Lowndes County Election Fraud
by Gwendelyn Patton

"I'm seventy-five, and I feel like I've been born again."

The polls opened at 8:00 a.m., but Black folks were there at 7:00 to make sure that they cast their ballots for those candidates who hopefully would take them out of their "fundamental trick bag." Lowndes County—Black Power—later to be corrupted by white power. Black folks were anxious and frightened.

"Remember we are the second lever."

"Pull the Black Panther lever and go home."

"Ask the Black sisters to help you in the booth."

So the conversations went for the greater part of the morning. Black folks for the first time felt like citizens. The great day was here in Lowndes County, Alabama.

"Us folks sho' are coming out. Folks want to vote."

"I'm seventy-five, and I feel like I've been born again."

"De Lawd sho' want us to vote cause dere ain't a cloud in the sky."

The lady was right...there was not a cloud in the sky. Black folks walked, rode in trucks and cars to the polls—all of them trying to remember the instructions given them that night before at the Mass Meeting. Some of the new citizens had to be carried because they couldn't walk; others had to be led because they couldn't see. Many were around because they had not registered and wanted so desperately to be citizens, to be a man to their neighbors, to be a part of the 'American Dream.'

Brenton, a predominately Black precinct, was running smoothly. No trouble...not a cloud in the sky. It was a family reunion, a town's meeting. Folks were helping one another and feeling for the first time in their lives 'American.'

"There's trouble in Sandy Ridge."

The conversations changed as the morning progressed. Trouble seemed to be everywhere, and even though there were no clouds in the sky, white lightening was striking everywhere and on every Black man.

"I saw Jim Clark."

"White folks ridin' round with guns."

"My boss evicted me because I wanted to vote; I wanted to be
COUNTY the example to show niggers that they better stay in their 'places'? Johnson, is that what you are trying to articulate? Is that what you call democracy?

There were no reporters as there were at Wallace's headquarters. Was it because the white folks had conspired together and did not want reporters to relate to the public their overheating, their stealing of the elections? Is the political struggle of Black people anything in this country? It is thundering now. There is no place to go, no homes, no farms, no lands,...NO CLOUDS in the SKY.

So it was, A beautiful day in Lowndes County, Alabama. God controlled the skies, but the white man determined the clouds, the lightening, the thundering...and the victims. Who controls the silver lining?

"Man, you got your shit?"
"Naw, ain't no clouds in the sky."

Election day was over, and night began to fall. There were no clouds in the sky, but the white man's clouds began to thicken as the night grew darker.

"A Black man got whipped by a white cop for challenging. He had to go to the hospital out of town."

People had gathered at the Lowndes County Freedom Organization Headquarters to discuss protection for the women, for the children, and especially for the candidates.

"Man, you got your shit?"
"YEAH!!"

There seems to be white clouds everywhere groping for Black men in the dark. We have to stop that to make certain that there 'ain't a cloud in the sky.'

"Man we better go home and get our shit together because we got to control that silver lining."

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<td>Sidney Logan</td>
<td>Frank Ryals 1,943</td>
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<td>Emory Ross</td>
<td>Jack Golson 1,901</td>
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<td>Alice Moore</td>
<td>Charlie Sullivan 2,334</td>
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<td>Frank Miles</td>
<td>Iva Sullivan 2,297</td>
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<td>Robert Logan</td>
<td>David Lyons 1,894</td>
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<td>John Hinson</td>
<td>Tommie Coleman 1,933</td>
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<td>Willie Strickland</td>
<td>C. B. Haigler 2,130</td>
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