

Adams Co. Jail  
Thurs, June 4, 1965

Dear Nacho,

As you've probably noticed from the heading, I'm in jail - I've been here for 5½ days, and may be here for longer- God only knows. Also, forgive the stationery, but there is nothing else to write on.

I'm in jail because of the demonstration I was in last Sat. where 100 of us marched on a segregated public park. The cops stopped us halfway there and told us to disperse, and 29 others refused and so they threw us in jail on \$500 bond. While they were dragging me to the police car (I had gone limp) they used an electric shock instrument on me. I learned today, from a guy who was put in here today, that several white guys are planning to get thrown into this jail so that they can beat the shit out of me. The cops told the guy who is in here that nothing would happen to him if he beat me up. Actually, I'm lucky to be in jail. There were 150 white men from 30 miles around waiting for us at the park on Saturday. They were all armed with baseball bats, chains, pipes, knives, guns, etc., and from all reports I've gotten (from prisoners and their visitors), I and others in the march would have been killed if we had made it to the park. What the cops should have done was to disperse the whites, but I'm not bitching too hard. In the most violent, racist town in Mississippi and in the U.S., I am without doubt the most hated person. As these white redneck prisoners have said, many people have been killed in Natchez. They admit that it is the most dangerous place for civil rights in the country.

I'm getting scared, as what they say is true. I'm lucky to be alive today. God knows what might happen when I get out of jail.

Sometimes I have to walk where I go because we don't have a car. I've been threatened plenty of times, and it's only a matter of time before something happens. I'm non-violent to a degree, but if I think I'm about to be murdered, I'm not going to sit back. . Could you go out right now and buy me a balisong and mail it to me AIR MAIL special delivery, today? When closed up it shouldn't be more than 5 or 6 inches long. I don't want a sword. I have to be able to hide it in my underpants, next to my dick, because the cops never search you there. A sheath knife would be too obvious and slow and might cut my peder off. I know that buying the knife and mailing it special delivery will cost you a bit of money- I wouldn't ask it of you unless I thought I really needed it -- as soon as possible. I don't have any money so I can't reimburse you for it now. I hate to ask you for this, but when I realize that I almost died last Sat., that I am on the Klan's list, and that people all over wouldn't think twice about killing me, I sort of want the batanga knife. It's the only weapon I can conceal. You probably think I'm exaggerat-  
about  
ing/the danger here, but I'm trying to be as cool and logical as I can be. I'm the only white person working in Natchez with civil rights, and it makes me very conspicuous. Also, since I got here, we really started the movement going with demonstrations and large mass meetings. This isn't to say that the credit for this activity is mine, but the white men think so. The danger here is getting more and more real to me. I always knew it was here, but when I learned that if I had marched half a mile further that day that I would have been dead...it's a very sobering thought. And since I've been in jail this last time, white people from Natchez have been telling me themselves that I'm lucky to be alive,

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that I just don't know the whites here...they would have smashed your brains to the ground, spit on you and walked off...etc. These are the comments they make. Perhaps they are trying to scare me but what they say is also true.

However, I do have faith in myself, and we will be taking more safety precautions. And the hell with them, they're not running me out of town. I may be scared--only a fool wouldn't be--but there is too much to do here, much that has been put off for centuries by the same method of fear, intimidation, killings. It's time to show these whites that it won't work any longer, that we've started something and won't stop till we break and crush their whole evil system. But I would like that knife, as fast as you can get it to me. You know my address---Peter Muilenburg, 119 E. Franklin St. Natchez, Miss.

Well, I've got to sign off. Hopefully, tomorrow I'll get out of jail. It's the fourth time in 7 weeks. It gets boring. Take it easy man.--God, dear God, how I wish I were in the P.I. now!

Wish you were here.

P.S. You can show this to Litos-I'll be writing him soon.

Freedom Now,  
Peter