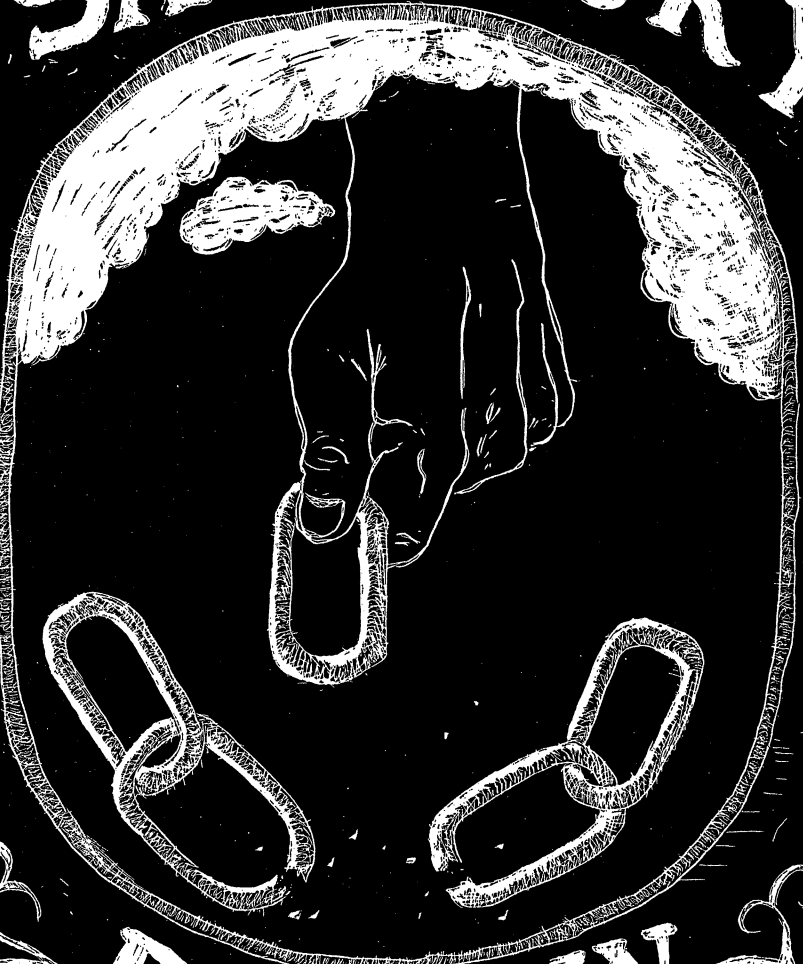
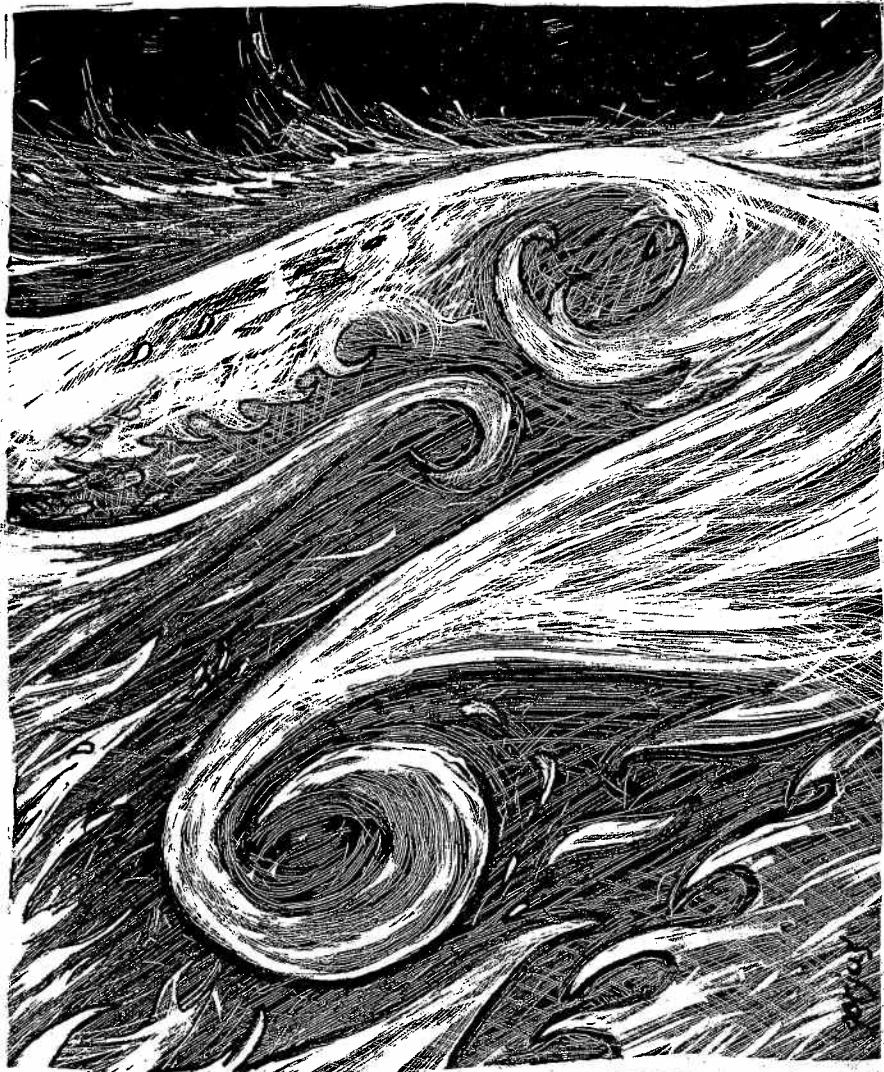


SANDUSKY



REVIEW



THE RIVER

*writhed and scraped its way past
Greenville like some mad, ancient god.*

NOT SINCE

the fall of Vicksburg had a Mississippi town on the River meant so much. In 1935 commerce flowed thicker than ever on the River, dollars and cents shipped in the form of hand-bundled cotton and maize. In the wake of commerce came its cousins, art and luxury. Greenville was teeming with both merchants and mezzo-sopranos, twenty-two thousand souls strong, its streets wandered by white-haired lawyer-poets.

On its Main Street Greenville carried shops of all types, selling silk from Beijing, tea from Darjeeling, and oils and pastels from Paris. Alone in its time, the City had fought back the Klan ten years before, aided by a sheriff of the coldest blood.

And the babies born at King's Daughters Hospital were soaked with the language and prophecy of the River. As they grew older they would feud and fight and weep over their home, never decry, never deny, their poems and books and photographs and children all devoted to its celebration.

