Case #1: Waldo’s book review

Waldo Jeffers just turned in a review of the book *Outcasts United* for ENGL 1010. Part of his essay reads:

“*Outcasts United* conveys the larger context in which a group of multi-cultural young athletes play games and say prayers in the small Georgia town of Clarkston. Over the past several decades, Clarkston has become a dumping ground for relief agencies looking to relocate refugees from countries around the world. Relief agencies chose Clarkston because of its good public transportation and affordable housing, but throwing kids from dozens of countries into a single, previously all-white school turned into a raw and exceptionally charged experiment in getting along.”

Waldo’s professor does a little Googling and finds the following article. Did Waldo plagiarize? Why or why not?

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**Field of Dreams**

By Steven V. Roberts, April 10, 2009

OUTCASTS UNITED

*By Warren St. John*  
*Spiegel & Grau. 307 pp. $24.95*

You can read this book or wait for the movie, but the book is worth the effort. This story is too textured, too filled with layers of light and dark, for Hollywood to capture its complexity.

In January of 2007, New York Times reporter Warren St. John wrote about the Fugees, a team of soccer-playing misfits from a dozen war-ravaged countries transplanted to the small Georgia town of Clarkston. The article prompted a huge response — tons of donated cash and equipment, plus a book contract for St. John and a movie deal that financed a team bus and a new school, the Fugees Academy.

The film will undoubtedly portray the Fugees’ extraordinary coach, Luma Mufleh, a native of Jordan, as a tough-but-tender soul who forges an adorable group of multi-colored young athletes into a cohesive unit and teaches them the Meaning of Life and the Joys of Diversity. And it’s all true. Watch for the scene when two players say pre-game prayers in their own languages (the Christian speaks Swahili, the Muslim Albanian).

But the book also conveys the larger context in which these kids play games and say prayers. Clarkston became a dumping ground for relief agencies looking to relocate refugees from Burundi and Bosnia, Iraq and Afghanistan. There was good public transportation and plenty of affordable housing, but throwing kids from 50 different countries into an all-white high school was crazy, “and the result was a raw and exceptionally charged experiment in getting along.” Some locals reacted badly, especially Mayor Lee Swaney, who decreed that only American sports like baseball could be played on city fields, not soccer. Others emulated Bill Mehlinger, who turned a local grocery store into a booming bazaar selling fish sauce to the Vietnamese, cassava powder to the Africans and whole lambs to the Middle Easterners.

No movie could fully evoke the emotional damage inflicted on families driven from their homelands by boundless brutality. Beatrice Zity and her children (three sons played for the Fugees) fled out the back door of their house in Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, while her husband was being murdered in the front room. Most immigrants to America come eagerly, after years of saving and dreaming; they stay in touch with kinfolk back home through cell phones and e-mail and retain a sense of connection and community. The refugees of Clarkston

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