

Rec'd Friday July 10

Tuesday evening

✓ Hello,

this will be done mass production style because time is scarce. I am sitting on a back porch in Laurel looking out at some pink plastic flamingoes and a big pecan tree and a vegetable patch which has been feeding us very well with sweet corn and beans. The woman of the house has been feeding us superbly. I sleep in a big double bed with Jimmy. I ~~smell~~ smell some hogs in the next yard. Roosters abound. And dogs with convex backs.

We feel safe here surrounded by the negro community which by now knows us and greets us cordially and welcomes us very warmly. The feeling of security evaporates when we go downtown or even get in the car, because the police are after us. They all look like Snopes family to me. Last Sunday we were returning home from an evening Sunday school at a Baptist church where we went to drum up students for the Freedom Schools, and the police stopped us and ordered us downtown for questioning and investigation. The D.A. "questioned" us and tried to convince us that we should go back home. To make their point they threw Marcia in jail and the next day found her guilty of vagrancy, 10 days, suspended. No basis at all. It is being appealed. A Connecticut lawyer came the next day and gave us some comfort. This story might have made the papers. It was pretty funny. I called the FBI and submitted ~~them~~ a report and complaint of harassment to them which Bobby Kennedy might act on if he ever gets off his tail. It sure was good to sit in an air conditioned federal office and talk to the USA for a while, even taking comfort from J. Edgar's picture on the wall.

Today the NAACP breezed into a meeting here and put on a big show of listening to our problems and the problems of the Negroes here, but it was just a show. They travel in air conditioned cadillacs. Disgusting.

We will have a real school going soon. Our project director, Lester, is in jail on an old charge they dug up. He once tried to buy a ticket in the White window in the Laurel bus station. Now he is building Jones County's roads. And this was done AFTER the ICC ruling on bus stations. What a country.

Laurel is in the Piny Woods section of Miss. and the country here is beautiful. Almost no farming except cattle, just timber. The negro people here are fantastic in their warmth, concern for our welfare, and honesty. I don't have any real chance to see anything here except the negro community, urban. All else is too dangerous for us to be in except for a quick trip to town and back before the police see us.

Love, Tom

It is dark now and I can't see what I write.

I got Ian and Rachels letter today.

I think I will be driving home with Jimmie and may sell him the car, if we are both out of jail at the time,

The crickets are going lake crazy

They showed pictures of San Francisco on the News yesterday. It shure made me homesick.

It will be nice to be able to walk around the block again.

It is my night for a bath, so I had better take it. You drip all day long here.

It is a damn good thing we cant drink beer, otherwise I would be incapacitated.

Maybe that would solve Mississippi's problem.

goodnight.

