

June 11 and 12, 1965

We left Carlisle about 5:30 Friday afternoon. Mike had to bring his girl, Sue Capello with him. Right outside of Carlisle we disconnected the exhaust and the muffler and we had to stop and fix it. We found out then that Geraldine had been a mechanic - worked three years in a garage. God, is there anything or anywhere that she hasn't done or been? Sue couldn't find her home when we got to Arlington and that made us late further. We were two hours late in picking the girls up - Su and Jannie. But most of the excitement of this is the anticipation. We were on our way! Su was like me she couldn't hold it in. On our way South we decided to spend the night at a beach. That was our end. After searching and getting scared at one place we drove around Virginia Beach for a while. Yes, many miles out of our way, but it was worth it. I stood at the sea's edge and felt the breaker coming in. I waded in a little. I actually felt challenged by the sea. And even more ludicrous than that I felt it couldn't beat me. Then the tide would go out and the sand crumbled beneath me and undermined my support - but gently. A humbling experience, perhaps - but without thinking I again faced

the sea.

We decided to drive all night. Everyone drove but Geraldine who didn't bring her license. We started the mile countdown for Atlanta at about 4:00 Sat. after continual driving - and stopping for repairs. The detours around the city were bad. We got in about 9:00. After some time we went to Freedom House and finally wound up at the Butler Y.M.C.A. - a negro Y. I didn't know they segregated, even de facto. I've showered and brushed my teeth + shaved + best of all put on clean clothes!

Do I feel any anticipation about the coming week? Well, I don't know how the director and I (at Freedom House) will get along - he took charge of the girls and I was tired.... As far as the job ahead - I think much of it will be similar to migrant work. As for accomplishing anything - perhaps some registered, but God so little that really can be done and so much to do. Tomorrow we start,

June 13 - Sunday

Woke up this morn' with my mind on freedom - what else would it be on in a negro YMCA in Atlanta, Georgia. Went to the freedom House and with a little northern efficiency we organized two assembly lines to get packets together. CORE people are the best workers. Went to orientation session after we registered - a lot of introductions, but best of all there was a lot of singing. They sang two gospel songs that the migrants sang. Great. Not much to put in the journal tonight. I feel sort of satisfied. A bad feeling, I think. Mostly because there are so many of us in an island here in the south. A good feeling is the fact that I want to be a cog in this wheel, not the axle.

June 14

Met the Gettysburg group today and was glad to see them. Saw them after Rev. Abernathy spoke. Everytime Byard Rustin introduces someone or just talks I go wild. He's great. Abernathy spoke about the "Salt of the Earth", Speakers and more speakers and discussion groups. I'm tired. But the presence of a lot of the great men is exhilarating. - Robert Moser was there. King was supposed to be but was delayed a day.

I think the chapter will work out real well. I found out tonight while Sunshine "a rights worker from Alabama" and some juu were looking for some beer that Henry County has not even been considered. They were expecting 3,000 people and got 300. Well, I guess we'll do what we can. But for some reason I feel I've got to go to Alabama. The party line idea I guess.

The new guy from Gettysburg is Richard Hutch. He looks like he should be at a fraternity convention instead of with us. Just show you again not to judge a person by their skin whether it be color or the way it's averaged.

June 15

Today was the day! The speeches were about non-violence. Rev. Andrew Young and Rev. James Bevel. It was great. They never mentioned pacifist though. Not so strange when you think about it though. There are too many semantic problems rather than you use creative non-violence to solve social problems. I talked with and ate lunch with Bevel later and we talked about "someone raping your mother." The violence is done, the attitude of the people is geared toward violence. The problem is one created by the society and the whole outlook there must be changed. What about clapping a child - no, again the child would grow up with violence. Speaking of rape - Bevel told us at lunch he was raped by some women.

Woodward spoke in the afternoon about Southern history and then came the workshops which were great.

Reubin introduced Dr. King. As usual his charisma seemed him in good stead. But I heard some of his speech at T+M although he did speak to contemporary world problem.

Had a beer party beside the door. I cut out early and after that the girls decided to stay at overnight. When I got back and found out what they did I was anxious and went to find them. Sue was

in the car with this cat and she was having a bit of a problem handling the guy and it was fortunate that I came along. Jeanine we couldn't find. I was out until after 4:00 looking for her.

We found her all right, but I gave both of them hell, which will add to my new nickname of "Big Daddy."

June 17

I ~~split~~ slept in this morning and just made the afternoon session. Not much happened, but I had a B.S. session with my roommate before we hit the sack.

June 17

The Tensease is beginning. Since everyone seemed to want a party, I ~~had~~ brought a fifth of bourbon and one of scotch. We went to the football stadium and broke out the drinks there. I was with Dick, Bob, Jeanie and Scott. Everyone was tired so we got high quickly. Scott especially was funny. He looked at the world through a hole in a church-key. Everything looked up sort of early and we went to bed.

June 18

This was the day. We finally got Henry County - all day. The morning was filled with fill-in speeches and the like. We were supposed to meet the Alabama delegation at 1:00 but everything was so confused we went to lunch. We were to leave at 4:00. I was frantic trying to get everyone and everything together. My typewriter is missing. Great! The girls were missing. Finally turned up sleeping in another room. Finally got everyone together and at the gym. We were going to form a caravan and keep together for self-protection and so we started out. I was driving a 1965 blue rent-a-car - Ford, red. With the Rev. in the lead the whole dozen cars started out. We got lost and the whole caravan went through the suburbs of Atlanta. We were out on the open road now. I was the second car in line and the Rev. stopped and told us to go on one of his sides back to go to the bathroom. We did and finally got separated. We stopped at Sa George to eat and chanted freedom at people we saw on the street. At Dunwoody we stopped at an all negro service station - he gave us a flashlight. Outside of Montgomery we stopped at a white service station. They looked at us rather funny. Each person was covered in

their own way. I slowed the speed  
limits faithfully. The thing that seemed  
to be bothering most of us was that it seemed  
as if the night had eyes.

We went to the Freedom House in  
Montgomery on Day Street. There were two  
of them, one back of the other. We were  
the last to go in. Everyone had been  
waiting for us. The cops had cars  
stationed on the four corners near the house.  
They gave us the climb at the Freedom  
House for stopping and getting separated.  
We felt it wasn't our fault, but...

About an hour later we all started up  
the Selma Road for Camden in Wilcox  
County - the Antioch Baptist Church. This  
time we all stayed together. It was  
"scarey" in the childish sense. No more  
funning for us. - "Brick" the negro boy  
with us had hidden himself in Montgomery  
and when we had finished asking a white  
couple for directions had popped up and  
said, "Thank you so very much." The cap  
was in Camden to meet us. We all  
went to the church and went in  
and spread ourselves around. Most of  
us selected a spot that would be  
safe if someone hurled a bomb through  
the window. Asleep on the floor between  
pews.

June 20

Turner wakes everyone at about 5:00 in the morning. God! Two hours sleep. While we were getting up I get the "wonderful" news that I was driving the V.W. bus back to Atlanta. It was a church nursery bus and they needed it. "Sunshine" told me to turn right and go on down the hill. I did that. With the red Ford and the Ford Bus. I kept on going. We drove until 6:30 and I stopped the Staff member in the Ford behind me to ask why we were going into S.W. Alabama to go to Atlanta, Georgia. Since I was in the lead he thought I knew where I was going. Great! We turned around and found on the way back the other bus, had had a flat and no spare. They were with a white tow truck - and - this in Lawrence County, I got the girls in my bus. They decided to go with the tow truck although we were hesitant. At the church (the Staff member went on ahead - he was scared) they decided to keep the bus for a while so I was putting the kids in the home they would be in for orientation. The poverty is beyond belief. Mules besides shacks on stilts and scrubby fields. Stock is too urban of a word for these places.

At about 1:30 I get a sandwich and some ice cream and we decided to leave soon for Atlanta. First we took the Rev.'s

wife back - that meant we had to go by way of Selma. We took a 45 minute nap at the place she stayed. I couldn't keep my eyes open. Then after dumping so well water over our heads & drinking some we began. I decided to have Dick go with me to keep me company. He is good company. Going into Selma we saw a White Citizens Council sign which Dick wanted to photograph. I went behind it into a graveyard while Dick crept through the bushes to photograph it. I was getting apprehensive - so white toughs were cruising the graveyard. Dick finally got back - he got stuck in the bushes. We got out of there fast. Going through Selma he snapped a photograph of the bridge where the marchers were beaten. I was wide awake now. Approaching Montgomery we were sleepy and hungry so we decided to go to the Freedom House. The dogs were watching us. No one was there. We left on Route 80 which Dick told me went to Atlanta - It didn't it was the long way around. I was tired and afraid of falling asleep at the wheel. We had to go off the highway to get gas once and the store we got - I was in jeans and a Levi jacket - woke me up for a

June 20 (cont.)

while again. About 11:30 (Alabama Time) we got into Montgomery and had a hell of a time finding the Freedom House. Everyone was up because the staff was getting ready to move out. I took a quick bath - shower - and after wandering a bit (they were playing cards in the dormitory) I went to sleep.

June 21

I'm laying in the aisle of the Antioch Baptist Church on my sleeping bag. I hope the day is over, but I'm not sure.

Five folks were arrested here today for trying to register. Tonight right before we came someone shot a number of times at the church. The Day was a full one. We slept until 9:00. I got a chance to do my laundry which - sorry for the

interruption a truck (K.K.K. by the look of the occupants) went by very slowly and we scrambled - felt real good. We went back to the Freedom House then and waited for a number of hours.

They (Ben Bark) called Dick a white Tom because he smiled so much and I was so groggy from lack of sleep that he was sure I had no sense and was crazy.

Husea gave us money to eat - also bided us because we booked up two new girls who were to ~~visit~~ work and they weren't even supposed to go to Alabama.

We ate at Pic's restaurant in Montgomery - had ships, and we had on our conditioned car, what luxury until we got back here. Major John is here now - he really takes charge and lets everyone know it. Well tomorrow is a new day, but the night unfortunately is still young.

June 22

Got up early this morning - sleepin's hard on the church floor. Went to breakfast up the street. There hasn't been much to do today except to get to know the folk and talk. We decided to go swimming at a hole up the creek - about seven of us went - I "waded" in my jeans. Water was bad, but cool. Met Saul who seems to be a pretty good guy. I wish that we could work with him for the summer.

White folk have been driving up and down all day gazing at us. For supper we bought some watermelon & cottage cheese. We ate it on the lawn and we thought white folk were going to wreck with all their staring.

Had a mass meeting tonight. It filled the church. Not much spirit, but then you need a fiery speaker and we didn't have that. They're going to boycott Camden and send children down to the saw mill area to register people. The SCOPE people were arrested who went, last time.

I guess Saul will be staying the night at the church - we'll be sleeping on my sleeping bag. We were expecting trouble tonight, but everything is quiet.

June 23

Rev. Major John got those of us who slept in the church up early. We patrolled the area and then had breakfast. We didn't do much today. We hurriedly canvassed a small area, but that was all. Geralline didn't even come in. Most of us played around. Sam is as strong as an ox, but I beat him in sit-ups. We were worried about Rev. Howell. He had been gone over two days and not called. My people were extremely restless. I did manage to make a contact in Henry County and I believe (hope) we'll go tomorrow.

We received several bomb threats last night, and car loads of white men kept circling the area. After the meeting Charlie (staff) decided we weren't going to sleep in the church because of the cars circling. So we decided to leave with him. We were walking across the lawn and all of a sudden some shots rang out. I stopped and listened. And then it dawned on me. That if they were shooting at anyone - it would be those standing where I was. I grabbed my bag and ran. We ducked behind the church and then started down a little path over some boards thrown over a creek and up into the Masonic Hall (Dance Hall). More shots rang out. I wasn't really scared, just relieved in a way that the boredom was gone.

These Klu Kluxers are fantastic cowards. Their only weapon is terror in the night. Rational discussion are off limits. A man across the street in the International Company spends the whole day and I mean that watching us through binoculars. All day! I grasped a piece of paper and a pencil and started writing while I was looking at him. He saw what I was doing and I ducked behind his counter. These white folk are so bad that you wonder if parts of their brains aren't yet in infancy.

David Hoon fell in the creek on the way over. I think every outhouse opens into it. He wanted clean clothes and I wanted a bed. No blankets - just me and the cold emote, sleeping.

June 24

I woke up this morning about 5:00 and Saul had not slept. We woke up all night - Saul hadn't slept either. I smoked my pipe for the first time in a week.

We finally got started from Camden about 12:15. Mike finally got his car started - that is he got the springs fixed.

The Rev. had to take some people by Jansen, Alabama. The cars were packed. Geraldine decided to go back - I was p.o'd. But that's Geraldine. She's going home. I guess she'll leave Saturday.

As we drove through Henry County it seemed almost deserted. Barbour County is where we are now in a Baptist Academy which will be our headquarters. We stopped for Mike's 3rd flat tire at a gas station. There was a water fountain there with a sign - for whites only. The colored girl in the car slipped on my high school ring backwards & this married couple went in & got a drink. No problem. Just stress.

I get the feeling that the people in this town are accepting their role as the "master's best friend." Reports have it as a happily settled community. But the schools are segregated, so are the lunch counters and the people don't

seem to want to vote. I hope we can  
do something here. They seem to be  
afraid of rocking the boat too much.  
With no negro commercial interests the  
community is pretty much at the mercy of  
the whites. Well, the guys want to  
turn out the lights in the hall we're sleeping  
in. So cockroaches and all - Good night.

June 25

Slept soundly last night. But as usual got up tired. Finally got ready and the Kelly's had us to breakfast. We have no lunch yet except for the girls and I think the woman there doesn't want to feed them - she already feeds 13. We had supper here - sandwiches again - and then Mr. Kelly told me when I want to see him that his wife had a vegetable dinner for us. This morning the kids got everything organized and cleaned. Dave Horn and I went downtown to buy some supplies and get a post office box - 131 Cufaula, Alabama. We then went to see the mayor. His jaw dropped about an inch and his face froze when we introduced ourselves as workers from SCLC - SCOPE. He was scared I think. It was the same as in Carlele CORE. I couldn't help, but feel sorry for the man. In the last five years they got up to 12% of their eligible negro citizens registered. New industry is coming in and he is afraid for this town. Rev White, a negro minister and Mr. Robert (?) young men from borough council were quickly called and came over. The young lawyer was afraid of our disturbing his social structure in his precious town. He didn't consider the negro folk - only his locality. Southerners have the most nervous attachment to their locality. Our meeting with

him lasted over two hours. He wanted  
us to leave his town, but.... His definition  
of liberal and mine are quite different. He  
had mucko pictures of Wallace and  
himself behind his desk. Well, we  
found out after he left that he called a  
council meeting. Since the mayor voted  
to leave with his natural grand aunt  
at dawn he didn't want to leave his  
town alone. The police chief, sheriff  
and police commissioner came at the  
SCLC hdy. here and repeated promises  
of safety and protection for us and  
that they didn't want trouble. They took  
our names and addresses to have checked  
by the F.B.I. Ok well.

We next went to Clayton - the county  
seat and Wallace's hometown. Rednecks  
were in evidence at the courthouse and  
we didn't get the map we wanted. We  
left.

Bob Friedman may be leaving us. He's  
kept addresses in his pocket that he  
shouldn't. Went casing with Geraldine  
and upset Sam tonight. Rev. Harrell  
is going to talk with him.

Hurrah! At last. The casing  
will start in N. Barlow tomorrow  
morning at 6:00 A.M.

June 26

Slept in Mike's car last night. After today it'll be the last time any of us sleeps outside or alone. The kids were out all morning canassing. I straightened up the office, typed a couple of stenils & tried to work the mimeograph machine. I gave myself a good sponge bath and washed my hair - great.

Rev. Harrell showed up in a new car today. Somebody in the movement has money. They're going to give us a budget of \$1500 per county. We'll be able to buy a car and some supplies. Rev. also brought us a gas stove and we bought some groceries \$25 worth - which is squashed in the top of the pop machine.

We asked questions of the Rev. and the kids seem more enthused especially since he'll be speaking at the Mass meeting Tuesday. We toasted with a bourbon - after he left.

We ate dinner for the last time at the Kelly's and came back over here for our first songfest. They didn't even know We Shall Overcome. Our work is cut out.

We had a meeting to decide what to do & only the ladies will be going with us when we hit the country churches.

Mike brought back some beer and we were all sitting (in the dark) on the front porch when the telephone rang and they

hung up when I answered. Some came  
down by subway. And then the cops  
came. Two carloads of them followed  
by a carload of white boys - the  
ones who had been here before. The  
chief warned us about making ourselves  
conspicuous - we carried all 9 of us  
over to the Kelly's in Sybil - Mike's car.  
Someone complained. The word is out  
that we're here. This should get very  
interesting.

After the cops left the colored  
fold almost like shadows began moving  
toward us in the dark to find out  
what the problem was. They'll be  
watching for us also. We'll I  
guess I'll sleep better with that  
knowledge.

June 27

We traveled today. The kids went out canvassing. Sam Rhymes came in his pick-up. He took about 12 of us out. We were gone about 3 hours and we got 40 houses. Sam is amazing. He and his wife really helped us and the kids enjoyed it. One old lady didn't know who Martin Luther King was - thought he was the President. God, let it be so.

Rev. Harrell was here in the afternoon and we had a conference it seem that he fixed our eating problem by buying us a camping gas stove from Sears. We are now chefs. No!

Ayesha (Nick) and I stayed at the Academy last night. The others went to temporary homes.

I mimeographed up some canvas sheets and some song sheets. And then hit the sack.

We had the best dinner. The Watson's had four of us over for fried chicken, breaded peas, ~~annex~~ beans and all the extras. I stuffed myself and the home was air conditioned. What luxury.

June 28

I had just woken up when I heard the girls coming. I had to get dressed quick. We waited for some more cars but none came. We went to Clayton, the home of Gov. Wallace, to see the mayor. We were stopped by a cop on the way over. After he tailgated us for about six miles. He wanted to know about Mike's Penny tags. A guy in regular clothes with the cap asked Mike if he had the receipt for the plates. God!

The mayor was so cool he must have known we were coming. Again, he was very courteous. But we were outsiders. The Selma march was horrible in morality.

"Some of my best friends are niggers." Don't cause any trouble. We're a peaceful town. Everyone gets along. 25% of the colored are registered (a lie!)

Scott, whom we met afterwards, showed for a pair of boots with an old lawyer shopkeeper. Amazing.

That afternoon we sent the team to Clayton. Mike got part of the dinner - squash and beans and it was good. The girls fixed scrambled eggs. Dinner was good. Mrs. Robinson sent us some muffins and fried chicken. Great. We had a song fest after dinner. And for the first time since I left Carlsbad tonight I sleep

in a real bed with sheets after a  
bath - Good night!

June 29

I can't believe how well I slept last night. Miss Dennis got up and got breakfast for us which was good. Went to the office and got two car loads of hide off to Dayton and Louisville. In the latter they caught hell from the local residents. I had a talk with Charles Robinson this morning and he told me about the Klan activity in Baker Hill. He saw them meeting there about 1 1/2 months ago. Looks like some action.

Rev. Powell and his wife and James Wilson came for the Moss meeting tonight - I cooked lunch for them. A reporter came for the Opelika Tribune - God! What a paper - no state or national news; just local scandal.

We had about 950 people at the meeting tonight - not too bad for the first one. The state cops, the local "boys" were on hand to observe. They took the license number of everyone here. You can just see them trying to restrain themselves. Some more were parked over by the Assembly of God. We seem to be able to get more help now.

Today we hope to go to Baker Hill area. Should be interesting. Some guys must have been touched by one lack of nourishment because they went out and bought some hamburger and watermelon. I spoke tonight and surprised

Some people who didn't expect the  
style from a northern white -  
John 8:34 was the scripture.  
Must sleep now.

June 30

Today was the most amazing day. We had ham and eggs for breakfast and got off to an early start. Relatively. We had 8 kids canvassing Española this morning. We didn't technically break our agreement with the mayor. None of us went. James Wilson worked out real well. He went canvassing since he isn't really one of us.

One of the kids had some white men in a car point a pistol at him and tell him to get the hell out of here and don't come back. The boy did. We complained to the police, F.B.I. and the justice department.

We still have a hard problem with transportation. Some body who asked us change sort of got tricked into letting us use the car. We sent 30 out in the afternoon.

Some of the older boys are coming by now. We were singing tonight and got invited to a party. Great, because the tension was building up. Some of the staff was run ragged, the others just sat there.

Tonight we are staying in another ladies home. She's sanctified. Well, ... Come on, ... I think she doesn't trust me too much. I told her I preached in a holiness church. She doesn't want any trouble - just to fulfill her duty. Well, it's a good bed. Bedtime.

July 1

Didn't get to the Freedom House until after 9:00. Rev. Harrell, the Mrs. and some cat named Donald were there about 20 minutes after we were. Didn't sent as many out today - but got 3 car loads - one north, one N.W. and one to Sainsville. Sent a few teams around town. The Rev. took a team to the N.W.

Had a mass meeting at the Zion Hill Baptist Church tonight. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the people were from Capula. These people are ready! I guess the farmers are still scared. I preached for about 5 minutes. It never fails to delight me to see the expressions on people's faces to see holiness as Baptist preaching from a northern boy. I've got to admit that I enjoy preaching. Once I get started it seems that I'm not doing the speaking. It's amazing. If the Lord is directing my tongue, I wish he would help us get some transportation for these folks.

I was a little hurt tonight because the guys all took off for some club. Not so much that I wanted to go to the club - there must all alike - but no one asked me to go. Preaching has its bad points also. Well, on that note, I'll go to bed. I think I'm going to need a tension break.

soon. I'm not sure where to find it.  
I was just thinking of Saul, I  
hope he's all right. What with 18  
folk arrested in Camden, the church  
ruined, two beaten in the church and  
the church shot at, he could be  
hurt. God save all of them.

July 2

Sent out about 24 workers today. That's fairly good. I got up at 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00 etc. But I got there at 8:00, the appointed hour. In & Jean showed up at 8:45. Dore & Sam at 9:45. I gave them hell. I was still depressed from last night, but I felt sorry then. I cooked fried ham sandwiches & corn for them. Mary Choice acted as my secretary. We also cleaned the whole place up. It needed it.

The kids really liked the sandwiches. I sent Dick out in a new Chrysler and he called. He had engine trouble and it looked like they might have harassment. I went over and all they needed really was money. We found out when we got back that three drinks had been there and they had the police come and get rid of them.

After witnessing a talent show that the kids put on for our benefit and eating a delicious dinner that some body cooked for us, we got a little beer and we sat around and talked - I told a ghost story. The Tension is getting hard. In & Jeanie were having problems and I read them the Song of Solomon. That's such beautiful poetry that I think it helps drain one.

July 3

Sam Rhymes decided to give us the truck with himself as a driver for the morning. He had a piece of the recap job fall off of his tire. But I didn't really care. I didn't even care that the Barberhill road we covered had few people on it. I loved that ride in the back of the truck. The wind beating on my face and combing my hair. It was serene. I picked up some windburn, but that gives me the ruddy look. We went to Elbeville then and Candorville. But we ran into a nest of Jehovah Witnesses. "How do you do ~~ma'am~~ ma'am, I'm working for the Rev. Martin Luther King." "I'm working for Jehovah God." I knew it was all over then. I argued a while with one woman. But.

Walking around a creek one of the boys thought he saw a water moccasin. We tried to get at it, but couldn't.

We didn't do much that afternoon, but had a good spaghetti dinner. Getting home, the bed wasn't made. I don't think Mrs. Corbin is happy with us.

July 4

Sunday! We must have hit about 20 churches. The girls went north, some went to Clayton and Mike and I went to some of the country churches we went to last week. We got lost. Also we found that we had bought gas at Bakerhill last Sunday without knowing it.

Sunday Afternoon I sent the guys to a ball game - unfortunately no adults. Jean took Johnnie home and then came back and we wanted to see a man about a bus. So I drove Mr. Kelley's car back out to Johnnie's house. The country she lives in is much like the hills of Pennsylvania - beautiful. Saw an old tree down up the road with caps around it when we turned to go to her house. On the way to the man's house we passed the tree. The caps stopped us - we had freedom stickers on the car - he had been to a mass meeting where I preached. He looked at the car and decided the muffler was too loud. He took my license and after we waited a while - he was looking at the tree - we followed him to the Cafaula court house. The judge said a minimum of \$16 - with registration coming up we decided to pay. Got an opportunity for jail as a rallying point, but it wasn't the right time.

We got a good meal - some ladies brought

it in. Other verbal harassments. But nothing significant yet. Had to sleep at the Academy because Mike went to Camden for his clothes and I had to wait until he got back. I slept on the table.

July 5

Other than some phone calls the girls got me out of the table when they came in. I sent out a team to Clayton just to check people. Things seem to be progressing. Jimmy Wilson was here. Ran off a steroid for him. Gave him a birthday pie with match candles and a birthday bourbon drink. It rained.

But part of the afternoon was dry. We went to two picnics. The first we sang at, but the kids held back. The ice cream was homemade and good. At the second picnic the people seemed more receptive. They should have, many were drunk. We took time off with Johnnie and her brother to visit a man who owns a bus. On the way we saw the most beautiful sight. An old wooden bridge over a deep river with a small creek at the bottom. Lush vegetation all over. Tall trees on the sides, dripping with raindrops and Spanish moss.

The man with the bus wanted to talk about rent. - God! But everyone doesn't swing with the movement.

No supper, but it doesn't matter. The tension is beginning to mount at a fantastic rate. Tomorrow is the first registration day - its at Clayton. The really bad areas are included in it. The kids are really excited. We had a meeting and talked about non-violence. Bob. F. was reluctant to

discuss it. He'll fight if he can win.  
Otherwise - nonviolent. Ugh. Bob Smith  
and I are the closest in philosophy  
probably because of the orthodox Christian  
background we have. We accept more on  
faith & think than the others do. But  
there are three C.O.'s but for various  
reasons. Everything is getting organized.  
I really hope there's no trouble. I  
~~feel~~ feel I want to get the job done and  
not go to jail. But I have this feeling.

Well, we had best get to Mrs.  
Corkin's if we want to be let in. Good  
be with and in us tomorrow.

July 6

Woke up a little late this morning. I didn't get to the Academy until 7:00. But we had a good breakfast - eggs, pork chops etc. It was the only meal we got all day. We left Cufaula about 8:00 and got to the Clayton headquarters. A beautiful air conditioned home across from the Methodist Church. When I got to the courthouse at 8:40 there were already 20-30 people there and then they began to pour in. By 11:00 80 odd people were there. I know we reached about 200 people there. The registrars denied folks who couldn't read entrance to the room. We took as many names as we could. I suspect that Mr. Charlie was a little upset. The Judge (Little) called me in to find out about section three. Only about 22 people actually were registered. The rest either were fumbled - do Indians pay taxes; questions about war, God, what fine. Knew of white people in cars and trucks watched us all afternoon including Governor Wallace. He sat at the auto repair shop place and talked and watched us. Some kind had a listening device - a big radar shaped thing so Johnnie and I talked at Bertrand Russell and metaphysics. There were behind people there, all

and sick. Women that had just lost  
their husbands - and one old lady  
who was so crippled up she had to  
use a walker. She moved up the  
steps and walks an inch at a time.  
Gloria, she was among the 22 that passed.

Mike almost got run over by a  
man in a pickup in reverse.

I spoke again with Rev. Howell at  
the mass meeting. Lolita was there  
and she spoke well. Over 200 were  
at the meeting and we didn't think  
we had covered at all. Our work  
just beginning.

July 7

Well we had about 150 people there today. Only 16 people passed out of 100 plus that got through. Some lawyers who were racists were sitting there making cracks about the company I keep, my having the run of the courtroom, etc. The police chief requested that we do our work outside the courtroom now. Too bad, the courtroom is airconditioned.

One pleasant thing that happened was that one of the white lady registers was talking to me about "the mess that the South was in." She thought education was the answer. She said the old people that come she knows won't pass - she tells them to make sure their children and grandchildren are educated. I'm going to try and contact her later.

Had a blind man there today - he passed. One old man out in his chair from 9:00 in the morning until 4:10 trying to pass the test. I didn't even go for lunch. The head white man register laughed at him a lot, made jokes about him. In a friendly way - like a man to his favorite dog. They almost gave it to him, but the man passed. Thanks God for the patience of the man.

Some whites watched us from across

the street - some of the same ones  
that were in Clayton - but no trouble.  
We were inside all the time and  
besides there isn't that much tension  
in Clujana.

Had some registration classes tonight  
and a dull session with some of  
the people in the late 20's and 30's.  
White people are beginning to look  
awful bland and washed out. Some  
of those colored folks have great  
physique and it's refreshing to see  
color. I'm beginning to have a new  
concept of race. Why should I feel  
friendship with white folks any more  
than I feel friendship with folks who  
have brown eyes. I don't.

July 8

We got a late start today. Not as many people came either. We had well over 100 - 21 passed! There was much more hostility though. Older people especially with comments like - "You lookin' for trouble. Don't mess with me, boy or you'll find up in a river." "Trash!" "Trash that the federal government sent down to mess us up." The first real hostility we encountered.

July 9

Friday, thank God. The last day  
of the four days of voter registration. We  
had the usual amount of people. 19 people  
passed. That also was average. Had a  
meeting with the head of the registrar and  
Judge Little. They were worried that  
our forms were showing that everyone was  
flunking the 3rd section which was true, but  
many were illiterate and some flunked  
because of the other sections. These people  
are so proud when they pass though. "It  
makes me feel like somebody." 82 people  
passed the test in all this week. Not  
bad! The Civil Rights voting bill passed  
the House today. Great! We'll wait for  
the federal registrar now. Went celebrating  
the end of the week with two local  
boys and a local girl. all white. They'll  
make very valuable contacts in the community  
for us. We went to a state park in Georgia  
and drank bourbon and then came back  
and Jimmy Wilson and some people  
from Henry County were here so we  
celebrated with beer here. Got home  
about 2:30 a.m. It was a lot of  
fun. Found out that Judge Little  
found that our case is already to  
court court about the 3rd section of the  
test and he doesn't want to go over  
the forms. I think he might think

we pulled a fast one, but we didn't.  
Slept part of the afternoon. I was bone  
tired.

July 10

Slept in this morning - had a little headache. Ben Clark from Atlanta was here on an evaluating drive. We had a good talk. Some girls cooked dinner for us. It was good meatballs. Spent the afternoon polishing the grounds and getting the office ready. The kids (including Johnny Turner, our newest addition to the staff) went to Louisville to check on a mass meeting. The people there are really scared - they chickened. The church suddenly can't be used because another church has a revival meeting. Anyway that stopped Monday night's Mass meeting. Went to Bakerhill to visit Johnny's mother. Very engaged jolly person. On the way there we heard that James Turner had put a call out to CORE people to go to Bogalusa, Louisiana for demonstrations. We decided to go for many reasons. Not all of them valid. He had called for us (but not mandatory as we found out through phone calls - he said it at a Mass meeting), we wanted some experience, we needed a few days away from this place etc. Unless something drastic happens I don't think it'll threaten the project here. We'll only be gone two days.

I decided that Horn and Friedman  
wouldn't go because they planned to  
leave on Wednesday. Friedman per-  
sonal gave me trouble. God help him.  
We're ready to roll. We're going  
about 4:00 A.M. I'm not sure how  
I feel. A little dread, a little  
anticipation and a lot of "some what  
naw" feeling.

Cooperated with the F.B.I. today.  
They came by investigating two complaints -  
the threatening with the pistols of two of  
the local boys and the man who  
tried to run over Mike. They seemed  
considerate and very thorough.

July 11

Put two benches together in the Academy Hall. Slept for two hours there. Got up at 4:00 or so. Kerdesine had to threaten me to get me up. We finally left about 5:15. Traveled all day. Had trouble with the carborator. Pretended we were out students going to New Orleans. Saw unpunch Carl Warren signs etc. Went through Mississippi. No problem.

When we got to Louisiana saw a few car loads of state troopers, but they didn't stop us. They had stopped others though. Saw a few dozen cars and trucks with - "Forget Hell," and confederate flags of all shapes on cars & trucks. I wasn't scared. It was almost like watching a movie. We tried to find the Negro section. Had some trouble finding it. Found out we were the first outside whites from another CORE chapter. It was extremely dangerous, but we were the first so the KKK wasn't expecting us.

Got to the Freedom House (a labor hall). The people were forming. James Farmer was leaning up against the door. We signed in with a Negro woman, Tina, from Mike's hometown - Westbury, N.Y. She was amazing. Her face and speech really attracted me. She told us

about the incident where the negro men shot the white man. The men were not Deacons, but had applied. A girl had been hit with a rock. She was taken to the back to be treated by the medics; they took her to a car where she and the nurse were being beaten. The driver asked them to stop, but they didn't so he shot them. The cop apparently fired the other shot into the man. The newspapers distorted it.

While we were marching someone set off tear gas, threw a rock, cherry bomb etc but the state cops with submachine guns made sure there was no real trouble. The people had the worst hate distorted faces I've ever seen. Since we were really the only concentration of whites we received special attention - trash, sass, white wiggers, Tex (my <sup>old man</sup> ~~friend~~ outfit) - kiss her - the negro girl next to me; your skin white, but your heart's black, did you fall in the Mississippi river & get bleached. Their faces were hostile. Especially the young people and kids. How such a beautiful country - green vegetation on trees, Spanish moss and hate-filled people, Had a Mass meeting - it was great. We were asked to sing in the Freedom Chorus. The singing & preaching was great (Farmer)

We're all staying at one house - guarded all night by three Deacons of Defense and Justice with revolvers. It's like a private police force just to protect homes and workers. I talked with a Mr. — who was a

~~July 12~~  
July 12

dean & walked us to the church. He is a responsible, respectable looking working family man. The Deacons include all kinds - older men and teenagers. No one knows who they are. Sometimes I guess when the public police don't do their job, it's necessary for citizens - within the law - to make sure folks are safe. We were impressed.

The homes across the street had been shot into and hard linches thrown into way there. The woman whose home we stay at, quit her job because her boss's husband help beat some people. She let it be known that if anyone bothered her "she'd fill them full of lead." The people are really here. They're great, so different from the apathetic, scared folks in Barber County.

Well, one of the deacons is talking with me and I'm tired so I guess I'll get some talking in and then get some sleep. In the front room. If anything happens we'll literally be in the middle of it. Just remembered, saw bamboo growing for the first time.

July 12

We wake up late this morning. Got a great sleep. The Deacons protected us all night. They say they feel personally responsible for our safety. I still can't agree with them, but it's still sort of

of a warm feeling. The Negro man seem to have regained his masculinity - at least that defined within this culture. We sat around all morning, but this afternoon we marched again. As yesterday there must have been 500 fus. We turned around at the barricade and marched back. They wouldn't let us sing "Agint gonna let nobody turn Me 'round," I knew then.

Went to a Mass Meeting and heard Louis Lomax speak - just like a Baptist preacher. They've set up the Freddie J. Bogalusa in California \$15,000 Cash and bond money - great.

Went outside for a cigarette and a state cap just stood and glared at me. It was one of the worst hate looks I've seen. They've decided to march to city hall! A line of police have blocked us up to now.

Went to a Peasem's home for a little party tonight. Had a good time. The Peasem's were out front with rifles the whole time.

July 13

This was a fantastic day. We got up early and went to the Chengiz's Church Kitchen for breakfast. We finally got a ride to the labor hall where we milled around a while, while we waited for instructions on where to picket. We got together with some of the kids who had picketed yesterday and talked to the ones beaten. On the way to the picket line while we were turning a corner a rather square built man, heavy set, crew cut, between 25-30 punched a girl I about 5' in the neck and then ran. The police couldn't do anything because they didn't see it. Dirk was punched in the jaw - he made a complaint.

Some white woman became so hysterical with frustration she grabbed Su and just started ripping at her. No one bothered Louise and I. We were both rather large and formidable looking. She's from Frisco. Some typical comments - Look at Marlon Brando (Swore all denim), white trash, white wigger, white face; black heart, scum, cocksucker, etc.

Went back to the hall, ate lunch at the church and got ready for the march. They let us go all the way today. We went across the bridge to the Courthouse. Were guarded by at least

400 state cops, with sub-machine guns loaded and cocked, 3 squad cars in front, two squads of troopers in back, they were in lines beside us. On the roofs of buildings, at every intersection and the helicopter overhead. And still the racists came. The red-headed woman who watched me picket all morning (She made obscene little signs) pointed me out in the march for special attention. She must be frustrated. The girls said the first time we marched here, some well dressed woman gave me an incredible bedroom look. Southern women must really be inhibited.

After the march had dinner and tried to get one of the Deacons, Joe White, to get some rest. They must average 2-3 hours sleep a night. Met Mr. Sims after the mass meeting - he's Pres. of the Deacons here. He didn't have much time to talk, but Joe said he didn't know how he was going to teach his little girl love when he sat on his porch with a rifle.

July 14

The Deacons came by at 4:00 A.M. this morning to escort us out of the city. We took turns watching all night to make sure we stayed up. Got out of the city without incident. We were sorry to leave. Mrs. McGee had been so great, everyone there had been, including the tolerance the deacons showed to my disagreement with them and my kidding them. Made the trip back all right thanks to one of the Deacons going over Sybil and giving her some new pants - free of charge.

But when we got back we found the mayor had spoken at the Mass meeting at Cufanku and organized all the people. He got a standing ovation God!

July 15

The mayor refused to talk with us. We wanted him to back up some of the generalities he made at the meeting. We figured that he could be mad that local people had canvassed Cufaula, but more likely he was mad that Muff - Ed, Kathy and Don had contacted us. It was known - someone spotted us somewhere. Either at the picnic, or when the girls saw them. The mayor went to Ed's & Kathy's house and told them (the parents) that he wanted it stopped. Ed's parents were furious at him for disobeying their orders, and his mother talked so wise, but they were miffed that the mayor had the nerve to say what he said. Kathy's parents denied it.

Set up mass meetings for next week.

July 16

Waited for Rev. Hanell - he didn't show.  
We have a new philosophy now. Bogalusa  
acted as a catalyst for what I felt.  
The men there were men. "They had a  
thing goin' on." The reason. There was  
a strong indigenous organization aroused  
over an issue with power to back up their  
demands. To organize the community here  
it will be necessary to get stronger  
leadership and hopefully the crisis situation  
will produce it. But being a ladies aid  
society to register voter is bad. Like  
negroes in the north there will be no  
strong organization to direct it. The young  
people want action. There is no sense of  
unity against an enemy. Although negative this  
can be an effective aid to organization. But we  
must talk with the Re. first. This is  
not SCOPE philosophy. I firmly believe that  
they're wrong.

July 17

Waited for the Per.; he didn't show.  
Morale is low. We don't know what to  
do.

Gene Fulke had a barbecue for us tonight  
it was great.

July 18

Sunday! No Rev. yet. Sent the kids to church to get ready for the mass meeting. The same folks fixed dinner for us tonight. They certainly like us - or at least she says.

Very depressed. I wish the Rev. would come. Sat around mostly today. Sexual tensions are starting to work on some.

July 19

Felt like hell today. The cold I caught was really on the rampage. I sent the kids off to Clayton to canvass for the Mass Meeting. ~~I~~ laid down for a while and Jimmie came up to give me a back massage and wound up combing my hair. He seemed to get a kick out of it. I guess light, fine hair holds a fascination for some here.

The Mass meeting looked like it was going to be a failure, but folks began pouring in. We collected \$10.65 and got 77 members for the Clayton Voters League. Most of them were women, but it's a beginning.

Jeanie wanted to take us for something to eat. We went to the Holiday Inn where she proceeded to tell us she was going home. I was furious. First because of the childish way she did it; second because of her lack of responsibility to the group. But she's made up her mind.

July 10

sent the kids out to Cuyahua to  
cavass for the Mass Meeting here. They  
are tired. Dick and Scott are coming down  
with the cold. They didn't go all out  
for the cavass job; but I couldn't  
blame them. I cooked dinner and  
cleaned up the place with Mary's help.

We got some supplies - silverware, cups  
& cigarettes - from an air force contact.  
Great. I got some use of the tax money  
I spent for the armed services.

The mass meeting seemed to be a  
success. Howell showed up in the middle  
of it. I spoke again - Juanta said afterwards  
that they'd make a Negro out of me yet.  
It's like being an honorary Indian.

We had a long philosophical discussion  
with the Rev. afterwards. He thinks we're  
wrong, but he told us to go ahead  
and do what we think necessary to  
organize the community. Now we have a  
weapon to combat the sugar tit mayor.  
Things are going to move around here now.

July 21

Today was a waste, except I got the financial matter straightened out with Mr. Kelly. Found out why Johnny was in jail. We went to visit him in Clayton. I left the state while on hand among other things. Moore showed up for the mass meeting in Sandville - state what we get for not handling the canvass job. I'm so tired. And it's bedtime.

July 22

Our movement is becoming much like that in Bogalusa. We don't do much in the morning, but oh, the afternoons and evenings. I sent the kids to Clayton and the Lounsville area to canvas for the Voters' League meeting there tonight. When we first got there there weren't too many people there, but they started coming in. I was waiting behind the pulpit to start when I heard a bunch of kids outside singing freedom songs. I was really excited, but as it turned they were SCOPK kids from Bulloch County. They added a lot to the meeting. We set up a voter registration committee and one on jobs and the youth squads.

The kids from Bulloch came over to Cafaula and we sat around and talked. Their problem is too much leadership. I guess each county faces a unique situation, but the overall problem is the same.

July 23

As Rich puts it, our movement is getting into gear here. The morning was as usual, but Rocky Mt. was canvassed in the afternoon. The folks up there are going to a renewal meeting as are some of the ones in Cufander - over in Georgia. After a while though there were quite a few folks there especially young folks. We broke up into committees just like before. We got chairman and everyone seemed to be very enthusiastic. The chief, police commissioner and a state investigator were there. Of course, Red was there with his tape recorder and his camera. He took pictures of everyone. We were getting angry because of his intimidation of folks. He said that he dropped a line to Dave and Bob. God, were they gullible. He sweet talked them nicely. We had a probing meeting afterwards and we think we're rolling. Heard over the radio that King has called for us to demonstrate if they don't pass the bill by King 1. We could turn the South upside down. King me said we should so that it would be right side up.

We found out that SCLC wanted to register as many people as possible so when they started action here they would have a power base already set up.

July 24

I gave everyone the morning off. We went to do our laundry. While we were there some white boys rode by several times and shouted something at one point they said something to a white lady in a car. She showed it in reverse and came back to the laundromat and gave the somewhat sheepish and thoroughly deflated boys hell.

The kids went up to Bullard county for a softball game with their SCOPE chapter and I typed letters. Reina + Alene and the others brought food of all sorts Sat. night. Pork chops, meat loaf, ocha, beans, lemon pie, cake, jello. It was great. I was stuffed.

July 25

Sunday. We canvassed the Louisville, Ohio area churches for the Mass Meeting Monday Night in Clayton. At Ohio all the white men had gathered outside a store and were gaping at us. There would have been trouble had we stayed.

Came back to the Academy and had some liftaxes out Su & Mike and I left for Atlanta. On the way we saw a car on fire - its gas tank was about to go, another over the bank and Su while she was driving didn't slow down for a T turnoff for us and close to killed us all. I felt sick the whole trip and had tried to sleep and while I was resting Su & Mike had a long philosophical talk about God & heaven. They don't believe. I refuted them to some extent in my mind. They're intellectually oriented - have never imagined something in faith. Their way of being brought up is so different than mine.

Got back at 12:30 felt like hell. Fritz was here and brought us some supplies from the base. He's great.

July 26

I slept in today till about 10:00 or so.  
I got up to the Academy about noon.  
I just walked around today, & feel  
worse. Took some medicine and rubbed on  
some Ben Gay.

Held a mass meeting at Clayton.  
The Voters League there is coming along  
real well. Both committees (registering &  
jobs) are on their way and the youth  
are very enthusiastic. I set up two test  
cases - Cafe & a library and formed a  
Freedom Choir.

Had a flat on the way back. Su  
thought she saw a small coral snake as  
we got out of the car. Great sight, Ha!  
I'm tired and sick and this is a busy  
week.

July 27

Nobody made the Academy on time today. No matter. We went to the post office, got a new tie and best of all went to the Police Dept, who sent us to the Mayor; whose secretary sent us to the City Clerk. We just wanted to check out information on a parade permit and picketing. Seems we're upset these complacent whites here. They'll find out soon enough that we don't except scraps when we should be eating at the table.

Went to Clayton this afternoon and integrated the restaurant and library. At the library the woman said to come back tomorrow since she wasn't the regular librarian. At the restaurant they charged 90¢ for a hamburger and a cake inc. tax; charged Dick 50¢ for a piece of apple pie. No real trouble just groups of angry whites.

Had another Vite's League Meeting at Cufanda and again broke up into committees. Ted wanted to come into the back room with the kids and I, but I told him it was private & besides he was over 21. He said he was under pressure to find out. As it turned out he went around to the corner of the bldg. and listened. What a cheap trick!

We have the groups all set up now  
and even the Freedom Choir has been  
set up. Toni Franklin, a very pretty  
local girl, has captured Dick's  
interest and vice versa. He had once  
told me in Atlanta that he'd never date  
or mix that way. Wow! has he changed.  
It's beautiful. He's really interested.  
Too bad time is so short. I left  
a tired group tonight. Mike, especially,  
is becoming less & less responsible.  
I'm getting worried about him.

July 28

We were up early and here. Five kids were here before 8:00 this morning. At 9:00 after breakfast we went to the 25 young people gathered in the hall and instructed them how to integrate cafeteria etc. They were scared, but excited. I took five kids to Pappas Café. Lolita was with us. Harrell brought her in last night and we now have a Negro on our staff. Great! She's a fine girl. On the test cases, Scott couldn't get served because he was white, the negroes were served on paper at Walgreen's. Other than that everything was fine.

We went to Clayton in the afternoon to do the library and the Café. The girls got books at the library. Then we decided to go to the Café. Mike followed Pat Hammit and I in her car. As we got to the center of town Pat slowed up to turn and Mike did likewise when a man in a jeep - truck screeched to a stop behind Mike, cursed him violently, got out of his truck and went up to Mike. He was getting so violent that Mike began to roll up his window at which point the man smashed open Mike's window. He grabbed Mike, tore his shirt halfway off; all this while the car was moving. The girls had

left Mike's car at this time. As the man went back to get something in his tool box I ran to the jail reported the incident to Deputy Anderson who wouldn't listen to me. A crowd of white men had gathered. Mike was trying to park his car. I saw Judge Little, he wouldn't, said he couldn't, get a warrant for the guy's arrest. They said only the Sheriff who was at town could do that. The City Solicitor took the complaint.

Went back home. Left for the "Mass Meeting" at Sandville. Five people! We organized them to canvass for another, Cape lined up. God! everyone from the folks at Sandville through the rest of the county knew what happened at Clayton. Coming home we stopped for ice cream and a 1965 Black Bonneville followed us and tried several times to run us off the road. Went to the cops.

Got to the Academy, Hamell was here. Got the order to March. Made plans till very late about the course of action.

July 29

Well, today I'm 22. The day started out well. In the morning we sent out five car loads of high school students to the north to canvass for the Rocky Mt. meeting.

In the afternoon, Mike, Dirk and I went to Clayton to start the birds canmessing. A cop was waiting for us outside and then went in. In front of the preacher's house they asked Mike to go up to the courthouse - state trooper. They got him for not changing his license plates to Alabama tags. \$121.50 fine. Mike's now in jail. By the way, the Rev. lost his job as a janitor at the white school. The people at the hearing said with a smile - "We just want you folks to obey our laws, like we obey the ones you make over us." Meaning Washington.

Had the mass meeting at Rocky Mt. Very well attended. Set up a Voter's League with Mr. Walker as President.

Scott who stayed in the office had phone calls about putting sugar in a man's gas tank. Another called, later saying everyone was irritated, when I got back another called said,

"Hello, Blackie."

Su, bless her, had a civil rights  
birthday cake - matches lit in an  
ash tray.

Went to sleep rather nervous for  
the project.

July 30

Today was rather a hectic day. Everyone showed up to canvass. There were a lot of high school students. We sent them all over Cufaula for the mass meeting. Sen went out with Lolita to take some kids to Cotton Ave. She was picked up by the troopers. She called, "I'm in jail. Driving without a license" (she has a Virginia license), but she had been in the state.

Sent some more kids out in the afternoon, but kept the staff in so they wouldn't get picked up. Tried to arrange hand.

Kept making plans for the March.

The mass meeting in Cufaula was not too bad - there were a lot of men but in Clayton only 40 people showed. I tried to get the guest speaker - Ethel to Clayton but the cops followed Herbert & Caesar's car as we left and there was no way we could get to Clayton.

Ray Wilborn was elected president here. Great! He's a fine person even though he's on parole for being in a car running moonshine.

July 31

Got to the office a little late, but we sat all day waiting for the lawyer Solomon Seay to show up to get Mike and Su out of jail. He didn't show so we sat. Finally in the afternoon he came. He got them both out. Both judges signed them. Judge Little was going to bring him some flowers the other judge wanted to go fishing with him. Solomon said he'd never go out on Lake Oufoua with him.

The kids told us all about the jail tonight. Mike was bored out of his mind. He scratched Freedom Now on the wall and a D. He counted his pulse beat - normal, thinking about sex, violence etc. The men and women in the courthouse could watch him going to the bathroom. A trooper visited him and suggested he might land in the Chatahoochie river.

Su had a pretty good time of it. The old jailer even let her come up + wake Mike up. He brought her things and seemed anxious for her.

Aug 1

Well, today was the deadline set by Dr. King and Hosea for passage of the federal voting bill or we march,

This morning was wasted - no transportation. But this guy took Lubita, Scott and Bob over to Clayton to get ready for a Mass meeting we decided to have this morning. Not very many people showed, but it was good. Leon Gunther spoke and was good. More kids are turning out and that's a good sign. Estimates from kids about the numbers for the march range from 50-500. Great! Mr. Cole, was elected president & Mrs. Hammit was V.P. She's worried about her school-teaching job a little more. Rev. McCants wife is scared and has reason to be. Things are going to be rough over there. God be with them all.

Aug. 2

Today was registration day at Clayton. I sent Mike and Sue to help the folks. The day got off to a lousy start because I got up late as everyone did. The kids didn't get there until 11:00 in the morning.

They had about 120 people there. A good showing.

That night Major John spoke in Cufanda and I tried to get Ethel Brooks