



Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

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Dear Ciff,

So how's the girl?

Chicko, Cordell, and the rest of the freedom singers just walked into the office a half hour or so ago. They all look good, but there have been so many inter-group conflicts that they are really begining to fall apart. They quarrel with each other, and are usually in snippy moods. They plan to go to Beacon N.Y. for a vaction before the concert. If they do, they will probably all come back with hideous colds. It's really a shame that they do not have professional management, but---

I hear the Sport is doing better, but that he is in still very serious condition. He needs ten pints of blood. Ma volunteered to donate a pint, what do you think of that?

The office here is terribly tense. Miss Baker is so very snippy and abbitrarry(?) that we do not know weather we are coming or going. I fra kly will be glad when she's gone. She is a simply marvelous organizer, but she doesn't seem to be very human. The concert is coming along OK, but we are terribly behind schedule.

It was nice to talk to you the other day, you sound MUCH better, I hope you really are.

I haven't gotten all my marks back from school yet, but I did pass French, not with any great mark, but I passed.

Bob Moses is in town. He looks fine. Gee he is a sweet chap. Quiet and onsiderate.

Last night Bob, Bill and I went to a Harlem teenagers dance, to push the concert. We weren't the slightest bit successful.

I gotta go.

Love,
affie