

PREFACE

The lives and deaths of the characters portrayed in this book convey a sense of reality and record profound moments in history. These were the darkest times in our nation's annals. The joyous feeling of newborn freedom granted to those who had only known bondage was often short-lived. Many faced the old South with the fragility of new hope and dreams of a better way of life. They were guided solely by the strength of their convictions. Yet, despite oppression, there were notable events and incredible achievements. This story is a testament to the legacy of slavery that is still interwoven in African-Americans' lives today – mainly in the form of racism.

We take freedom for granted but it is the very pulse of life as depicted within these pages. The wide-ranging emotional triumphs and failures of the characters are shimmering reflections of our own lives. The lives of former generations are our perpetual connection to yesterday. These unique glimpses into history have the power to investigate contemplation of a family's roots and pasts that will linger after the book is closed... I hope this volume will touch a chord in your life as it has in mine.

New Orleans, Louisiana
March, 2015

T.R.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF EBONICS

© 1999 Tommy Riley Sr./Edited by Judy Lea

A	
About you	Aboutcha
About	bout
Accept	'Cept, (see except)
According	Accord'n
Afraid	'fraid
After	Afta
Ain't you/ya	Ain'tcha
Almost	Almose
Another	Anudda
Anymore	Anymo
Anything	Anythang
Anywhere	Anywheah
Arm	Awm
Army	Awmy
Around	'Round
Ask(ing)	Ax('n)
At you	Atcha
Ate	Et
B	
Barn	Bawn
Bath	Baff
Because	'Cause
Before	Befo
Best	Bess
Better	Betta
Bigger	Bigga
Birth(day)	Boith(day)
Blame	Blames
Both	Bofe
Bother	Botha
Bring(s)	Brang(s)
Bringing	Bring'n
Brother	Brotha
Business	Bidness
But you	Butcha/chu
C	
Can't you	Can'tcha
Cards	Cawds
Carpetbagger(s)	Carpetgagga(s)

Catch(ing)	ketch('n)
Caught	Ketched
Charge	Chawge
Child	Chile
Children/Chillin/Chirren	
Ciphering	Cipher'n
Clear(ed)	Cleah(ed)
Clearing	Cleah'n
Closest	Clossess
Color(s)	Coluh(s)
Colored(s)	Colud(s)
Company	Comp'ny
Cooper	Coopa
Cost	Coss
Could've	Couda
Creating	Create'n
Customer(s)	Customa(s)

D

Daddy	Da
Dark	Dawk
Deliver(ed)	Deliva('d)
Dinner	Dinna
Diner	Dihna
Disobeying	Disobey'n
Doctor	Docta
Dollar	Dollah
Don't you	Don'tcha
Door	Doe
Downstairs	Downstaihs
During	Durin

E

Earlier	Earlia
Enter	Enta
Especially	'Specially
Ever	Evva
Every	Erry
Everything	Errything
Everywhere	Errywheah
Except	'Cept

F

Family	Famly
Far	Faw
Farm(ers)	Fawm(ahs)
Farmland	Fawmlann
Father	Fawtha
Fast	Fass
Father	Fawda
Favor	Favah
Feeling(s)	Feel'n(s)
Fellow(s)	Fella(s)
Fever	Feva
Fifth	Fif
Figured	Figuh'd
Fingers	Fingas
Fishing	Fish'n
Follow	Folla
For	Fa
Foreclose	Fo-close
Forget	Fa-get
Forth	fo'th
Forward	Fo-wud
Full of	Fulla
Further	Fudda
Fussing	Fuss'n
Future	Futcha

G

Gather	Gadda
Get you	Getcha
Getting	Get'n
Girl	Guhl
Give me	Gimme
Giving	Give'n
Going to	Gonna/gon
Got to	Gotta
Grandchildren	Grandchirren(s)
Grandfather	Grandpaw
Grandmother	Grandmaw
Guard	Guawd

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

Hair	Haih	Last	Lass		
Hanging	Hang'n	Laughing	Laugh'n		O
Hankering	Hanker'n	Lawyer	Lawya		
Happening	Happen'n	Let me	Lemme	Offer(ed)	Offa('d)
Hard	Hawd	Letting	Let'n	Old(er)	Ole(r)
Harm	Hawm	Little	Lil	Other(s)	Udda(s)
Harvest	Hawvess	Longer	Longa	Ought to	Oughtta
Have to	Hafta	Lord	Lawd	Out of	Outta
Have	Gots	Lot of	Lotta	Our your	Out'cha
Having	Have'n	Louisiana	Louziana	Over	Ova
Hear	Heah	Lying	Lie'n	Overhead	Ovahaid
Heard	Heahd			Owner(s)	Owna(s)
Her	Huh				
Here	Heah		M		P
Him	'im	Mama	Ma		
Himself	'imself	Mark(ed)	Mawk(ed)	Pair	Paih
How	Hah	Market	Mawkit	Part of	Pawta
How to	Howda	Martha	Mawtha	Part(s)	Pawt(s)
Hunter	Hunta	Master	Massa	Past	Pass
Hunting	Hunt'n	Matter	Matta	Prayer	Praya
Hurting	Hurt'n	Mayor	May'a	President	Pres'dent
		Meaner	Meana	Probably	Proibly
	I	Meet you	Meetcha		
		Mississippi	Missippi		Q
I/I am	I'se	Mister	Mista		
I'm going	Imma	Months	Montz	Quarter(s)	Quawta(s)
If	If'n(s)	More	Mo		
Important	Impote'nt	Most	Mose		R
Innkeeper	Inkeepa	Mother	Mama		
Into	Inta	Mother	Motha	Rather	Ratha
Isn't	Ain't	Mrs.	Missus	Refusing	Refuse'n
		Must	Muss	Remember	Rememba
	J			Rest	Ress
			N	River	Ribber
Just	Juss			Rubbing	Rub'n
		Nearby	Neahby	Rumor(s)	Ruma(s)
	K	Nearest	Neahess	Roothless	Roofless
		Nearly	Neahly		
Killed	Kilt	Need	Needs		S
Killer	Killa	Negro(es)	Nigro(es)		
Kind of	Kinda	Neither	Neitha	Sack of	Sacka
Knew	Knowed	Never	Neva	Safer	Safa
Know	Knows	Nigger	Nigga	Saw	See'd
	L	Nothing	Nothin	Sending	Send'n
		Now	Nah	Sewing	Sew'n
Labor	Layba	Nowhere	Nowheah	Shadow(s)	Shada(s)

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

Shooting	Shoot'n
Shortly	Showtly
Should have	Shoulda
[Should not have	
Shouldna]	
Shoulder	Shoulda
Showing	Show'n
Sir	Suh
Slaves	Slabes
Smart(er)	Smawt(a)
Society	'Ciety
Soldier(s)	Sol'ja(s)
Something	Sumt'n
Somewhere	
	Somewheah
Stairs	Staihs
Start(ed)	Stawt(ed)
Staying	Stay'n
Store(ing)	Sto('n)
Stranger	Stranja
Stronger	Stronga
Stubborn	Stubbun
Suffer	Suffa
Summer	Summa
Supper	Suppa
Supposed	'sposed
Sure	Sho
Swallow	Swalla
Swear(s)	Sweah(s)
	T
Tailor	Taila
Target	Tawget
Tell her	Tella
Telling	Tell'n
Than	Dan
That	Dat
The	Da
Their	Deir
Them	Dem/Em
Themselves	Demselves
Then	Den
There	Deah
These	Deze

They	Dey
Thing	Thang
This	Dis
Those	Doze
Timber	Timba
Tired	Tied (at
times)	
To	Ta
Together	Togeda
Told	Tole
Tomorrow	Tamorra
Torn	Tohn
Trading	Trade'n
Turnaround	Turn'roun
	U
Unless	Less'n
Until	'til
Upstairs	Upstaihs
	V
Victory	Victry
	W
Want to	Wanna
Want you	Want'cha
War	Wah
Warn(ed)	Wawn(ed)
Warning	Wawn'n
Wasn't	Wudn't
Watch you	Watcha
We are	We'se
We would	We'se
What are you	Whatcha
Whenever	Wheneva
Whereabouts	Whea'bouts
Where	Wheah
Whip(ped)	Whup(ped)
Whipping	Whup'n
With you	Witcha
With	Wit
Without	Witout
Won't you	Won'tcha
Wonder	Wonda

Words	Woids
Work(s/ing)	Woik(s/ing)
World	Woild
Would have	Would'a
Wouldn't have	Would'na
	X
	Y
Year	Yeeah
Yesterday	Yestady
Yonder	Yonda
You are	You's
Your(s)	Yo('se)
Yourself	Yoself

White Terms

	F
For Book When Whites	
speak.	
Father	
	G
Grandfather	
Grandmother	
	M
Mother	
	N
Negro	Neegra
War)	(through Civil

Note: After ORD, John Lee only uses 'n

THE CONCLAVE

“White Power!

WHITE POWER!

WHITE POWER!” shouted the 43 white-robed and hooded men in cadence, as the final throes of dim sunlight closed about them and gave way to still darkness. Their united mutinous voices rumbled throughout the Belle Chasse, Louisiana, clearing in the cotton field where they gathered under a moonlit sky, on a hot and humid Monday night. Not more than 50 yards away, shrouded in shimmering darkness and teased by fire bursts from the a tall flaming cross in the group’s midst, stood ruins of a long row of weather beaten, whitewashed slave cabins that stood sinisterly quiet and deserted under the overhanging trees, the homes of those who worked these fields years ago.

The night was still...too still- as though the creatures of the night were too frightened to raise their voices in the usual summer night chorus. The ghostly garbed men stood shoulder-to-shoulder in a semicircle, talking excitedly in low tones while facing an empty makeshift platform. Their forms were expectant, thrilled to attention by their outbursts, awaiting a crescendo from their leader. From behind the tall burning cross, strode their mouthpiece. As the twilight came, he lifted his robe hem to free his muddy boots while stepping up onto the stage, and then he appeared to study the members from the hollow of his white hood. He raised his arms in batwing-like sleeves and a hush descended over the assemblage. Blazing with emotions, he began his speech.

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

“Long live the Ku Klux Klan!” he intoned.

“We hate niggers!. We hate Jews!” he continued in a forceful voice. “White people in America need to wake up to the niggers and Jews who are ruin’n this country...a country that the white man built. There’s talk of someday put’n all races and creed of this nation into one great melt’n pot of social change – and create’n what they call integration. But what that would really create ... is the extinction of the White race!” he knotted his right hand into a fist and smash the open palm of his left hand.

“Yeah!” “Ain’t gonna happen!” “That’s right!” the crowd enthused.

“When you mix White blood with nigger blood, or Jew blood, you end up with a mix of inferior humans. Half-breeds. Mongrels. Once you lay down with the scum of the earth, you’re kill’n off the White race!” His powerful shoulders propelled a punch into the stagnant air to emphasize his point. His voice raise to a high pitch demonstrated his level of devotion to the cause electrified the crowd. “The offspring created from such an unholy union is defected-cursed by the hand of God!”

June’s night-flying insects swarmed wildly around the crackling cross and into the warm darkness. The fire at his back threw his shadow long and large on the upturned faces of the men.

“We are at war, and what is at stake is preserve’n the quality of life and dominant status for the White man. Create’n the opportunity that comes with our rightful role of dominance and superiority for our children.” He leaned toward the group and pointed at them with his right arm extended, “Do you want niggers invade’n your neighborhood?

“No!” came the chorus.

“Do you want your children go’n to school with dumb niggers?”

“No!

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

“Then, let’s unite in our righteous cause and we’ll send those niggers back to where they came from – back to the jungle!” He raised his fist heavenward.

“White Power!

WHITE POWER!

WHITE POWER!” chanted the men, their utterances resounding like metered clangs of an iron bell. Their united hatred of stated enemies flowed freely, punctuated by defiant body gestures. The Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan stood on the platform next to the speaker, he found the speech intoxicating. The chorus of the audience high silver notes “White Power” chants soared out thrillingly under a dim star-studded sky, causing goose bumps to break out on his arms and cold chills of deeply felt emotions to fly down his spine.

As the vent of anger abated, the speaker continued, “Alright men, we have an honored guest here tonight. I want you to welcome the Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan’s Louisiana’s Chapter.” A red-robed and hooded figure joined the spokesperson on the platform while applause greeted his appearance. The gatherers quiet again as he raised his voice. “The Grand Wizard will do the honor of swear’n in the newest members of our new and growing Belle Chasse Chapter.” He stepped back in deference to the Grand Wizard, who was standing beside him. There was a deep, almost fanatic glow in his pale blue eyes that stared behind the holes bored out in the eye cloth, they seemed snake like.

“Thank you, brother.” The Grand Wizard acknowledged the introduction with a hooded nod in the spokesman’s direction.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as he began to swear in the newest members. His base voice overlaid with a slow southern drawl, shattering the stillness of the night air. The firelight glimmered on the red silk of his attire.

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

Those attending were waiting with bated breath for the Grand Wizard to address the gathering as though they were waiting to breathe. “We champion and defend the purity of white American womanhood. We are the defenders of God, race and nation, and the champion of Christian morals. All those want’n to become Klan members – to follow the strict doctrine as set forth in the Ku Klux Klan charter, please step forward if you accept the eternal light of the Klan.”

His invitation was phrased and spoken as if a gold gilt door was to be swung open to Heaven. In the distance, katydids swelled a resonance of excitement. The burning cross waned its fury as it became thinner and more ominous.

Nine blindfolded inductees in hoodless white robes were escorted to the front of the stage and arranged in a row. Klan attendants removed the eye cloths. The soon-to-be members squinted up in awe at the crimson shrouded Grand Wizard.

The Grand Wizard nodded approvingly at the plentiful number of inductees, stepped down from the platform, and strode along their row, shaking hands with each one of them. He stepped back to the center of the foot of the stage and scanned the row of recruits. Grand Wizard addressed the, in a revival preacher’s tone, “All you that stand before me are the children of God. Please kneel to the sacred oath of allegiance of the religious hooded order and face the burn’n cross.”

Like strands of broken pearls, the men fell to their knees in an uneven row. Jewels of sweat sparked on their upturned faces as they assumed the totemic position of initiation. Gasping plumes of flame from the ebbing cross licked the eternal sky like a serpent’s forked tongue, as the fling embers glittered faintly like fireflies and descended slowly, lazily before vanishing into the darkness.

“Are you a White, non-Jewish, American citizen?” Grand Wizard interrogated.

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

“Yes!” barked the respondents in one utterance.

“Are you in favor of a government of the White man, by the White man and for the White man?”

“Yes!”

“Do you believe, as stated in the Bible, in racial separation?”

“Yes!”

“Accordingly, by the authority invested in me as Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan and the invisible order of the Klan, I now declare and proclaim you to be members of the Invisible Empire Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.” He paused before raising his voice in the final announcement. “I invest you with the title of Klansmen ... an honorable title amongst the brotherhood of White men!” the new inductees stood before him in solemn, their glaring eyes still look, like the eyes of vital young animals, spirited and dangerous.

Behind the stage, the left arm of the cross fell to the ground in a sizzling thump with accompanying sparks of a mini fire show. The new members were surrounded by congratulations and backslapping as the ceremony concluded. Hoods were removed and used to mop sweat from the wearers' face and necks with the exception of a few attendees who remained costumed as they disappeared into the darkness.

The Grand Wizard, Glenn Hanson, a charismatic man, exchanged pleasantries with the men that sidled over to tall beefy Clifford Stevenson. “A fine turnout and a fine speech Clifford. Nine new members. That's impressive!”

Stevenson flashed a proud smile. His plumpish oval face and double chins glistened, “Thanks, Glenn.”

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

Hanson put his hand on Clifford's shoulder and guided him away from the lingering group in a gesture of confidentiality. He stopped, lit up a Camel with a silver Zippo and inhaled. The light of the burning cross died out behind them. Glenn shook the pack in Stevenson's direction, then lit his. "I hear you'll be the next sheriff after your uncle retires."

Clifford grinned, glad the word was out.

Glenn exhaled twin funnels of smoke from his nostrils. "That's good. The Klan can always use more members in public office – especially in law enforcement. It gives us free reign in keep'n those niggers in their place. Your uncle's been a long-time member of the Klan but he never actively participated in the fraternal's recruitment. I once told him there's power in hatred. Other than love, it's the most over power'n feel'n in man. 'Cause if you can control the hatred, you can control a man's actions."

Clifford nodded, "You got that right!" He watched the Grand Wizard stub the life out of his cigarette with sharp kicks from the toe of his boot in the soft dirt.

PEEP'N TOM

Downtown Belle Chasse (pronounced bell – chase) was situated lengthwise between River Road which edged along the Mississippi River to the north, and the railroad track to the south. The town's main street, Osage, ran from north to south – Mississippi River to the railroad track, hereby slicing the rectangular downtown into two square sections.

Osage Street met the section of track coming north from the housing and plantation populated inland and splitting into the East Railroad to the west and the West Railroad to the east. The inaccurate names bequeathed to the two sections of track must have been a joke or ignorance. Nobody owned up to it.

The heat of Louisiana in August hung thick and heavy in the air. There were several local businesses in the 12-block downtown area comprised of six blocks on the east and six on the west. In the eastern half, Jonathan Wilkinson's Drug & General Store prominently consumed the block closest to the river on the Osage thoroughfare. His residence was on the block behind. The first-floor of his house was converted into Millie Wilkinson's Dress Shoppe for his enterprising wife. Next door to the general store was the Plaquemines Bank, also on one whole block. The last block (abutting the West Railroad) featured Doc Miller's two-story home and office

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

combination, where he lived with his daughter. The locksmith's shop shared the block. Churches essentially for Whites hunkered on the two rear blocks inland from the Wilkinson house; Catholic and Protestant with a vicarage/parsonage attached to each. In the center of town the noon day sun cast hard shadows against Bob's gas station and the closed silent movie theater that dated back at least thirty years. At night the marquee was inadequately lighted by a few dusty bulbs which seemed ageless.

The western half of downtown was the home to the Owl's Nest Club & Pool Hall; the Belle Chasse Diner, over the door a white sign hung obliquely specifying whites only; and various other stores and services. The western section petered out to the north-to-south running Plaquemines (pronounced plack ' -eh-mine) River, where a small cluster of Negro-owned homes clung to the river-bordered land.

Most businesses were owned and run by White citizens but some lenience was given for trades that White men felt beneath their dignity. These isolated livelihoods included the blacksmith shop run by Sampson Oliver, a Negro, and a shoeshine stand out front that his two sons operated when school classes didn't interfere. Fat Libby sold her homemade pies to the Belle Chasse Diner. Everyone knew Beatrice Wingate did alterations at Millie Wilkinson's Dress Shoppe and lived in a small house on that farthest northwestern end of downtown where Mississippi and Plaquemines Rivers met. Dwayne and Celia got permission to erect their fruit, vegetable, honey and fresh fish stand just beyond the main cluster of buildings where the paved walkway ended and Osage Street headed out to the residential area. Since only one permit was allowed for such a stand, Dwayne and Celia took other Negroes' produce in under-the-table and split the profits.

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

Negroes had their own houses of worship located in their housing area which was on the lower west side of the inland railroad track, most notably in an area called Gnats Alley that bordered Plaquemines River, east of the track were White homes and plantations reside. These finer properties also branched out behind the eastern section of town and extended along the Mississippi. Marshland interspersed both sections and was considered inescapable for the fertile land.

Belle Chasse had law enforcement, however... since Belle Chasse was in Plaquemines Parish, and West Pointe-a-la-Hache (pronounced *pointe-la'hash*) was the parish seat, the Plaquemines Parish Sheriff's Station, jail and courthouse was 35 miles east of town down the Mississippi River in tiny Pointe-a-la-Hache. The town was called *west* because the Mississippi on the east side was plain old Pointe-a-la-Hache. It was an easy 15-minute drive up River Road to Osage Street.

Five employees manned the Plaquemines Parish Sheriff's Department. The sheriff and four deputies. All sworn personnel were deputy sheriffs, regardless of rank, and reported to the sheriff. The men spent a great deal of time in Belle Chasse for two reasons: it was the hub of activity, and the Belle Chasse Diner was a popular draw. The diner often seemed like a substation.

The sheriff's station had two broad wooden steps up to the entrance, then opened into a narrow reception area that was manned by the Deputy Officer when he wasn't needed elsewhere. To the left was a small office, or interrogation room, and behind the Duty Officer's desk was the roomier sheriff's office. A hall leading to the back of the building from the rear right side of the Duty Officer's desk was bordered on the left by the wall of Sheriff's office. The corridor led to

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

the clink, four cells, in the rear of the building. The back door was bolted when prisoners occupied cells. Otherwise, it served as a breezeway to offset the heat.

In Sheriff Stevenson's office, he perched his trademark size 13. Wide version, black snakeskin, narrow-toed, Stetson boots atop the corner of his desk. He leaned back in his oak swivel chair and clasped his hands behind his head while looking at his nephew seated in a chair in front of his desk. The desk chair creaked from the weight of the sheriff's six-foot-five, 300 pound, rotund frame, because of his size, it was as far as he could go without risking a fall backward.

Undersheriff Clifford Stevenson glanced down at his own worn, black leather, western boots and silently envied those of his uncle. Clifford was the same height as his uncle but had 15 pounds on him – the flabby kind of weight that jostled when he walked and rode a horse. Fat Libby's pies contributed.

He waited expectantly for his uncle to get to the point. Clifford could tell something was on his mind when his uncle suggested they go into his office after Clifford's Tuesday shift was up, then closed the door. Surrogate father ... that's what Uncle Carl was since his own father 'bought the farm' 20 years ago when he was just 10. Maybe his uncle was going to talk some more about giving him the sheriff's job. All indicators led to the conclusion it would be soon. Clifford glanced at this morning's haircut in the window's reflection; black, neat pompadour with a dab of brilliantine. *Yeah, Sugar will like it*, he decided.

"Clifford," Sheriff Stevenson began in a bass pitch while working on a bulge of tobacco in his left cheek, "I've been hear'n some good things 'bout you from Glenn Hanson. He said you've become a sharp recruiter for the Klan. 'Cause of you, membership here is way up."

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

Clifford suppressed a grin, "Couldn't have done it without his help," he replied, hoping the modesty of his words belied his well-deserved praise.

"Yeah, I've heard him speak at Klan rallies and the man is smooth. I swear he could weave chink silk out of horse shit." Carl laughed heartily. "Wish your father was alive to see this. He would have been as proud of you as I am. You know the good Lord didn't see fit to give me kids, Clifford, but I've always considered you a son."

The younger Stevenson's chest expanded. "Thank you, Uncle Carl."

"We were all cut from the same mold."

Clifford leaned forward, "How do you mean?"

"Well, when your father and me was about your age, we had more energy than a sky full of light'n – and were as wild as timber wolves. When I see you, I see William and me 20 years ago. The sins of the fathers are born by their sons." He expectorated into the spittoon on the floor ... and most of his aim was true.

Clifford wondered if that was a compliment or criticism.

"As you well know, although Bill's the Assistant Sheriff, a rank below you, despite be'n in law enforcement work longer, I've been groom'n you for the job of sheriff when I retire. Above the two men, the ceiling fan groaned from the task of cutting through heavy stale air. Sheriff Stevenson sank back in his chair. "After 30 long years of serve'n this community, I'm look'n forward to some good ole fish'n and hunt'n."

So, my future's still on track. Better not ask when he's packing his bags so I can take over. Don't want to seem too eager. "You ever thought 'bout join'n back up with the Klan?" Clifford asked casually.

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

“Who? Me?” Carl Guffawed. “No, son. I’m too old. The good ole days of the Klan was long ago, a different day entirely. Besides, there’s a change come’n and I don’t want any part of it.” He squirmed in his chair.

“What change?” He demanded hastily. “Time will never change when it comes to keeping niggers in their place.” Clifford continued.

“Several years ago, the Klan had over four million members. Those were the days to be live’n in. In ’25, they had a 40,000-member demonstration in Washington, DC. They had the real idea then. That’s when the White race was united. Now, Klan members done dwindled down to ‘bout 600,000.” Carl took a swig from the lukewarm Coca-Cola bottle on his desk. “The old days are gone. There’s no doubt about that,” he said sadly. “Noth’n stands still. You grow old and die. I’ve seen the rise of the Klan and all its glory. Now, this is the sunset of the organization – the afterglow ... the begin’n of the end for the White way of live’n. don’t get me wrong, there’ll always be a strong follow’n here in the Deep South, folks in these parts hold tightly to things they know best and love the old days. They’re true to tradition in which they had been reared. Besides, without the presence of a strong Klan, niggers are get’n too defiant, the Jews are too powerful, and the White man who built this country is be’n squeezed in the middle.” Carl lifted his feet off the desk and solemnly addressed his nephew, “it’s your generation that’s gonna have to bear the torch by take’n a stand.”

Clifford and Carl turned toward bull necked Commander Horace Womac as he opened the office door, “Sheriff I hate to interrupt, but just got a call from Mrs. LeBlanc. Somebody was peep’n in her bathroom window when she was in the tub. Bill’s on patrol. Should I have him handle the call?”

SUMMER'S HARVEST/RILEY

“No, I’m ‘bout to leave now and it’s on my way home. I’ll look into it,” the sheriff replied, standing and reaching for his hat off the wall peg. “Clifford, you ate supper yet?”

His nephew stood and stretched, his belly overlapping his belt, “No. I was plan’n on stop’n over at the diner. Today’s special is fried chicken and mashed potatoes.”

“And Fat Libby’s pies, no doubt,” chuckled Carl. “Well, not today, son. You’re come’n home with me. Horace, call Ruth and let her know to set an extra plate at the table.” He gave Clifford’s back a firm pat, “Besides, she ain’t seen you for some time.” Carl adjusted his hat as they left the office at 7:15 PM.

Sheriff Stevenson drove his patrol car up River Road, deserted in both directions, heading 25 miles out to the LeBlanc place. The air was thick as the car gained speed. The late evening sun was a ball of crimson, and was far down in the sky. As they reached the half way point, the crimson glow had gradually darkened and faded like a memory.

“Isn’t it ‘bout time you thought about get’n yourself a wife, Clifford? I mean with the sheriff’s job come’n up and all. You’re 30 now ... old enough to get hitched, son. Then you wouldn’t have to be eat’n at the diner all the time.”

Clifford chortled, “Aw, nobody would have me, Uncle Carl. I’m not the housebound type.”

“Well, you oughtta be think’n ‘bout it. I know you’re boisterous. Don’t need to be housebound – just married. It adds respectability to your position and plenty of young girls would think you to be a catch. You need someone quiet and smart – like your Aunt Ruth.”

Clifford felt if he remained silent, that would be the end of the discussion – one that had come up before. *I’ve got myself someone. But, nobody can know.*

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

