

Jan. 22, 1963



# Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

6 Raymond Street, N.W.  
Atlanta 14, Georgia

688-0331

Dear Ciff,

This time I hope that I will be able to spend more time on your letter. I usually write under cover, pretending that I am writing a business letter, but this time to Hell with it, you're my sister and I should be allowed to write to you occasionally.

Peg and Kathy Conwell are in town, it was nice to see them, especially Kath. I still seem to have a hard time with Peg, she seems like such a little social worker to me, I'm always afraid that I am being used as a Guinny(?) pig as a test case or something. I must say however, that when those two walked into the office, they brought sunshine with them, they're both so pretty and charming.

By now you have met Ralph Allen, oh he's so fine. I hope you dig him as much as I did. He stayed the night at our house when his plane was held over. I gave him special permission to kiss you when he met you, because you're you, and I like him.

Peg said that she got a letter from you, she said that it was the warmest letter she ever got from you, BUT she said that it was very sad--- no explanation.

Hank and I had a log talk, you know, not a long talk with a capital L and T but just a real pitch battle. I finally voiced my opinion about the rather pushy manner that he and his crowd operated on. I love him so much, but sometimes I want to bit his head off. He can be so honest, but he so often falls into the trap of this sociology lingo. Well now we're straight.

Am seeing Charles Jones tonight probably. He is planning to finish school at Smith this term, and then go into very extensive analysis for the summer term at school. After that he is going onto law school. I hope this is the way he should go, all I know is that he is most certainly mixed up right now. Oh veh, Kathy Rogers has decided to go back to Donny Harris, so she's backing off with Jones.

Also, Jones' Grandmother has just died. So---

Ma has been having a hard time with her darn head. The wound is healed nicely, but she still seems to have an occasional dizzy spell. Also she says her memory isn't too good. I really think the main problem is that she has been plagued with some kind of virus. One day she is okay and the next day she is quite sick. For example; three days ago she was fine, just having recovered from a bad cold, and two days ago she came down with another cold. She ran a fever of 101 and the following day, she ran one of 103½ BUT the following day, she back down to almost normal. See what I mean? By the way, please don't tell her that I told you all this stuff, she thinks its purely confidential. Also no need for you to worry too much because she is under Fritzzy's care.

Suzy Orgel, or whatever her married name is, was in town with her baby and husband. They were leaving to go to Germany, where her husband is going to law school. She wanted to stay at our house, but Ma tried to explain that we didn't have enough room for





# Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

6 Raymond Street, N.W.  
Atlanta 14, Georgia

688-0331

three extra people, I gather she was a wee bit <sup>put</sup> out. She said that the past two years have been rather boring, because David had been studying so much that she had had little time with him. She had been doing some High Fashion modeling during this time. Now she is pregnant again.

Well the first term at night school is over, and I am sighing a sigh of relief. I'm just tired, but I do like school so much better than I did. I am really learning something, or let me put it this way, I could learn something if I tried to retain what we were taught. You know the people are so nice. It's really refreshing to be with people that desire to learn. Most of the students are foreign born, which often provides GREAT amusement, when it comes to mass communion, but we learn and we all love one another, in a funny sort of way. This year I decided that I would have to devise a method of amusing myself during my finals, because I usually finish HOURS before everyone else, because it never takes me a long time to choose my answers, so on every multiple choice question or true false question etc, ~~xxxx~~ that I wasn't sure of, I would flip a nickle. This provided much amusement for me, but not much for my fellow students. The classroom is set up with long tables, at which about ten students sit. Well I happened to be in the middle of the first table, and every time I flipped my nickle and it rolled off the table with a big clatter, I had to get up, make all my friends get up to let me out to fetch my nickle. I had thought of crawling under the table, but I didn't wish to appear undignified, anyhow it only happened three times, and I passed my test despite it all.

PLEASE EXCUSE THE BAD TYPING AND THE BAD SPELLING AND THE BAD ENGLISH, thank you kindly.

I hope that you will be able to come to New York for the concert, I want to go back with you. But-----

The concert is going alright I think. There seems to have been a breakdown in communication between Miss Baker and I. We have given most of our tickets to trust worthy folk around town, to sell. We've put up posters in Harlem, MidManhattan, the Village nad Bedford Styvasant. And we've also sent out some pretty plush invitations (\$x5,000 to be exact) to wealthy people interested in SNCC. I still think it is a shame that we are having this concert, where the people of Harlem can't get to it (to expensive) or just anybody that is interested in SNCC. This concert is going to be one of those affairs where people will come, be entertained and will leave the theatre *thinking* that they have done they're part in the struggle. In a way, I don't dig this whole idea of having concerts, and concerts and more concerts. If performers are interested in giving of their talent, fine, then why don't they set tours with other artists, and tour the country, spreading the word. Or putting an add in the Times, a full page spread with other artists, saying that they support us ect. OR, why



don't they start fighting discrimination in the hiring of actors in the theatre. There's so much to do, and all they seem to want to do is, sign their name to something, as long as it isn't controversial and that's the end of it. Don't they realize that our whole theatre is being ruined by this foolishness? We can't produce new playwrights and we can't afford new actors. Oh shit I'm tired.

This letter makes little sense, I'm sure. I haven't coordinated any of my ideas, or followed them through, but I hope you understand.

I hope you are fine. Sorry about this letter.

Love,

*Ciffie*