for social assertion and sometimes even radical politics. See Anne Firor Scott, The Southern Lady: From Pedestal to Politics, 1830-1930 (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970).
40. Dr. James H. Sanders, Jr., to Tim Tyson, 11 September 1993.
41. Dr. James H. Sanders, Jr., to Tim Tyson, 11 September 1993.
42. Ibid.
43. Ibid.
44. See Sosna, In Search of the Silent South. In a sense, this quarrel with the consensus only confirmed Dr. Sanders as a southern liberal, since thorny individualism on all issues was what southern liberals really had in common. According to his family, Sanders simply disagreed that the poll tax was pertinent, because unfair administration of voter tests was what kept African Americans from voting in South Carolina.
45. In the South of the civil rights era, this matter of courtesy titles carried considerable symbolic weight. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., mentioned it prominently in his "Letter from a Birmingham Jail." In a speech near Gaffney in November of 1957, Arkansas attorney Amis Guthridge denounced Little Rock editor Harry Ashmore as a Communist agent. His evidence consisted of the fact that "soon after [Ashmore] arrived the paper started mentioning colored women as 'Mrs.' Now some of you may think that is a small thing, but it had never been done before." Guthrie presented this change of policy as proof of Communist "brainwashing." Although there is no evidence that all present agreed, neither the audience nor the reporters in attendance seem to have regarded the logic as absurd. See The State, 21 November 1957, 3-B.
46. Clark, The Emerging South, 262-63.
47. Gaffney Ledger, 9 January 1958, 7.
49. Anne Braden to George Weissman, 21 February 1959, Committee to Combat Racial Injustice Papers, Wisconsin State Historical Society.
51. Hall, Revolt Against Civilization, 155.
53. Cousin et al., eds., South Carolinians Speak, 72.
55. Gaffney Ledger, 8 March 1958, 1.
76. The Independent, 21 September 1957, 4.
77. The State, 7 October 1957, 1-B; Quint, Profile in Black and White, 162. For the lynchings supervised by J. G. Long, see Charles, The Narrative History of Union County, South Carolina, 222–26. See also Trelease, White Terror, 356–58.
78. Secrest, "In Black and White," 217–18. Reverend John B. Morris Papers, notes of conversation between Morris and Thomas Waring, 1957, indicate that Waring had said, "I would fight, too. If it was necessary to use machine guns, I'd use them. I'd throw Molotov cocktails at the tanks."
80. Gaffney Ledger, 23 November 1957, 1; Martin confession.
82. Martin confession.
83. Gaffney Ledger, 23 November 1957, 1; Cherokee County court records, No. 18737, State of South Carolina v. James R. McCullough and James E. Painter, Jr., 6 December 1957.
85. Martin confession; The State, 21 November 1957.
86. Gaffney Ledger, 21 November 1957, 1; The State, 21 November 1957, 1; Charlotte Observer, 19 November 1957, 5-C; Dr. James H. Sanders, Jr., interview with Tim Tyson, 15 June 1993.
87. Martin confession.
89. Gaffney Ledger, 21 November 1957, 1; The State, 21 November 1957, 1; The Record, 20 November 1957, 1; Quint, Profile in Black and White, 170–73; News and Courier, 20 November 1957, 1.
90. Gaffney Ledger, 28 June 1958, 1 and 21 November 1957, 1; The State, 21 November 1957, 1; The Record, 20 November 1957, 1; News and Courier, 20 November 1957, 1 and 21 November 1957, 1; Quint, Profile in Black and White, 170–73.
91. The State, 23 November 1957, 4-A.
94. Quint, Profile in Black and White, 170–73.
95. Gaffney Ledger, 28 June 1958, 1; Charlotte Observer, 28 June 1958, 7-A; Max Wallace interview with Tim Tyson, 18 September 1993; The State, 15 July 1958, 1-B, and 17 July 1958, 1-D.
97. Gaffney Ledger, 7 January 1958, 1; Gaffney Ledger, 14 January 1958, 1.
98. The State, 28 February 1958, 7-B; Dean Ross interview, 14 August 1993; Gaffney Ledger, 1 March 1958, 1.
99. The State, 1 July 1958, 1, and 18 July 1958, 1; Charlotte Observer, 28 June 1958, 7-A, 29 June 1958, 1-E.
100. Gaffney Ledger, 12 December 1957, 1.
Jumpin’ Jim Crow

Southern Politics from Civil War to Civil Rights

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To Jacquelyn Dowd Hall and Nell Irvin Painter,
who taught us and brought us together,
and who continue to amaze and inspire us.

In memory of C. Vann Woodward, 1908–1999.