

Adams Co. Jail
June 3 or 4, 1965

Dear Bobby,

Pardon the long delay in my writing back. I received your last letter two weeks late because Dory, intending to give it to me, kept it in her purse and forgot about it. I wrote a letter in reply but found it about 2 weeks ago on a shelf under some old leaflets. Finally I have some spare time, God knows, 5 days already and maybe ^{more} if those assholes on the outside don't raise some bail. But anyway, I just wanted to say that it's not my affections which have wandered --just a hang-up in the mail situation.

I've thought about you a lot, especially since I was jailed last Sat. It's been almost 2 months since I've seen you, a sixth of a year - Jesus! I will say I've tried to make it up to Jackson on several occasions, but as you know, they fell through, especially that disastrous time I was jailed up there. You have no idea of the agonies of frustration I suffered in that hotbox-- if I had only kept my mouth shut I would have been with you-- instead, the cold bleak, pitch black cell.

For the last month tho, we've had ample things to occupy our thoughts. We've had 3 demonstrations and have been working hard to stir the community. We have been somewhat successful. Last Sat. demonstration on a segregated public park consisted of a march of 100 persons--twice the number of people ever before in Natchez. We've had mass meetings with 600 people. Things are really going great. Of course we've paid for this in some measure, as I've been jailed 4 times since I arrived here. God, what a loathe-some place this jail is, stark, austere, desolate, blank. I feel I shall go crazy if I don't get out pretty soon. I've read every scrap of newspaper, magazine and religious pamphlet available, smoked all my cigarettes. I haven't been able to shaven my

mouth is foul, my clothes are rotting on my back, the other prisoners are hostile rednecks.

Excuse the stationery. It's not my idea of a witty gag-- there just isn't anything else to write on. The jailer is very sparing with his paper, and besides, he reads everything you write. And the jailer isn't a very friendly, tolerant man.

When I get out, if I do, I'm going to get a quart of beer, cigarettes, a steak and some interesting, sympathetic friends and just relax, enjoy myself. Blissful thought. Also, I'm going to say the hell with Natchez for a day or two, and I'm coming up to Jackson to see you--something long overdue. If I can't get a dependable ride I'll take the bus--I should have some money waiting for me when I get out. This is, of course, assuming you are still willing. It's entirely conceivable that you're going with someone else by this time, and if so, no hard feelings on this end at all. Depressed feelings, yes, but I'm not going to be bitter about it. Let me know, though if I'm still favored. I'll also be going through Jackson on June 27--on my way to Michigan to see my father for a week. I could see you then also--matter of fact--and this thought is a real brainstorm--you might want to go with me--I'll be passing through Chicago--I plan to hitch-hike from Memphis or Kentucky and we could do it together. Then, if it's a dark night and no rides, you can imagine how infinitely more enjoyable the waiting would be. Write me as soon as you can after receiving this, and if you're agreeable, I'll be in Jackson a day or two after receipt of your letter, regardless of whatever is planned here--whatever objections are raised to block me.

Joy to the world, especially Pete M. in Natchez--Pat has departed (about a month ago) and is not Returning. She bogged

down in Warren County I hear tell. A heavy burden is lifted from my mind. We got final word of this two days before the cops hauled me off--it has done much to improve my spirits while incarcerated.

Well I'll end this hoping to see you soon, and besides the usual Freedom Now, love you,

Peter