

May 2, 1965

Dear Friends,

This was a big week for fishing, and very little else. But the fishing was quite an event as I had never been before in my life and it seems to offer a kind of release from the tension that builds up in Albany. Last Sunday Wendy and I had to get away as we had just spent too many weekends in Albany without relief. She has been putting in very long hours trying to get the nursery school completed - yesterday until 11 p.m. tiling the floor - so we drove up to Americus to see the Barnums. The family owns a funeral home and are very wealthy by Southwest Georgia (or any other) standards. John L. Barnum was the President of the Movement in Americus and was very active in the things happening there. However, he isn't there very often as he likes to hitch his yacht to his Cadillac and pull it down to Florida. It is rumored that he has never had the yacht in the water but keeps it well stocked with women and liquor and just parks in behind a motel in Florida. Then there is Grandma Barnum, John's mother, and the grand old lady of the funeral business in Southwest Georgia. I believe it was Grandma's husband who started the business. Grandma is currently a Catholic, having been at various times a Jehova Witness, and various forms of Protestant running from Holiness evangelical to high church Episcopalian. She is also hostess to dozens of people who drop in every week - Americus being on the highway to Atlanta. John L. has three children, the oldest named Bunky who is now at Tuskegee. Bunky has always had lots of money as he is Grandma's favorite, and there are lots of stories about how he handles it. In a little town like Americus he is the only wealthy kid and everyone else is extremely poor, so there are lots of stories about him. One day he was picked up by the State Patrol for speeding and brought to Sheriff Chappell's office. Chappell told him the fine was \$50 and said, "well, I guess you'll want to call Grandma". Bunky reached into his shirt pocket, pulled out a hundred dollar bill and told him, "there's no point in bothering her, just take it out of this". Then there's Thelma, John's wife, who fishes. She also teaches school but spends about every minute that she isn't in school and all day off the weekends fishing. About a week ago they bought some property in Americus which included a little pond and Thelma invited us to fish ~~witxxxxxx~~ out there. We didn't catch anything but when I told CB about it he decided that we would go fishing and take his kids next weekend and he would show me all the tricks. So he went out and bought two very expensive rod and spinning reels and a whole lot of equipment and worms and crickets. (Last week we had fished with bamboo poles). And on Saturday we went up and fished all day with the fancy equipment and still didn't catch anything. Thelma felt very bad about all of this as she really wanted to have us catch some fish. So she invited me to come back today and she would take us to this special place. Wendy didn't want to go up because she had some more stuff to do for Project Head Start (federal nursery school grants) so I went up with deLissovoy who claims to have

fished for muskie and other such fish in Wisconsin lakes all his life. We got up there around noon and then followed Thelma to Preston, Ga. She didn't want to ride in the same car as "Preston is a mean little cracker town". Her brother, who is an officer at Ft. Benning, and told boring stories about Viet Nam, also came along. They own property in Preston which also has a pond, but this one is really a swamp. It has old stumpy tree logs and long hanging moss, and the surface of the water is covered with lilly pads and slime. Very ominous looking but I was convinced there had to be fish there. Fished all day and still nothing. deL might have done alot of fishing when he was a boy, but he sure didn't seem very excited about it today. He just sat around looking bored and got a bad sunburn. I don't know why I wrote all this stupid crap about fishing except that this was my major activity for the week.

Tomorrow we go down to Moultrie to ~~try~~ defend a couple of cases. One group is a malicious mischief charge that was part of the arson~~s~~ arrests. Then Herman Kitchens, who is the head of the project in Moultrie, has a gambling charge. We ~~have~~ have perfected our motion to quash the indictment and challenge to the array of jurors form. We still haven't had a ruling on one aspect of ~~it~~ it - whether the two statutes which together require that the jurors be selected from segregated lists is unconstitutional. One statute provides for segregated property tax payer books and the other requires that the jury list be taken from the tax books.

More on Rev. Fulwood's famous traffic case in Cordele (the one in which he's been acting as his own lawyer and has gotten 3 continuances). CB enjoyed the story so much he agreed to represent Fulwood, but since we have to go to Moultrie to City Court we had to get another continuance for Fulwood. Meanwhile, the other SNCC worker down there, who has been introduced to city officials as "Fulwood's legal advisor" was walking along the street with another guy passing out handbills announcing a mass meeting. Two cops stopped them and inquired whether they had a permit to distribute handbills - required by city ordinance. The SNCC worker told him, "I don't need a permit, the First Amendment is my permit". The one cop wanted to arrest him, but the other cop recognized him from the trial and said not to arrest him as he was a legal advisor and he knew what his rights were.

During the week Dr. Burns got arrested in Ocilla. He isn't really a doctor but has acquired the honorary title somewhere along the line. He is the vice-principal in some little country school but also hangs around Harlem on his vacations and weekends, and leads two very distinct and different lives. I just assumed that he had nothing to do with the Movement but he went to a mass meeting in Ocilla and was arrested while leaving town. They charged him with some traffic offense, possibly drunk driving. Dr. Burns refused to post bond and insisted he would stay in jail indefinitely as a protest of this treatment. Anyhow, the doctor has a very magnificent way of speaking, and is a trify pompous. No one had ever willingly stayed in jail in Ocilla before and this caused quite a bit of confusion in the police station as they knew

he had enough money to bond himself out. But he refused and continued to lecture anyone who came within hearing range about the abuses of his constitutional rights, using language which I am sure no one understood. Finally they got a couple of the local Negro business men to sign a bond for him to get him out of jail.

A fourteen year old Negro boy was found dead in the swimming pool a few days ago. After the demonstrations in 61-62 the City sold the white swimming pool to the local racist newspaper editor which he runs as a white only "club" and closed the Negro pool. But they never drained the water out and alot of kids sneak into it at night and swim. The official story is that he drown, but there is a very persistent rumor going around that he had whip marks on his back.

I am now a member of the Federal Bar for the Northern District of California - which means that I can be admitted on motion to practice in the Federal Courts in Georgia. The whole thing is especially exciting as it had never been done before. There ~~was~~ is a rule which requires you to be sworn in in person and I guess that no one ever questioned the rule. But a friend who is clerking for one of the Judges out there started to question the rule and no one could find any logical reasons to defend it so they made the exception.

I'm sorry this is such a short and empty letter but there really wasn't much doing, it's very late Sunday night, and its the best I can come up with at this point.

Dennis