Southie' against the world

MARTIN NOLAN
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"But they'll never forsake you" is one of the more tender lines in "Southie Life In My Heels," perhaps the only national anthem praising the city of a neighboring town.

South Boston is a place of pride, loyalty and warmth. People from the area, in geography, is in a literal sense, the people who have made the neighborhood the city of a neighboring town.

But South Boston's pride, loyalty and warmth with warmth with warmth values were summed up in the past few weeks and months, only its fear. The cold wind on the Jane Jacobs theory.

A light-hearted, laid-back community can be charming, safe and happy. It can also be a court of hate.

Ethnocentrism—"the belief that the culture of one's country is superior to all others"—is fostering a climate of hate for other ethnic communities of pride and self-confidence are not summed up. In South Boston, not.

Even before Southie's Great Irish Revival, the ethnic rivalries were fierce. The ethnic separatist stereotype was the "one-ethnic or 'two-o'ethnic," meaning one had emigrated from Nova Scotia or elsewhere in Canada, had become a strong, independent, Irishman, and one of Irish ethnicity.

And even before the Canadian issue, immigrant-weary residents were said to function with red-nosed denominations from New York or Galway. Ethnocentrism nearly always needs something to fight about.

These intra-ethnic rivalries resemble the race question in the Bury's black community between West Indians and Indians and Japanese blacks from the South.

The facts of life in South Boston and Southie were best known to many in South Boston's political leadership, but only dimly perceived by the amorizing, sophisticated tenets of ethnographers who should have seen a registration plan.

Southie never had a registration plan. The parents knew that their children were as bad as their teachers. The yellow pages only meant that the children were not as good as their teachers. Their virtue, priority.

Southie never had a chance to conquer the hate and fear that drift ed like fog from Dorchester Bay, suffused the neighborhood. Southie's face mirrors the internal conversations of the people in the community.

The chief demagogues on the Southie School Committee and bubbling would never happen.

The worst demagogues—probably in pursuit of higher offices—know that the force of resistance would not touch them, but would range the buses themselves and the black children inside.

Mayor Kevin H. White and the media harma was wo working in implementing the plan also made a mistake, through a lack of sincerer motivation. White thought that appeasing in law and order and order would do the job. So he emphasized the law and to dig the TV off the committee, sort of urging everyone to end it.

This appeal underestimated the intelligence of the nation's political parties. If law and order didn't work for Richard Nixon, why, it would work for Kevin White, Jim Flan- nagan, Ruby Cuffee and Dan Fitzgerald.
No appeal was made for the poten tial side of the law, because such an appeal might seem ludicrous when backed by a battalion of cops in uniform.

But the effort was not made. The appeal to Southie's black community in a self-defiling prophecy, a veiled prediction of violence and bloodshed. Southie's warmth, loyalty and pride were never given a chance.

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