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Saturday June 22: Two agents of the local FBI came into the office to speak with C.B. King regarding allegations that violence were directed toward several of the arrestees, ie. ~~ELIZABETH~~ Stech and Jo Ann Christian. We went to the City jail and spoke with Chief Pritchett. He seemed very interested in giving the impression of Southern courtliness and readily admitted me to the jail. As we went in, Claude Sitton of the N.Y. Times and the correspondent from Newsweek were coming out. The cell area itself is unbelievably filthy, smells of urine and human feces predominate. There were puddles of stagnant water on the floor and the Negro girls complained of having water sprayed on them. 14 Negro males were kept in one 4 man cell, and they will remain there for at least a week until they come to trial - of course sleeping is impossible, especially during the weekend when drunks are brought in all night long. In another 4 man cell are 7 white girls. Joni Rabinowitz is definitely the strongest of the lot, and keeps their spirits up and they have been on a hunger strike since Thursday. Penny Patch is very sick, or she would also be a help. Miriam Cohen, Felicia Oldfather, Cathy Cade, Sue Wender, and Wendy Mann are all very recent arrivals in Albany, none have been here longer than a week, and are having a lot of trouble adjusting to prison life. All very sweet little girls from upper middle class homes who were "concerned" and they are certainly all to be admired for their decisions, but it is obvious that a dirty, stinking jail wasn't part of their picture of the beauty and honor of "life in the Movement" - I am sure some of them will crack, and the only thing keeping them going right now is the fact that they will "loose face" with their friends if they bail out. The cells are very small, there are no mattresses on the steel bunks, and conditions are very terrible in general. The white males are in an especially bad position as they are separated from each other and both in cells with 3 or 4 local whites who are not favorably disposed to their "nigger lovin'" cellmate. For a while Blechner was in the same cell with the guy who almost beat William Hansen to death last year, but nothing happened to him. The 6 remaining SNCC kids took refuge in Philoh Baptist Church and are running the operation from there. Squad cars and paddy wagons drive by every five minutes. Joyce and also Faith Holsaert seem to be keeping the newer kids very calm. Joyce especially is a marvelous organizer and spends all day on the phone keeping the press informed, making arrangements for gathering food and books for the prisoners, and calling alarmed parents.

Sunday June 23: Around noon I went to SNCC headquarters and filled my briefcase with soap, toothpaste, and books for the kids at the City jail. The younger SNCC girls seem less loquacious than yesterday and both Wendy and Miriam look as if they can't hold out much longer. We brought juice for Penny Patch who is very sick and running a fever, but everyone else kept up the hunger strike. Also Bobby Jean Sterling who had hot coffee poured on him twice while sitting in a restaurant seems to be in bad shape. His burns have started to get infected; there are now 16 males in that 4 man cell. I talked with Jean Wheeler for a while. She is a Negro student from Howard, was named phi beta kappa last year. An exceptionally brilliant and charming person, completely unselfish, and her spirits are very high. She is a great help to the other kids on that side of the jail. Then we drove out to Camilla in Mitchell Co, where the juveniles are being kept. We first spoke with Jo Ann Christian who was beaten, kicked, and dropped all through the booking process and while in jail. This little girl is 15 years old and a marvelous person. She recounted in exact detail every aspect in her arrest; she keeps very detailed notes on everything. Right in front of the jailers she told us how he mistreated her, and when he screamed out that she was a "damned liar" she never flinched but kept on giving us factual details in the same composed tone. She told us how the jailer came in and took out the light and she told him, "That's all right, Jesus is my light". I guess my presence with C.B. and the fact that I sat next to Jo Ann and shook hands with her when I left was just too much for him to take because I came damn close to getting