

Journal Excerpts
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To have the voting bill passed there must be someone there to use it or it will not be enforced. The federal govt. will be forced.

3 points:

1Voter registration

2

3Political orientation - has to see how voting can get him the things he's never had.

1Community organization - leadership and political perpetuation if it is to survive. The idea is not for the man from the north to become indispensable, but so that he can tap the leadership potential there - so they can carry on alone. Provide funds because of job recriminations.

Communications and a functioning body here are set up with the parent body there. These people will only be going where they are wanted - but not as leaders.

\$50 - transportation - one way

\$12 per week - support

June 15, 1965 (SCOPE Orientation)

From our section meetings:

Honest to God scared --honest to god apathetic.

The other side is licked, and they know it.

My hero complex is acting up. We're supposed to go to a fairly urban, safe area. (We have been tentatively assigned to Charleston, SC at this time.)

Other kids are going to Alabama. Though rationally I can't see that it makes any difference where I go for what I want to do, but I want to go to Alabama. I almost wish I had gone to Mississippi with SNCC. Guess I want some glory. But I also enjoy the thought of the challenge in Mississippi and Alabama. Of course, the struggle in other

areas is as rough if not more so because of apathy, but these areas aren't as spectacular.

James Bevel: "There are two movements: Negroes who want to be white and who will quit when they satisfy themselves, and those who are people and who will never quit because they care for all humanity."

These are remarkable people. Such a knack for facing complete reverses in plans or complications. Most organizers I know would be completely overwhelmed -- completely discouraged.

I was asked a discerning question tonight: "You came down here to die, didn't you?"

Professor John Franklin:

- Never real military occupation of the South after the Civil War.
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- The South achieved an unprecedented political amnesty. Actions in politics of the old social order lead to almost the same social order after the war.
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- 1866 Civil Rights Bill - citizens of the country were citizens regardless of color.
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- 14th Amendment.
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- These acts were all considered moderate.

Any military occupation was until each state came back into the union.

Carpetbaggers - all northerners were carpetbaggers or failures. Many invested much money in the southern economy. Many were idealists who wanted to teach and help. Many black carpetbaggers who wanted to elevate their people. Exploitation wasn't always the idea.

Scalwags - many - those who had been opposed to slavery and even in the war who could work in govt. Majority of leaders in Georgia were these whites.

Negroes - not ignorant of govt. even if uneducated.

These three provided radical Reconstruction. Couldn't really be radical:

1not enough military occupation to warrant the growth of radicalism.

1Radicalism could not be supported by enough people.

No Negro rule anywhere.

How I respect those who come back here more than once - not everyone becomes bitter. Some really care - and love America.

It is so unusual to be with students from the great universities of the United States: Amherst, Cal, U of Pennsylvania, Notre Dame, etc. I'm awed.

Avoid racism as well as possible.

Joseph Rauh:

- "The Civil Rights Act of 1964"
-
- April 1963 - the bottom - no serious legislation proposed by Kennedy.
-
- Birmingham - cattle prods, police dogs - Kennedy was forced by these to build a bill.
-
- Bill:
-

Title I - voting phase - a failure

Title II - public accommodations - significant. Forbids anyone who owns hotels and all forms of places to get lodging - except 5 rooms or less - regardless of length of time; any restaurant or lunch counter which gets food from outside; all gas stations; all sports arenas, theatres; anything that is in one of these (a barber shop in a hotel) or covered by one of these cannot discriminate. Sleep, eat, watch are covered - not participate. (vestiges of discrimination)

Covered establishments - to enforce:

- 1 Legal Action
- 2 Direct Action

Legal action: If one is in a place which still discriminates:

- send someone, completely inoffensive, to try and break it
- person is discriminated against is able to sue, or, if he can't afford it, the U.S. government will sue to break discrimination

Direct action: Sit-ins, not totally outmoded because it can be used in places uncovered.

Title III - Attorney General can sue to alleviate discrimination in anything public. Same procedure as in II.

Title IV - Roughly the same as III for schools - can act (Attorney General on behalf of the students or the parents who have been turned down. (Funds given if a school wants to fight to desegregate itself.)

Title V - extension of the Civil Rights Commission

Title VI - no federal funds can be used to discriminate or desegregate.

Title IV hasn't been used much because VI can be used much more quickly and much more effectively.

Office of education rules to look for to see if they are violated:

- Have to integrate 4 grades
- Have to integrate totally in 1967

Must integrate by:

- 1Geography - no gerrymandering - geography must be fair
- 2Okayed freedom of choice

If school district is integrating by choice, then make sure freedom of choice is free. Have they all heard that they have choice? Will teachers (Negroes) lose their jobs if they integrate? Seniority should be considered when closing a Negro school to integrate.

Grades which must be integrated:

- Lowest grade
- Grade in the middle
- First and top grades of high school

Watch out for token integration.

Title VII - FEPC of the federal bill. July 2. Covers only employers of 100 or more until July, 1966. Not in hiring, firing, promotion, salary. Labor unions and employment agencies cannot discriminate. Bars discrimination against and in apprenticeship programs. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission - FDR Jr. - just appointed.

If discrimination, it must be taken to this commission, but there are no regional offices to take complaints to. Must go to Washington as of now. If a regional office is set up (probably Atlanta,) take it there. If a complaint doesn't get into the channels, the man or the Attorney General can sue.

Titles 8, 9, 10, and 11:

8 - Voting statistics on Negro non-registration and non-voting to implement the 14th Amendment

9 - Attorney General intervening in law suits.

10 - Community Relations Service; Department of Commerce, Washington, D.C. - to send in any complaints.

11:45 PM

I was rather disappointed tonight. Martin Luther King was supposed to speak, but he can't 'til tomorrow night.

I hope I'm not down here being self-righteous. I have the strange opinion that I am right.

This place - or a few places - smell like urine. One place is under an underpass we walk through. The other is our john.

I wonder how it feels to be a Negro and listen to the things that are said at these meetings. I wonder if they feel pride or animosity or shame or what. I sure hope I can get close enough to some Negroes this summer to ask.

I feel so ugly - no eye-liner and only light eyebrows and mascara. I can't do a damn thing with my hair in this weather. But I'm really happy and not as bugged as I'd be at home about my appearance.

Non-violence: "If you can love anyone, you can love everyone."

Rev. James Lawson - Director, Nonviolent Education

Violence: force, power which seeks to give out *suffering* to the opponent, forcing them to do what you want done. A man-created thing.

One must say - every man is me - regardless of it he is my enemy.

non-violence is relevant because it is contagious - the act is primary to the theory.

heals - man on the inside

protects - these men stand up to the old fear which disarms the users of this fear.

These are remarkable people. Such a knack for facing complete reverses in plans or complications. Most organizers I know would be completely overwhelmed - completely discouraged. They'd give up. Such tenacity.

C. Vann Woodward -

(In a way this is refreshing and stimulating. We have no idea of where we are going or what we will be doing. This will keep us involved and pliable.)

One of the guys I met last night is going to summer school here in Georgia and has a moral decision to make. He can't decide whether to drop out of summer school - which

his parents have paid for - to join the Movement, or to stay on and let the Movement go by.

Ruben Kolb - coalition between racists for elections.

Negro attitudes: Reject what they feel is a shameful past. (Many whites agree.)

Stanley Elkins, Slavery (PB)

Kenneth Stampp. The Peculiar Institution

C. Vann Woodward, the Strange Career of Jim Crow (PB)

Robert Fogelson
Department of History
Columbia University
New York, New York 10027

Paul Buck, The Road to Reunion (PB)

Arthur Piaper, Preface to Peasantry

Social Darwinism 1865 - 1940

Progressives

Racism

Complete disenfranchisement by 1910.

Disenfranchisement coincided with colonization of Africa by Europe.

Veterans don't pay poll taxes.

Don't pay tax until just before you vote.

Vote, except for a felony - five years or more.

SCLC takes care of them until they find a new job.

6:40 PM

We're waiting for Rev. King.

I'm experiencing a battle with myself. I think we're going to Mobile, Ala. I keep saying I don't want to go there because I'd rather go to the country 'cause I'm from the country and I miss it and I'd understand the people better and all such garbage. It's about time I be honest with myself and admit I want to go to the country simply because

#1 That's the stereotype of the Movement in my own mind and, mostly,

#2 That's where the glory is.

Rationally I know that a city might be even more useful in that a city has more political power when they vote. Lord help me to be very happy with wherever I go.

Martin Luther King, Jr.:

It seems strange to hear people say Negroes are stupid or illogical when we sit and hear those we've heard the last few days.

They talk of the safety problem of sending civil rights workers to rural areas. So they want experienced workers. But, then they talk of how they have such complex problems in the cities, but they are going to send inexperienced workers?

SNCC - the old Marines.

King is a beautiful speaker, but I guess I haven't experienced enough to have him talk to me emotionally.

Literacy -

Reading done through experience.

You teach what the people ask for.

Never call anyone to the board unless he volunteers.

Why not more frequently than twice a week?

Do they have anything with them with their name on it, if they don't know?

Insurance policies - school records

16 June, 1965 (SCOPE Orientation)

Michael Harrington -

"National implication of the Negroes in the South"

Catalytic politically and socially. "Those most wronged are bringing the greatest rights."

Typical Negro is not a sharecropper. 60% in the South live in the cities. They are now competing in an industrial economy.

Southern Negro leadership came because of modernization and industrialization.

Northern urban, too.

New picture - Negro superman.

Racism permeates our lives completely: politics, manners, education, everything.

Entering our industrial economy at the worst time - we need more skill and education - and not menial laborers. Not a question of prejudice but of our social system.

50% of the Negroes in Atlanta are poor - not minimal.

Their contribution to our society:

Have done more for whites than Negroes in this Movement. Have given us back our conscious - the white conscious. "White America has been given a gift by Black America."

Politics -

War Against Poverty - only a beginning - because of the Negro Movement that brought out the slums, etc.

Helping to break the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition. Goldwater represented this coalition taking over the President rather than just the Congress. John even went through.

The American economy is so abundant there should be no conflict in distribution. Consensus, not conflict. Johnson's idea.

Job Corps - unusable with any criminal record. "We will take the cream of the poor - the middle class in disguise."

The government expects great increases in unemployment. Drastically will hurt young Negroes. Help will take great politics - something new from below. But, these things all also effect white workers. These problems are not black problems, but American problems, black and white."

Need labor unions because black and whites are now constantly competing for jobs. This worker coalition must begin to unite them on their common self-interest. "We have so many things to do if we only decide to do it."

James Bevel -

segregation -

1. smoke-screen which keeps everyone off guard;
2. keep Negroes from participating in politics, the conference table and negotiations;
3. keep Negroes from sharing in the accumulated knowledge of our universities;
4. exploit Negro money and labor;
5. destroy the humanity of the segregated.

Segregation can't be ended by integration - integration of white establishments is not enough. They need all - 2, 3, 4, 5.

In the South:

1. Fighting the smoke screen and the stereotypes. Civil Rights Bill. Finally convinced that they were human beings.

North -

1. Restore humanity to the Negroes there.

2. Explosion - refusing to live under our conditions - slums, etc. Will point out the problems.

"Nobody loved them."

"The Word has become flesh and it dwells among men."

Finally, "It's foolish to argue about the cross - but will you take up and carry the cross."

"Love finds a way to be constructive."

"The question of the right to live in an adequate house is not an American tradition."

"If the American people try to treat everyone in the world the way they treat the Negro in America, they aren't going to stand for it!" We no longer have a choice. We must have peace, but to have it, we must have sanity with our problems.

Tom Kahn -

How to build love into social, political and economic questions.

Economic _____ is the _____ in the Movement.

Negro history (economic):

1940-1954, rise in income - over all improvement from _____.

Things happen when people have hope.

1954-now, economic situation is getting worse. Prejudice and racism have declined, but segregation as a way of life and a part of society is stronger and better brought out - it has been challenged.

(Over \$2000 has been stolen from kids in this project.)

Brandon Sexton-

We are going to Mobile. Guess I have mixed feelings. I'm sure I'll love it anyway. I sorta' wish I would not be going with the Cal group simply because I'd like to meet all new people. Ugh! Why can't I accept this as I used to accept God's will? Give me strength to do as well as I can and to help.

"Voting registration is not an end. It is only a means to an end."

William Cook-

See Florence about someone to do our research:
1960 census
Urban League

Anticipate what you do after a small victory.

Gulf Coast Country

Caril Williams - S. Calif. Country
Oil interests
Longshoreman's union

High schools are only academically oriented. How about some vocational training?

Never met so many easterners in my life.

urban renewal - Southern Cities - high degree of residential integration especially in old areas. Never areas tend to be those which segregated.

public housing

These projects are not used, because the Negroes in that area don't use their vote to make them go our way. A good reason to vote. Focal point for organization.

Keep up on criteria for who you ally with and who you don't ally with - generally. However, keep up on the political events in Mobile. White worker might be able to help make contact with cooperative white groups.

(White Unitarian church is divided - partly for us. Friends. Human Relations Councils. White ministers - Look for those who are least evangelical.

Negro leaders and leading Negroes.
Whites, Negroes and us - "the third protagonists in this crazy novel."

Don't go to the forefront. Keep back.

How un-personable are Californians?

Blackwell - "Community Organization"

(There are bars on the windows in the dorms - bomb protection - or at least that's what I've been told. Hard to believe.)

There are no communities without organizations or leadership. Find and listen to these available groups.

Go in with no preconceived ideas on how to judge a man or how he will fit into the program. Hold on to your understanding of social stratification, but certainly make room for unique situations. Guide lines are along age groups, if anything.

(Please - patience not to question and to be able to wait.)

We have not come to assist in identifying the Uncle Tom's. (Senior Citizen) Find a place for him.

Young adults - best trained, highest paid - feel they have the right to determine the policy of the community. Don't become a part of helping this segment to alienate the others.

Youth leaders (16-23) tend to figure that the ends justify the means.

1. Work within their acceptable moral standards.
2. Be flexible in all planning
3. Avoid doing county organization. No county-wide. Take it block by block.
4. "Avoid the tendency to presume to know why people are not registered."
5. Avoid the use of traditional excuses: first class citizens, etc. Listen with a sensitive year.
6. Stay out of arguments.
7. Not called upon to defend loyalty to anything: i.e. SCLC, a political party.
8. Not here to confront the white community.

Hosea Williams:

Herbert Colton:

Get out and vote; telephone committee; awareness of car pools to register.
Hospitality committee - food, etc., at the polls.
Babysitting committee
Transportation committee - polls and registration.
Get everyone eligible all day.
Bourgeoisie Negroes
Door by door

Andrew Marisett - how to organize youth in a black belt community

Find where they congregate.
A couple of boys about the Movement
Get school kids to draw others out - singing, etc.
Make them all feel that they are part of the Movement.
No schools - Sat. baseball games
Free picnic if they come to a mass meeting.
Careful of who you talk to.

Involve guys - 85% are usually girls.
Organize into groups for canvassing.

Ben Mack: How to organize an adult class.

Always be congenial - make them feel at ease - never be the teacher or the boss.

Small town:

Know her simple problems - no sidewalks, etc.

Simple and striking hand bills, "Are you satisfied...?" If you do know things, come and share with your friends. Otherwise please come so we all can learn.

Albert Turner: how to organize a civic league

A few interested people

Find an accessible Negro-located place to meet.

Find a building - not easily recognizable or fancy

Officers - selected not mostly for education but interest. Someone who has leisure time.

Bylaws (very basic)

Members - select the first. Try to get independent farmers.

Meeting night - never when a civic club meets or choir practice, etc. (Tuesday or Thursdays. Rotate sometimes to catch more.)

When strong - open her up.

Soul spreaders - freedom songs - hope.

Benny Luchion:

Lester Henderson: Vote

Golden Frinks: mobilization of a community

Ministers and children - find out what has to be done in each small area.

Create confidence - in yourself

Don't go alone

A little change here and there

June 16, 1965 (SCOPE Orientation)

There are no communities without organization or leadership. Find and listen to these available persons.

1. Work within their (the community) moral standards.
2. Be flexible in all planning.
3. Avoid doing county organization. Do it block by block.
4. Avoid the tendency to presume to know why people are not registered.
5. Avoid the use of traditional excuses for them to register: first class citizen, etc. Listen with a sensitive year.

6. Stay out of arguments.
7. Not called upon to defend loyalty to anything: i.e. SCLC, a political party.
8. Not here to confront the white community.

June 17, 1965 Charleston SC

Now that I am here in Charleston I see and understand that my inspiration must come from within myself. We will have no more speakers telling us we are the salt of the earth. "We Shall Overcome" will seem less possible. But, the catch, and the importance of the Movement, is found in just such self-inspiration. If we can't learn to love our fellow man by being with him, we cannot learn to love him at all.

I saw a cockroach last night almost as big as a mouse. I was almost ready to come home.

29 June, 1965, Charleston SC

Getting into bed at night is like sliding between two sponges. Nothing gets really dry here. On warm evenings my sweat adds to the perpetual dampness. This dampness is probably why everything smells musty and on the verge of molding. My envelopes are usually almost sealed just from the atmosphere, and I'm always writing on damp paper.

I can't figure out the group in Charleston. We've been gone four days and they've had three parties in that time. I'm jealous because I would sure enjoy a good party - with males - but still it doesn't seem that we came down here to have parties with the NAACP. The free atmosphere in Charleston and partly here seems to make this more like a vacation and less like a serious job.

I commented the other day on why I can't understand how Mrs. Prioleau can allow things to be so filthy. It's not a case of a weekly accumulation of dust or of things being not in their place, it's a case of at least a five year accumulation of dirt with no attempt to do anything about it. Florence really jumped on me saying that Mrs. Prioleau really hasn't time to clean with all the other things she does and that she really does the important things.

Maybe to me cleanliness is too important but an attempt once in awhile might be made. I've seen houses with 10 children and the woman also worked long hours in the field and they were much cleaner. Of course, the children help. The kitchen is abominable. I almost am grossed out to eat food from it.

Basics: grits for breakfast, rice for lunch.

I've just realized the last day or so that I am still a teenager and dig more than being only dedicated. Quiet, windy summer afternoons mean more to me than church. I miss having a guy around.

It's 92.

Poor John is going out of his mind with boredom. The lack of fear makes this so much like a vacation when we expected to be scared to death. All of us have done nothing more than sit around today.

Florence went to St. Stephen today with George. A white man made some obscene remark to her and said that George would either kill her or that he would kill her if she didn't stop running around with George. He knows where we live.

My towels smell so good. I washed them real well and there's enough sun today, so that they got dry. Yum.

30 June, 1965, Pineville, SC

There were about four cars with white men in them parked out in front of the office last night. They kept driving by and hooting. George followed them to a gas station very near where Florence met the man yesterday.

We were going to go to Monck's Corner today to talk to the Superintendent of Schools, but the car won't start.

I had high hopes of seeing the South and all its historical landmarks, but we are seeing nothing. Instead, we are getting to know the people. In a way, such knowledge is a trip into the past. The Negro maybe having a revolution, but those who still farm are not far from slavery.

I guess Ray, Rev. Blake and two other guys were taken to the jail in Charleston last week for questioning. Seems that they had a loud speaker set up on the car and were broadcasting a mass meeting. They ran into no trouble until they tried to broadcast in a white section of town. Guess loud speakers are to be used only on trucks and only with a permit.

We are nothing. Although I think workers like us are necessary if the progress Negroes have died for is to be kept and increased, I think about kids who spend hours standing in a picket line in rain or hot sun in front of physical brutality and maybe death, who defy all danger for one precious word: FREEDOM. I almost feel guilty to try and share their glory. There is no comparison between the three civil rights workers who died in 1964 and our team today. We may have the same guts, but we'll never see a chance to use them.

The dentist came today. He comes once a week. Or rather, he was supposed to come, though he never showed up. I never saw so many people here. I met so many.

Florence and I accepted a ride from a strange Negro fellow today. We were going to Rev. Gadsden's home to talk to him about our mass meeting on the fifth. This guy gave us a ride about a block. To our surprise, he was back an hour and a half later to bring us to the store. On the way, he openly offered to be Florence's lover for the summer. He said that anyone who believed in civil rights should get to know the people she is working with. The people = him.

12:00 PM

Okay, so I got my first scare tonight. John, Maxine, Mae and I had gone to Maxine's. When we came back, just as we were getting out of the car, I heard a car motor idling in front of the office. John was already in front and Florence was in the office. In front were two cars parked with their headlights in the office window. They were full of whites. Florence had moved into the far corner behind the door. John stood in the doorway. Nellie and Abraham (a Negro) had been playing cards in the living room in front of the door. John had sent them into the back room. John sent us to the house where I had Maxine get the sheriff's phone number and get ready to call. I tried to get their license numbers from behind some trees for protection, but I couldn't see that far. After about five minutes, they slowly left.

When Negroes began to use their rights here last summer, a series of robberies of Negro grocery stores broke out. This work was done by whites. Less than a week ago a store not far from here was ransacked. No one has even bothered to drive by George's and hoot or to stop and stare before. Either some whites figure we are threat (which is encouraging) or they were kids looking for kicks. Just enough danger to keep us on our toes.

Florence and John are really bugging Nellie and I now. It's about 12:30 PM and they're still sitting up writing letters in the living room. Both, like me, are interested in the danger angle. But, there's no reason to deliberately take chances. However, I too hope this continues just enough to keep us on our toes all summer. But, I wonder how much constant psychological fear we can take.

1 July, 1965 7:00 PM

We just returned from swimming in the swamp. I was cleaner before I went than I was when I returned. The swamp is a frightening place. Slavery must have been much more horrible than I can imagine to force a man or woman to flee through that place (and there are many worse swamps) at any time, but especially at night.

Today while we went to Monck's Corner to report to the sheriff last night's happenings, Florence, Beulah and Mrs. Snipes went blackberry picking. Nellie has made a cobbler - our dinner.

The sheriff wasn't quite as friendly as last time we saw him. His reaction was, "Call me collect, but don't let people see you here." He said he'd let it get around to leave us alone. We're afraid his help might not be too good.

We went to the Superintendent of Schools to get the budgets of the local schools to see if there is discrimination. Much to our surprise he very willingly gave us all the info we could possibly want. Later we mentioned we were working on registration. He certainly cooled off quickly. But we've got the info now and will be very busy tonight with it.

Wonder if our friends will be back tonight.

We're every bit as well known here as if we had lived here all our lives. The Negroes are very protective of us and most whites stare or leer at us. They know us as well in Monck's Corner (white) as they do in Pineville (Negro).

Rather interesting, in the county office they have about six huge books entitled *Index of Masters*. Would be an interesting group of material to glance through though I find the idea of having a list of masters repulsive.

11:00

I'm so excited about tonight. John, Nellie and I were sitting in office working on our education reports. A Negro fellow came in - very humble - to ask if we were really here to work on voter registration. When we said yes he sounded very embarrassed, but asked that we help him learn to register. We gave him a sample blank and told him how to fill it out. He said he'd study it out and register in August. I felt elated. This man came to us. We didn't have to call on him. He was very brave and must have been afraid.

A few minutes later Rev. Middleton showed up. He informed us that he had his nephew sitting in the cornfield across the street with a shot gun all day to protect us. He wasn't leaving until we went to bed.

About an hour later a gentleman - fairly western looking - a Negro - came in. He said he was in the Army and so couldn't get involved, but that he cares and wants to help. He thanked us all and mentioned how brave we are. He was a student teacher, so maybe we can get him to work in a freedom school for the 30 days he is home.

2 July, 1965

The rice and grits diet for \$10 a week per person has become unbearable. So, we have taken on doing our own food buying and cooking.

We've ordered such luxury items as carrots and several types of meats and oranges. In a way I'm sorry because we came here to share what the people here have. Yesterday for breakfast I had grits with salmon stew topping, unbuttered rolls and water. For dinner we had hamburgers we got in Monck's Corner. For supper we had corn on

the cob and blackberry cobbler. Today I've had some rolls with peanut butter and jelly and some milk, which I had to buy at the store.

I've never been in a bathroom which smelled so much like an out house. The bath tub has its own urine smell.

Gladys has the most beautiful children - all seven of them.

Did a big washing again today. Hope it doesn't rain. There's quite a bit of satisfaction in looking at clothes and knowing they're clean because I've done it entirely myself - by hand.

11:00 PM

I was reading W.E.B. DuBois tonight and I got this intense urge to meet people and to get involved with them and this community. I guess actually I was experiencing love. So I talked Nellie into going to visit this Mr. Washington, who had invited us to come see his farm. We got the wrong house though and met a Rev. William Jennings. He is living with his sister and brother-in-law: the Dingles. He has been sick since December. He has six children. I really did enjoy talking to him. Then we came back home and got ready for church.

The church service was tremendously helpful. For a long time I've been trying to figure out just where God fits in. I've had a vague idea, but I've never known well enough to write it down. So, now I'll try. First off, I believe that God determines everything that happens. I believe that he blesses us - each in different ways. He gives us daily strength - each in different ways. God blesses me and gives me strength through people and their actions, not through gifts, etc. For instance, that man who came in last night was an inspiration and my strength to go on. He was very human - his actions were human, but God has created humans. God has blessed me by helping me to get all there is to get from life from people.

Salvation always enters into discussions of religion. Although I believe in God and an afterlife, the way I feel about salvation can exclude both. I believe in earthly salvation and an earthly Heaven. Earthly salvation consists of loving one's fellowman - which can be done without believing in Christ (though I do.) I create my own Heaven or Hell on earth by this love. The perfect life for me (as Christ) would be one in which there was real brotherly love - a real Asilomar atmosphere all the time. Such a heaven is well worth working for on earth. If I have not this love (which is my reason for living), I would be living in hell. As Sartre would say - I am responsible for my own happiness or unhappiness. I also believe that Christ is love and that He has enabled me to feel the way I do. He is also my salvation after this world.

I am so very happy with people.

We decided to go on a plan today whereby we do our own cooking. John and Florence went into Charleston to do our shopping. They still aren't back yet and I'm starving. I only had rolls and milk for dinner and cake and coke for supper.

I'm reading DuBois:

"Progress in human affairs is more often a pull than a push, a surging foreword of the exceptional man, the lifting of his duller brethren slowly and painfully to his vantage ground."

I'm having the almost impossible thoughts of going to Atlanta University one year. The academic education isn't as good as at Cal but perhaps the people education is. Two minutes after writing this I have found: "They lived and ate together, studied and worked, hoped and harkened in the dawning light. In actual formal content their curriculum was doubtless old-fashioned, but in educational power it was supreme, for it was contact with living souls."

3 July, 1965

8:00

I fixed 'em this morning. Mrs. Simmons gave us one clean sheet this morning. I have two of my own, so I'll have two clean ones next time - when I wash the last one. I also have a clean pillow case of my own. Most importantly - I hung my pillows out in the sun - maybe some of the mustiness will go.

Can sure tell a change has been made in food. We had pancakes with syrup and butter and grapefruit for breakfast.

4:00

Very sad today. I met a fellow around 25 named Ken who had quit high school after the 11th grade because he was dumb he said. He was so despondent - a very pitiful creature. He has a wife who, he says, is dull. He has two children who he says he will beat if it is necessary to have them stick with school. He really has no where to turn.

There are no jobs here and as soon as the kids graduate they take buses to the north, not so much because of how good the situation is in the North, but because that is the only place they can find work. When people try to survey the area to find out the unemployed, they go to upper grade high school children. One question is how many children are there in your family older than you? Another is how many of these are employed? The answer is that they are all employed, but they must go North to do so.

The only answer, though, is that they are employed, and so the area gets no help.

We sure goofed tonight. A dance coincided with our party and no one came to the party. Mae and Maxine invited us to go to the dance with them. Nellie and I decided to go.

They John started on how we might do more harm than good because we might make them uneasy because we are white and strangers. We drove off to either take them to the dance or to go with them. We got as far as the corner and a white car with a white man in it drove past in the left hand lane. It scared us to death because he yelled at us and then followed us. We drove quickly to Lloyd's and pulled into the driveway. The car came speeding up and stopped. We thought it was all over. But it wasn't, it was a SCOPE evaluating team of Robert Kay and Negro George. We had to have a meeting (John Allen came, too), so Bob drove the girls to the dance. As it turned out, John was very wrong because the kids had told Maxine and Mae to invite us. Needless to say, they were all hurt - especially Maxine. I felt almost sick thinking we had completely alienated the teenagers, but George offered some new ideas we will try. The meeting or party was rescheduled for Tuesday.

Bob is okay, but I don't figure his "baby" and "honey." He seems like he's trying to be impressive. George is fascinating. Everyone else fell asleep and George, John A and I talked until 3:15 this morning. We discussed our county, other counties, and interracial marriage. George feels its fine. His objection to marriage is that the couple often marries with the idea of eventually breaking up. He feels a marriage is useless in such a case. He doesn't feel children of a mixed marriage would be very badly off. He thinks love is strong enough. He dates white girls - wouldn't mind working with him or even dating him. He's really sharp. Such a diplomat, while Bob kind of barges in when he opens a subject and especially a criticism. George just rolls over things. They should be back in August.

Guess we're in trouble financially. Berkeley should have raised more money before they sent us. We've got to hit them at home. Our SCLC budget was cut \$400.00.

The evaluation teams have it rough. They have to contact every SCOPE chapter, which involves a lot of driving - some dangerous - and no sleep,

According to Bob, the Klan in SC is small in number but more violent than in Alabama. They expect their trouble this summer to be mainly in southern Georgia. When they expected 2000 volunteers, they expected at least eleven to be killed this summer. Now that only about 500 are going, they expect 3 deaths and they have no idea where since deaths are usually spontaneous and unpredictable.

George commented that to Hosea SCOPE is Hosea.

I was talking to Rev. Middleton's nephew who spends every day and every evening until we go to bed in the corn field with his shotgun. We were thanking him, and he said, "Well, we've got to protect our own?" Every feel very warm inside because of such love?

The evaluation trip reminded us of something and was inspiring. We're not alone here and there are people all over who care and who are doing the same thing - we're part of a movement.

4 July, 1965

I went to George Simmons's Baptist Church today and I've never been so happy. At first I felt stranded because both George and Mae left me. Then a girl - Shirley - saw I was alone and shyly sat next to me. Boy did I appreciate her. When they formed their conga line to sing and take offerings she insisted I go. Boy was I scared, but I went. I was part and I felt so good, especially at her insistence. When we got to the offering table she and I both realized that I had forgotten to bring money. She gave me two of her five pennies. She's about my age. She would talk to me if I appeared uncomfortable and helped me pick up the songs and clapping. I loved her. She hasn't much. She comes from the only family which doesn't farm that I have met. The family thought farming was too difficult so they asked her dad to get a job in Charleston. He did. She was a friend when I was alone and she is invaluable. Her mom wouldn't let her come for dinner with me. I don't think she approved, not that they had something else planned. The church - the first to do so - also took up an offering for us. They were all so good and kind. They smiled the type of smiles that way welcome and mean it.

I was invited to visit several homes, and when we left everyone waved and waved. I never have felt so wanted. I wish I could write what I feel so others can understand. How does one describe love?

Afterward we went to George's parents' place. Mr. Simmons had a heart attack or something and can't walk. (Began just a week ago.) But he has such faith in God. He doesn't feel he is ready to die, so is confident he won't. Their attitude toward children is that they have cared for and looked after their friends and children and that when they are sick or old, the tables turn. Everyone here feels that way and so all are cared for. He talks on what a full life he has had. He has raised 10 good children and never did any of them go to a hospital until they were grown and out. Fantastic - 'specially on a farm and in such poverty.

The 4th of July is slipping past with hardly a thought from us. But, why should we celebrate a day when every day is an attempt to live by what the Constitution calls for but people have never provided. I live in love - who needs to celebrate the birth of this nation. Everyday is a celebration and a thanksgiving for a nation, which though by cruelty for hundreds of years, is giving me a chance to learn to love it and people and to try to help it and us fulfill its ideal.

This is a perfect night for murdering someone. Lightening, thunder and rain.

We have the record "If I Had My Way," and I can't help but think of Vic.

I did enjoy a call from my folks, but as I have said, it's too expensive a luxury to do often. The call was \$6.25 plus about 25 cents for tax for 21 minutes.

Cris, I was very sorry to hear about the game. Perhaps, with luck, the All Stars will go far.

5 July, 1965

News items. In the first place, the last few days we've been feeling rather confident. The books for registration are only open once a month on the first Monday. A notice must be in the paper about them being open at least seven days before they open. However, the first Monday of July is a holiday, so they decided not to have registration until August. Well, we talked to Mr. Peck, the head of the registration board and he said the books could be opened if we were willing to wait two weeks so the newspaper notice could go in. We were rather elated 'cause that gives us two weeks to get people to register. But now Mr. Peck, under pressure from Senator Dennis, we think, has called to inform us that since he is not required by law to open the books before August, he won't. Good 'cause it gives us an issue, bad because it slows down.

5 of 7 in the Charleston team were thrown in jail yesterday and released on bail last night. They integrated Edisto Beach with a bunch of NAACP kids. The damn thing about it is we had decided to do no such demonstrating. Any direct action must be cleared by Hosea, but this wasn't. Florence wasn't told and Esau was ignored, probably because he would have vehemently disagreed. Now he is mad and Florence has to leave here to pacify everything here. There's such potential here and we've such a good start. Now, when the real work begins, she has to leave.

I'm really quite a joke here about all the letters I write. I think they consider it time wasted. I really don't get much mail for all the letters I write. They are beginning to think I am apron-stringed. I really don't care.

The mass meeting was a wonderful success. We had 300 people who sounded like they would make a good hard core. The darn meeting dragged on too long and people began to leave. But the speakers were good and rather inspiring. They were well received. A collection was taken up for us, which netted \$57.00, so I guess we too were well received too. Darn if the entire meeting wasn't much more churchish than civil rightish, but that's the way they want it her. Mr. Holman (Senator Dennis' Tom) even assured us we would have a registration date in July. (Hope) We had 15 people sign up to register.

The kids from Charleston came up and were fairly excited about being arrested. Ray is rather bitter. I think he feels guilty about having been arrested for something so dangerous for the project. Joe said he thought they might get the maximum penalty for trespassing which could be two years. Moe likely they will get about two months - just long enough to put a deal halt on our movement in Charleston. They pulled a damn silly trick. They never told Esau or Florence that they were going to the beach, but they blame both for not giving proper leadership.

I guess Bob proposed to Julie.

After the Charleston group left I went to a dance with Maxine and Mae - finally. Talk about standing out like a sore thumb. I got more stares than ever before - every guy in the place I imagine. Only about six guys vied to dance with me and they continuously. They everything but fought. The others just watched. All were very proper, though they were drinking but one who either always dances obscenely or was putting on for me. There were few girls there - I was no real threat. However, I don't think they particularly appreciated me. I think if Maxine and Mae had introduced me to several of them, things would have been much better. We only stayed about an hour. I'm rather confident that my going was wise. I hope we will all go in the future.

6 July, 1965

We began canvassing today - UGH! We only worked about three hours and I'm beat already. We must have walked about five miles and I think it was probably about 98 in the sun. I feel baked. Sure met some wonderful people. Most were unregistered, but promised to do so. We had time to talk unlike in Charleston. I sure met some great people. This job is very rewarding every time someone says yes they'll register. These people are much more helpful and friendly than those in the city. We were invited to lunch twice.

I guess Maxine worked alone after the first couple of houses. I don't know how good she is. I think Mae - who took over a couple of times, not deliberately - will be very good and very convincing (unlike the abruptness of the Negro kids in Charleston). She seems to have some of the feeling of the Movement. I think she may have real potential.

We worked mostly away from the highway on rutted dirt roads. Many houses had been there since slavery, but all but a few had made a good attempt at having one or two very modern rooms. The fields are green and beautiful - trees and Spanish Moss. Uhm.

Ugh! What a meeting our youth had. The first 20 minutes all I did was ask questions and get people to shake their heads yes and no. There were about 5 girls and about 40 guys. They were impatient for the party we had mentioned. Darn but I felt silly asking questions. One fellow finally asked how they could integrate the schools. When I began talking about this they listened intently. For about an hour I talked and they listened. But afterward there were comments on how good it was and they wanted another. Six offered to help canvass. Then they played cards and talked and danced. Closed about midnight.

Met a new fellow. Think I'm about a year older than he. His name is Ishmael and he seems very interested in helping us canvass.

7 July, 1965

I'm very disappointed; none of the new workers came.

John and Nellie just got back from Charleston. Guess the arraignment, trial and sentencing for the rest of our group came in an hour from a judge who said, "We don't go by them laws here," referring to the 14th Amendment.

3 crosses were burned by the Klan outside Columbia - 80 miles away last night.

9 July, 1965

Mae, Maxine and I had an exciting little trip to St. Stephen two days ago. We went to the Laundromat and afterward walked around town. We've never gotten such mean stares before. Finally a man drove by and said something about a blond nigger. All the time we were in the laundry, a white Falcon with three white men was outside waiting for us. When we left, they didn't follow us, but they did after we had to go back to pick up our watches, which we had left behind. Last they saw me I was talking to Ishmael of all people. Scared? Yes.

Gratitude is something we run into a lot especially from local people who have tried for ages to get people registered before. Sometimes we're met reverently.

We are now operating under a new plan a Mr. Richardson in St. Stephen set up. He has chosen a chairman who chooses his committee to canvass for about every five square miles. All the four of us do is drive around to check up on their progress. This disappoints me because I enjoy doing the canvassing myself, but we have our very local area yet. We get up at 6 AM and get ready, wash and do dishes. From 8-11 AM we canvass, hoping to get started on time. From 11-1 we eat and relax. 1-3 we revisit people, who we've found need an extra push to register. 3-8 we canvass again. Afterward we have supper. Often we have meetings, so we have to quit early and go to these.

I've suddenly realized that I'm not trying to spread the feeling of the Movement; I'm just supposed to help see the people use a practical use of the equality and love we learned about.

We may be hyper conscious but more white men seem to come in the store just to watch us and to leave. We're often followed, always watched.

10 July, 1965

Today is a rest day. We began canvassing this morning (finally found an alarm clock so we could get started by 8). But most people had gone to the beach. So, we quit. I've written some letters - now will get ready for my date tonight.

11 July, 1965

My date with Ishmael was rather interesting in many ways. It got off to a very slow and embarrassing shock. He picked Mae and I up and took us to Ravenell's. We sat around

there - he wouldn't come in - and then went to Mae's to leave her stuff. Finally we left for Cross and George's. We met him and John coming to find us. We went on our way to the house, and it must have taken them a half hour to turn around and go home - so we had an embarrassed silence in the car. When we went inside all the lights were on and everything seemed so academic so I suggested we take a walk. I don't think such a remark was forward, but I wanted to talk to him and the atmosphere was too sterile.

(The place is all swampy and I now count 75 mosquito bites on my left leg below the knee and 41 on my right leg.) We just walked and talked. He's very shy and I did most of the talking for quite awhile. He would like to go to Allen or Benedict and major in mathematics. He finally ended up holding my hand as we walked. A few Negroes went by and stared. One stopped in his truck and asked if we were strangers, where were we from, if I was Ishmael's wife. I got sort of jumpy after the questioning. I asked him why he asked me out. He said first it was because some girls just move you and I do. He also had never dated a girl like me. He really avoided saying white.

I asked him what they do here on a first date - believe me, the choice is very limited. He said he couldn't tell me and so I guessed. Sex is the mainstay of social life here. For an eighteen year old, this kid is quite a man. His skin is even smoother than Eddie's - his muscle like plates of iron. And, he can kiss yummy. I know we were told not to do such things, but I was told everyone did them despite what they are told. I guess kissing him could be bad especially since he later told me he had been dreaming about me and I think he meant it. Problem now is that I think he will hang around. I don't want to hurt him - but I'm very drawn to him physically.

Coming from home - the closer we got to St. Stephen the more uncomfortable I got. I kept thinking, what if Mrs. Simmons had been wrong about our being safe to go. Again I was angry of the limitations my freedom undergoes because of the system. Ishmael and I should be able to go where we please and do what we like without feeling any fear - but we can't.

He took me to show me his house and parked. He kissed me once and I asked him to take me home. He asked if I would go with him tonight. It took me a minute to realize what he meant - he was rather shocked at the imperative no. He said he figured I'd been trying to figure out what to expect when I asked him about a first date. I told him kissing was all I dig before marriage. Then the rest of the kids went by (Mae, Maxine, John and George) and we left. He asked me to explain my remark about marriage next time we see each other. He asked about Sat. night - I hedged - would like to see him Fri. though I came upstairs to get my shoes and told him to wait, but he left before I had a chance to say good-bye. Wasn't mad - he's just that way.

I'd like to see Ishmael again, but I don't see how I can handle both he and Maxine's brother, Roger, who is very nice, if not so good looking. But Roger is much more talkative. He really questions me about if I'd date a Negro boy and all sorts of other questions. He says he's every bit the worker Ishmael is and why don't I go out with him. I say I never know when I can go out. He pushes the fact I found time for Ishmael. Ugh!

I'm going fishing with him Sat. I think he wants to date me just because he knows I date Negroes. I'd like to date someone this summer, but the idea of a triangle doesn't excite me. After Sat. I've had to make some kind of a decision so I can begin building peace.

Roger Ravenell took me out to show me how they cure tobacco in a log house with a heater. It was really unusual to see the long yellow leaves. Coming back a car full of crackers went past. After I went in the house, Roger said they turned around and came back.

Mr. and Mrs. Ravenell live in the big house along with Lucy, her husband, her four children' Jessie Mae, her husband Sam Ravenell, their son; a little girl - Renee from her sister in New York; a little boy from another sister in New York; Maxine; Roger; the kids from the Ravenell next door. This evening I walked down the hall and met five persons I'd never seen before. There is apparent harmony. They all work hard, laugh hard.

2:00

It's two in the morning and Nellie's remark, "This bed is depressing me." We all wake up nervous about all the bugs - we think we've got fleas. Nellie found one on her this morning. We're trying to sleep with the light on. Oh, futile attempt.

11 July, 1965

I sure got a surprise when I came in from canvassing this morning. Shelly was here. Must admit I got rather flustered. He told us a lot about the situation in Mobile and, though I don't envy the advisor position of SCOPE workers there, I do envy their youth movement.

Shelly and I went to two meetings in Jamestown to discuss their committees for canvassing. Miraculously Shelly pointed out how these same committees can later go around convincing people to vote, etc. - the beginning of community organization.

We picked up two new canvassers today - Lawrence and James. It rained all day, but they seemed to enjoy the work - almost as enthusiastic as the kids from Charleston. They're lots of fun, too.

I got in about 4 AM. Shelly and I went out to the swamp to listen to the frogs, but the generator practically quit and we had to drive through the swamp and home without any lights at all.

Shelly is the most peaceful person I have ever met. He's no pacifist, but he is at peace with himself and the world. More remarkable is his concept of love which is very similar to Dr. King's, but is based upon his religion - Christian Scientist.

Jim Henrichsen used to say he loved me just for a short period of time. I thought he was nuts - part of the pass. But Shelly said the same thing tonight, and I felt it, too - only lasted a couple of moments, but it was there.

12 July, 1965

Shelly and I went back this morning and redid the places I had already visited. He's not used to walking in Mobile because the local kids do the canvassing, so the five miles we walked were rather hard on him. I got pretty well burnt. He was completely taken with the people here and with their love. He agrees that we could both live in the South forever. His great joy comes from helping and living with others. We agree on so many things.

There's an old slave cabin out in the middle of a corn field we passed. It's darling from the outside - empty so we went in. Those things were built sturdily here. This one is in pretty good shape though the wall paper is peeling off the walls in sheets. There is a living room (very small) with a tiny fireplace and a bit of a bigger room off to the left. Behind these two is a room which runs the width of the house and is very narrow. There is a back door; the windows are only wooden shutters. It's all shingled with a metal roof. I do adore it. We'd both like to buy it and live there say a year or two. It would be a simple life and not such an awful place to raise kids.

While we were sitting in the back doorway Shelly remarked that this is one of the pleasures of life, to be able to sit just quietly with someone who understands and thinks. How true.

We all went to Beulah's for dinner, and it was the best and the most food we have had yet. We played "We Shall Overcome" in the background and the entire record had so much meaning because here we were proving it can work.

Then they took me to St. Stephen to do the washing while they went swimming. There was no comparison to my last visit to St. Stephen. Everyone seemed to go out of their way to be nice to me. I know most of them remembered me from when I was with Maxine and Mae. I can't figure them out.

Then I went to Sister Prioleau's to a healing meeting. We went mostly because Shelly has never really seen someone taken by the Holy Ghost. We went to a small private home and the 20 of us sat in a very cramped room. It smelled. After some testimonies and singing, Gladys and another woman were taken by the spirit - so, so. I'm almost beginning to think there is something to their religion. I'd like to see some of the miracles they talk about. There's a voodoo kind of atmosphere.

Carol tried to talk some of the girls there into coming to her freedom school and was very angry and hurt that they were laughing at her and that they found no real meaning or inspiration in what she was saying. She told them they have to get active because of the Movement, and because of Vietnam, and because of the bomb. Knowing Carol's

manner, I think they might have been offended and I'm sure they were laughing at her zeal. She can't yet understand that these people are different and that they will not learn as the college students she knows, nor will they conform to the way she thinks people should be.

When George left for work this morning, I was still up.

13 July, 1965

Shelly caught the 10:00 bus out and so ended something beautiful. I sure hope I get to go to New York.

Ishmael came to canvass with us this morning. He's a bit jealous of Shelly, but is surviving. We've had such trouble really conversing, but in working together we did so much talking. I feel older than he, but he's a very intelligent and interesting boy. He liked the work so well, he says he'll help whenever he's off work. He's a draft choice for the L.A. Dodgers farm team.

After dinner I went to Prioleau's. His dad wasn't supposed to be there, but he was. Shelly has the theory that all Negro ministers are extreme egotists, hungry for power. Rev. Prioleau fits. He keeps talking about all he has done. I just get the feeling a feeling - that his dad really doesn't approve of us. I got a cold shoulder actually.

Then Ishmael and I sat behind the house and talked until midnight. We talked about him preaching. He won't unless he's called by the Holy Spirit - then, he doesn't want to go, but he's afraid of what God will do if he doesn't. I don't like the God of Fear concept. He's really much more broad-minded than I expected. He's fairly up to date.

When I finally got to bed, Carol wanted to talk and we must have for about an hour. Poor kid, she hates this standard here where the husbands run around without their wives so often and play silly games. I can't seem to convince her that our middle class morality is no better and much sneakier. Anyway, how are we to know what is right for everyone. She admits that she has always thought she was right and now isn't sure. She is really suffering.

14 July, 1965

Got up at 6:00 beat, but feel pretty good now. We went canvassing. John stayed and worked on the car. It was like pulling teeth to get Carol and Nellie to go. First they wanted to work on the school they are starting. But I think it's more a case of being tired of canvassing. I'm afraid we'll have the same problem the rest of the summer. Carol ain't such a great worker anyway.

We met one lady today who can hardly see, though she can read and write. She's been refused registration before because she couldn't see to write, but she's really enthusiastic about trying again. She made my day.

15 July, 1965

Ishmael and I canvassed alone today. We worked from about 10 AM to 3 PM. I have quite a burn, but I sure enjoyed all the walking. Nellie talks about how sullen and quiet Ishmael seems, but he talks to me very well now. He says he'd beat his wife, but he's kidding some. He says he'd love her too much to beat her. But, his word is law, and if she can't convince him that her plan or plans are right, then things will be done his way.

2:00 PM

I'm sitting in our office on a dusty country road. A white man just dropped by to see about an order for the store. He asked what we are doing here and when I said that we came to work on voter registration, he said that he hoped the black sons of bitches got the vote too since they're getting everything else. He said that he can't imagine what is happening to our country. He thinks that the outcome of this movement can be nothing but violence. He lives within 20 miles of here in a place called Hell Hole. We've been warned about canvassing before. He seems to be a very nice fellow - behaved like a gentlemen even when he found out what we were here for.

I took Bobby, Vaughn, Alfonso and Ishmael into Charleston. Last night we had about nine kids here to go and no car came. I was so depressed I was sick. So what happens? These four guys say they will go - we get to Charleston and all the kids are at the beach. Finally we found out where the mass meeting was supposed to be. We had to walk through Charleston to the meeting because the car finally just quit completely in the middle of the road. We had a white guy following us - I was walking around with four Negro guys.

Half the Negroes on the street tried to pick me up. The guys were downright scared. So was I, but guess I didn't show it. They were rather angry with me for being "ready to die." When we got to the mass meeting there were only two kids there from Tuskegee. I finally had to call Florence in desperation and Ray came after us. We went to Brooke's for a beer and then Bob brought us home.

Ishmael and I sat out and talked for the longest time about why I wouldn't go to bed with him. As I have written before, a first date even always ends in going to bed. He has a hard time understanding why I won't. Think he refuses to understand. He finally almost attacked me. When he thought I was going to cry, he left. I was exhausted.

Last night while we were waiting for a ride to Charleston, a white man (drinking) pulled up in front of the store. We were afraid to let the guys go home. He finally left and shortly afterward four cops arrived - someone had called in about a drunk. They knew who it was. Guess it's a man who has been involved in several shootings of Negroes. Ishmael said he had shot two of his classmates, one in the head and one in the leg. Of course, our brave boys just had to walk home.

16 July, 1965

Carol and I were just talking about the guys in Charleston and their wonderful, friendly, loving attitudes. We hope that's the way Ishmael and the other guys turn out. It's funny what wonderful things the Movement does to people.

21 July, 1965

So many things have happened since I wrote last. This afternoon a group of twelve went down to Bennett's to integrate the place. We were locked out, but we stayed about half an hour - some of their business was turned away because of the door locked to keep us out. When they said, "We don't serve colored," we knew we had them. Lefty (Lewis Bryant) and two guys went down to the grill where a guy tried to beat them with a chair. So we have two cases for the NAACP.

Why the new life? Lefty came up from Charleston last night and it began. He worked all day at the registration books then he got the kids going last night on freedom songs. He'd call on individual kids to read the songs. There was some real feeling of the Movement. The kids decided that they wanted freedom now. Some were only caught with emotion and others sat around thinking (Ishmael). 10 went to Bennett's, but it was closed. The result was the action and plans too sit downstairs at the theatre Friday night.

Lefty just has that certain personality - dynamic - that can get kids to follow him. Roger Ravenell is a natural leader and a very gutty guy. He was very depressed today when they got back from the second restaurant. He wanted to fight back and can't understand why he can't. Two of the others have this same problem, but at least, the kids want to fight nonviolently now.

Canvassed some today. Had three local helpers.

We registered about 150 yesterday. I've made several appointments to teach some who were turned away how to write. The people are so patient. They waited completely without complaint even after busses broke down.

Ishmael told me the other that here no guy ever kisses a girl just because he likes her. Every kiss is part of the preamble to intercourse.

My association with Ishmael is probably going to get me sent back to Charleston for the Movement's sake. John hadn't said a word to me. He just wrote a letter to Esau suggesting I be sent back to California. (Didn't mail it yet.) He also told everyone in Charleston that I was coming there. Damn him, never said a word to me. Florence agrees but wants to talk to older people in the community to see how they accept Ishmael and me. I imagine I'll be going back. I'll miss Mae so much. Even more, I realize slavery's impact that Ishmael and I can't be normal kids.

21 July, 1965

Wanted to canvass today, but none of the kids showed up. Only Nellie and Florence are here beside me.

Florence is now talking with a gentleman who came to us because he was fired and they refuse to pay him his insurance. Some of these people must really trust us. They come to us for everything.

There were almost 500 people at the mass meeting last night. They show lots of interest, now if they will only work. Lefty invited them all to come to the theatre with us Friday. They were very surprised to hear someone finally went to Bennett's.

Afterward Ishmael came here but I insisted he bring Willie Louis and that the girls stay up. Poor fellow didn't like that arrangement too well.

21 July, 1965

After thinking today I wonder if I really am any good down here. My problem - guys- is goofing me up again. I realize what my selfishness with Ishmael could have done to the project. I rationalize what I would have done in Alabama or Mississippi would have been different, but who knows?

And, the stunt I pulled with the car was plain non-thinking. John thinks I'm scatterbrained and I know I'm not, but I sure haven't done anything to prove it.

The girls do like me and I'm so glad. They're one of my main happinesses.

I went to teach Mr. Brown to write tonight - he's the illiterate with eleven college educated children and what a brave man he is to sit in front of his wife and some children and begin to learn something so basic as how to write his name. He's going to learn fast, too, and, not because he wants to write I don't think, but because he wants to vote. I was so proud when I left him.

I guess there were some white kids outside the meeting last night from Hell Hole who have plans for us. I found out how much I must love it here because I could have gone to Hell Hole and give my martyr complex a chance, but I decided to stay.

W.E.B. DuBois:

"For where, O God! beneath thy broad blue sky shall my dark baby rest in peace, - where Reverence dwells, and Goodness, and a Freedom that is free?"

"And herein lies the tragedy of life: not that men are poor - all men know something of poverty; not that men are wicked - who is good? not that men are ignorant - what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of men."

23 July, 1965

A lot to catch up on again. I had two really bad days when I suffered about how I almost sabotaged the entire project with Ishmael. Stupid I am.

Lewis (Lefty) showed up Thursday night and we had a big direct action organization meeting with the kids. Before the meeting Lefty took me to Bennett's to see if I could find out Mr. Bennett's first name for the NAACP suit. I walked in alone and sat down. The boy behind the counter was very nice and started a milk shake for me. Mr. Bennett saw me and recognized me from the other. He came in boiling mad and said, "All right, young lady, hit the door." I got half way out - all eyes staring at me - and he said, "And don't ever come back." I just answered in essence that I'd never have to go back. The NAACP files suit against Mr. Bennett Monday. After the meeting we sat around and had a can of beer, sand and talked.

Last night we all went to the show. There were about 30 of us. We were a bit jumpy because the local sheriff has had two brutality suits filed against him. In one of the cases a Negro was picked up on a false arrest about 11:00 PM on a Sat. At 1:00 PM Sunday they carried him out in a pine box. There were cops there from Monck's Corner, St. Stephen and the highway patrol. Lefty was promptly turned away by Mr. Funk, the manager, because he wanted to sit downstairs. We all got back in the cars and met at a lady's house where Lefty (very angry) gave a long lecture on how he'd close the stores and show, boycott, etc.

Florence and Carol went to the theatre to see if there really wasn't any room downstairs. There were at least 150 vacant seats. While we waited we saw all the police cars drive by checking with us. The last car had Florence and Carol in it. The cop had followed them so closely that in nervousness she accidentally crossed the center line. They were picked up and sent to the country magistrate where Carol put up \$25 bond. We returned to Simmons' when we all regrouped and talked. Our attorney, Mr. More, suggested we all go to a swimming pool at the Progressive Club in Monck's Corner.

29 July, 1965

I learned some more interesting things from attorney More about law enforcement here in SC. Though the system can't be held responsible for individuals' hates and actions, as a group, SC enforcement will back us up. So we notified the local sheriff and magistrate about the Klan - our first - meeting this Sunday. We've contacted the FBI and then SLED - the state enforcement bureau. We'll be as safe as possible.

Herb's brother just dropped in on his lunch hour from the lumber mill. He heard his boss and some other Klansmen talking about a march they will have as well as the meeting Sunday. They will march through St. Stephen and all the way out past our office - hoods and all. I can't wait to see them. Herb's brother was laying his job - maybe his life - on the line informing.

31 August, 1965

I never expected to hear of a Negro-white marriage in the South, but Herb and Danny Mitchell's father is a white Canadian and their mother is a Negro. They were married in D.C. before moving to St. Stephen (why the South I'll never know). The Klan bugged them awhile. Mr. Mitchell finally had to knife a guy in self-defense. Since then, they've been left pretty much at home.

None of the Mitchell kids have a formal education. Mr. Mitchell, a college graduate, teaches them all himself. To hear Herb speak I'd think he had at least three years in college. His father has done a tremendous job.

Now that Herb is involved in civil rights, his dad is pretty pushed out of shape. We're thinking of sending Heb and Roger Ravenell to Montgomery to a SCLC workshop. He thinks his dad will kick him out if he goes.

Herb and Danny are good examples of why a mixed marriage can occur and how the kids can be well adjusted and normal. This is the South and it works. Never again will I let my mother use children of a mixed marriage as an excuse.

Last night we went to the show. We were rather nervous for several reasons. In the first place our attorney - Mr. More - would have been almost impossible to find in case of trouble. In the second place, Thursday night very few whites and Negroes had been in the theatre, but there had been many whites - many sturdy young men - outside standing in line or sitting in parked cars. Third, we found a sign on the road to St. Stephen in red paint on the back of a theatre hand bill which read:

Black Men
Don't let sun
Down find you in St.
Stephen.
You too blondie.

Everyone met at the store - 18 of us - we sent Maxine and Mae in to sit by the phone and be ready to call Mr. Moore. Butch went in to be our contact on the inside of the theatre. Then three car loads of us went into St. Stephen. We all parked in front of the theatre, formed a line one by one and asked Mr. Funk if he would give us a ticket. He kept saying not, he had to avoid trouble. We all got back in the car and came back to the store where we met. Each person filled out a piece of paper with what exactly was said to him on it. Afterward, most of the kids went to Monck's Corner for a dance. I was sent by Nellie and Carol to see if we could sleep in the extra room they have in the house because we expect the Klan to visit any time.

Rev. Prioleau said he was sorry, but there was no room - Ishmael had told me before that there were three empty beds. The Rev. Prioleau said he was going to talk to Mr. Davis about it. Instead he came to George Simmons - whose feelings were very hurt when he found out we hadn't asked him. Rev. Prioleau is just about enough two-faced for me. I can't even like the man. He talks brotherhood and love - but he is a liar and

he'd just as soon see us out of here. He's a perfect example of the power hungry southern Negro preacher who will completely retard his people before he gives up his power. Ishmael is actually afraid of him.

When we got to Monk's Corner - finally - there were hundreds of people there in such a small space. Perhaps I was more scared there than I had been facing the people in St. Stephen. Talk about a bunch of hungry looking animals. Most of the guys aren't used to having white girls around and there were very few people there anyway. They just stared. What a contrast to our Pineville and Jamestown guys who finally accept us as equals. I'd look around an entire room of hungry faces and then find a dent in the picture and there was Bobby, Willie and the gang very bored looking unless they smiled at me because of my predicament. Willie finally saved me toward the end from a very persistent guy simply by standing with me with his arm around me. That has impact on them.

Poor Butch (James) Summers (Negro). His father kicked him out of the house because of his work with us. He came here - rather cheery, but I think he's pretty unhappy - so we have another boarder.

I think the decision to be in the movement is almost impossible for some. Roger Ravenell and Linda Ann Darby both have mothers with very weak hearts. How does one decide to take a job that would better the world for his children or grandchildren, but might kill his mother?

And how does one who has never been independent take a chance on being kicked out of the house?

1 August, 1965

Yesterday I had the pleasure of sleeping in until 8:30. Then Nellie and I got up and lay around. At 10:30 we received a letter from Hosea saying we are to march on the county court house on this coming Tuesday if the civil rights bill doesn't pass. We were taught in Atlanta we were to participate in no direct action. We had no training of how to plan such action. Now, in three days, we must organize an entire county march.

So one of the first things we do was to call a youth meeting which was well attended except for the Ravenells and the Prioleaus. The kids backed the march and okayed Herb, Butch and Linda to be student coordinators. (Herb is 24.) They also decided they wanted to do this themselves with no help from Charleston.

Last night I had a burning desire to get out of the South and just have four hours as a typical teenager. Think I'm tired.

Yesterday a call came saying Herb's brother was stranded in St. Stephen and that he needed transportation home. Herb didn't go. Danny knows us well enough that he would

have just asked for Herb. We think the caller was part of the Klan and they wanted to get him alone.

Last night I went to Charleston to pick up Lefty who wanted to come up for the Klan march today. I came home and Herb was in my bed. Nellie and Carol were sleeping away with nothing on. (Carol rarely wears a bra anyway.) Sorry, but I wasn't raised that way. Carol was really indignant when I decided to kick Herb out. I think I'll ask Florence for a transfer. I get so sick waiting on Carol to get ready to go someplace. She made us leave here an hour late the other night. Then it took us half an hour to drive to the meeting. She thinks I do everything my way, but if she'd get out of bed and do some work, she would be a part of some of these decisions. She's balled everything up with the school. We've spent a lot of money on it, and she's wasted days here think about it, but nothing happens. I have people who desperately want to learn to write, but she and Nellie will never get around to them. I just don't think I can work with her anymore.

4 August. 1965

Sunday we found out about the Klan - they all drove past. All were in white cars with American and Confederate flags on them. There were about 40 of them. It was funny - almost like they were afraid of us they drove by so fast. I am more likely to laugh at them than to be afraid of them.

Sunday night John went to the Klan meeting. There were almost 400 people there, but when they asked for money, only 100 donated. They called us a bunch of atheistic communists and Jews. They didn't sound like the violent type. We're still laughing at them.

Monday was registration again. 200 people registered.

Seven dollars of Herb's money also turned up missing.

Monday night we had a small but great rally. We sang freedom songs until Lefty almost passed out. A result of the meeting was a boycott of St. Stephen and a march in Charleston Tuesday to protest the fact that the Voting Rights Bill needed to be passed.

Tuesday we carried 50 people to Charleston. They were half young people and, wonderfully, half adults. We sure sang going down and sang more when we got there. Then Lefty filled them in on how to picket and non-violence. We lined them up in a single line with signs and started off. We walked about three miles and picketed before the federal building an hour while John, Rev. Middleton and Rev. Haskell took a petition urging quick passage to the Attorney General for Charleston. This man would not take the petition because he said it was not a suit or complaint because laws had not been carried out. We're supposed to send it to a senator. When they came downstairs we knelt and sang "We Shall Overcome" and marched to the NAACP office again. The people were tired but quite pleased with themselves.

We've tried to have several staff meetings, but all they amount to is individual discussions. It's almost impossible to get everyone to listen or participate. I get so nervous - think it might be mostly because of my foot infection - now that I could almost scream and I finally have to get up and walk out. Last night I went out to the school and just sat in the swings. It was very relaxing. I almost got my sanity back.

I about lost it again this morning trying to get people to listen to me giving canvassing plans. I got angry for the first time - and told them so. They sure shaped up and listened fast.

Today Deke, Ray and I went to Charleston - me because I wanted to see a doctor. The other kids canvassed. Everything was so peaceful there.

Deke is so tremendous. His father used to be an alcoholic and used to run around with another woman until his mother took him to court and got to get his check each week and give him a \$12 allowance. Deke spent five years in jail - really didn't bother him. He could have paid a fine and gotten out but didn't it was worth the money to get out. I think he used to be pretty rough, but he certainly is wonderful now. So very giving.

It's funny, I get so mad particularly at John and Carol, but it wears off so quickly. I've never learned to forgive or forget so well. I find myself apologizing more often than ever before simply because I'm so surprised at myself.

Butch is filling me in on Carol some. I always thought she was too sexy and tried too hard to be sexy to call men bastards and to hate them so much. Butch says there's nothing to her. He thinks she's frustrated because she can't have every man in the place. He figures Lefty has had her - Ishmael agrees. Butch figures she's hard after Herb, but he's a nice guy. She had him sleeping in my bed the other night while she was sleeping in hers with absolutely nothing on. She thought I was crazy because I didn't want to sleep there, too. She told him she was just curious about where he was sleeping. He finds her frustrated.

We had a pretty good youth meeting tonight. You know, I often completely forget I'm white. I don't begin to feel like a Negro - I just forget myself. Like when I go to St. Stephen, I'm just one of the gang until we get stared at enough that I realize why we're getting stared at. Suddenly there's a difference. How wonderful it is to be in the all Negro section and be accepted as myself - no color at all.

A SCOPE worker, Mark Dinaburg from Berkeley, CA was badly beaten in another county of South Carolina yesterday.

7 August, 1965

A continuous search for beds goes on here - 'specially for the guys.

Ray is here for his last night. He has been drafted and must get back to Blytheville. Funny how they must take someone who is doing such a good work while those who do nothing are left. Ray thinks, perhaps, some strings were pulled in Blytheville.

We had flat tires, one going to Charleston and one leaving Charleston the day of the march. They had been carefully slashed.

Thursday our phone service was cut off. Usually Mrs. Simmons says she might pay her bill a week or so late. On the last bill there was a note saying that if she didn't pay her bill by the 5th, service would be cut off. Thursday morning there was no phone. The girls went off to pay it. It wasn't 'til late Thursday night that we had service. No bill Wep honu ain't prejudiced.

A fellow is living with us named Joe. Funny guy - I mean very strange. I guess he has asthma. He's also married, only 23, not living with his wife and trying to seduce every girl on the staff. He lives in Oldfield this summer tho he's from Charleston. He was active in the '63 demonstrations. Said he'd gotten bored this summer, found out we were here and wanted to work. He's so strange. He says, rather talks, in a mumble. Many times his remarks are completely irrelevant. He's pushy and sometimes rude. 2 packs of cigarettes and seven dollars have turned up missing since he came. No one likes him, so no one wants to work with him: it's a real struggle getting someone to canvass with him. Most of the kids want to kick him out. I'd like to try to straighten him out and keep him on.

Henry Moultrie has been kicked out of the house for working with us. He's living here. And such a strange fellow, I've only heard him say a dozen words since he came to stay with us two days gone.

Yesterday the guys decided to clean their rooms. Ugh! One of the rooms, Joe's, had watermelons in it and it reeked. I couldn't imagine anyone living in such filth as those rooms. Let's say the Negro guys cleaned their rooms. John and Ray's room is still filthy.

There was supposed to be a dance at the Progressive Club on John's Island last night. We decided to take a bus load of kids. So, while we were waiting for the bus, Butch's father pulled up and started yelling at Butch about how he was being kicked out and disinherited and how he was a fool, etc. I was embarrassed for both of them. There was really no reason to give the lecture in front of so many people.

After trying unsuccessfully to get a bus, we piled into the station wagon and Volkswagen - all 18 of us - and went to John's Island. There was no band - no dance. I was just sick for the kids. We played the juke box and danced for a little while. Then we went to Gertie's where I had entirely too much beer, but just the right light. We danced, drank, and talked. Then we came home.

This morning I said something about changing our sheets. Florence said why? We only have 3 weeks left.

I don't want to leave ever.

8 August, 1965

More excitement last night. Butch and I were sitting out behind the store talking about 11:00 PM when Lefty ran out of the back of the store and around to the front. Neither he nor Deke, who ran by two minutes later, would tell us what was happening. Finally Lefty began to yell, "Fire! The school's on fire." We could see a dull red glow about J.K. Gourdin Elementary and some smoke. The guys grabbed pails of water and ran down to the school while we woke up Mrs. Prioleau so she could call the fire department.

By the time they got the fire out, the office and the bookroom, both in a brick building, were completely gutted and all their contents destroyed - everything: books, school records, plans. Someone had thrown gas in on the floor after breaking the window. Then they'd lighted a match. There were white people there during the entire thing, but they just stood back and watched. The guys think it was deliberately set partly as a trap to get one of us alone. I don't know. After drinking coffee for another hour, we sang freedom songs until 3 AM. Strange how some excitement, fear and those songs can unite a group.

Lefty is certainly not all talk and no show. He's sheer guts. Someone knocked on the door violently last night to inform us of the fire. We didn't know who it was, so he pushed everyone in another room for protection and grabbed a knife and went out front, alone. He was ready to use it too if he had to.

Carol, Henry, Joe and I integrated a white Catholic church today. They didn't seem to mind too much. One man refused to share his hymnal with Joe, but otherwise there was no trouble. We're thinking of taking all the kids next week.

Lefty, Deke, Butch and Herb are all going to Birmingham for a SCLC convention for the week. I'd love to go, but something that makes me unhappy is that they're taking the station wagon. I have no idea how we'll canvass without it.

9 August, 1965

The guys left for Birmingham this morning. I got all misty about them going. Sure am crazy about those kids.

Carol is going to get a malpractice suit against a local doctor. He treated one case for three weeks of a year old baby; called it worms, but the baby died of pneumonia. Another child was bodily injured. Doctor said he hadn't the facilities to treatment and sent him to Monck's Corner to the hospital. He promised he'd follow right away. He never showed up and the child died. He treated Henry's brother for worms and the boy died of appendicitis. Shittinglaw lives in a beautiful big house with a gorgeous big car. He's white.

10 August, 1965

John's sister Sally arrived late last night after I was asleep. I've only had a chance to talk to her briefly. She certainly isn't beautiful, but she seems to be very sweet.

Sure can tell we haven't the Pontiac and only the Ford back from Charleston. I went out this morning to pick up the kids to go canvassing, and, of course, it wouldn't work. What a mess trying to pick up kids and do things efficiently when using Rev. Middleton and his car. He only drives between 20 and 40.

It's raining again. Has been for two days. Certainly isn't weather conducive to effective canvassing.

I washed five sheets yesterday, am now doing a load of clothes, have five more sheets and another bunch yet to do today. Have six sheets to do tomorrow. Sure is work keeping clean sheets for fourteen people.

The youth meeting last night was a dud. They certainly have lost all life since direct action ended. Hope Lefty brings back some new life. I sure wish I had the talent to make people follow me like he does.

The west coast is going to look great, but I'm afraid I've lost my heart to South Carolina.

Joanie (white) certainly is experiencing something great. Henry (Negro) has never spoken to anyone here, even the other Negroes, but he has certainly begun talking to Joanie about how he'd like to be a doctor. The most foreign place he would like to see is Texas or, perhaps, Florida. She had that heart tearing desire to show his uncultivated mind some of the beautiful things of life. She's actually suffering. But he has begun to talk to all of us more since her.

Mae and Maxine have moved home, though they're still working with us. I miss them very much.

Living here and working with SCOPE I have been forced to do things I would never do in the North: the youth group, organizing canvassers or a march, etc. I'm becoming a fuller person and am learning new skills.

13 August, 1965

I went to visit Mrs. Rebecca Crawford today. She is a lady I promised to teach to read, but it's been over a month since I saw her last. Today she was walking down the road toward me. We stopped right there on the road and she showed me that she had been practicing her name. She can almost write Rebecca. It's phenomenal, too. We only practiced her name about 40 minutes on the bus taking her down to try to register. I had to take the paper with her name on it away from her because she had been writing on the back of our county map. She remembered how to spell Rebecca and write it from

that 40 minutes four weeks ago. She had practiced writing it on paper and also in the sand with her foot when she was out in the yard.

She said last Sunday she wondered what had happened and prayed that I'd come so she could learn to write right and so we could have some jokes. She said this morning she woke up feeling something extra good was going to happen. She'd worked very hard all around the house knowing something good was going to happen and feeling very good. Then she went out for a walk and there I was. How can we keep from loving these people? She's about 65 and lives alone.

I had to walk to Mrs. Crawford's and home - about three miles there. Coming home I had several Negroes ask if I wasn't afraid. I'm not. I've never felt so close to God.

Carol and I had a run around today about the school. She wanted me to help and I was so selfish as to want to write letters. She said this was something everybody should do - we all should do part of everything. I told her I don't dig babysitting, and that's what I think this project is, sitting. She said that, because I don't have a vested interest in the project, I won't help. I think it is a waste of my time, but, for staff relations, I'll help.

Martin Luther King (*Strength to Love*):

"Science investigates; religion interprets. Science gives man knowledge which is power; religion gives man wisdom which is control. Science deals mainly with facts; religion deals mainly with value....Science keeps religion from sinking into the valley of crippling irrationalism and paralyzing obscurantism. Religion prevents science from falling into a marsh of obsolete materialism and moral nihilism."

"My friends, we cannot win the respect of the white people of the South or elsewhere if we are willing to trade the future of our children for our personal safety or comfort." How pathetic that a man must pay his children's future or his life for respect.

"...nonviolent resistance, that combines tough-mindedness and tenderheartedness and avoids the complacency and do-nothingness of the soft minded and the violence and the violence and bitterness of the hard hearted....We must work passionately and unrelentingly for full stature as citizens, but may it never be said, my friends, that to gain it we used the inferior method of falsehood, malice, hate and violence." Every citizen should consider this if we are to keep America free.

"We are called to be people of conviction, not conformity; of moral nobility, not social respectability."

"The hope of a secure and livable world lies with disciplined nonconformists, who are dedicated to justice, peace and brotherhood."

James Russell Lowell:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose

Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think'
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

King: "The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy. The true neighbor will risk his position, his prestige, even his life for the welfare of others."

14 August, 1965

I was afraid, when I first decided to come South, that it would be a complete break with my family and that afterward I would be completely independent and alone. I was afraid. And, I was right. I'm now toying with the idea of integrating South Carolina State this semester - without ever going home. If the NAACP will support me, I'll go. I never understood Gibrán's statement of how we are arrows and our parents only bows before.

Bless Shelly that I followed thoughts with the last four chapters of *Siddhartha*. Never have I felt such peace, contentment and happiness.

Siddhartha:

"In this hour he felt more acutely the indestructibility of every life, the eternity of every moment." How can we possibly have time to waste our lives when every moment is so precious? There is no past or future. There is only now. My desire to live in S.C. varies in rationality. I wish it to always be like today and tomorrow. But tomorrow will be different and then it will be now. I must move on.

"Therefore, it seems to me that everything that exists is good - death as well as life, sin as well as holiness, wisdom as well as folly. Everything is necessary, everything needs only my agreement, my assent, my loving understanding; then all is well with me and nothing can harm me."

"...love is the most important thing in the world. It may be important to great thinkers to examine the world, to explain and despise it. But I think it is only important to love the world, not to despise it, not for us to hate each other, but to be able to regard the world and ourselves and all beings with love, admiration and respect."

Ishmael asked me yesterday, "Why are we living?" I let a priceless opportunity go by. I couldn't answer.

The fellows came back from Birmingham today. Our job is back. But Butch's father was here shortly thereafter. He left with his dad. We haven't heard from him since. Must admit I'm worried.

I took Lefty and Deke to Charleston to pick up their clothes. We had one flat tire on the way and two on the way home after picking up Julie and Pat for our party tonight. (I even bought a pint of banana brandy.)

Going through Monck's Corner the Chief of Police stopped me. I was going the exact speed limit. All he could do was ask for my license and registration. He kept staring at Lefty and Deke with me in the front seat. He wanted to know what I was doing down here. I told him voter registration. He asked repeatedly how much I was being paid to be here. I told him I had paid to come. He was perplexed and angry when he had to let us go. "...love is the most important thing in the world. It may be important to great thinkers to examine the world, to explain and despise it. But I think it is only important to love the world, not to despise it, not for us to hate each other, but to be able to regard the world and ourselves and all beings with love, admiration and respect."

Henrichsen Editorial:

"I've been walking on air since I met you, ta dah." That's what Edward White has been saying to James McDevitt for the past four days. Not to be out done by the Soviet Union, the United States put its space men up for 54 orbits.

President Lyndon B. Johnson called it a momentous occasion and congratulated them saying maybe the millions of dollars spent on such projects can lead to world peace. He questioned that someday maybe all spacemen could be walking hand in hand. A lot better than life, huh?

Dissention grows every second we accomplish something of great importance. Can't you hear the voice from Berkeley, "Get the Hell out of Space." I've got nothing against Berkeley people; I just don't want my sister to marry one.

As long as people are learning, money of any sort is well spent. If the people from the peaceful and radical side weren't sure of the we would rationalize and keep up with progress, there wouldn't be as much dissention. Thanks for the vote of confidence. (And, I'm sorry about the reference I made about you and your sister.

17 August, 1965

Lefty said a couple of very good things at the meeting last night. First, he was talking about how the church crags money out of its people for the pastor. If each person does not pay enough, he is called on personally in front of the entire church here. Lefty commented, "My church can support me, but the people in the church, who can support them?"

Later he said, "Talk what's on your mind. Then you'll be free."

18 August, 1965

Today was quite a day. We all have decided to switch to direct action since all the area within an hour's drive has already been canvassed. It's too hard to carry fifteen canvassers in one car 50 miles.

We got to Monck's Corner at 12:30 PM. We dropped Florence, Pat, Henry Moultrie, Azell Gilliard and Herb Mitchell at the Berkeley Restaurant. Florence had remarked before that this would be an easy place to integrate because it was so expensive that they'd let a Negro in once or twice because they can't afford to go often.

Then Lefty, Beatrice Lloyd, Kenny Washington, Bobby Gadsden and I went to Howard's. Last night we went into Howard's. Pat went in first and got a cup of coffee. Then Lefty, Henry Moultrie, Joe, Kenny and Florence and I walked in. The guys sat in a booth. Florence and I sat at the counter. The waitresses refused to serve us all – even Florence when she asked for a cup of coffee. Lefty asked for coffee but was told it was cold. He said that was alright for him: he was ignored.

One waitress was on the phone. Pat heard her say that, "There are a lot of them here". Then the waitress said that the restaurant was closed. She locked all the doors. There were the normal white customers there – about eight. Four walked out when they saw Negroes walk in. She kept asking us to leave because they were closed. Florence picked up a pack of peanuts from the rack. She opened it and took some. She asked if she could buy some peanuts. The waitress said no. Florence said, "Well, I've already taken some. The waitress told her to put them back. She said well she'd already opened them. The waitress said to put them back anyway. Each Florence and I took a handful and put the package back.

The waitress kept telling us the place was closed, but the other customers hadn't left. Then Mr. Howard walked in. He told us the place was closed that we should leave. Lefty and the guys left. We stayed. He said we were civil rights workers and he doesn't have to serve us. Get out. Florence said Washington had put out a law saying we could stay. She said that he didn't sound very happy with Washington. He said she was right, now get out we're closed. So we left.

Today we went back. He saw us coming and locked the door. The five of us took up picket formation. We walked back and forth for about half an hour. Then I started to go back to the Berkeley to pick up the other kids. Pat and Henry came down the street saying something had happened to Florence and that she and Herb were at the hospital. Azell stayed at Howard's. Lefty and Pat, Henry and I went to the hospital. When the kids walked in to the Berkeley, some big white men said something about how they'd have niggers for dessert. Then they bodily shoved Herb out the door. Pat was next, then Azell. Henry had a table between him and the door. They shoved him against and over the table.

Then they shoved him out the door, tore his shirt and kicked him. Florence, in the meantime, had sat down. Two men picked her up and threw her through the glass door. When they picked her up she was bleeding. The restaurant owner took Herb and

Florence to the hospital and brought the rest of the kids to us. Florence has a few stitches on the face, arm, leg and ankle.

Lefty and I went back to Howard's and began walking with the rest. I crossed the street to take some pictures of the kids in front of the restaurant. Three car loads of whites - one man and about six teen-age boys - pulled up and parked down the street. Two more cars pulled up. There were about ten guys standing in front of Howard's door waiting for our six kids. Lefty sent Henry, Azell and Bea down the street. He, Kenny and Bobby faced the whites. The man did most of the talking about how they had a right to use the street, too, how our kids would have to walk out into the street to get around them, how Lefty and the rest were niggers and black bastards.

Then he said the guys were following the wrong leaders - communists. Then he pointed at me, said, "There's one." Yelled across the street, "Why don't you go back to Russia?" This went on for about 5 minutes. Then two cops showed up and told them to quit blocking the sidewalk, but to keep walking. They walked along with us a bit. There were many whites across the street and by the train depot. About fifty white men and twenty-five Negroes were watching. If there had been a pun, there would have been a riot. They sent for more. Soon there were car loads of white men driving back and forth. The others were still on the street. The cops sat in the car.

I began walking with them again. I was called everything from a nigger lover to a white whore. The guys were niggers, black bastards and worse. One kid in a car spit on Kenny. I walked across the street to put the camera and my wallet in the car. They started calling after me like they were calling a pig. Then all the whites left us alone as they waited for reinforcements. They'd drive by or stand and cat call. We walked another half-hour. Another cop car came by and I think they began asking folks to leave. Cars loaded up and drove by. There were few whites on the street. We kept walking. When the street was mostly clear, we marched to the car where we were joined by Florence, Herb and Pat who had walked to join us. Lefty gave the local boys a sermon on how they should come with us tomorrow. Then we left Monck's Corner singing in victory, our casualty beside us in gauze. The yellow car with six teenagers, who had first pulled up with the man followed us.

About six miles out of town they pulled up close behind us. Then, all of a sudden, a black '56 Chevy with two white kids in it pulled in front of me from behind the yellow Fairlane. It began slowing down. Lefty said something about don't let them catch us in a box. I tried to pass the Chevy on the left. He pulled into the left lane and sped up. I dropped back behind him and had to slam on the brakes he'd slowed down so much. I couldn't figure out what to do. God, what does one do? They kept saying I should try to pass on the right. I finally did - left the pavement and found the Chevy pulling off, too. I slammed on the breaks and pulled back behind the Chevy. The car quit. Lord, I felt helpless. Guess it was a good thing it quit because they were dead serious about driving us off the road.

All this time we'd been singing, "We Shall Not Be Moved." We kept it up. I tried - I imagine almost frantically or a moment - to start the car. When I realized it wouldn't crank, I just turned it off, sat back and kept singing. But Lefty didn't quit. A group of about ten got out on the right side of the car trying getting in. Lefty kept singing. He was making them mad; we finally were able to shut him up. They were able to get Lefty's door in front open and started trying to pull him out. He lost his cool and started to fight back. I grabbed him under the chin and held him against my shoulder on top of Bea. Pat grabbed his right arm. He said, "Common boys, let's get out."

But Pat and I kept trying to remind him and the others about non-violence. All the while they were beating on Lefty I had my hand on his chest and could feel his shirt tearing under my hands as they tried to pull him out of the car and as they hit him. Ever held one of your own as he gets beaten? He was stretched out entirely across the seat, and they were still beating his face, kicking him and trying to pull him out of the car. At the same time, they got Kenny's door open - the back door on the right. Azell and Pat held him in the car as they tried to pull him out. The only thing that saved him was them. The guys tore off part of his shirt. They took turns kicking him in the side and they beat him some around the head.

A white boy came around to my window, which was open, and tried to get in. I just got it closed. I think he was after me as I had been the only white girl or person with the picketers. I think he would have beaten me if he could have gotten in. They finally drug Lefty out. He was completely non-violent. They beat him and finally hit him on the head with a wrench, knocking him senseless. He lay on the ground where we found him after all the whites had gotten to their car.

The chaos inside the car was almost unbelievable. Bobby kept saying, "Let me get out and fight." We called to everyone to be non-violent, though I must admit that when that white guy tried to get in my side, for a moment, I was trying to find something to hit him with. I never realized how small a car is or how many ten people is or how lonely a major highway is. People - white people - just stared and kept driving. Negroes looked scared and kept driving. We were so alone.

When Lefty came to he picked up a bottle and started for the man in the Chevy. The yellow car and the other car had left. The guy in the Chevy tried to drive him down, but Pat pulled him out of the way. Then Lefty came back to his senses just as the man in the Chevy pulled out a shotgun and threatened the nigger to come closer. When ignore, he too left. The guys tried to fix the car and I went to a brick house which obviously belonged to whites to call cops. The lady was so sweet, said she was entirely sympathetic to the Negro's cause, but she was in such a dangerous position. She renewed my confidence in my own race. We waited for the cops, explained the case, and came home.

Scared? No, I didn't have time. But I sure started to shake when I left the lady's house. All the Monck's Corner guys who had seen us then (Negroes) had followed when they

saw the yellow car following us. Perhaps they're the thing that scared the whites off finally. They would have fought.

But, we hardly had a chance to come to and we had more trouble. John and Sally took her Healy and Kenny, Pat, Mr. Dingle, Joan, Bobby and I took the station wagon to St. Stephen for Kenny's trial for having been doing 50 in a 35 mile zone when he was actually doing 30. When we got there, there were about 30 Negroes - much to our surprise - we'd encouraged them to come to insure Kenny a fair trial. We all went upstairs to the courtroom. The room was the size of our living room at home if that large - and square. There were only eight chairs, a desk and the police chief who was no less than surly.

We waited for an hour for the judge. He kicked us all out except for witnesses, judge and lawyer. When we got outside we were confronted with about 40 hard faced whites. The police chief told us all to leave - no loitering. But we couldn't take the station wagon, because our lawyer had the registration papers upstairs and the police chief wouldn't let us go after them. Sally and John took the Healy and left to pick up John's father who was coming in on plane. _____ and I walked out in front of Poole's to use the pay phone to call and warn Mrs. Simmons that there were so many angry whites around.

We were followed, but no one came after us. But John and Sally drove by to check up on us. The next thing we knew, a pickup had driven them off the road, a car had them closed in from the back and the car had quit. Two of them hit John three times before he got the car started. A few minutes later he came by again to check on us again and they had him blocked in with two trucks. I sent a cop over to bail him out of trouble. We all got in cars and began a three car procession home. A pickup tried to drive John off the road twice. About two miles from Pineville, the wagon quit, scaring us inside to death, but Negroes picked us up and we were later able to get the car back safely.

What a night. We're going back to Monck's Corner tomorrow.

20 August, 1965

These two weeks certainly are closing the summer with a bang. About 1:00 AM this morning after the St. Stephen incident, the Swamp Fox was burned out. Someone threw a gasoline bombs inside. The front windows were knocked out and most of his shelves, merchandise and televisions were burned out. He was the only white man in the county who hires Negroes on the counter.

Yesterday Butch was home from the hospital and spent the day with us before his father came for him about 8:30 PM.

The FBI was here about ten hours yesterday getting evidence on the St. Stephen and Monck's Corner happenings. SLED was here the day before interviewing us about the school fire. The difference in the two is that SLED tried to accuse us and our local people of starting the fire.

Last night I went to bed about 9:00. In the middle of the night (John said about 1:00-1:30) Carol said something about a fire and yelled out to Herb is she could go with him. He and Henry were getting into a strange car. She went down and left with them. Still dazed, and a bit scared, I dressed and went down. I couldn't see any sign of a fire until I got to Mrs. Simmons and could see a dull red glow south of us. I guessed right away it was either Redeemer or Pilgrim Churches - where we had most of our mass meetings.

Mrs. Simmons, Nellie and I drove over that way. When we got there, there was nothing left of Redeemer. The roof was gone and flames were eating up the insides at a tremendous pace. It looked like the kind of building fire they would use when filming a story about the San Francisco or Chicago fire. Only one fire truck showed up and it belonged to the white man who owns the nearby gin mill. It was used to protect the two houses next to the church. There's nothing left of that beautiful church. We expect them to try for Pilgrim tonight.

Just as we drove back into the driveway John came running up to tell us to take cover. Someone had driven by and fired six .22 shots and one shot gun blast into the store. Needless to say, someone kept watch.

20 August, 1965

Call Cynthia Gaudine this evening.
\$3 plus bill - Mrs. Simmons
\$1 - Joan

Tonight I'm sitting watching. Charley (a white fellow from Charleston) and I have the front. He has a shotgun and is out toward the street. When a car goes by, he gets the make and all, and then I write it down and save it. Carol and Walter (someone new) are across the street at Dingle's trying to catch license plates. Herb is on the porch upstairs with a shotgun. Lefty is covering the branch behind with a hand gun.

A couple of cars have gone by very slowly. It's about 1:00 AM. If anything is to happen, I expect it soon as Swamp Fox and Redeemer were burned about the same time.

Sometimes I wonder what made me come down here. I might get hurt.

These are brave people. Lefty thinks Herb is a coward, but it takes guts to just communicate with us, let alone live here. I got a call from Sally. A carload of white men had them cornered. We're waiting for them to leave the store. A car load of our fellows went down and the Healy followed them home safely. While they were gone, two car loads of men kept driving past here giving us the finger. When John and the Healy and all returned, one of the cars was following them. Henry said that the man who threw him over the table in the Berkeley Restaurant was in the car. When I called a deputy and told him, he said it couldn't possibly be the same man because the man who had done it was from out of Monck's Corner. Guess it never occurred to him that these men might not have been local too.

To love our enemies:

1Forgive and reconcile

2Realize there is some good in the worst of us and some evil in the best of us.

3Seek his friendship and understanding.

"Fear is more pain than the pain it fears." Sir Phillip Sidney

Dr. King: "We shall match your capacity to inflict suffering by our capacity to endure suffering. We shall meet your physical force with soul force....But be ye assured that we will wear you down by our capacity for suffering. On day we shall win freedom but not only for ourselves. We shall appeal to your heart and conscious that we shall win you in the process, and our victory will be a double victory.

August 23, 1965

Catch up here. Night before last Rev. Middleton was arrested for assault and carrying dangerous weapons. It cost us \$165 to get him out. Trial is Wednesday night. He swears up and down that he didn't do a thing. He stopped to drop some people off at Conway's to catch a bus. Next thing, a cop was searching his car. Matthew Perry will take the case, thank God. Rev. had heard that they were after him for working with us.

Kenny Washington's father has forbade him to work with us.

Butch's doctor said he may never regain use of his right hand.

I finally really want to go home.

The same night as Rev.'s arrest, a Negro was beat at Powell's Red and White Market.

Things are pretty bad here. This last week has been much hotter than usual. We're under the unusual pressure of waiting for something we have no idea about. We're all tired. Staff relations are really slipping. I almost wish something would happen so we'd have excitement for awhile - a period of relaxment usually follows.

Night before last about 1:30 AM five cars either drove very slowly or rushed passed and parked down by the school. There were five cars. They got out and had a talk, making lots of noise. We called the sheriff. Fifteen minutes later they were gone and the sheriff was patrolling.

We were obviously bored with sitting this week. We're going nuts doing nothing all day but sit by the phone and guard at night. Finally the kids are going back to Monck's Corner. Damn, I have to sit by the phone.

If life was such a pain to live to people like Schopenhauer who said that life is an endless pain with a painful end, why do they bother living. They could easily commit suicide.

Roy Wilkins (NAACP):

"The Negro citizen does not subscribe to violence as a means of securing his rights. But he has come to the point where he is no longer afraid of violence. He no longer shrinks back. He will assert himself, and if violence comes, so be it."

We have overcome. Today Lefty, Nellie, Charlie, John, Henry and I had a hamburger at Howard's. We got there about 2:30. He had a long table waiting for us. (We had told the sheriff we were coming.) There were three cops outside in a car. Two cops inside and four or five across the street. Mr. Howard waited on us himself. He was anything but gracious - but the federal bill only says they have to serve us, not that they have to be nice. I felt more comfortable walking in front of the place than I did eating inside now. He threw down the menus and slapped down glasses - but he got stares (nasty ones) from the sheriff. We got followed home, but we were satisfied.

We went by Kenny's. His grandfather says no more; he doesn't want white men sneaking around the house. Hell, you'd think he was the only one taking a chance.

August 26, 1965

Two nights after Redeemer was burned, we had a small mass meeting to discuss the burning. The attitude of the people was pretty representative of the church congregation and of the community. It was a tragedy that the church had been burned, but it was also god's will. No, they didn't want revenge. They'd build it up anew. They felt sorry for the people who would commit such an act.

I should say something about Lefty. He's one of the few great persons I'll ever know, but what can one say about someone great?

We had another meeting night before last. It was rather large - about 25 people. At the meeting Lefty had each of us talk - even Henry, who did quite a beautiful job considering how quiet he is. First, he wouldn't talk to anybody. Then he'd only talk to Joanie. Now he's talking to a group. It's quite a great change to watch.

Day before yesterday I picked 40 pounds of cotton. Ugh! Today I'm still sore. Nellie and I went out and picked with Bobby Gadsden and his family. She picked 40 pounds, too. I was thinking, as I was picking, that I am going to college to avoid things like picking cotton. So, I drive 3000 miles, spending \$250, to pick cotton. It's not as bad as I expected - we didn't from 3:00 to 4:00 PM when it was really hot. The company was great. I wouldn't want to do it as a steady job. We didn't take the money they offered us: 3 cents a pound. We were working for fun! If the Gadsden's were still working, I'd pick every day.

"Negroes have to learn, nobody is going to come around and lead you everyday." Mr. Mack.

Last night was Rev. Middleton's trial. Matthew Perry was _____, so we asked for a postponement and got it. Darn, the trial is next week and I never will hear him. He sounds great - very intelligent and quite a diplomat. He knows what he's doing. I've met a great man.

Guess the boredom is just too much. This place went crazy last night - the guys throwing water on everyone, so I retaliated by getting their beds wet. They played around for about 2 hours. Can't blame them, I've just about had enough.

I'm in Hicksville, NY. Afraid I'm constantly on the verge of crying. I left more than my heart in Pineville.

Friday afternoon before we left, a Rev. Holcom - a white minister from St. Stephen came to talk to us to find out if the rumors he had heard about us were true. He was very open and fair. As he said, he'd made one big step by himself. He's Baptist and went to a large convention. When he returned he discovered the Baptist Negro minister in St. Stephen belonged to the same convention, but hadn't been able to go. So, he invited the Negro to his home to show his pictures and to tell him about it. I think he might be a contact. Like John said, he came thinking we were communists and left thinking we were Christians.

What was the first man I met after driving 4 hours in an Austin Healy with John and Nellie, a man who tried to convince me Negroes are inferior. He swears he's not prejudiced. Wonder if I'll ever be able to talk to such a person.

I've realized since I got here that I can never be a typical teen-ager again. I'm not typical. But I can get away. Negroes can never get away. No wonder they feel so trapped.

No wonder Shelly is so great. His mother and father are tremendous people. She remarked about his going South that after they realized this was no lark, but a serious venture on his part, that they only needed the courage to let him be the kind of person they had hoped he'd be.

I went to a Christian Science church today and it certainly is different. They see Christ two ways: as a man and as an embodiment of the divine nature of God. Every man has this divine nature. There is nothing material about life - including the body. Immorality, etc., is not going by this nature and is a mistake. The Negroes are immoral in their practices in the South, but if conformity to God's word is moral, who can interpret it correctly?) They do live love more than any people I've ever met, but my people in Pineville.

August 31, 1965

Today was quite a day - I met New York. The importance of the day isn't in the places I saw - New York is splendid and I love her - but in the people I saw and met - probably what causes me to love her.

First, there's, of course Shelly, and although I've only known him four days before I came here, I feel the same inescapable peace with him I know I notice and enjoy people better when I'm with him. I keep asking myself why it was me who was chosen to enjoy people so much. Why have I been able to get so much life from others? Why am I able to meet wonderful people like those in Pineville and still meet more great people like the Thompsons? Why me?

We walked and looked and I found that the people of New York are no different from people anywhere else - they aren't particularly pretentious either.

Harlem was not as bad as I expected, which was both a disappointment and a relief. But the people there look like they are suffering despair. The people in Pineville look content. Harlem looks harried.

When we finally got to Washington Square in the heart of the Village, I experienced feelings about three things, sex, love and children - in that order, but not tied together. I was forced to wonder what part sex really plays in making a full person. In most minds - young minds anyway - sex means maturity. But even with adults, the person who is a full person is supposed to have had quite a sordid affair - leading to understanding or something.

A man - dressed neatly and clean shaven - was watching the Cal beatnik types at the square. He wasn't any more obvious than Shelly and me, but he was alone and easy to imitate. Two teen-age boys assumed the same position he had and stared at him. They were very obviously taunting him. They were the type who would swear they wanted the best and happiness for everyone, but how can they stand to make one of their fellow men so uncomfortable?

The third case involved a very young mother and her four month old son - Andrew. She smiled at us. When I saw Andrew, an ugly little fellow, and began laughing at him, she was so pleased. He has such a wise face - like no one has wisdom he hasn't. He continuously smiled and laughed, I even got to hold him. I got the feeling that both parents love each other very much and that he is truly a product of such love. I even wanted my own children for a few hours.

GOING HOME

Go home black man,
Leave us, the good people;
The crossing of the sea did not

Bleach the color of your skin.
Cross over once more, leave us
In our mass hysteria.

Will find other problems
To keep our narrow minds content;
Leave us to poison our children
Who will carry on the war for civil rights?
Murder is much too slow,
Blacks multiply too fast.

Always these who will hate -
Leave us, the good people,
To degrade ourselves.
- Nan Kruger

"...no scented soap to kill all hope,
and so school to kill his soul."
Hazel Albright

"...no one should rejoice at the death or defeat of a human being."

Summer Calls

April drifted into May
Innocent as organdy,
Whispery as rain
Dappled where the sun had lain
On the tree lined sidewalks
In late afternoons.

The blossom falls,
The wind drives on
And the summer calls
That the fruit might be borne.

Though I wait a thousand years,
This sweet pause before emergence
Shall not come again
For April drifted into May
And now she is gone.

May came at last -
And brought me tears.
Larry Sutherland

I read this poem while in New York and thought of shingle Springs in April and May. I, too, wanted to cry.

I never felt such grief. I found myself and life in Pineville.

Cool blue mist at dusk
Finds infinite deep valley
I high above...god

Merlene Stockdale

Man as God - the way I see Him through man, but not man as god.

I saw an apple...
So perfect, so beautiful,
I could not eat it.

Sid Castle

This is how life is.

"...night creates dream,
Day bears life,
Men

only

possess

hope."

"We must love ourselves properly before we can adequately love others."

MLK

"No man is an island entire y itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontorie were, as well as if a mannor of the friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for who the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

September 1, 1965

A smile is one of the few really beautiful things in the world. Today in New York I'd smile at as many people as I could. Only rarely would people smile back. But when they did, it was great. We were sharing something beautiful - perhaps even love.

I was told that easterners are so cold and unfriendly, but they certainly have been great to me - 'specially when I ask for help.

September 3, 1965

The first part of the U.S. Pavilion at the World's Fair was sickening. First, it was entirely too materialistic. Second, there was movie on foreign immigrants and what they had

contributed to America. Negroes were only shown in one picture - packed in slave ships, not even mentioned by name. The movie celebrated the accomplishments of the Irish, Slavs, etc. and told how many entered the country, but not a word about the fact that the economy of the South was built upon Negro labor - the South was practically ignored. When are we honestly going to face facts as a nation?

September 4, 1965

It was a strange feeling to retrace the Mississippi. Somehow I'd had my doubts I'd ever leave the South alive. Relief and deep regrets.

"Fear is mastered through faith."
MLK

September 5, 1965

Seems strange, we're now going through Wyoming - once my favorite state. My values have changed so. South Carolina, even for landscape, is home. My desire to live alone in wide open spaces has changed to a desire to live with people in farm land.

"You must make your plans big enough to include God and large enough to include eternity."
MLK

"Peace...is a calmness of soul amid terrors of trouble, inner tranquility amid the howl and rage of outer storm, the serene quiet at the center of a hurricane amid the howling and jostling winds."
MLK

"The most segregated hour of the week is 11:00 Sunday morning."
MLK

"The nonviolent approach does something to the hearts and souls of those committed to it. It gives them new self-respect. It calls up resources of strength and courage that they did not know they had. Finally, it so stirs the conscience of the opponent that reconciliation becomes a reality."
MLK

"Reason, devoid of purifying power of faith, can never free itself from distortions and rationalizations."
MLK

September 10, 1965

In editing these notes - all of them - I find out how naive they sound - especially from Charleston on. The first notes in Berkeley County were from an observer. Later they're like someone inside looking out.

Shingle Springs, CA

I broke down and called Lefty today. He certainly sounded happy to hear from me, almost as happy as I was to hear from him.

They had a mass meeting the other night. Some whites in an unidentified car took all the licenses of the cars parked there.

The Klan called and said they would bomb the store. There have finally been personal threats, too - against Lefty.

Lefty is alone now. Deke and Marion are in Charleston. Herb had to quit working with us so he can get a job and make some money so they can get a car so he can quit and work with SCOPE again.

Allen accepted me. I sent a telegram to see if I could register as late as the 20th. The NAACP wrote to ask how much I need. If I get all, I'm going.