Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

6 Raymond Street, N.W.
Atlanta 14, Georgia

688-0331

July 18 1964

Saturday morning

Dear Wattses,

Here I sit in the COFO office. For the last week I have actually been teaching. I have a class of about 8 high school kids that I teach for about 1½ hours every day. One evening I gave a gust lecture to an evening adult class that was delightful. It is quite a novel experience to have your audience say "amen" when you make a good point.

Things have been quiet here since our last incident when the three men, including the rabbi were beaten up with an iron pipe. This being a fairly large city, our workeres can have a certain amount of annonymity, as can the local yokels. Thus they dont have to maintain their status before the community by harassing us. It would be different in a small town.

Thanks for your efforts concerning the Masonite Corporation. Since I am no longer in Laurel, I won't be able to go see the m. Last week a kid was beat up at a lunch counter there, but there has been no police trouble recently.

Perhaps this machine will work. Yes.

About the Telephone company, I don't know of any malpractices except for the tapping that they say goes on continually. They say that when you pick up the phone here you can hear mysterious clicks and humming, but I don't know what the actual evidence of this is, or whether the company would do anything about it. It is a widespread practice in California too. I will ask around about it.

The people that we are living with are delightful. They make their own brooms out of the big bluestem grass growing in the yard. They call it brroom sage grass.

This is big stump country. You see whole train loads of old pine stumps rolling through town.

Last night I heard a word I had not heard in a long time. I asked the couple we live with if they knwo anybody who believed in witches. They said no but they did know of "hants"

"One Man, One Vote"

I got the tape package. See, Tom

Hubard Woods sounds true to form. I think I met that man from Vicksburg. He came to Oxford to see his daughter off. He obviously wanted her to come home, but he didn't say anything about it. It was quite touching. His daughter seems much more like a sunday school teacher than a radical.

May type on envelope.