November 9,1962

Hi Lynn:

It rained all night last night and we didn't use but four hours of it for sleeping - Ah! Discussion! We talked about motivating factors for various individuals in coming here to Southwest Georgia. Larry Rubin has an interesting theory - no person's life has inherent meaning. Faith shook us when she asked Rubin - "Are you close to yourself?" Sounds like the good old days huh gang. Mrs. Braden was part of the discussion. She came to do a report on our work in the counties.

Mama is still having her problems. The Sheriff, on Friday Nov. 2, 1962, was involved in an incident which I'LL describe. Dock Baton, a resident of Lee and a friend of Mama's, came to her house and asked if he could grind cane at her place-Ma said okay. Later, Baton returned and said Sheriff Forrester didn't want his cane(Sugar cane raw) on Mama's place. We were sitting at the kitchen table, me on the padded chair next to the wall and Mama in front of me, rubbing her mouth as she talked. We were eating a late snack of hog brains, eggs and sassfrass tea. Mama was saying, "I was proud to know. If this this hadn't come about I would never have known how he felt about me." The sassfrass tea is boss, but those hog brains are for...somebody else.

Last night we pinched away once more at the system. We have moved into Sumpter! We were not ready, in my opinion, but we had to because of committments made. The meeting turned out fine. There were twenty-three people there from Sumpter, sixteen from Albany, about ten from Lee and one from Terrell. We're getting there gang!

We have spent all of the voter registration money, and are again in our old situation. We may have to put some of us on full time work schedules. Eight hour day capitalist style. The bills must be paid! We're working still - on the telephone code. Now, during a crisis, those tolls roll and get up there.. We're thinking of stationing someone at Koinanea. I'm in a hurry - got to get to Atlanta for Pete Seeger's concert. There are supposed to be some people waiting to come down from a couple of places, but I don't know. I'll tell you about it next week. See you.

On Thursday, November 1, we (Chico Neblett, Larry Rubin. Prince Turner, Joe Pitts, and myself, Jack Chatfield) returned to Bronwood to canvass. We parked our car at the Henderson's house again. Mr. Henderson, who was outside when we arrived, called all of us in. The main point of his conversation was that there are some bad white folks in this county. We told him that we knew that there were. He said that he was an old man, that could not stand the strain that might stem from the voter registration drive. He talked on and on and told us that he was one-hundred percent for us, that he would give us half a dollar out of each dollar if we so requested. We did not so request. He told us again the incidents of the corn weighing et. al. We told him again and again that we were not unaware of how uncomfortable life might get for him. In fact we were as aware if not more aware than he himself was. He said that he would give us fifty cents out of every dollar. Souls are descending in market value.

He told us aggin the name of a minister in Bronwood, a Rev. Motley, and told us that we should go to his house and park our car right in front. We said that we would do that when we went to Rev. Motley's house. When we left Henderson's house we didn't take our car.

We broke up into two groups after a short argument about how to break up. Larry did not want to go woth Joe Pitts who needles him constantly. Chico and Larry went together and Prince and Joe and I went as the other group. The three of us went straight to Mrs. Silas' house. She came onto the porch to talk to us. I say this because I feel she knew very well what she was doing: talking to the three of us, unmistakenly freedom riders even from a distancce because of the integrated group, in full view of the street. We sat and talked for about half an hour or a little less. Mrs. Silas told us that A.B. Henry killed a man 17 years ago, or had helped to kill him. She told us that Sam West was scared. She said Calvin Lee had gone into the house next door(the Richardson's). She said she had seen him go in. She could not name any more houses he had been in.

The Richardsons, to my understanding, denied this to Joe Pitts and Prince Turner. Or Mrs. Richardson denied it. When we were at the Silas' house I saw Mrs. Richardson come onto her porch. She glanced to her left and saw us. Gangbusters. Back inside the house.

We did not canvass many houses. One lady would not let us in, even after we had had a short conversation with her through the door. We went to the Dykes house. Mrs. Dykes is the one whotried to register a few years ago. She and her family are now on county welfare. We watched TV for a half hour or so and left. The door was open the entire time, apparently at the will of the Dykes.

During the entire afternoon we did not see one white man in the colored section. None of us went into Bronwood proper, which we will do when we go back.

I think we really have begun in Bronwood. In three days we have raised hell with Henderson. When I went back to get the car and pick up the boys, Mr. Henderson requested that I not park the car on his property. He told us that before a white man had told him to issue a warrent for our arrest, if we came back there and bothered him. Mr. Henderson's house is in full view of the elementary school. We have passed the school a few times at recess.

...tivities, the arrest, are
...ger..., poor man, has been harrassed in three
...ce ... has been in his entire life, defining harrassment
...dow... ...ving his unhappy black man's peace disturbed beyond re-
...ll. Hopefully, it will only be a matter of a week beforewe get
a new man at the meetings. The episodes at Bronwood have probably
begun the tongues wagging again after a long lull.

I think that strategy in canvassing should not only have its basis
in the hammer effect, but in the prairie fire effect;meaning that
there should be a frenzy of action not only in one town but perhaps
in two or three towns in the period of one week. When you haveonly
two men you have a lot of things to do. I think that an appearance
of shall we say two days in , for instance, Parrot, followed by two
days is Bronwood, followed by two days in Sasser, and then back to
Parrot or Bronwood, and perhaps in the midst of this a day in Daw-
son, is effective. Naturally strategy likewise bids that a town be
hit constantly and hard - the hammer effect. But our appearance in
Bronwood, six miles from Sawson, raised virtual hell, whereas we
had spent a great deal of time in Dawson and Sasser. U anticipate
the same kind of action when we appear in Parrot, about eight
miles west of Dawson. Of course, with the absence of cars and men
we have no strict schedule; or whenever we formulate one, we have
to break it within a matter of days. If we did have a schedule for,
shall we say, a month, I think it would go something ike this: ⅋
Bronwood from(for example) Nov.1-3. Sasser from 4-6. Parrot from
4-9 itc. Possibly repeat this twide before settling down to real
hammer methods. Our walking through town raises warts on the good
white people. It gets us some incidents. Money. On and on.

Everyone in TerrellCounty knew what Dunaway called "Ralph Ellen".
Everyone in Terrell County should see Chico and I at least once
as a point of strqtegy, or if Larry works with us regularly, Chico
Larry and I. Always, when possible, together, or not far from each
other. Build your case.