

Dear Madre and Cif,

Tomorrow Albany is holding an election for City Commissioners. One of the

men who is running is a Negro, a Mr. Chatmon. There is quite a lot of excitement in town over this, as you can imagine. Penny and I will be working for the Albany Movement tomorrow, showing people how to mark their ballots.

Last night we came home to find that the house had been broken into, and \$107 had been stolen. We called the police, who eventually showed up. This morning we happened to see the Albany Herald (edited by a vicious segregationist from Massachusetts). The paper is presently being boycotted, but we happened to see a copy. There on the front page was a little article announcing that the residence of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (a group known for its "race mixing activities") at 504 South Madison Street had been burglarized. The police must have given Mr. Gray the story, because we sure aren't publicizing our address for all comers. There are enough people who are our friends in the immediate neighborhood that we are safe.

We finally, finally got Ralph Allen's car repaired, we hope. That thing is held together with chewing gum. We hope we can dig up another car somewhere, because driving the boys out to the counties is quite a problem. We've been using other people's cars ever since I got here.

I will send Juanita's recommendation for Crossroads on to New York in a couple of days.

Last night I went to my first Albany mass meeting. It was quite something, even if things have calmed down. It lasted forever. Mr. Searles, of the local Negro newspaper spoke. He's a very frank man, and he got up and denounced the President of Albany State (White man with a black face, according to Searles) for turning Penny down. He also pressured the Movement to get back into motion. Dr. Anderson spoke for a couple of moments. In person, he doesn't seem to hold a candle to Slater King. Slater King is the vice-president of the Movement. He doesn't draw all the "amens" and "wells" that Anderson does in church, but people listen to him, when he makes his quiet and well thought out statements. He has much more foresight than Anderson, it seems to me.

Slater and C. B. King are two brothers here in Albany. One is the leading, if not only, Negro attorney. Slater King runs an insurance office. Both of them can be extremely sarcastic at times, but seem very, very bright. They're exceptionally cosmopolitan for this town. C.B., by the way, is the man who was beaten when he went to City Hall to ask that a Doctor go see Bill last summer.

Penny and I spent a night at Goldie and Beau Jackson's this week. 214 Hobson Street is a little house practically in the country, with trees and birds all around. It surprises you to find that people like Slater and C. B. live on unpaved streets. Most of us on this side of town do (Madison Street is an exception). You leave downtown Albany which is quite modern, or the stately elegant White sections, cross Oglethorpe Avenue and you are met by dirt roads and huts like the ones in Haiti. Not all of Harlem (what this part of town is called), is like that, but most of it is. M. S. Page, a Negro businessman who has a bank acc't alone of \$260,000 (which doesn't include his property) lives in a concrete block house.