

Note: He went back to  
work in West Point for  
summer, 1966 - after  
return to Cornell.

June 13, 1966

Dear Mom,

I almost thought I wasn't going to get out of New York. With predictable lack of planning CORE had rented a station wagon from a little car rental place that didn't even have an office in Memphis. And not everyone who had said they wanted to go showed up. One couple who were there when I got to the office had been waiting since the morning before. Finally, after scrambling around and calling various ~~plaza~~ agencies we rented a car from Avis. It seemed that there were all sorts of problems: the only person over 25 had a Michigan license, and the people from New York didn't have the right credit cards. Anyway, five of us left for Memphis -- a married couple in their late 20's, a spinsterish sort who had been in Boguelusa, me, and one of the five who burned their draft cards in Union Square. We made good time -- about 24 hours -- and had a fairly enjoyable trip. But it cost me \$41 dollars, more than busfare.

The church in Memphis where the marchers assembled was disorganized, trying to get people places to stay in Memphis for the night and trying to get transportation for people to the march. I was placed with a very nice couple -- middle class, but who participated fairly actively. They had a nice house and showed us houses in Memphis owned by middle and upper class Negroes that were as nice as any I have seen in the South. I was surprised at how much support the march coordinators had gotten from people in such a large city in such a short time. They had ~~xxx~~ had large mass meetings at which King et al. spoke and people were providing food, housing, and transportation.

\* The next morning, about 10:30 I got a ride to the march -- which was just leaving Batesville. As we got there they were just leaving town and I got into the line of marchers. There were lots of highway patrolman guarding the march (I even noticed one from near West Point) and there wasn't too much heckling. But a lot of whites came specially to the march, and stood along the road in clusters commenting unfavorably. Also a lone ~~picket~~ white counter picket with a sign saying "all pro Americans. ~~Stop~~ Stop the monarchists (!)" Vote for Geo. C. Wallace. 1968" The whites seemed to be well deterred by the highway patrol. The march went very slowly, preceded by a large truck with reporters and TV men, and tired marchers, I guess. We stopped for lunch at a church off the road -- food provided by Batesville citizens. By the end of the day the march had only covered about 6 miles. We camped on the far side of a cotton field in some very large circus tents. I realized that at this rate the march would not soon get to Jackson, so I found a ride to Jackson with some people who were going to Louisiana. Got to Jackson late at night, had something to eat, managed to catch a late night bus to West Point.

When I got here the Klan had just had a big rally, so most of the staff were staying up late. Also, in connection with a boycott of the downtown area, that day 13 kids had been arrested while



picketing, and had gotten into a fight with the police, putting 3 police into the hospital. The picketers had come well armed. Bail has been set at \$3100 and they are still in jail. We are also planning to have a voter registration drive, as well as to continue political organization. But we are hampered for lack of money and a car. When Jim gets down with his car I think some of us may start to organize a county to the south which has got a federal registrar already. It's heavily Negro. But things seem slow after what I had expected.

Hope you have a good trip. I'll probably be back sometime in September.

Love,

Joel

The church in Memphis where the marchers assembled was disorganized, trying to get people places to stay in Memphis for the night and trying to get transportation for people the march. I was placed with a very nice couple -- middle class, but who participated actively. They had a nice house and showed us houses in Memphis owned by middle and upper class Negroes that were as nice as any I have seen in the South. I was surprised at how much support the march coordinators had gotten from people in such a large city in such a short time. They had next large mass meetings at which King et al. spoke and people were provided food, housing, and transportation.

The next morning, about 10:30 I got a ride to the march -- which was just leaving Bartlett. As we got there they were just leaving town and I got into the line of marchers. There were lots of highway patrolmen guarding the march (I even noticed one near West Point) and there wasn't too much heckling. But a lot of whites came especially to the march, and stood along the road in clusters commenting unfavorably. Also a few sixties white counter picked with a sign saying "all pro Americans. Stop the monarchists (!) Vote for Joe. E. Wallace. 1968". The whites seemed to be well deterred by the highway patrol. The march went very slowly, preceded by a large truck with reporters and TV men, and tired marchers. I guess. We stopped for I wish at a church off the road -- food provided by Bartlett citizens. By the end of the day the march had only covered about 6 miles. We camped on the far side of a cotton field in some very large tents. I realized that at this rate the march would not soon get to Jackson, so I bought a ride to Jackson with some people who were going to Louisiana. Got to Jackson late at night, had something to eat, managed to catch a late night bus to West Point.

When I got home the Klan had just had a big rally, so most of the staff were staying up late. Also, in connection with a boycott of the downtown area, that day 13 kids had been arrested while