

Dear Gang-

Yes –am alive (almost). The office hours I've been working are such that when I do have a chance to relax I just don't have the energy to put pen to paper. The Greenville project sponsored a one day vacation for me, feeling I needed the rest – so I drove down to Jackson with some freedom school teachers. When I returned to Greenville in the late afternoon all the work had piled up. So much for that vacation.

We do appreciate P'burgh's donation to our project but could you subtly suggest that G-ville doesn't need books we got 20,000 of them at the end of June and most of them are in storage. Received your check many thanks. How time is flying. The Freedom Dem. Party Precinct County and districts will all be over in a week's time.

My heat rash is just about gone and the mosquitos have left me alone. Had a sort of heat stroke last week but recovered in a day or so. Went to a Southern Baptist Church service what an experience! It was like a well-rehearsed dramatic production. All starts out quietly but builds up to a fantastically high-pitched tense point-then subsides. FBR was never like that. And the hymns all have a really swinging jazz-type beat. At the moment Candy, Lyn and I are living in a nice, comfortable house with a window. It's not at all the rustic life I had imagined. I guess most of what I had pictured exists mainly (though by no means exclusively) on the plantations.

Had a chance to chat with Sherry (?) Everett while I was in Jackson – she was there recuperating too. Dr. Falk had said she was a bit shaken up, but she looked quite chipper to me.

We had a couple of our project workers shot at last week end, while two others were chased out of Leland (a town 15 minutes due east of us). A couple days later one of our high school kids was picked up in the latter town while distributing leaflets announcing the precinct meeting on a trumped up forgery charge (he was released after a couple hours and evidently the police just wanted to pump Willie for info on COFO operations). Later still an officer picked up Leo (a Negro COFOer from Chicago) in Leland and told him the COFOers weren't to eat in Negro cafes anymore—until Leo asked if the chief preferred they eat in white cafes—at which Leo got permission to patronize the Negro cafes again.

Please forgive me for not writing often. Hope you are all well. I enjoy hearing what you all are doing.

Love and Kisses,

Pat

7/64

Mon - p.m.

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