

THE BILOXI FREE HERALD

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THE THREE CIVIL RIGHTS WORKERS by Carolyn Weathersby

On June 21, 1964, three civil rights workers, James Chaney, and Michael Schwerner, were passing through a town by the name of Philadelphia, Mississippi. They were arrested on a charge of speeding, which wasn't true, I don't believe. They were put in jail and their fine was \$20. To prevent trouble, James Chaney, a Negro, gladly paid the fine. After it was paid, they left and started back on their journey, expecting to complete it. But on account of some ignorant white Southerners, they didn't. On the same night, some way, somehow, and for some reason, they disappeared.

They were followed out of town and killed for no reason at all, and I guess there never will be a reason.

Their car was found in a few days, but they were not. It was wrecked and burned. After that happened, no one could tell me they were not dead.

Then, in a month or so, they found the bodies buried in a dam twenty miles from where the car was found. All three of them were shot in the head. Why, oh why did this have to happen? It is a pity and a shame for the South to show its ignorance and nonsense.

Those three boys didn't do harm to anyone, not a single person, but yet and still, they were killed. Can anyone tell me why? Was it because they were riding with a Negro, or was it because they had love and cleanliness in their hearts, or for no reason at all?

Whoever did that sorrowful and sinful thing, may God have mercy on their souls, for they know not what they did.

I didn't know them, nor have I ever seen them in my life, but I know them well enough to love them and I know they were children of God.

THE BILOXI FREEDOM SCHOOL by Carolyn Smith

We began Freedom School in Biloxi on July 8, 1964. We talk about Negro history, American democracy, and citizenship. Each morning we have a different subject to talk about. One thing we talk about is how we can improve our own citizenship.

We have talked about the Civil Rights Act and what it means for Mississippi. Steve Blum and Gren Whitman are our teachers. Some of the students are Janice Thomas, Carolyn Weathersby, Carolyn Smith, Janice Huggar, Donna McNair, and Lodie Robinson.

We have learned many things about Negro history. We have learned about how the Negro was treated under slavery. We learned that Negroes were brought from Africa and sold to white men so that they could work the white men's land. They had to do most of the work by hand and had to begin work before the sun came out. Because they did not have enough education, they could not work the machines.

We have learned that segregation is illegal under the U.S. Constitution, and that segregation in Mississippi now will not be able to stand.

We have learned how the Negro has always fought against slavery and segregation, by non-violence and respect for the law, and sometimes with violence.

We have learned how the Freedom Movement today is not new, but just a part of the long history of protest. What happens now will be in the future. We are going to work for Civil Rights for all people in the South, black and white.

FIVE BILOXI STUDENTS TEST PUBLIC ACCOMODATIONS LAW

by Lester Smith

On Tuesday, August 4, 1964, four of my friends and I decided to go to the Edgewater Plaza for lunch. My friends were Tommy Jackson, Candy Robinson, Donna McNair, and Inez Rozetta. When we arrived there, the restaurant was crowded. We decided to go shopping until some of the people left. At 11:55, we sat down at the counter. The waitress came over, gave us some water, and asked, "what can I do for you-all?"

We gave our order which consisted of three hamburgers and two club sandwiches, and french fries. She brought our food and we began to eat. I ordered an orange pop, and she almost spilled it on me. After we finished, the waitress came over and said, "the boss said that you know the rest of them will lose their job." I said, "the rest of who?" She said, "you know who I'm talking about." About twominutes later, a white boy came to the window, knocked on the pane, and motioned for us to come out. Then we got ready to leave. The people were not even mad. On my way out, the white boy came over in front of me and asked, "what is your name, boy?" He was much younger than me. Then I asked him, "what did you say?" He repeated his statement. "None of your business," I replied. Then, a man came out and said, "leave these people alone. We don't want any trouble." And then we left. And I will go back again.

A POEM by Linda Davis

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY SKIN?

Each time I get on a bus
I know there's going to be a great
fuss.
I always have to go to the back,
Or get hit over the head with a
sack.

Each time I go to a white store,
They think I'm nothing but a
great big bore.
Each time I walk down a public road,
people look at me.
Why don't they just let me be?

TRIP TO PASS CHRISTIAN

by Mary Brown

We left Biloxi about 2:30 Sunday evening. When we got there, it was about 4:30. The first thing Ann Robinson and I did when we got there was to go swimming. Joe and Mick found a place to change their clothes. Ann and I were in the water when they came back. Later I went past the first post to swim with Ruth and Gren. Gren wanted someone to chase him, so he kept hitting me. And when I did chase him, he would go underwater and come up on the other side.

Then Ruth, Ann, and I went back to shore. Ann forgot her towel, so Ruth let her use hers. We stayed on the shore about 30 minutes. We built a sand house. When we went back in the water, a boy from Pass Christian found clay at the bottom of the beach and put it all over his body. We told Ruth about the clay and she got some for her class at Freedom School. Then Jean and Gibbs came. Gibbs told me to climb up on his back. Jean pulled me off, and when I fell, I went all the way to the bottom. We left Pass Christian about 6:00 and we got home about 6:45

REGISTER VOTE

Each time I go on the Beach,
People look at me and make a long
speech.
They say I'm not supposed to be
there.
Why don't they know that I really
care?

Up in the Delta in the cotton
fields,
The Negroes work all day to get
their meals.
In the Delta, few are strong people.
Often their lives are hard and dull.
I won't fight back with violence.
When I fight back, it will be in
good sense.
I'll fight with love and kindness
And I will win if I do my best.

"IN WHITE AMERICA" - THE FREE
SOUTHERN THEATER COMES TO BILOXI
by Janice Huggar

On August 5, 1964, there was a play held at the Odd Fellows Hall (the new Biloxi Community Center). It was presented by the Free Southern Theater. There were about 150 people in the audience. Just before the play started, we sang a couple of songs like "I'm So Glad," and "Oh Freedom."

The part I liked best of all was the part where the slave was driving the white man and they were talking about freedom. There were six actors in the play. It was produced and directed by Mr. Gilbert Moses.

Another part was when five white men came to the house of a slave girl who had a baby, and one of the men told her, "put that baby down." And she said "no." So one of the men took the baby by the leg and swung it across the bed. As the baby grew, his hip grew out of place and she said every time the baby walked, the baby would cry.

Another part was about a girl in Little Rock going for the first time to an integrated school. In September, 1957, she got up and cut on the TV. Then she ate her breakfast. Then her father said "let's all kneel and pray." She rode the bus and arrived at school. And just as she arrived at school, there was a group of white kids and Army men. They started calling her all kinds of names. Then the Army men sent the white kids into the school. She went and sat on a bench and started to cry, and a white man came and sat down beside her and put his arm around her and said "don't let these people see you crying," because she reminded him of his own daughter. And then she went home.

FREEDOM SCHOOL TRIP TO
PASS CHRISTIAN
by Janice Thomas

On August 9, 1964, the Biloxi Freedom School went to Pass Christian. We left from Biloxi at 2:30. When we got there, we got right out and went down where the other children were. Donna, Jackie, Otis, Brinage, and I went down to my cousin's house and we stayed there for a little while. My cousin took us down to a stand and we listened to some records. On our way going to Pass Christian, a white girl was looking so hard, and every time she passed, she laughed. I told her a name and she tried to look bad. I can look bad too.

I don't like segregation because we had to drive 20 miles to Pass Christian because it is the only place that we can go on the beach and swim. Segregation on the beach should be done away with so that all of the people will be able to enjoy themselves.

CIVIL RIGHTS WORKERS CANVASS FOR
VOTER REGISTRATION IN BAYOU
AUGUSTE HOMES

by Donna McNair

On July 14, 1964, civil rights workers were canvassing for registration in the Freedom Democratic Party in Bayou Auguste Homes. The manager of the Project, Mr. Lyon, made an announcement that if the civil rights workers didn't get out of the Project, he would have them thrown in jail for trespassing on government property.

The workers left as he asked, but the civil rights workers went to the Justice Department office and made it possible for them to go into the Project.

And now, even if Mr. Lyon is angry, he can't stop us from going there, although he is a white man and is against Negro rights. He can't do anything about the workers entering Bayou Auguste Homes.

WOMEN NOW FREEDOM

THE MONTGOMERY BUS BOYCOTT
by Cheryl Davis

On December 1, 1955, a boycott began in Montgomery, Alabama. This boycott was begun by Rosa Parks. Why? Because she was sitting on a seat in the bus and the bus driver asked her to give up her seat for a white, which she refused to do. Since she did not give up her seat, she was arrested.

That night, Martin Luther King decided to put on a boycott against riding busses to work, or to any other place until they decided to integrate all the busses in Montgomery. The bus boycott lasted for one year. People rode in free cabs to work. Many walked.

When the busses were integrated, Negroes would sit in the front and whites would throw rocks and hit them. After a while, the boycott was a success because Negroes could peacefully sit anywhere they wanted.

Biloxi is the same as Montgomery was before the bus boycott. They make you sit in the back of the bus. In the waiting room, there are two places to sit, one for whites and one for Negroes. The way the people in Montgomery broke down segregation was to boycott the busses. That is what we will have to do. The people in Montgomery planned for a one day boycott, but it lasted for one year. Maybe, in Biloxi, we shall have a walk to freedom now.

THE FREEDOM SCHOOL CONVENTION
by Candy Robinson

The Freedom School Convention was in Meridian, Mississippi, on August 7, 1964. There were three delegates from Biloxi, Linda Whitsun, Reuben Brown, and Candy Robinson. We left Biloxi at 10:30 and arrived in Meridian at 4:30. When we arrived, there was a car to pick us up. He took us to the Freedom School, where the convention was going to be held. They gave the address of the house where we were going to live.

The next day, the convention began. There were three committee meetings each day. On the first day, we discussed Jobs, public accommodations, and education. On the second, we discussed medicare, federal aid, and foreign aid. There were three committee meetings, and you could attend the one you wanted. In the committee meetings, we debated the resolutions to be put into the platform. After lunch each day, we had general sessions where we made out the Freedom School Platform. After lunch each day, we had general sessions where we made out the Freedom School Platform and debate the resolutions. We had three guest speakers at the convention, A. Philip Randolph, James Farmer, and Robert Moses.

WHAT IS WRONG ?

What is wrong with me every where I go ?
by Elaine Davis

No one seems to look at me.

Sometimes I cry.

I walk through woods and sit on a stone.

I look at the stars and I sometimes wish.

Probably if my wish ever comes true,

Everyone will look at me.

FREEDOM NOW