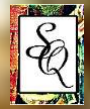
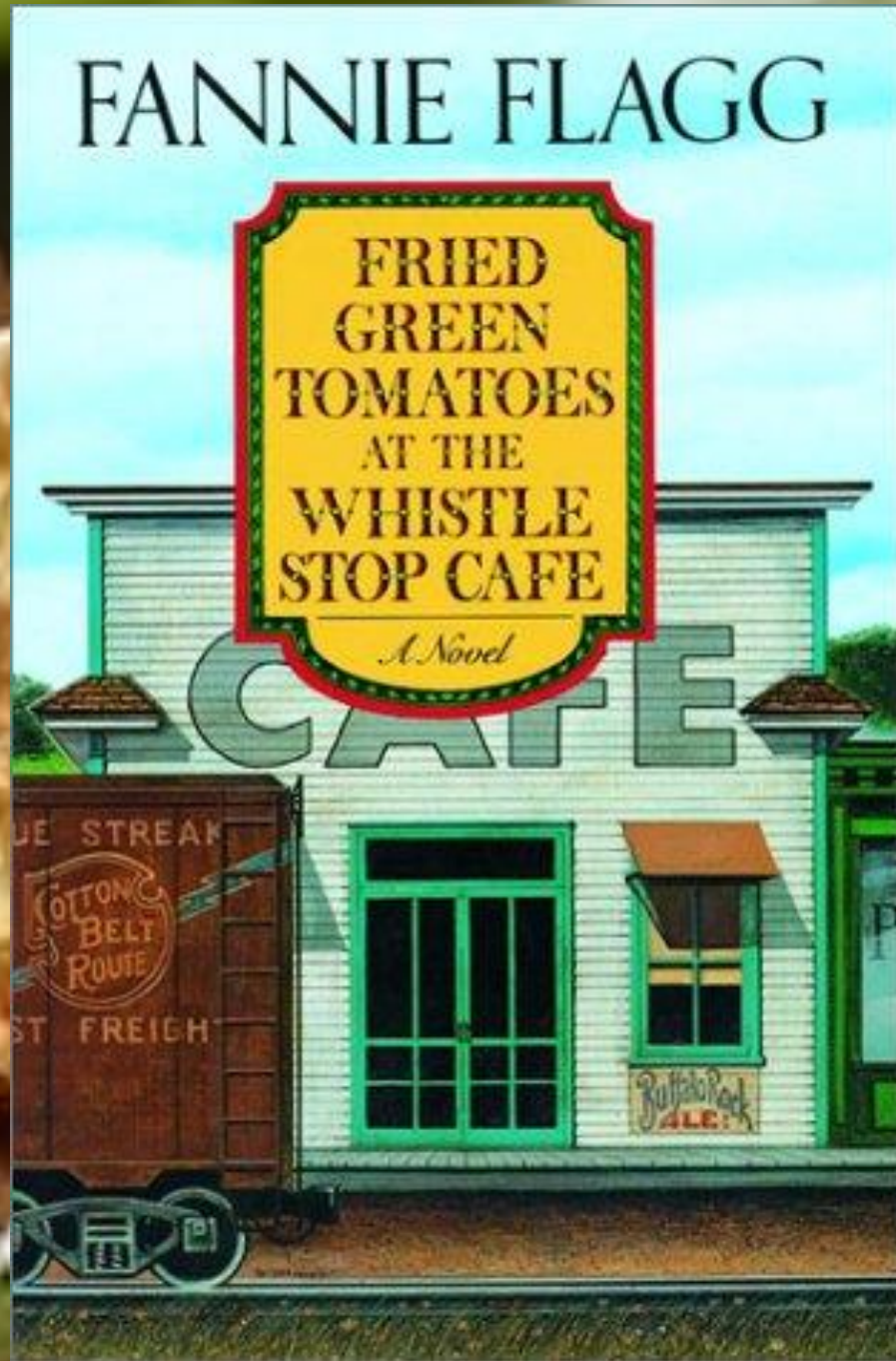


Community Dispute Resolution, Social Justice and Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe

Travis R. Marker, JD, LLM
Scrivener's Quill



What's this book about and how to does it explore Justice?



FRIED GREEN TOMATOES

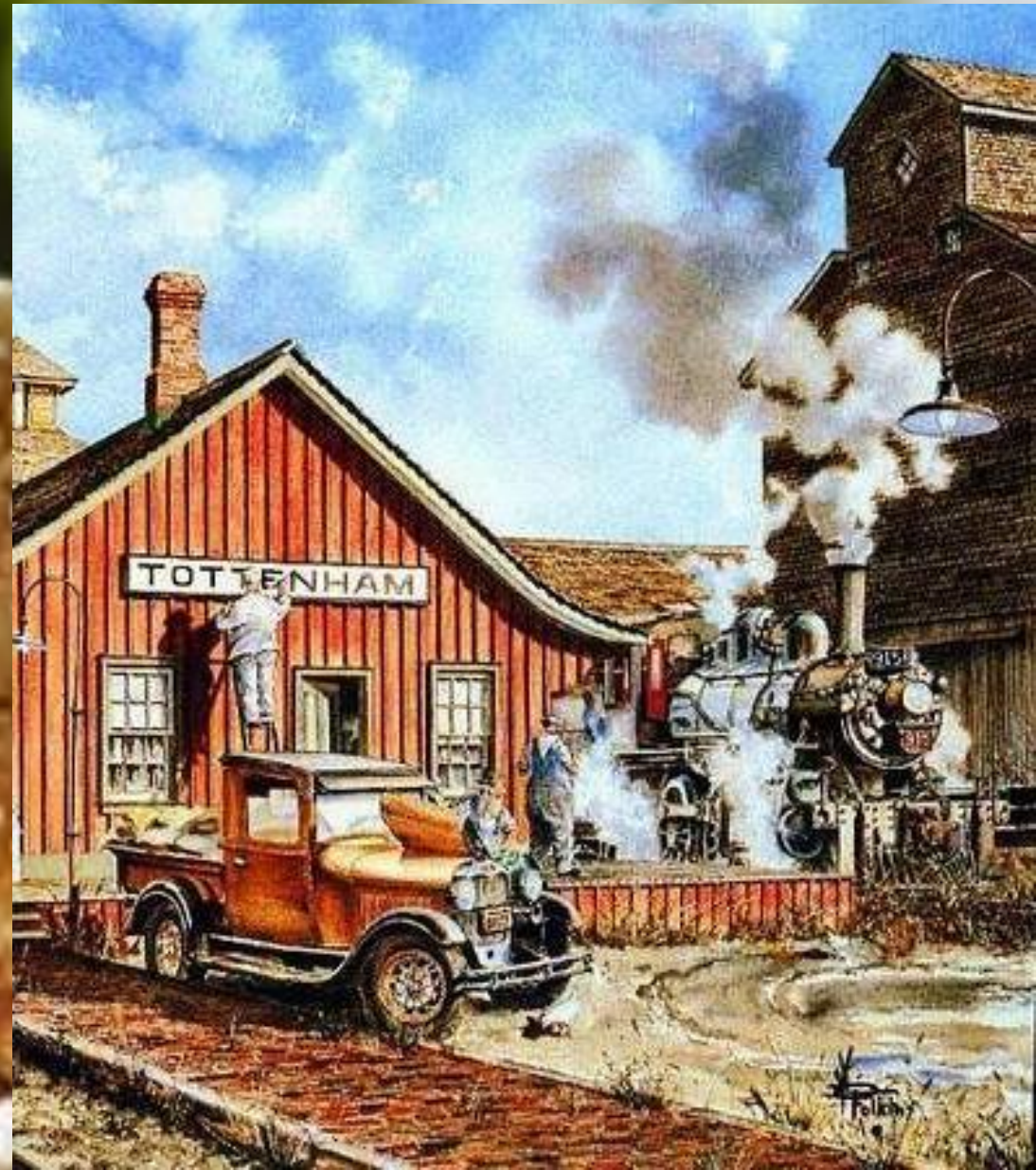


- “Airplanes and television have removed the Threadgoodes from the Southern scene. Happily for us, Fannie Flagg has preserved a whole community of them in a richly comic, poignant narrative that records the exuberance of their lives, the sadness of their departure. Idgie Threadgoode is a true original: Huckleberry Finn would have tried to marry her!” – Harper Lee



- “What Fannie Flagg has written, however, is a real novel and a good one. The story centers on a cafe in the railroad town of Whistle Stop, Ala., and on Idgie and Ruth, the two women who run the cafe; but it is a generational story, in which even the minor characters are given a goodly share of the stage, and it ranges from Whistle Stop to Valdosta, Ga., Birmingham and Chicago, and ranges back and forth in time from the pre-Depression era to the present. Ms. Flagg evokes, in fine detail, Hoovervilles, the Klan, a "hunting camp" that is more nearly a juke joint, a hot jazz spot in the black section of Birmingham and many other settings. **I suspect a phenomenal memory combined with a great deal of research.**”

- – Jack Butler, New York Times Book Review





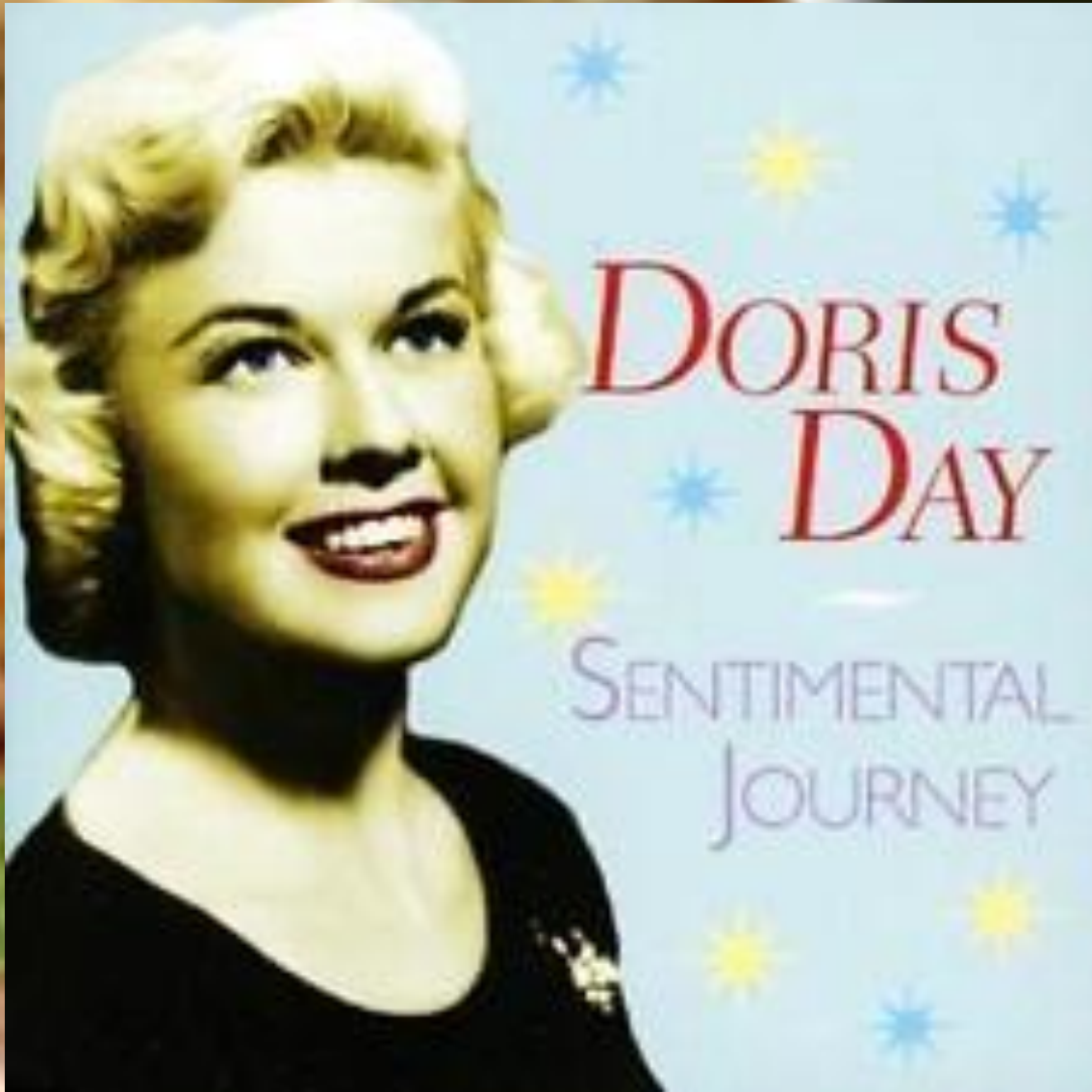
- The "Whistle Stop Cafe" is loosely based on the Irondale Cafe in Irondale, Alabama, a suburb near Flagg's birthplace. The cafe was bought by Flagg's aunt, Bess Fortenberry, in 1932 and ran by herself and two friends for four decades. It is still in operation and, like the fictional cafe, is known for its fried green tomatoes.

- [Wikipedia](#)



- The Whistle Stop Cafe building was built in 1927 by Edward L. Williams, Sr. [in Juliette, GA.] He ran a general merchandise store there for 45 years and finally closed the doors for good in 1972 simply stating, "I have had enough."
- While in business, the store sold groceries, staples, gasoline, cattle feed, medicines, clothing and hardware. In Mr. Williams words, "everything from the cradle to the grave." He called everyone "Cuz" and was known to roll the dice to see who paid for the Coca-Colas™
- <http://www.thewhistlestopcafe.com/about-the-whistle-stop-cafe.php>





- “It's funny, when you're a child you think time will never go by, but when you hit about twenty, time passes like you're on the fast train to Memphis. I guess life just slips up on everybody. It sure did on me.”
- — Fannie Flagg, Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe



- “Depression years come back to me now as the happy times, even though we were all struggling. We were happy and didn't know it.”

- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*





- “Nineteen thirty-nine marked the fifth winter in a row that Railroad Bill had been hitting the trains. As Kilgore passed, Charlie Fowler, and engineer for the Southern Railroad, said, “Hey, Grady, I hear old Railroad Bill hit himself another train last night. Ain’t you railroad dicks ever gonna to catch that boy?”

- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*







- “His idea of how the country was doing had been determined by the size of the butts he picked up off the sidewalk.”

- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*



- “He had mourned each of those great trains as, one by one, they were pulled off the lines and left to rust in some yard, like old aristocrats, fading away; antique relics of times gone by.”
- — Fannie Flagg, Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe





- “It's funny, most people can be around someone and they gradually begin to love them and never know exactly when it happened; but Ruth knew the very second it happened to her. When Idgie had grinned at her and tried to hand her that jar of honey, all these feelings that she had been trying to hold back came flooding through her, and it was at that second in time that she knew she loved Idgie with all her heart.”

- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*



- “What was this power, this insidious threat, this invisible gun to her head that controlled her life . . . this terror of being called names?
- She had stayed a virgin so she wouldn't be called a tramp or a slut; had married so she wouldn't be called an old maid; faked orgasms so she wouldn't be called frigid; had children so she wouldn't be called barren; had not been a feminist because she didn't want to be called queer and a man hater; never nagged or raised her voice so she wouldn't be called a bitch . . .
- She had done all that and yet, still, this stranger had dragged her into the gutter with the names that men call women when they are angry.”
- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*





- “People didn't call blacks names anymore, at least not to their faces. Italians weren't wops or dagos, and there were no more kikes, Japs, chinks, or spics in polite conversation. Everybody had a group to protest and stick up for them. But women were still being called names by men. Why? Where was our group? It's not fair.”

- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*



- “After the boy at the supermarket had called her those names, Evelyn Couch had felt violated. Raped by words. Stripped of everything. She had always tried to keep this from happening to her, always been terrified of displeasing men, terrified of the names she would be called if she did. She had spent her life tiptoeing around them like something lifting her skirt stepping through a cow pasture. She had always suspected that if provoked, those names were always close to the surface, ready to lash out and destroy her.”

- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*





- “It was a stretch to imagine that Barbara Walters might want to give it all up for Ed Couch, but Evelyn tried her hardest. Of course, even though she was not religious, it was a comfort to know that the Bible backed her up in being a doormat.”

- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*



• “Face it girls. I’m older and I have more insurance.”

• — Fannie Flagg, Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe



WINN DIXIE



- “Mrs. Threadgoode laughed at the thought. “Oh honey, I’ve buried my share, and each one hurt as bad as the last one. And there have been times when I’ve wondered why the good Lord handed me so many sorrowful burdens, to the point where I thought I just couldn’t stand it one more day. But He only gives you what you can handle and no more ... and I’ll tell you this: You can’t dwell on sadness, oh, it’ll make you sick faster than anything in this world.”

- — Fannie Flagg, Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe







- “Did you know Frank Bennett?”
- “No sir.”
- “Are you sure?”
- “Yes sir.”
- “You mean to sit here and tell me you never met the man whose wife, Ruth Bennett, was your business partner for eighteen years?”
- “That’s right.”
- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*



- “You mean to say you never came into Valdosta barbershop in August of nineteen twenty-eight and had a heated conversation in which you threatened to kill Frank Bennett, a man you didn’t know?”
- “That was me, all right. I thought you wanted to know if we had ever met, and the answer is no. I threatened to kill him, but we were never, what you might say, properly introduced.”

• — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*







- “Is it true that you spoke against Frank Bennett’s character to his wife and made her believe that he was not of good moral fiber? Did you convince her that he was not fit as a husband?”
- “No sir, she already knew that for a fact.”
- — Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*



• **“Are you aware that you broke up the most sacred thing on this earth – a Christian home with a loving father and mother and child? That you defiled the sacred holy marriage between man and a woman sanctioned by God in the Morning Dove Baptist Church, right here in Valdosta, on November first, nineteen twenty-four? That you have caused a good Christian woman to break God’s laws and her marriage vows?!”**

• – Fannie Flagg, Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe







- The skinny little judge, with a neck like an arm, didn't even bother to ask the jury for a verdict. He banged his gavel and said to the prosecuting attorney, "Percy, it don't look to me like you've got a case at all. First of all, there ain't no body been found. Second, we've got sworn witnesses ain't nobody gonna dispute."

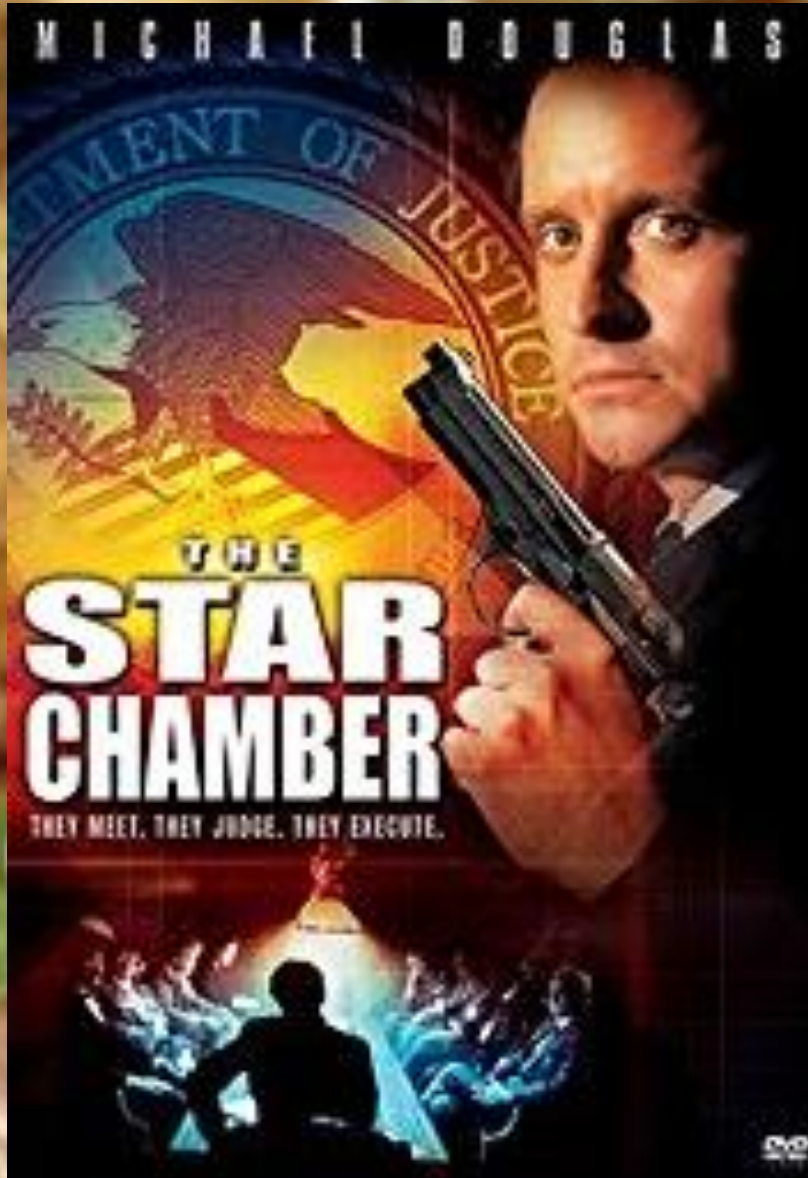
- — Fannie Flagg, Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe



- “What we got is a whole lot of nothing. I say this Frank Bennett got himself drunk and drove himself into the river and has long been ate up. We’re gonna call this thing, here, accidental death. That’s what we’ve got ourselves a case of.”

- — Fannie Flagg, Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe





- The judge, the Honorable Curtis Smoote, knew damn well that there had not been any three-day tent revival in the middle of December. And from where he was sitting, he had also seen that there preacher did not have a Bible between the covers of the book he had sworn on. He had seldom seen such a scrubbed-up lot of down and dirty characters. And besides, the judge's daughter had just died a couple weeks ago, old before her time and living a dog's life on the outskirts of town, because of Frank Bennett, so he really didn't care who had killed the son of a bitch.

• — Fannie Flagg, Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe



- Reverend Scroggins son, Bobby, had heard about the trial and had called and told him about that time Idgie had gotten him out of jail. So Scroggins, the one she had bedeviled all these years, had come through for her.
- Idgie was floored by the whole thing for quite a time. But, driving home, she did manage to say, “You know, I’ve been thinking, I don’t know what’s worse – going to jail or having to be nice to the preacher for the rest of my life.”
- – Fannie Flagg, *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*

