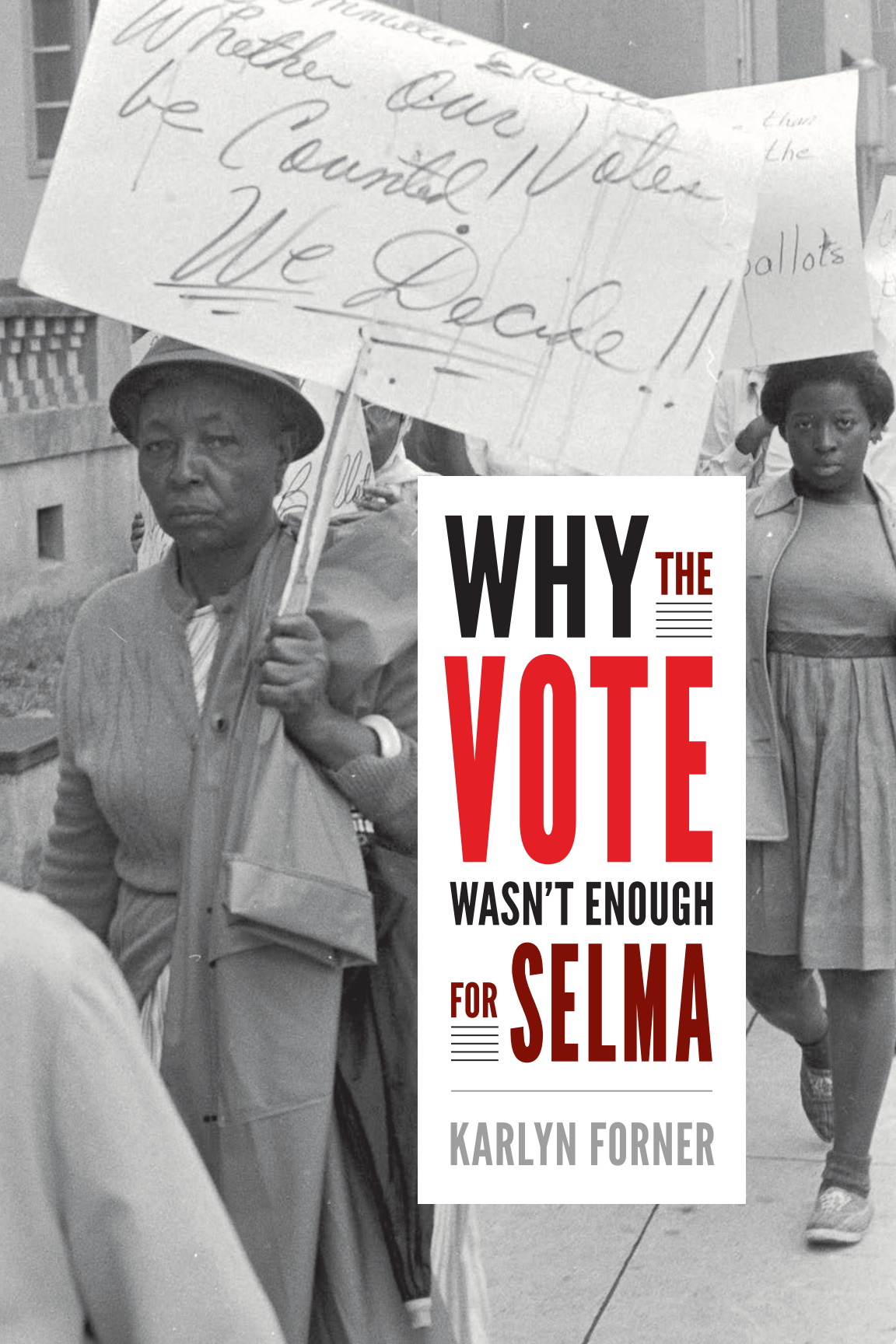

WHY THE VOTE WASN'T ENOUGH FOR SELMA

KARLYN FORNER

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Enough for Selma

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Cover art: Woman carrying a sign reading "No Committee Decides Whether Our Votes Be Counted! We Decide!!" during a protest in front of the Dallas County courthouse. Photograph by Jim Peppler. Courtesy of Alabama Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, Alabama.

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

ABBREVIATIONS

AAA	Agricultural Adjustment Administration
ACES	Alabama Cooperative Extension Service
ADECRSA	Alabama Department of Education, Correspondence of the Rural School Agent
AFL	American Federation of Labor
AGG	Alabama Governor (Graves) Administrative Files
AME	African Methodist Episcopal
ANSC	Alabama New South Coalition
ASCD	Alabama State Council of Defense, Administrative Files
BBACC	Black Belt Arts and Cultural Center
BEST	Best Education Support Team
CWA	Civil Works Administration
DCIA	Dallas County Improvement Association
DCVL	Dallas County Voters League
EIS	Environmental Impact Statement
EOB	Economic Opportunity Board
GWC Homes	George Washington Carver Homes
JOBS	Job Opportunity for Basic Skills
LDF	Legal Defense Fund (Selma)
MOMS	Mothers of Many
NAACP	National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
NLRB	National Labor Relations Board
NRA	National Recovery Administration

NVRMI	National Voting Rights Museum and Institute
ODMA	Old Depot Museum Archives
OEO	Office of Economic Opportunity
PEST	Public Education Support Team
PWA	Public Works Administration
RFC	Reconstruction Finance Corporation
SCLC	Southern Christian Leadership Conference
SCU	Sharecroppers Union
SHAPE	Self-Help against Poverty for Everyone
SJ	*Selma Journal*
SMT	*Selma Morning Times*
SNAP	Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program
SNCC	Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee
ST	*Selma Times*
STJ	*Selma Times-Journal*
SUC	Selma University Catalogues
SWAFCA	Southwest Alabama Farmer's Cooperative Association
UNIA	Universal Negro Improvement Association
USDA	U.S. Department of Agriculture
USO	United Service Organizations
WPA	Works Progress Administration

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Kathryn Tucker Windham, one of Selma's renowned storytellers, used to tell people she was twice blessed. The line came from a poem by Jan Struther: "She was twice blessed. She was happy; She knew it." In writing this history, I have been twice blessed. Countless people have helped me along the way, offering guidance, a home-cooked meal, a thoughtful rewrite, a memory, or a willing ear to listen to yet one more story about Selma. This book would not be without their outpouring of love and support.

I fell in love with Selma over a decade ago, as a second-year student at the University of Wisconsin–Madison who went south on a civil rights bus trip. It was the "I Was There" wall at the National Voting Rights Museum and Institute on Water Avenue that first got me. As I walked through the museum's front door, to the left was a wall plastered with hundreds of Post-it notes. On these two-by-two-inch pieces of paper, participants in the voting rights campaign of 1965 had written one sentence about their contribution: "I cooked food for the marchers," "I marched from Selma to Montgomery," and even "I was a state trooper on Bloody Sunday." Later that day, Joanne Bland, the museum's director, guided our tour bus around Selma, narrating the street corners and buildings with her own stories of the movement. The week I spent organizing the museum's archives and learning about the unnamed people who made the movement happen changed the direction of my life.

I owe my beginnings as a historian to a warm and brilliant community of scholars at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. On that first trip to Selma, Steve Kantrowitz let me tag along with him and Danielle McGuire

on a research trip to the reading room of the Alabama Department of Archives and History. Going through the boxes of yellowed correspondence, listening to the two of them piece together the Recy Taylor case, I felt as though I was in the presence of genius. At that moment I decided I wanted to be a historian. Steve, Christina Greene, Craig Werner, and Tim Tyson revolutionized my world, giving me a bottom-up framework with which to understand history and teaching me how to do solid research. Far beyond that, they showed me how being a scholar meant cultivating community both inside and outside of the classroom. The graduate students in the Department of Afro-American Studies, especially Charles Hughes, were an essential part of this education. Even though I was only an undergraduate, getting to witness the Harmony Bar Writers Collective in action made a lasting impression.

The unique brand of encouragement I received from Tim Tyson requires special recognition. On at least two occasions—first at the University of Wisconsin and then at Duke—I followed Tim's advice and ended up on crusades that were simultaneously the most stupid and intelligent things I have ever done. I now know that Tim's suggestions are not to be followed without due reckoning, but I am a stronger, more confident person for where they have taken me.

One of Tim's suggestions was that I move down south for a while and become a waitress. This was supposed to help me decide whether I really wanted to be a historian. Well, I didn't become a waitress, but I did pack up my little Geo Prizm and move to Selma after graduation. Thank the almighty that Joanne Bland was there to take me in. I walked into the back office of the National Voting Rights Museum one late spring day and confidently announced I was there to volunteer. All my thanks—and those of my parents—would never be enough to cover the generosity and kindness Ms. Anne extended to my earnest and naive twenty-one-year-old self. Since I come from the Upper Midwest, courtesy titles have never come naturally to me, except for Ms. Anne. She's a giant of a person whose devotion, care, and straightforwardness I aspire to match. The many others who moved in and out of the museum—Faya Rose (Sanders) Toure, Afriye We-Kandodis, Sam Walker, and James Bevel, among others—gave me an unparalleled education. Moving to Selma was like baptism by fire, and that half of a year working in the non-air-conditioned upstairs archives of the museum and living in Selma gave me daily lessons in William Faulkner's assertion that "the past is never dead. It isn't even past."

When I arrived at Duke University two years later to continue my journey toward Selma, I discovered that my people at the University of Wisconsin, the ones who had taught me so much about community, had learned many of those lessons themselves in Durham, North Carolina. When I first met my adviser—the eternally optimistic and unstoppable Bill Chafe—it felt as though I had come home. Bill has been my biggest advocate and cheerleader. He was the guardian of my best interests through graduate school, smoothing what could have been a jagged path. After six years and at least a hundred South African breakfasts together, Bill became more like family than an adviser. Twice blessed also applies to my good fortune at having not one but two advisers. Tim Tyson may be one of the world's greatest suppliers of vision, which he has done for me both as an undergraduate and as a graduate student. His warm spirit and insight have expanded what I considered within the realm of possibility.

I am forever indebted to the women on my committee, Adriane Lentz-Smith and Karin Shapiro. (For the record, my committee—Bill, Tim, Adriane, and Karin—is actually the best committee ever.) Both Adriane and Karin can admirably be described as covering all of the ground they stand on. I consider them my life coaches and will always be in awe of their fierce intellect. They are also dear friends. Adriane supplied sage advice and pop culture references in the midst of panic. She helped me see the forest when I felt hemmed in by trees and has pointed my writing in the right direction on numerous occasions. Karin, as she does with all her students, took on my research and writing as if it were her own. She invited me in as a semi-permanent member of her senior thesis writing group, which was really a three-year workshop in writing, revising, and teaching. I have never met anyone who cares about and invests so much in their students, and my comrades and fellow Karin Shapiro admirers would agree. Rose Filler and Ryan Brown helped me find direction and sanity early on, and later, Jacob Tobia and Mary Tung offered thoughtful and practical suggestions. I could not have asked for better companions.

The community I found at Duke was vast. Among them, Bob Korstad and Charlie Thompson taught me much about how to be genuine in academic life. My faithful Dissertation Writing Month (DiWriMo) comrades—Dominique Dery, Darren Mueller, Matt Somoroff, and Paige Welch—made delightful company in our collective efforts to slog through yet another five pages of the chapters we were writing. Before that, my cohort in the Department of History helped me weather the early days of graduate school,

especially Paige, Vanessa Freije, and Michael Stauch. I also appreciate the friendship of those who were ahead of me, Max Krochmal and Courtney Wait, Mitch Fraas, and Julia Gaffield, among many others.

Duke brought an abundance of amazing people into my life, but at the very top of that list is Darren Mueller. Much of my sanity—in graduate school, life, and otherwise—was thanks to our breakfasts at Elmo's and lunches at Q-Shack. The three years that we shared a kitchen wall showed me that living next door to one of your best friends is a godsend and a great time. Darren introduced me to my future partner, as well as to my adopted cohort in the music department, a phenomenal bunch of people whose ability to dance should not be underestimated.

For all of the people who helped me become the historian I am, this book would not exist without Selma and the people who live there. The story I tell in the following pages is probably not the one that many people in Selma would want told. Whichever way you look at it, the political and economic history of Dallas County doesn't offer much in the way of prosperity, harmony, and success. The fact is that the Alabama Black Belt has been left behind, again and again and again, in so many ways. But that sad story is not a reflection on the many wonderful people I met in Selma. These warm and generous people overwhelmed me with their kindness. They helped me find places to stay, gave me the telephone numbers of folks I needed to talk to, invited me to sit in their pews on Sunday morning, and brought me into their lives.

Nearest to my heart is the splendid staff at the Selma Public Library; they make magic happen every day. Every time I walked through the doors, there was always a smiling face saying hello and asking how I was doing; they were ready to chat about anything from microfilm and mystery novels to granola bars and faith. Director Becky Nichols carefully tends this oasis, greeting every single person as if she was waiting especially for them. She was my sounding board, listening to what I had unearthed and comparing it to her own wealth of knowledge and personal experience. Local history librarian Anne Knight did the same. I looked forward to her regular appearance in the microfilm room to make sure I knew some of the best details of Selma's history. While their intellectual generosity sustained my work, Friday afternoon sessions at the "Faith Table" with Becky and Jan Parker, the inspiring, eternally optimistic children's librarian and book club leader, sustained my soul. This loving group welcomed me into their homes and hearts, and I count them as dear friends. My thanks also go to

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Another special thanks goes to the people at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, who adopted me even though I wasn't an Episcopalian. From Wednesday morning breakfasts to Christmas tree hunting, the St. Paul's folks were my community. David and Betsy Powell, Harry and Molly Gamble, Bill and Bunny Gamble, Urban and Kay Friday, Ed and Sandy Green, and far too many others for me to name kept me tied into the happenings of Selma. Nancy Bennett guided me along my way and always made sure I knew that I had a place to stay when I came "home" to Selma. The Rev. Joe Knight was my biggest advocate, right behind his wife, Anne, who was my guide at the library. Beyond being living encyclopedias of Selma's history, Joe and Anne continue to be some of my favorite people to spend an evening with. To the many other people in Selma who warmly accepted me, even though I was only the next in a long line of graduate students writing about their history, know that I consider myself twice blessed because of you.

When I finished graduate school, I started working as project manager for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) Digital Gateway Project. Although I had my historian credentials in hand, the last part of my education has come through this unprecedented, inspiring, and crazy collaboration of movement veterans, historians, archivists, and students. The SNCC folks, especially Charlie Cobb, Judy Richardson, Courtland Cox, and Maria Varela, made me feel inspired by and accountable to the history, a much-needed injection of hope after six years of graduate school. Kaley Deal, Todd Christensen, and the members of the project team supplied three years of comradeship in collaborative writing, strategizing, and jokes about movement history that wouldn't be funny to anyone else. Kaley, Emilye Crosby, Hasan Jeffries, John Gartrell, Naomi Nelson, and Wesley Hogan gave valuable support in the far-reaching undertaking of "herding cats," as Judy would say. But, most directly related to this book, working on this project has been like a three-year master class in storytelling with SNCC veteran and journalist Charlie Cobb. Charlie taught me how to tell a story.

A special thanks to the people at Duke University Press who made this book a reality, especially Gisela Fosado, Lisa Bintrim, Amy Buchanan, and Dan Ruccia. It's been an amazing opportunity.

Then there are those who supported me well before I had ever heard of Selma or came to write this book. Kim Eisenreich, Lynette Faber, Laura (Omann) Kerttula, Kerry Plath, Melissa Schorn, Mandy (Johnson)

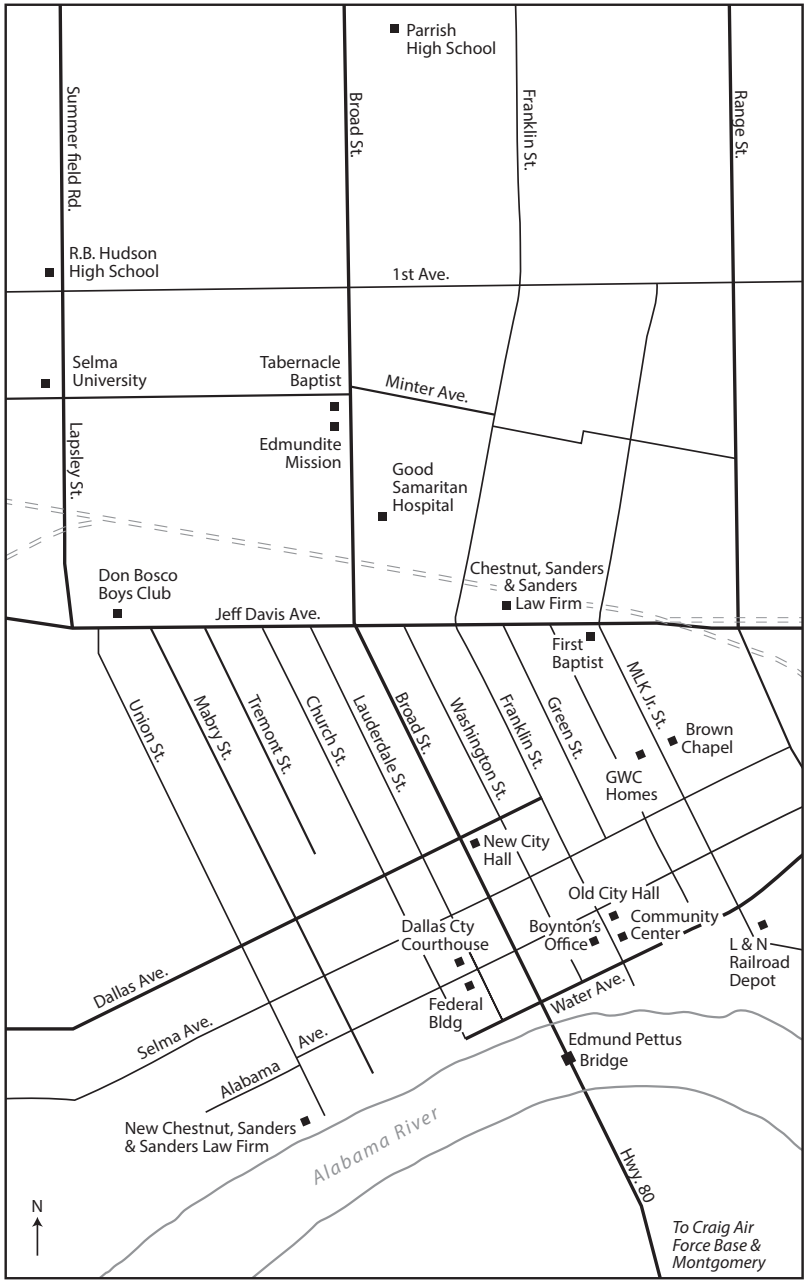
Steffens, Nicole (Zieglmeier) Willis, and Kayla Wenker have been keeping me grounded for the last two decades. They are the most solid and phenomenal group of friends, and their unwavering presence reminds me of who I am and where I come from. Two other unexpected, lifelong friends—Terri Evans and Jean Mackey—came from my time working at the Champlin Park High School library, and they helped me become an adult with a strong dose of hilarity.

I want to express the deepest of thanks to my parents, Mike Forner and Ann Forner, for having faith in me. I will forever owe you for standing by me when I, in my confident twenty-one-year-old wisdom, stubbornly insisted on moving to the Alabama Black Belt. I regret that the only time you came to visit Selma was during that 103-degree week in August and that I can now never convince you to return. I could not have made this journey without your constant support. Know that I admire you both greatly and am the luckiest to have such fine parents. Thanks also to my siblings, Becki (Forner) Baker and Chad Forner, for reminding me that caring so much about history is weird. And thanks to my grandparents, Ray and Lois Forner, who were always checking to see whether I had started talking southern yet.

And, last, to my husband, Tim Hambourger, I could not have done this without you. Few others would spend afternoons driving down back roads deep in the rural areas of the Alabama Black Belt or taking road trips across the South with a microfilm reader wedged in the backseat. You have listened to more Selma stories than anyone should have to. You have brainstormed with me through my ruts. You have put up with bad jokes about naming our baby Selma (which we didn't). I could not have done any of this without you. Here is to a long and saner life ahead.

Map 1 Alabama Black Belt

Map 2 Dallas County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Summer field Rd.
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Range St.
R.B. Hudson
High School
1st Ave.
Selma
University
Tabernacle
Baptist
Minter Ave.
Lapsley St.
Edmundite
Mission
Good
Samaritan
Hospital
Don Bosco
Boys Club
Jeff Davis Ave.
Chestnut, Sanders
& Sanders
Law Firm
First
Baptist
Union St.
Mabry St.
Tremont St.
Church St.
Lauderdale St.
Broad St.
Washington St.
Franklin St.
Green St.
MLK Jr. St.
Brown
Chapel
GWC
Homes
New City
Hall
Old City Hall
Community
Center
Boynton's
Office
Dallas Cty
Courthouse
L & N
Railroad
Depot
Dallas Ave.
Selma Ave.
Federal
Bldg
Water Ave.
Ave.
Alabama
Edmund Pettus
Bridge
New Chestnut, Sanders
& Sanders Law Firm
Alabama River
Hwy. 80
N
To Craig Air
Force Base &
Montgomery

Map 3 Selma

Introduction

The hard wooden pews of Brown Chapel African Methodist Episcopal (AME) Church teemed with people on March 4, 2007, as the crowd waited for Barack Obama to ascend the pulpit. It was early in the presidential campaign of 2008, and the African American senator from Illinois was facing New York senator and former first lady Hillary Clinton in a fight for the Democratic nomination. President Bill Clinton and his wife had earned much respect from black Americans during his years in office, and Senator Obama's success hung on his ability to convince black voters that he was a worthier candidate than his formidable opponent. He chose Selma, Alabama, as the place to make that claim.

Rewind the scene forty years to January 2, 1965. The throng inside Brown Chapel looked hauntingly similar. Martin Luther King Jr., standing above a sanctuary jammed with local black residents, described Selma as a symbol of bitter resistance to civil rights in the Deep South. On that dark winter night, he named the city the new national battleground for voting rights, and African American residents of the Black Belt tightened the laces of their marching shoes in agreement. Two months later,

shocking footage of white state troopers beating peaceful black marchers interrupted nightly television broadcasts. "Bloody Sunday," as the horrific event became known, catapulted Selma and black demands for the ballot into the national spotlight. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 became law that August, finally guaranteeing all Americans the right to vote. The legislation was christened in Washington, but it had been born in the streets of Selma.

On the forty-second anniversary of Bloody Sunday, Obama endeavored to link his candidacy to the civil rights movement. Speaking from the same pulpit where King had spoken, he declared himself one of the Joshua generation—a biblical reference signaling the cohort of doers and creators who follow in the footsteps of the visionary Moses generation. He proclaimed, "I'm here because somebody marched. I'm here because y'all sacrificed for me. I stand on the shoulders of giants." There in Selma, Obama sank his roots into the victorious legacy of the civil rights movement and positioned himself as the candidate who would continue its fight against injustice and oppression.[1]

Decades before Obama mounted that pulpit, Selma had been consecrated as a pivotal milestone in the grand arc of U.S. history. In the collective memory of the nation, Selma represents the triumphal moment of black nonviolent protest and the fulfillment of the promises of American democracy.[2] But the city Obama visited, first as a senator in 2007 and then again eight years later as the nation's first black president, bore little resemblance to this shining image.

As one drives westward from Montgomery, the four-lane Highway 80 is the freeway of the Black Belt, picking up the path of Interstate 85 after it comes to an end in Alabama's capital city. The fifty-mile journey cuts through the gentle hills of Lowndes County, revealing lazily grazing cattle in fields that once sprouted cotton. Abandoned gas stations with barred windows, rusted industrial buildings, and empty, gutted houses on what used to be Craig Air Force Base dot the final miles to Selma. From the crest of the Edmund Pettus Bridge, high above the Alabama River, the downtown comes into view. The vacant Tepper's building—once a thriving department store—towers over the surrounding businesses on Broad Street. The clothing stores and wholesale businesses that had made Selma the trading center of the western Black Belt closed up shop decades ago. Most of the bustle in downtown now centers around the intersection of Alabama Avenue and Broad Street, where the public library is one of the most integrated institutions in town. Across the street, the Downtowner, a classic meat-and-three restaurant, serves sweet tea and a catfish special on

Fridays, while the nearby Carter Drug Company still delivers prescriptions packaged in signature green bottles to the front doors of Selma's residents.[3]

To the north and east of downtown—in the historically blacker and poorer sections of the city—boarded-up buildings and abandoned houses mix with weary-looking homes whose porches have started to lose their struggle against gravity. Payday loan stores testify to how hard it is for poor people to scrape by, week after week. Meanwhile, the high school cashiers working the checkout lines at the Winn-Dixie grocery store are experts at Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program (SNAP) cards, the payment method for the federal food assistance program. Walmart is the best shopping option in town nowadays; the Dollar General or one of the other discount stores lining Highway 14 would be the next possibility. Employment is hard to come by, and good-paying jobs are even rarer. Meanwhile, the public schools, with the exception of one elementary school on the wealthier and whiter western side of town, are almost entirely black, while nearly every white child attends the private John T. Morgan Academy or Meadowview Christian School. The Selma Country Club, showcase of wealth and segregation during the twentieth century, still does not admit black members.

The Selma that Obama paid homage to visibly and unmistakably told a story at odds with the triumphal legacy of voting rights. The black mayor sitting in office and the other African Americans serving in local government were a testament to just how much voting rights had transformed Alabama politics. Black residents could trace the paved city streets, higher graduation rates, early childhood education programs, and indoor plumbing to their gradual inclusion into the city in the years after the movement. But the numbing unemployment, gutted houses, and SNAP cards attested to barriers left unbroken by the passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. In the symbolic birthplace of the voting rights movement, those very rights had failed to bring economic opportunities and justice for African Americans.

This is a story of how and why the celebrated political legacy of Selma appears worlds apart from the dismal economic realities of the Alabama Black Belt. The question at its center: why was the right to vote not enough to bring economic justice to African Americans in the Black Belt? The answer requires, most important, an understanding of Selma as a place, not just a moment in time. When Selma became a symbol of the voting rights movement, everything before and after those brief months in 1965 vanished as quickly as spilled lemonade on hot Alabama asphalt in August.

Making Selma a narrow story of voting rights erases how white supremacy and agricultural and industrial development operated hand in hand throughout the entire twentieth century to keep African Americans from the full citizenship they had fought for, one comprising political rights as well as economic opportunities. The story that follows begins in 1901, the year the newly passed Alabama constitution took the ballot away from black citizens, and ends in 2000, when Selma's residents elected their first black mayor. It traces political and economic changes in Dallas County and the wider Alabama Black Belt, changes that were both national and regional developments as well as intensely local stories shaped by white citizens' concerted attempts to maintain a status quo that, above all, preserved their power.

The fight that generations of African Americans waged for full citizenship and justice in Selma unfolded alongside a century-long transformation in the agricultural economy of the Black Belt. African Americans' demands for economic opportunity, self-sufficiency, quality education, and political representation reflected and responded to drastic changes in the economic realities that structured daily life.[4] The civil rights movement came into its own at exactly the moment that cattle usurped cotton's reign over fields across the Alabama Black Belt, a takeover that sounded the death knell for the meager livings black tenant farmers had eked out on the land. The triumphal story of Selma, the one that emerged in the aftermath of the movement in 1965, rings true only if one focuses singularly on voting rights and ignores African Americans' parallel demands for economic opportunity and justice.

Placing the black freedom struggle and economic transformation side by side makes clear how voting rights could not counteract the vanishing of small farms and the arrival of low-wage jobs—and too few of them, at that—that replaced farmwork in the years after World War II. Meanwhile, local white officials fought tooth and nail to maintain political control in the wake of the civil rights movement. Their calculated intransigence effectively staved off meaningful participation by black residents in the economic and political life of Selma. The rise of the Sunbelt South and globalization further siphoned resources away from the struggling Black Belt in favor of the educated, skilled, and urban.[5] Voting rights—or even black political power—could not remedy decades of unequal investment in black communities by local, state, and federal governments.

A hundred-year vantage point explains why the movement for voting rights, one that shook the rural Black Belt and nation alike, failed to

achieve the opportunity and justice local black residents had envisioned. The close-up lens of a local study reveals how local and national politics and enormous economic shifts played out in the lives of those who called the Alabama Black Belt home. Each of those people has stories that could fill pages of their own. What follows lays out the world within which they made their lives.

NOTES

Introduction

1 Gutterman, "Obama Fought"; Remnick, *Bridge.*

2 Much of the scholarship about the Selma movement focuses on Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and the nationally oriented goals of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, which sought to secure voting rights legislation. This body of scholarship tells only an abbreviated version of the black freedom struggle in Selma, one that focuses so intently on the campaign for voting rights that it misses the battle for economic opportunities and independence that African Americans fought simultaneously. Often climaxing with the victorious passing of the Voting Rights Act, scholarship focusing on Selma "the moment" tells a triumphal story in which Selma becomes a monument to the justice and righteousness of American democracy. See Branch, *At Canaan's Edge*; Branch, *Pillar of Fire*; Eagles, *Outside Agitator*; Fager, *Selma, 1965*; Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*; Garrow, *Protest at Selma*; Longnecker, *Selma's Peacemaker*; May, *Bending toward Justice*; Patterson, *Eve of Destruction*; Stanton, *From Selma to Sorrow*; Sheyann Webb, *Selma, Lord, Selma.* The most comprehensive study of Selma from its earliest days through the civil rights movement is Fitts, *Selma.* J. Mills Thornton examines in detail how municipal politics affected the voting rights movement in Selma; see Thornton, *Dividing Lines.*

3 Windham, *She*, 37.

4 The idea of the "long civil rights movement," put forward by historians such as Jacquelyn Dowd Hall and William Chafe, contends that African Americans' struggles for citizenship and justice extended well before and after the traditional civil rights movement and included demands for economic, sexual, and political as well as civil rights. Recent scholarship by Susan Youngblood Ashmore, Cynthia Griggs Fleming, and Hasan Kwame

Jeffries has extended the scope and timeline of the black freedom struggle in the Alabama Black Belt beyond a narrow focus on 1965 and voting rights. See Chafe, "Presidential Address"; Hall, "Long Civil Rights Movement"; Ashmore, *Carry It On*; Fleming, *Shadow of Selma*; Jeffries, *Bloody Lowndes*. Other excellent scholarship in this vein includes Brown, *Upbuilding Black Durham*; Chafe, *Civilities and Civil Rights*; Dittmer, *Local People*; Gilmore, *Defying Dixie*; Korstad, *Civil Rights Unionism*; McGuire, *Dark End of the Street*; Payne, *Light of Freedom*; Ransby, *Ella Baker*; Tyson, *Radio Free Dixie.*

5 The scholarship on urban studies and the Sunbelt South offers an explanation of why voting rights did not bring economic justice for African Americans in the Black Belt, exploring how unequal relations of power are inscribed in the regional and urban geography. See Jackson, *Crabgrass Frontier*; Kruse, *White Flight*; Lassiter, *Silent Majority*; Self, *American Babylon*; Sugrue, *Urban Crisis.* Bruce Schulman expands this framework to the Sunbelt South, examining how the unequal distribution of federal dollars intended to address the region's underdevelopment bolstered majority-white, urban areas while leaving the South's Black Belt in the shadows. Schulman, *Cotton Belt to Sunbelt.* During the 1980s political scientists and economists studied the uneven development taking place in the Sunbelt South. See Beaulieu, *Rural South in Crisis*; Falk and Lyson, *High Tech*; Lyson, *Two Sides*; Rosenfeld, *After the Factories*; Southern Growth Policies Board, *Halfway Home.*

Interlude: The Constitution of 1901

1 Hardy, *Selma*, 16; U.S. House of Representatives, "Haralson, Jeremiah," History, Art, and Archives, http://history.house.gov/people/ (accessed February 2, 2014); Historical Census Browser, University of Virginia, Geospatial and Statistical Data Center, 2004, http://mapserver.lib.virginia.edu/collections/ (accessed February 1, 2014).

2 U.S. House of Representatives, "Haralson, Jeremiah." During the Civil War, Selma had served as an arsenal for the Confederacy, manufacturing ammunition and artillery. The city was attacked by General James H. Wilson's troops on April 2, 1865, and Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest could not hold back Union troops. Wilson's troops burned the Confederate and private manufacturing facilities as well as much of the town. Rogers et al., *Alabama*, 195–196, 220–221; Hardy, *Selma.*

3 Douglass, quoted in U.S. House of Representatives, "Haralson, Jeremiah."

4 Schweninger and Fitts, "Haralson, Jeremiah," American National Bibliography Online, http://www.anb.org.proxy.lib.duke.edu/articles/04/04-00466.html (accessed February 10, 2017).

5 Quote from Schweninger and Fitts, "Haralson, Jeremiah"; newspaper article, quoted in U.S. House of Representatives, "Haralson, Jeremiah." A