

Frank Holloway
c/o Skyliner Pharmacy
Gadsden, Alabama
November 6, 1962

Dear Jim:

How is life? Things here are going along pretty good--except money has become a dirty word. As you know it has been over two months since I have had any real money from the office with which to work. Don't get me wrong, I understand quite well the financial burden that the office has been working under, but I find it highly impossible for me to continue operation without some monetary relief. Our voter registration program is come along somewhat slow--mainly because we lack the money to buy some much needed supplies. But we are working the best we can with what we have. We are canvassing the northwest section of Gadsden now. We should be through with this section as far as canvassing is concern in a matter of days. We are pondering the idea of set up a training school for those who we feel can not pass the registration test. This also will call for a lot of money?!

We are coming right along with our non-violent work-shop. You know most of the kids who come to the work-shop are high school students. They are very cooperative and seem to have a keen interest in what we are doing--plus many of them are working in voter registration. We hope to get some direct-action going in the downtown area. As you know we already have effected a selective buying campaign. It is my opinion that direct action in the form of set-ins and picketings will give the necessary boost that our selective buying campaign needs. I think we will be ready in about a week. We need money for this project also...

I have been trying to raise money in the community, but I have had little success--mainly because there is little money here from which to raise. We raised a little money at our weekly mass meeting, but not enough to speak of... you know actually these are some real wonderful people. They really believe in giving until it hurts. But they just don't have it to give, you probably know this from my last report concern the employment problems here.

You know, I went to one woman house to talk to her about voter registration. She invited me in and asked me to have a seat and make myself at home. The house wasn't too clean and there were about six young kids running around the house. They looked half starved and untidy. The woman offer me something to eat. I could not help but to except for fear I might hurt her feelings. But I could not eat in peace for thinking about those six hungry looking kids that she had. After finishing my "meal" and my talk about voter registration, she told me she had heard about my need for money. She then gave me two dollars which I am sure was her last. This I didn't want to except--but I did, because I didn't want to hurt her feelings. She is a "real" freedom fighter. Well, I guess this is about it in fact I have a lots of thing to do.

Yours slugging along

Frank (sncc) Holloway

P.S. " I need money"