THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

maker to the whites. They are afraid the lease might be canceled, or the taxes raised, or the house burned down. So in the beginning we often have to visit around for a long time, staying a few nights with one family and a few more with the next.

"The first job is to get some kind of organization started. We just talk to people in the streets, or call at their homes in the evening, going from door to door. After a while we may be able to call little meetings in a church. When I first came to Greenwood, the church people were all afraid to let us hold meetings. Now eight Negro churches are open to us. That is a real sign of progress; it shows that a lot of people aren't quite so scared anymore.

"We talk mostly about how important it is for Negroes to register to vote. It takes a long time to persuade anybody to try. They tell us: 'I don't want to be bothered with that mess. I don't want those white folks shooting into my house at night.' They tell us what happened to Negroes who have tried to register—how they got beat up, or lost their jobs. Twenty-nine Greenwood people who attended a voter-registration meeting in a church were arrested and sent to the county prison farm for four months; rocks and a smoke bomb were thrown through the windows of the church. No, the whites didn't do that; they got a Negro to do it, by giving him thirty dollars and the promise of a job.

"But after six months in Greenwood, we got fifty people to try to register. Only two of them passed the test. They have to interpret a section of the Constitution to the satisfaction of the registrar, and of course he isn't easy to satisfy.

"By that time we had a little office in a room over a Negro store. In August of 1962 it was raided by two carloads of whites at 1:00 A.M. Three of our people who were there—Sam Block, Lawrence Guyot, and Lavaughn Brown—escaped by climbing out the window and running over the roofs, before the raiders broke in the door. But we had to give up the office, because of tax pressure against the owner and police charges brought against the man who leased the building. Most of that winter we had no office and no place to live. We just kept shifting from house to house.

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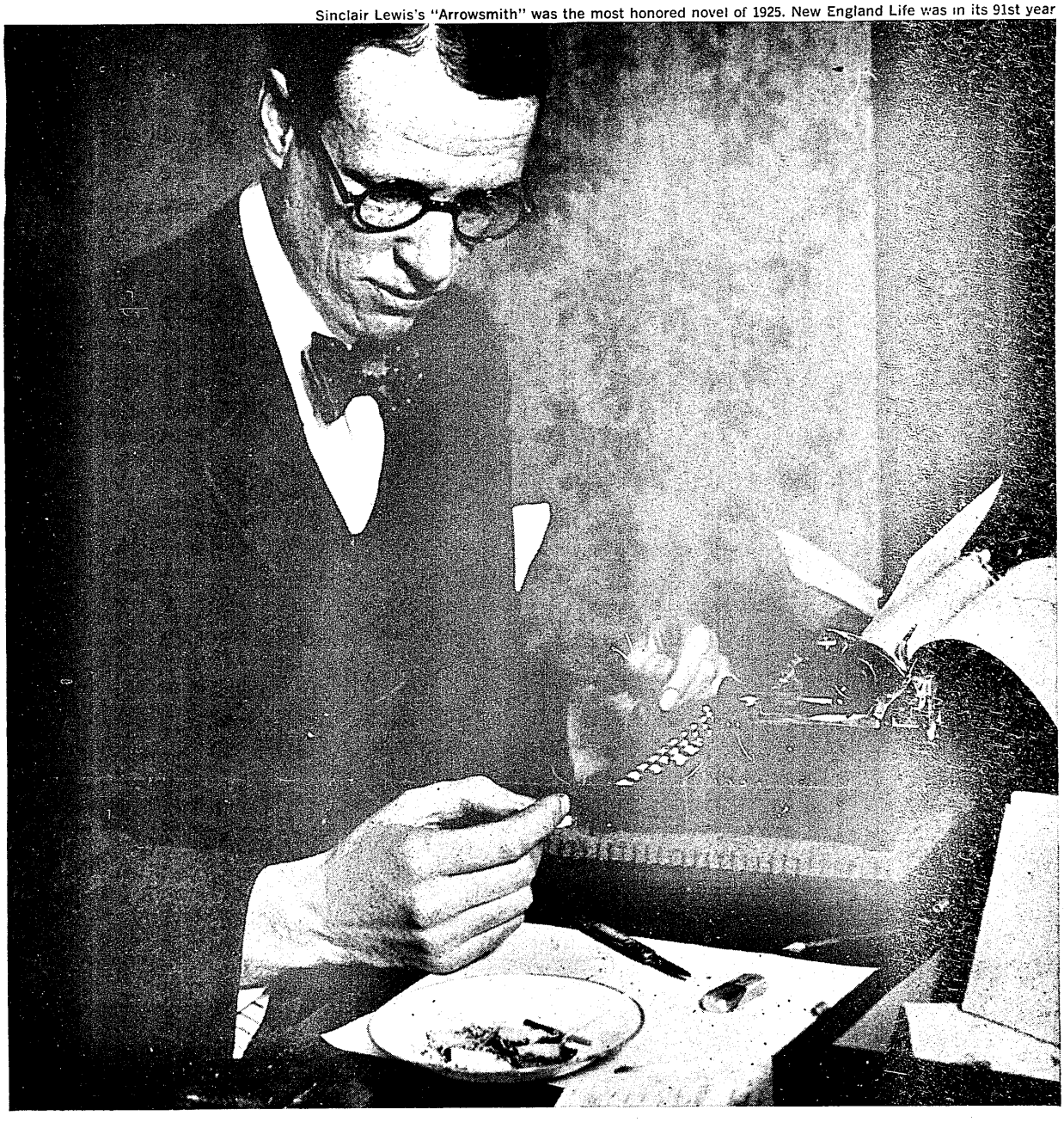

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

In December we managed to get another office, but it was burned in March.

"During this particular time we were trying to collect food and clothing from all over the country for destitute plantation hands and sharecroppers, because the county officials had stopped distribution of federal surplus food—which meant that about sixteen thousand Negroes had nothing to eat. Whenever we were able to get a little something to give to a hungry family, we also talked about how they ought to register. As a result, about a hundred marched down in a batch; they felt safer if they went together.

"It was soon after that Jimmy Travis got shot, and there were three more shootings in the following month. One time they fired into a Negro theatre where a meeting was going on, and once into Sam Block's car while four people were riding in it, but nobody got hit. The shots were fired from cars without any license plates. The police paid no attention and when some of us protested, they put us in jail—I think the charge was disturbing the peace.

"About that time Dick Gregory, the entertainer, came down to help us with a demonstration and the Justice Department filed an injunction suit to stop intimidation. Soon we were able to rent a new and bigger office, and in the past five months, about 1,300 Negroes have tried to register. We don't know yet how many of them will be permitted to pass the tests—but maybe the situation is a little more hopeful, because the Justice Department is examining the records and it has filed a suit to abolish these tests as unconstitutional. It will take a long time, of course, for the case to work its way through the courts." *

* In 1960 only 163 Negroes—less than one per cent of the Negro population of voting age—registered in LeFlore County. By contrast, more than 50 per cent of the eligible whites registered. This year the SNCC workers hope that as many as four hundred Negroes may be able to get on the registration rolls. Usually only a small fraction of those registered dare to cast a ballot. This is easier to understand if you remember that this is the area where fourteen-year-old Emmett Till was murdered, and also is the home of the man charged with killing Medgar Evers.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

and emotional maturity. He must be able to take insults and beatings without ever striking back.

"Hotheads are no help," Moses explained. "White volunteers especially have to be able to keep their emotions under control. If they are too forward, too eager to gain acceptance, they just make the local Negroes suspicious. If they show fear, their fear is likely to infect others. If they lose their tempers or act defiant, they will cause unnecessary trouble with the local whites. We've had a few neurotics who have come down here—youngsters with a John Brown complex—but we've shifted them out fast.

"What we need most is people with teaching and organizing skills. Understand, this is like going into an underdeveloped country. What we really need is a Peace Corps."

Are the meager results worth all this effort and sacrifice?

I think so, if only for their by-products. Two of these may prove more important than the immediate results in voter registration:

1. A considerable number of Negroes are learning the art of leadership, in the hardest possible school. When he finishes a SNCC assignment in Mississippi, a man is bound to know something about the persuasion and management of people, and the carrying through of complex operations under fire. He also is likely to end up with a new (and well-earned) pride and self-confidence.

This generation of leaders will be very different from that of Adam Clayton Powell and Malcolm X. They aren't interested in demagoguery or self-aggrandizement. Nor do they have any use for demonstrations staged primarily for publicity or emotional release. They have specific, well-defined goals; they are driving toward them with relentless determination; they can't be frightened or bought off; they waste no energy on unfocused hatred; and they have a hard grasp on political reality. Unlike the Black Muslims, they don't dream of a separate Negro state in some Utopian future; they want simple American justice, in Mississippi and now.

2. Harder to measure, but perhaps equally important, is their impact on the Southern mind. One thing that the average Mississippian does admire—however grudgingly—is courage. And he can't watch the SNCC people at work indefinitely without beginning to wonder whether it is *really* true that all Negroes are innately inferior.

One of these days, when he is finally forced to deal with his Negro neighbors as human beings and American citizens, he will know, deep inside, that he has met an opponent worthy of respect. And because of that recognition (probably never voiced out loud) the inevitable adjustment to reality will come a little easier for most Mississippians. After all, only after Antietam did the Confederate troops begin to shed their contempt for the Union army. At the time, it looked like an indecisive and costly battle; but we now know that it was the actual turning point of the war.

What Other Particulars?

April XXIV-V, MDCCCXII
Died
at her house in Charles Street
near Berkley Square London
(where she resided alternately with
her seat Bookham Grove in Surrey
for a period of about thirty five years
HAPPY and RESPECTED)
after an illness of three weeks
AT MIDNIGHT . . .
in the presence of all her five children
and three of her old and faithful
attendants
in the seventy third year of her age,
the right honorable
LORA
BURTON DAWNAY
VISCOUNTESS DOWNE
widow of John Dawnay Fourth Viscount
Downe / mother of the Fifth Viscount
and other children, / and only child and
heir of William Burton, Esquire, / of
Ashwell, Rutland, / by his wife Eliza-
beth Pitt daughter of George Pitt / of
Stratfieldsay / by his second wife Lora
Grey of Kingston, Dorset /
For her character and other particulars
See the Gentleman's Magazine
for May MDCCCXII . . .

—From an inscription on a marble tomb in York Minster, England

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Meanwhile, the SNCC staff is busy with other projects:

1. It is enlisting and training local Negroes to take charge, eventually, of the work in Mississippi—with considerable success.

2. With the help of researchers and technicians in New York, it is trying to develop a simple, cheap teaching machine which Negroes can use to teach themselves to read—and thus to pass the voting tests. Throughout Mississippi, education for whites is poor; for Negroes it is negligible.

3. It is trying to set up a small library for Negroes in Greenwood, the LeFlore county seat. At present they have no access to books. LeFlore county has no bookstore—in fact, there are only a few in the whole state—and Negroes are of course barred from white libraries. So far, SNCC has collected about two thousand volumes, most of them contributed by students at Hamilton College in New York. Bob Moses tells me that they particularly need "a good set of reference books, children's books, and books written by Negroes"—though anything else of quality, including good periodicals and paperbacks, will be welcome. (Anyone who would like to contribute should send the books by parcel post to Robert Moses, 708 Avenue N, Greenwood, Mississippi.)

4. SNCC is conducting one-week seminars or workshops for high-school students in seven counties, to teach them a few basic facts about government—notably, how to overcome the many legal obstacles Mississippi has set up to keep Negroes from registering and voting. Major help in this enterprise is being provided by Northern law students—five from Harvard, two from Columbia, three (including a woman) from Yale—who are doing research on Mississippi's ingenious laws, and helping to prepare a Mississippi Political Handbook.

5. It is trying to line up as many volunteer workers as possible: white or Negro . . . local or from outside the state . . . for the school vacation months only, or for periods up to three years. The requirements are exacting. In addition to intelligence and the physical stamina for hard work on short rations, a volunteer has to have exceptional self-discipline

THE STUDENT NONVIOLENT COORDINATING COMMITTEE NEEDS YOUR HELP

JET

Vol. XXIV No. 4
May 16, 1963
A Johnson Publication

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BURNINGS, JAILING, SHOOTING REPORTED IN GREENWOOD, MISS.

Known as the infamous "Land of Emmett Till" in the Mississippi Delta, this terror-marked community of Greenwood burst into new racial violence following a series of house burnings, jailings of a Negro student leader Samuel Block and the midnight shooting of voter education worker Jimmy Travis on the outskirts of the city near Mississippi Vocational College at Itta Bena.

The latest outbreak came less than 12 hours after President Kennedy delivered his 6,000 word civil rights message to Congress calling for increased protection of Negro rights and less than two weeks after Block appealed to the Justice Department to send Federal marshals into the area to protect citizens trying to vote.

Block and Travis were among Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee members who have been distributing food sent by various cities to families denied welfare aid because of increased voting activity. Travis was shot in the neck and shoulder by what appeared to be automatic rifles as he drove Bob Moses, director of the Mississippi Voter Education Project and Atty. R. T. Blackwell, area director of Voter Education, to their quarters.

Moses said the shots came from a 1962 white Buick which trailed them seven miles from their Greenwood office which was recently threatened by fire which destroyed four other adjacent Negro businesses. Block was arrested and charged with public utterances calculated to cause a breach of peace after he said the fire was caused by persons trying to burn the SNCC office in retaliation for SNCC distributing food sent from Chicago.

Block was convicted in the City Police Court and offered a suspended sentence if he promised to be a "good boy." As more than 100 citizens lined the court, Block then asked the judge "do you mean I have to give up my voter registration activity?" The judge replied "yes." Block then asked "Judge, do you mean I have to give up helping the people" and the judge nodded yes. Then Block asked "Judge, do you mean I must give up my work with the Student Non-Violent Freedom Movement," and the judge nodded "yes." Block calmly shook his head no and declared "Judge, I ain't going to do none of that." The judge snapped "well, you'll do six months and pay a $500 fine." Block filed notice of appeal immediately and was released on a $500 fine. He was convicted in the same court where JET associate editor Larry Still was fined $100 on traffic charges after he was arrested while surveying conditions of destitute families in the area. Located near the area where the mutilated body of 13-year-old Till was found in 1956, Greenwood is also 35 miles from Ruleville where two college coeds were wounded by hoodlums firing into the homes of voters.

Following the sentencing of Block and the shooting of Travis, the NAACP, CORE, SNCC, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Southern Regional Council appealed to the justice department for immediate protection. Aaron Henry, state NAACP president, said the shooting was an apparent answer to President Kennedy's Civil Rights message, but would only serve to spur voting.

Block interviews prospective voter in Greenwood.

NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1963

Combat Story

JAMES A. WECHSLER

One midnight last summer Sam Block and a few of his associates in the campaign to register Mississippi's Negro voters were still in their office in Greenwood when they heard noises outside. Peering through the window, they saw a group of white men emerge from cars. The visitors were carrying chains, ropes and shotguns.

Block, an undemonstrative, slender 23-year-old Negro (he is 5-foot-11 and weighs 127), needed no briefing. As the armed bands assembled in a style reminiscent of all the old Southern lynch scenes, Block and his cohorts hastily put through phone calls for help to the Justice Dept. and the local FBI. But in a few moments they decided it would be unwise to wait.

Block led his companions up to a bathroom window from which they leaped to the roof of a next-door cafe.

They fled furtively to the home of a sympathetic citizen, hiding out for the night, and called the local FBI again.

"Two weeks later a couple of those Southern FBI men came around to interview me," Block recalls with only faint sarcasm.

* * *

The next day Block journeyed to Hattiesburg, where he was to be interviewed by CBS Television; when he got back to Greenwood in late evening, he found that his office had been ransacked. When he went to the rooming house in which he had been living, a frightened Negro landlady told him that he couldn't stay there any longer; the word was out. For the next two nights he slept in a car in a junkyard. He finally found another room and resumed the deadly serious business of rallying Negroes to take their literacy tests. A sheriff accosted him:

"Nigger, where you from?"

"I'm a native of Mississippi," Block replied.

"I know all the niggers here," the sheriff bellowed.

"Do you know any colored people?" Block asked.

The sheriff spat at him; old Southern custom.

"I give you till tomorrow to get out of here," he said.

"If you don't want to see me here, you better pack up and leave, because I'll be here," said thin Sam Block.

The next day he led 50 more Negroes to registration.

These are only fragments in a succession of threats and narrow escapes that have crowded Block's life in the nine months he has been serving as a field secretary for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). He was forced out of his car one night and "three white fellows jumped me and beat me up pretty good." When he complained to the police, they said it was "something I plotted up." Less than a fortnight ago, he spent a day sorting food and clothes that had been shipped to Greenwood from Chicago to help the impoverished Negroes there. (The local Board of Supervisors has cut off 22,000 Negroes in the region from federal commodity aid in an obvious counter-thrust against the voting drive.) Afterward, as he and three associates drove off, their car was fired at. Only minor injuries resulted; when they protested to police, they were accused of having staged the shooting.

* * *

This is Greenwood, Miss., U. S. A. Block, in New York now on a brief visit to promote the collection of funds, food and clothes for the embattled Negroes of the area, describes harrowing days and nights without raising his voice or betraying any anguish. "By the help of God, I survived," he says.

Almost as an afterthought he recalls he was arrested last month for "public utterance calculated to provoke breach of the peace." He was given a six-month sentence and $500 fine; he declined to accept a suspended sentence in return for a pledge to leave town. He is out on bail, a very temporary reprieve.

* * *

Born in Cleveland, Miss., Block completed high school there, then enrolled in Harris Teachers College in St. Louis, where some relatives lived. His chief interest was music.

After a year, he returned to Mississippi and entered Vocational College. He was expelled for "political agitation," meaning his active interest in Negro organizations; the trustees of the Negro college lived in constant dread of the State Legislature.

He had been stirred months earlier in St. Louis by stories of the "Freedom Rides" and the crusade of Martin Luther King. Now he wanted to enlist full time. His father (a construction worker) and mother disapproved; they feared trouble for themselves and their younger children. He left home and took his job with SNCC. He has since had few moments of peace and quiet.

Talking to him is like interviewing a fugitive who has momentarily slipped through the Iron Curtain to address the outside world. Nothing the U.S. government has done in Mississippi has convinced Block and his "freedom fighters" that they have any real personal protection against the lawless local structure.

Nor do they have any faith in the willingness of the Associated Press bureau in that state to transmit the full and true story of their travail. (They have some kinder words for UPI.)

But loneliness and isolation seem unterrifying to such men. It is a cruel joke on the white supremacists that the indestructible figure in the modern South so often turns out to be black.

LOOK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. INCORPORATING COLLIER'S

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The South's War Against Negro Votes, *By John Poppy*

BY JOHN POPPY
LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

Volunteers have received death threats

Your name is Samuel Block. You are a Negro, 23 years old, born and raised in Mississippi. For the past year, you have been in the front lines of the voter-registration battle, as an SNCC *field secretary.*

Before all the help arrived in Greenwood last March, you and one or two others tried to cover all of Leflore County in the Mississippi Delta cotton country. Leflore's population is 65 percent Negro; almost all its voters are white. When you arrived last June in Greenwood, the county seat, you found a place to sleep, cheap as possible. Then you started knocking on doors, introducing yourself and your mission, trying to convince people who have never seen a ballot that it is their passport to freedom.

You found many of your own people afraid to talk to you because a police car followed you to each house, and the police parked in front, writing things down. They jailed you several times. Three white men beat you up, and you escaped being hit by a speeding pickup truck only because you jumped behind a telephone pole. One Thursday night last August, you barely got away from a group of whites armed with bricks, chains, ropes and pistols. You assume they meant to kill you, but you don't know for sure. You never know. You demanded protection from the Justice Department. You're not sure who it was you talked to in Washington, but you remember he said he couldn't move until a Federal statute was clearly violated. A reasonable answer, but it didn't make you feel any safer as night fell in Greenwood.

In the first six months, you managed to register five new voters.

Americans have read so much about lynchings, torture and murders that many of us, I suspect, are no longer troubled by an occasional atrocity. "There goes Mississippi again," we sigh, and move on after a moment's regret. But the possibility of death is only a part of the ordeal for men like Samuel Block. His enemy is ingenious; Block never knows where the next blow will fall. Perhaps someone to whom he talked will lose a job, or go to jail, or be dropped from the welfare rolls.

In cotton country, where almost all Negroes suffer from underemployment every winter, welfare and Government surplus food are important, not just for comfort, but for survival. Last October, the Leflore County Board of Supervisors discontinued a major part of the commodities program for 1963. As a result, more than 22,000 people who lived on surplus food in the winter were cut off. The total included Negroes *and* whites, but Block's people suffered most. Suspecting that his activities had caused the reprisal, Block suffered too. This spring, the departments of Justice and Agriculture managed to persuade Leflore County to start the program again—but it had been a hard winter there. And if your people are too cold and hungry to worry about a concept like the vote, no matter how important you tell them it is, you can't help wondering. . . .

If you are lynched, says Samuel Block, "you're dead, that's all." Dying takes courage. Living day by day, week in and week out for a year, with no relief in sight, under endless harassment, tests not only your courage, but your sanity.

I have been in many towns in Mississippi. I was in Greenwood before the recent upheaval there, and have been back since it began. The first time, I went to see Block because his troubles were—and are—commonplace by Mississippi standards. It was not easy to locate him. He was, to all appearances, in hiding. He moved constantly; his mail went to a friend, who passed it on to him; he had no telephone. Luckily, I met three young Negroes in Greenville, not far from Greenwood, who knew where Block *might* be the next day. They offered to guide me to the place.

The four of us drove the 54 miles from Greenville to Greenwood the next morning, with the radio turned up loud to blanket the tension in the car. Three Negro passengers and a white man at the wheel do not feel comfortable driving through the Delta country. The stares and angry mutters of people along the road provoked nudges and nervous laughter among my companions.

Near Greenwood, a sign pointing to "Business District" directs the traveler off U. S. Highway 82. "Go past that," said one of my passengers. The highway separates Negro from white. We turned onto a dirt temporary road and found ourselves on narrow streets among wooden, two-story buildings. My passengers relaxed; they were in familiar territory. Now, I was the outsider.

We met Block on a street corner in the Negro section of Greenwood and headed off for a sandwich, but we didn't get it. The waiter in the café said, "Police told me I'd have big trouble if they ever caught me serving a white man." Block told him, "Well, don't bother serving me either," and we left.

BLOCK WALKS in long strides. His movements are abrupt, and even when he is sitting still long enough to talk, you can feel the tension in him. "We're working hard toward voter registration," Block said, "but it is beginning to seem impossible. We've carried 80 or 90 people up to the courthouse, but only five of them got registered. . . ."

That was not surprising. Mississippi law requires each applicant for registration to read and write and to interpret in writing any section of the state constitution and write an explanation of the duties of a citizen. The state constitution has 285 sections, some of which are, in the words of a Mississippi lawyer, "extremely difficult, long and tedious." The registrar is the sole judge of whether or not an applicant has passed the test. The name of each applicant is listed for two weeks in the local paper, "so they know who you are," says Block.

When I saw him, Block was still doggedly taking people to the courthouse. (Most would not go by themselves.) He refused to admit despair, but his talk was angry. "In the state of Mississippi," he said at one point, "every animal has a season but the Negro; you can shoot him anytime." To understand some of his bitterness, follow Block's early progress in Greenwood in these excerpts from his reports to James Forman:

June 20, 1962: "On my arrival in Greenwood, everything seemed the same as in Parchman, Miss. [site of the state prison farm]. Negroes working hard for nothing, each waiting for the other to do something. . . . In a conversation with Greenwood's big [Negro] businessmen, I was told to sponsor anything I want. Where? None other than the big [Negro] Elks Club. . . ."

June 30: "I have cut my office and room rent very much. Office now $14 a month, living quarters $2.50 a week. . . ."

July 11: "We lost our meeting place at the Elks Club. The members did not approve of our meeting there and singing Freedom songs. They could have turned us off in a better way than they did, waiting until we were fixing to have a meeting, then telling us to have it in our office. . . ."

July 16 [from one of Block's temporary helpers]: "Say, are we supposed to work both day and night like Sam? Man, he doesn't even take time to eat now; I don't know what has gotten into him lately."

July 26: "In all my hard days of [voter] workshop recruiting, I was only able and glad to get six to attend from Greenwood. . . . By the way, I cannot send a budget for this week because I did not have any money to spend anyway. . . ."

August 11: "With things going bad for me in Greenwood, some of the citizens have asked me to protect myself and leave now because the white people are planning to kill me. I replied, 'I am not leaving. . . .'

"Not more than a week ago, two Greenwood city policemen came to our office. I met them at the foot of the stairway and was told they were investigating an automobile theft. [One] voiced his opinion that I was a 'smart nigger from up North and if I didn't say Yes Sir and No Sir to him I would end up on the concrete without any teeth.' Last Friday, I took four Negroes to the county court in Greenwood. . . . I had given them instructions in how to register before we went. We arrived at about 2:30 p.m. and found a female deputy registrar, who acknowledged the presence of Negroes by asking me, 'What's for you, boy?' The four Negro applicants were frightened by the deputy registrar's attitude. . . .

"When I arrived home, I received a call from an individual who identified himself as speaking for the White Citizens Council. He told me, 'If you take anybody else up to register, you'll never leave Greenwood alive.' I get such calls with some frequency. About a week and a half ago, Miss —, from who I rented a room for some time, told me that she received a similar call.

"Today, I took two Negroes to the registrar's office. The Negroes finished filling out the application form and the literacy and citizenship tests . . . and left the office. Two policemen were waiting just outside the courthouse. They said something to me, but I just ignored them, got into a taxi and took the applicants home. The police followed, stopping in front of the homes of the applicants and sat writing something. . . ."

Ironically, the recent incidents in Greenwood have proved more effective than all Block's persuasion. Since the beginning of March, hundreds of aroused Negroes have tried to register there; few have passed the tests, of course, but at least they tried.

But Block and others like him do not want to depend on violence for results. He pretends to see hope in the Justice Department's suit to open the voter rolls in Senator Eastland's Sunflower County, which borders Leflore County on the west. "Maybe if the Justice Department wins the suit over there, things will ease off here in Leflore," he says. But he doesn't really believe that. The Department, he knows, has had to work county by county in its tedious, expensive effort to break down 150 years of tradition in a defiant state.

As lawyers fight their battles in court, lonely young people will continue to struggle for voter registration in less public places. Block and his companions are outnumbered. SNCC and other groups like it are small, and they do not seem to attract many new recruits. That means there is little prospect of relief for the field secretaries. They have been at their posts for over a year now, and will try to stay there indefinitely, despite the inevitable battle fatigue that makes some weep—and sing—in anguish. For them, the voter-registration movement is an endless, nerve-racking series of guerrilla battles in dark corners of the Black Belt. In many ways, it is like underground warfare in an occupied country. To have to think in such terms of American citizens on their own soil is, as James Forman says, ugly. END

"All right, I'll go down to register, but what you going to do for me when they beat my head?"

CALIF SNCC

by a small, wiry man named Sullivan Davis, an expert at training horses. "I gave him a breeze this morning, Mike," said Mr. Davis. "He's looking real fine." He led us into a stable and up to a spacious box stall, which was occupied by Mr. Nichols' Arabian. When we got our first view of Max, he was curled up like a puppy in a welter of hay.

"What about those high spirits?" we asked Mr. Nichols.

"He's conserving his energy," Mr. Nichols said defensively.

"For what?" we inquired.

"You've got me there," said Mr. Nichols.

Mr. Davis finally coaxed Max to stir, and when he stood up, he proved to be a fine figure of a horse, a little over fifteen hands, with a white blaze and blond mane and tail.

Max yawned, and presently Mr. Davis led him to a ring adjoining the stable. Once outdoors, Max set about trying to get some nourishment from a few blades of grass. "I don't see how he can be hungry," said Mr. Davis. "He's been eating high on the hog." While we stood at a gate watching, Mr. Davis instructed a groom to take a long whip and encourage Max to be a little more lively. At the crack of the whip, Max took off, and he certainly was a lovely sight, with his neck arched, his tail streaming in the wind, and his legs moving in perfect rhythm. After he'd run around the ring a couple of times, he came over to the gate and breathed on us heavily.

Mr. Nichols patted Max affectionately, and while Max was sighing with pleasure, we were joined by a small girl in pigtails. "I want to give him some dog yummies," she said.

"Honey, if he gets one more vitamin, he'll explode," said Mr. Nichols.

Max took off around the ring again, and we went back to the limousine.

•

THE Nuttie Goodie Tea Room, in Springfield, Massachusetts, serves a club sandwich called the Mercy Hospital Special.

Meeting

LAST week, the New York branch of the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee held a meeting in the basement auditorium of the Community Church, at 40 East Thirty-fifth Street, where we were on hand to hear some field workers from the Mississippi branch speak about various plans they have for improving the State of Mississippi and benefiting its people, of whom there are 2,178,141, forty-two per cent of them Negro. When we arrived, about a hundred chairs in the auditorium were occupied, by people—some Negro, some white—of late-high-school or college age. The chairman of the meeting, a short, innocent-looking young man named Jim Monsonis, who is a director of the New York branch, sat leaning one arm on a wooden table up front. An even younger man, tall and handsome, and wearing dungarees, a tweed jacket and suède patches on the elbows, and a blue-and-green checked flannel shirt open at the collar, stood before the audience, making a speech. He kept taking small, restless steps toward the audience as he spoke, as though he were impatient to rejoin it. A downy-cheeked fellow next to us, who had a terrible cold, informed us that the speaker was John O'Neal and that he had just started speaking.

"The primary reason some of us want to organize this Summer Stock Repertory Theatre Company in Mississippi is that some of us want to be in the theatre," O'Neal said. He waited about a second, laughed with the audience, and went on, "But, beyond that, most of us being young and realistically looking at things in Mississippi, it's not going to be quite so quick to change the whole thing as some of us like to think it will be, you know, and so we have to begin to think in terms of challenging, directly and seriously and intentionally and all, the political power structure of the South—actually, for Negroes in Mississippi to be involved in politics. It's going to take time. But we can't afford to wait for the millennium, so, starting with what we've got now, I'm supposed to tell you a little bit about our theatre project." He

"How should I know? Am I supposed to be some kind of Kremlinologist?"

•

"Hold on a minute! I'm reporting him missing. I said nothing about wanting him found."

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took a deep breath and a couple of small steps toward the audience, and continued, "With the theatre, we hope to be able to stimulate the kind of—if you'll pardon me for using abstract language—stimulate the development of critical and reflective thought, you know. So that people can think and see their own experience portrayed for them in a way that is honest, and hasn't been done before in the South. The whole of the South is built in such a way that it's very hard for a Negro to look at, and see, anything but a distorted view of himself. We think we'll be able to influence this by establishing a theatre that would travel extensively in Mississippi and have a home base in Jackson." O'Neal took another breath and, this time, stepped a little bit to one side. "We're anxious to involve as much as possible the indigenous talent and skills and people and materials in the State of Mississippi," he said. "We'll play in churches, we'll play in the fields, we'll play in the streets. Also, we'll ask for a great deal of help from non-local people, you know, in terms of technical assistance and teaching. And guest performers, guest directors, and"—again he paused just long enough—"guest money." After the laugh, he said, "Oh, right now the theatre has about twelve sponsors. They include Harry Belafonte, Sidney Poitier, Ossie Davis, James Baldwin, Odetta, and some others. And we're working on more, on the premise that [pause] the more you get [pause], the more you *get*." There was another laugh. "The accent must always be on honesty. We'll run five shows, two of them all summer long—'Purlie Victorious,' by Ossie Davis, and 'Do You Want to Be Free?,' by Langston Hughes. These plays were selected because they were the only plays we knew of that came close to the kind of thing we wanted. Not because they're the best. Because I haven't written *my* play yet." More laughter. "We projected a thirty-thousand-dollar budget for the project," O'Neal said, beginning to move toward the audience again. "And we got three hundred dollars from S.N.C.C. four months ago, so we're in pretty good shape."

This evoked another laugh, after which a woman in the audience asked, "How do we make out a check for the theatre project?"

O'Neal said, "To the Free Southern Theatre, Tougaloo Drama Department, Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi." He added, "I've got one last thing to say. That this is the most significant theatrical effort in the last hundred and fifty years . . ." and, dropping his line behind him, amid laughter and applause, he finally made it back to the audience.

Jim Monsonis arose. "Thank you, John," he said. "S.N.C.C. is growing like a child–it's kind of growing and expanding in all directions. We just passed our fourth birthday. Tonight we'll talk about our vision of trying to carry through what is nothing less than a revolution in the South—a revolution far beyond the simple political meaning of the term. We thought we'd spend the meeting trying to get an idea of what is happening in the state and what the plans for this summer are. We think some pretty exciting things might happen this summer. All the civil-rights organizations in Mississippi are working together." He paused for a few words with the speakers lined up to talk about Mississippi, and then introduced a wiry young man with a small mustache, who, like O'Neal, seemed to be in his early twenties and was wearing dungarees. His name was Charles Cobb, and he spoke in a low, slow, matter-of-fact voice. "All through John's talk goes this thread of implied change—political change, social change, or whatever the change may be," Cobb said. "That's what S.N.C.C. kids are identified with, although nobody is quite sure what they're changing. I think, personally, things *are* changing. What's happening on one level, you're getting this moderation. There are now some areas in the state where you *don't* get hit over the head, you *don't* get killed. Locally, there are some areas where you can dribble in a few more Negroes to get registered to vote, and, looking to the future, hope to get a Negro elected—maybe as a constable—in a community that is sixty or seventy per cent Negro. But we're concerned about the kind of Negro white people look to for patronage. I've seen some horrible examples of the kind of Negroes we *don't* want the white people to be looking to for patronage. This is all leading up to what we want to do with the Freedom Schools we're going to start this summer. Which I will get to in a minute." Cobb hitched up his dungarees and consulted some notes in the palm of one hand. "We have kids going to high school now, particularly in the tenth, eleventh grade, who, I think, actually have to be persuaded to stay in the state if we're going to get this change. We have to—for lack of a better phrase—orient them in a certain direction. There are things they don't know that they *need* to know. There are values that could develop in them but won't develop, because the State of Mississippi won't let them develop. The more formal educational skills and knowledge they need to have are things that the State of Mississippi has said over and over again for the last hundred years that it will not allow its quote niggers unquote to have. So we've got to jump in at this point and fill the gap. So, first of all, we expect about a thousand people, volunteers, to come down to Mississippi this summer from some of the best colleges and universities in the country—Yale, Harvard, et cetera—to help us with this program to orient the Mississippi kids to social, political, and economic change, right now and in the future." Cobb said all this in an extremely low-keyed manner. In front of us, one of the elders in the audience—an intense man in his late thirties, who was wearing oversized horn-rimmed glasses—turned around and gave us a strong now-we're-talking look. "As part of the Freedom Schools program," Cobb went on, in the same tone, "we're going to try and equip the students with knowledge enabling them to pass the high-school-equivalency test. And orient them to go to college. Even if a kid goes to a state school for only one year, it will be worth it. Secondly, we want to give the kids certain mechanical skills. There are things you have to know, you know. Like how to print up a leaflet, like how to run a mimeograph machine, what to say on a leaflet, what to say at a mass meeting, or how to handle yourself with a policeman. Thirdly, just a general broadening of experience for these kids. It's difficult to imagine kids in a bind. Many of you know about folk music, classical music, the ballet, the arts—these kids haven't had any of *that*." The elder statesman in front of us leaned forward. "Fourthly—this is more difficult to explain—just thinking," Cobb went on. "Guess you'd put it in a section to what you don't get in your high-school textbooks, whether you go to school in the North or go to school in the South. The freeing-of-the-mind kind of thing. How to—and here I think I'll borrow from John—how to think critically, to be able to analyze, to get past all the hazy little things that fog your vision. After three weeks or six weeks in the Freedom Schools, at least some of the kids will have some vision of what can be done in their state." He paused, and then said, "I think maybe I'll end here, and you can ask questions if you want to."

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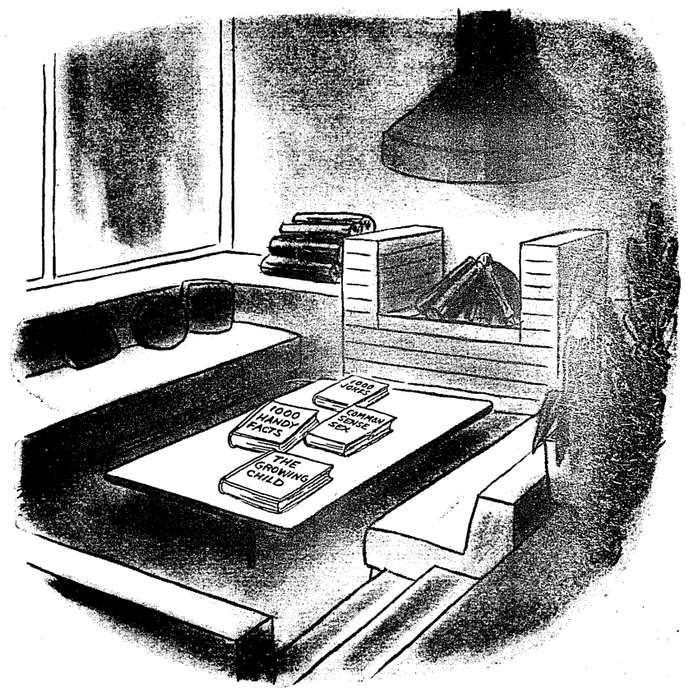
The next, and last, speaker from Mississippi also wore dungarees and a sports shirt, and he had the quietest, calmest voice of all. His name was Bob Moses, and he was a former philosophy major at Hamilton College and a



CALIF SNCC

"We sold the Edsel! We sold the Edsel!"

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former mathematics teacher at the Horace Mann School. "I'd like to pick up two things," he said. "We have a program that is designed to challenge the regular Democratic delegation to the Democratic National Convention this summer. It's geared in four parts: One, what we call Freedom Days—picketing county courthouses and registration centers. At Hattiesburg, we've had a group of ministers, mostly Presbyterians, picketing every day, nine to five, for almost three months. It's the first time in the history of Mississippi you've been able to sustain an integrated picket line for over fifteen minutes. For us, it's a breakthrough. It's a protection for the people who come to register. What happens there will pretty much set the pattern of registration. Everyone who gets registered can vote in the Presidential election, because there's no more poll tax to be paid. Two, we're going to try to register three or four hundred thousand Negroes, using our own forms, our own registrars, to parallel the registration procedure in the state to show what you can get if you want to register Negroes in the State of Mississippi. Three, with the Freedom Registrations we're going to hold another Freedom Election in the Congressional districts and at county and precinct levels, and we will hold meetings at all levels to select delegates to the Democratic Convention. Some of the candidates in the mock election will in fact file as candidates in the Democratic Primary, on June 2nd. Four, we'll make a real effort on the floor of the Democratic Convention to challenge the people that Mississippi will send as a delegation to the Convention in Atlantic City. The timetable on this will dovetail with the people coming down to Mississippi for the summer. We'll have two sets of Freedom Schools—in July and August. Then we hope we'll all pack up and move to Atlantic City."

Around us, everybody stirred. "The other thing," Moses went on, his voice dropping, if possible, to an even less emotional pitch. "Some of the news of the violence in Mississippi still doesn't get out. Last three months, five people have been killed in the southwest corner of Mississippi, at least three people have been whipped, and there have been a hundred and seventy-five cross burnings in southwest Mississippi and adjoining counties of Louisiana since the March on Washington. So one thing that needs to happen and that possibly might begin to happen this summer is that Mississippi might be opened to the country." He paused, and then added, "I think maybe I'll leave it at that."

The elder in front of us raised his hand and asked how much it would cost for a volunteer to go down to Mississippi this summer. "People ought to have a hundred and fifty dollars at least to support themselves for the whole summer," Moses replied. "S.N.C.C. people are paid salaries of ten dollars a week. That's nine dollars and sixty-four cents with income tax withheld. We figure fifteen dollars a week for room and board and expenses for the ten-week summer. Right now, most of our money goes to pay bills. I've got some with me." Everybody laughed as he went through his dungaree hip pockets and then said, "I have some gas bills, some rent bills. In our basic expenses, our money goes for paper, transportation, food, and rent. In that order." He gave a little nod and sat down.

Monsonis stood up and said, "We've got an office, as you know, at 156 Fifth Avenue, with a couple of staff people and a lot of volunteers, and we'd like you to come down and help if you're interested. A lot of our work here centers around fund-raising. On April 23rd, Dick Gregory will be in town for us, at Carnegie Hall, and we hope to raise some money. S.N.C.C. is broke at this time. Over the last couple of weeks, nobody got salaries—not even the ten dollars a week. We need some money. It's very important." He opened his hands, palms out, and smiled. "Well, on the back table you'll find all kinds of literature about S.N.C.C. and, in back of that, coffee. Thank you. The meeting is adjourned."

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CALIF SINCE

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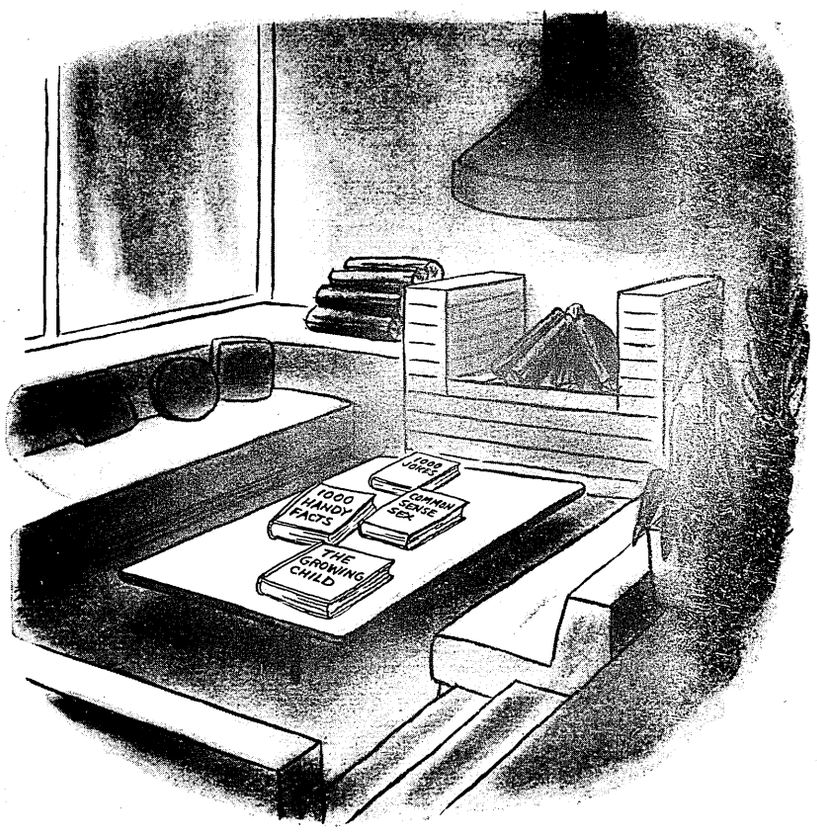

Mill Owners Can Curb Race Strife

BY DREW PEARSON

The little band of white men who murdered three civil rights workers near Philadelphia, Miss., and bulldozed their bodies into a freshly made dam, probably did more to change the customs of Mississippi than any group of men in post-Civil War history.

They were aided, of course, by the nine bombers who destroyed churches and homes in McComb; and by Kluxers and terrorists who burned more than 30 churches, killed nine people, shot 35 others, and arrested more than 1,000 Freedom Workers, including those at McComb for cooking in their own Freedom House.

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All this has put Mississippi on the map more than at any other period in modern history. Without these bombings, murders, and arrests, Mississippi probably would have chugged complacently along, enjoying its charming antebellum society of mint juleps, cotton plantations, tenant farmers, and cotton mills; together with its influence in Washington exercised over the courts by Jim Eastland and his Senate Judiciary Committee; by Rep. Jamie Whitten's sway over money for the farm programs of America; and Rep. Bill Colmer's veto on funds for the schools of America.

But murder, violence, prison beatings, and local boycotts have now started a chain reaction which it will be difficult for the Mississippi moderates to stop.

Already the Defense Department is looking over its defense contracts to see what it buys from Mississippi textile mills; and the economy wave, plus the pressure of northern congressmen, is bound to force an examination of Mississippi military bases.

Finally, the big absentee mill-owners who moved their plants to Mississippi to take advantage of cheap, non-union labor are going to begin doing something about integration and job opportunities. Under the Civil Rights Act they are required by law to do it on June 30, but many will want to do it earlier.

Take the case of the Kayser-Roth Co., one of CALIF ONCC

Pearson

the biggest textile and hosiery manufacturers in the country, whose chairman is Abe Feinberg, close friend of Harry Truman and a trustee of the Truman Library. Feinberg has served as president of the Development Corp. for Israel, has been active in the Israel bond drives, and is president of the American Committee for the Weizman Institute in Israel.

Feinberg operates a mill in Centreville, Miss., and the last thing he wants is to have his mill lag behind the rest of the country when it comes to race problems.

Other absentee owners, active in civil events in the North, cannot afford to be in a position of condoning or aiding racial violence in the South.

Herbert Shuttleworth of the Mohasco Industries, which operates a carpet yarn and carpet factory at Greenville, has been a director of the Community Chest at Amsterdam, N.Y., a trustee of the Amsterdam City Hospital, and is active in St. Mary's Hospital. He too cannot afford to ignore conditions of violence and racial inequality in Mississippi.

Then there is Lockport Felt, which pays Rep. Bill Miller, GOP candidate for vice president, a retainer of $7,500, and on which he serves as a director. Miller, author of an early civil rights bill, likewise cannot afford to be connected with a branch plant at Starkville, Miss., which holds back against the integration laws.

The giant Burlington Mills, one of the biggest in the nation, makes overall denim at its plant in Stonewall, Miss., and its president, Charles Myers Jr., is a director of Children's Home in Greensboro, N.C., and a Presbyterian elder. Naturally he too frowns on Mississippi racial imbalance and rioting.

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Various other executives of Mississippi plants living in the North eventually will want to stand up and be counted against inhuman relations and a bad name for their local plants. Among them is Henry M. Bliss of Ludlow Mills, whose company operates a branch plant at Indianola, Miss., and whose wife is a member of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and active in Massachusetts General and St. Vincent Hospitals. Austin Mason, president of Ludlow Mills, is active in Children's Hospital.

None of these men is going to permit his Mississippi mills to be in violation of the law, and doubtless they will want to move soon to have their local managers use their potent influence against murder, bombing, and violence.

This is where the real power structure of Mississippi is. And these absentee textile lords, throwing their influence behind Mississippi moderates, can end Mississippi's police state even before Congress reconvenes.

Students Briefed On Dixie Perils

CALIF SNCC

Oxford, Ohio

The legion of white college students training here for a civil rights invasion of Mississippi will never be able to say they weren't warned.

Still miles and days away from the borders of the Magnolia State, they're digesting a heavy diet of blood and thunder lectures about what they are likey to encounter before the summer is gone.

The 200 students from all over the country, are being sent into Mississippi at the end of this week to work in voter registration, "freedom schools," and community center programs sponsored by several major civil rights groups.

TRAINING

Their first training sessions — on techniques, security precautions, and the politics and economics of Mississippi — were held on the campus of Western College for Women here Monday.

At the first general meeting, James Forman, executive secretary of the Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee and a key figure in the program, put it on the line.

The students should expect to get beaten up, they should expect to go to jail, and they should be aware of the possibility that someone is going to get killed, he said.

Robert Moses, Negro director of the project, told the students, many of them from well-to-do families and the Nation's top colleges:

"The fact is, you have political influence through your mothers and fathers and Congressmen and other people back home. Mississippi Negroes don't.

At a meeting for a small group of students, Stokely Carmichael, 22, a Negro college graduate and veteran of four years in the Mississippi civil rights movement, was more explicit.

The only safe way to "work a plantation," when trying to get Negro field hands to register to vote, he said, "is to have two guys, one of whom stays in the car and keeps the motor running."

Chicago Daily News

FHE ★★ SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, Wednesday, June 17, 1964 PAGE 11

Mississippi Winter: Rights Workers Keep Up Pressure on Segregationists

CHAP
SNCC 11/6/64 WSJ

Continued from First Page

privately in the past to ease racial tensions, but they have had little success. The new committee, however, has strong support from Methodist and Baptist officials and is stating its case publicly with unusual forthrightness.

"These attacks are attacks on all houses of worship, on religion itself, indeed upon our Constitutional guarantees to assemble and worship," declares a fund-raising pamphlet issued by the committee. So far the organization has received gifts or commitments totaling some $25,000, about half of which has come from Mississippi.

Within the rights movement, the atmosphere is calmer, too. The fear and confusion that marked COFO operations during the summer appears largely gone. One reason, say officials of the organization, is that the rights workers now in Mississippi are experienced at their jobs. "The workers know why they're here and what they're doing," observes 29-year-old Eric Morton, a former New York staff member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People who is in charge of COFO supplies and equipment. "There isn't the naivete you saw last summer."

Some 200 COFO staff members—double the summer total—are currently on the job in Mississippi. The great bulk of the 1,000 summer volunteers, mostly white northerners, have departed, but some have stayed on and a number of new volunteers have arrived.

Thus, 150 volunteers, mostly college students taking time off from school, have been helping COFO staff members on voter education and registration work. Another 125 volunteers are teaching in freedom schools, with an additional 75 expected to arrive before Jan. 1. Many of the new teachers are more mature and better prepared than the average summer volunteer, say COFO leaders.

COFO officials also say they expect next summer's volunteers, 1,500 to 2,000 of whom will be recruited, to prove better qualified than last summer's crop. Says Robert Moses, one of the principal organizers of COFO as well as a member of the SNCC executive committee: "We've got several hundred Mississippi veterans back on college campuses to help us with recruiting. They know our needs now from personal experience and can do a better screening job."

COFO, which has shunned sit-ins and demonstrations aimed at lowering segregation barriers in public places and on the job, is continuing to concentrate on winning a bigger voice for Mississippi Negroes in government. While Negroes comprise 37% of the state's voting-age population, they account for less than 6% of its registered voters.

Mock Election

Progress in registering new Negro voters has been painfully slow. Despite the all-out drive to get Negroes on the rolls, it's estimated that no more than 2,000 new Negro voters have been registered so far this year. To dramatize the inability to vote in the Presidential election, the COFO-sponsored Freedom Democratic Party staged a mock vote in which all Mississippi Negroes of voting age could cast ballots; some 60,000 voted, nearly all for President Johnson.

Mississippi's voting laws require that a prospective registrant be prepared to interpret any section of the state constitution, but civil rights leaders say voting registrars in many counties apply the law far more strictly to Negroes than to whites. It's also charged that whites often threaten economic reprisals, including the loss of jobs and credit cut-offs, to Negroes who try to register.

Federal influence is forcing modification of the stiff registration standards in some counties. One recent evening in Benton County, for example, located in the northern Mississippi hill country, Aviva Futurian, a white history teacher taking a leave of absence from her job in Forest Park, Ill., told 13 Negroes gathered in a church on a lonely dirt road that the local registrar had eased requirements after conferences with Justice Department lawyers. Benton County applicants, she said, now need only be prepared to interpret 11 of the Mississippi constitution's sections instead of all 285 as provided by state law.

The U.S. Supreme Court currently has before it a Federal suit charging Mississippi, the state Board of Elections and registrars in six counties with discriminating against Negro voter applicants. A Government victory could lead to a drastic simplification of Mississippi registration procedures.

Already a Federal judge has thrown out completely the constitutional interpretation requirement in Panola County. The county has a population of 28,700, over 55% Negro. But until the court acted fewer than 10 Negros had been registered, compared with about 5,300 whites. Spurred by a COFO drive, Negro registration in the county has risen to an estimated 800 and is expected to hit 1,200 by year's end.

The effort to encourage more Negroes to become active in agricultural affairs is focused in 10 Mississippi counties with large numbers of Negro farmers. Benton County is one of the counties involved in the COFO project, and events there are typical of the whole undertaking.

Under Federal rules, five communities in Benton County elect local Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Committees annually. The men on each of these committees who receive the highest vote totals are empowered to name the county ASC Committee. The county committees are influential bodies, holding the power to set crop acreage allotments and oversee Federal farm loans and grants, and COFO's goal is to gain strong representation on some of the county groups.

To achieve this aim, COFO, whose agricultural activities in Benton County are guided by Robert Smith, a former student at Alcorn Agricultural and Mechanical College near Natches, first had to line up Negro candidates for the local committees. The only requirement for getting on the ballot is a petition signed by six farmers, and COFO was able to enlist one Negro candidate in each of three of the communities in the county.

Campaigning for Votes

Now Mr. Smith and other COFO workers are buttonholing Negro farmers around the county, many of whom have ignored the ASC elections in past years, to urge them to vote for the Negro candidates in the mail balloting, which starts later this month. In contrast to the state rules for regular elections, the Agriculture Department specifies that any farmers over 21 may vote. Since Negro farmers are believed to hold a slight numerical advantage over white farmers in the three communities where Negro candidates are running, there is a good chance that the Negroes will be able to elect their men and that the three Negro winners will subsequently be able to dominate the selection of the all-important county ASC Committee.

COFO staffers and volunteers have a sizable budget to work with. At present the group is spending $1,000 a week for such expenses as office rental, telephones and gasoline. COFO has 35 automobiles, 30 of which are equipped to communicate with field offices by radio; several COFO workers have deterred roadside attacks merely by picking up the microphone to notify colleagues.

New contributions have been lagging behind spending recently, and COFO is living partly off what is left of more than $100,000 of donations received during the summer. But contributions are expected to pick up in the months ahead.

REPRINTED FROM:

The Delta Democrat-Times

New Racist Organization Terrorizes Several South Mississippi Counties

By KENNETH TOLLIVER
DD-T STAFF REPORTER

A short fat man with greying crewcut hair thrusts a wrinkled and grimy piece of paper in front of a businessman, "These people must be fired from your firm," he says. "The organization does not approve of them."

The business man looks at the list and notes that two of the names represent employes he has known for 20 years, but he nods sad agreement to the demands just the same.

Germany, 1939? Russia today?

* * *

NO, AMITE County, Mississippi 1964.

The business man in question was lucky, he was afforded the courtesy of a personal visit from a representative of a new and mushrooming organization.

He might have received his first notice via a threatening phone call to his wife, or a non-too-subtle hint dropped by a "customer."

He agrees to the demands because he has seen what happens to those who do not.

In the early days of 1963, when the Society for The Preservation of the White Race was coming into its own across southern Mississippi, a few men did resist.

A Liberty merchant who could trace his family back to the earlist settlers of the community, an ardent church worker and a man known for his integrity refused a demand that he fire a longtime negro employee.

Within 24 hours a strangling boycott had been set up against his business.

* * *

THE SOCIETY stationed workers near his front door who copied the names of anyone who went into the business. Customers, many who had the highest respect for the besieged businessman, turned away rather than face the intimidation which shopping in the store meant.

As the weeks went by and the merchant found himself not only on the brink of economic disaster but also effectively locked out of the town's social life, he gave in and fired the negro.

The society was not finished however, they wanted to make sure that such independence was punished to an extent that an example would be set.

The boycott went on a couple more weeks, with a few threatening phone calls thrown in to push the man's wife near nervous exhaustion.

* * *

OUTWARDLY, the society grows as any protest group with the American right to free assembly. They hire halls, publish notice of their meetings in the papers and invite speakers.

Visitors to the "open" meetings soon find that they must pass screening to attend the so called public meeting. The society is not interested in the curious. They want converts true, but of their choice.

As for the speakers, in news paper's notices they appear to be church and civic leaders, but often they turn out to be a hard core of hate mongers who all say the same thing as if they all read from the same script.

Once, the society announced that a leading churchman would be a guest speaker in Amite County. A Liberty minister took the oportunity to write to this speaker before the talk and begged him as a fellow man of God to preach love and understanding.

The speaker, with a smirk, read selections from a letter written to him by the pastor.

* * *

NEEDLESS to say, the local minister has been looking for a new church, in another city.

To indicate that Amite County or Liberty are the seats of this gestapo type group would be a distortion of facts, but these incidents are a sample of the spread of the movement.

Hitler found it true that decent people hate to fight against intimidation and they will allow themselves to be pushed around like cattle for an incredibly long time — often until they have no chance left.

"Make them live in a valley of fear," Hitler told his faithful in 1939. "A valley guarded by our own men who will both be their only hope and the source of their fear."

Phone calls threatening in the night are far more effective than most people believe. When a voice mentions the ease with which a child could be hurt on the way to school, the husband finds it easy to knuckle down.

"The problem in this county," a society speaker told a gathering a month ago. "Is the fact we have Negroes living in this county. If they can be made to move away, we will have no further problems." he explained. "Most Negro families rent their homes from white people," he pointed out.

* * *

"ALL WE have to do is to make white people raise rents until the Negro is forced to move away. Of course we will do it gradually so that their loss will not effect our economy. We can start with the progressive Negroes, since they give us the most trouble," he concluded.

It is no nightmare that the Ku Klux Klan in Mississippi and Louisiana could burn more than three hundred crosses in one night in several towns and escape without one single citizen who could testify that he saw even a hooded person.

There must be witnesses, the police tell us. No large scale movement can escape the chance of someone seeing them, but the old standby, intimidation has lowered a veil over citizens eyes.

Mississippians point with horror to the stories coming out of New York about women being attacked in view of bystanders who would not lift a hand to help the victim, but it is no less a case of fear or apathy that saves the KKK and the Society for The Preservation of The White Race from resistance.

* * *

COUNTLESS crimes, ranging from the burning of business establishments in Pike County recently, and the bombing of a Negro barber shop in McComb, to the bombing of a Negro motel in Hinds County have been accomplished with a frightening immunity. No one sees anything, says anything or does anything.

Certainly denied evidence, no one can with justice blame these on any particular organization, regardless of the reputation for such violence.

Since the man who hurls the bomb, or makes the call is seldom exposed, the citizens themselves will have to bear both the blame and the hardships of allowing these things to happen.

One thing is certain, the KKK and the Society for The Preservation of The White Race are strong and are growing stronger. Their growth, like that of any secret or semi-secret society, depends on public apathy and fear.

Oxford, Miss.

A. Smith family in Holly Springs.

Oxford to levy increased fines

Keeping in stride with a statewide movement to erect a bulwark against anticipated racial demonstrations in Mississippi this coming summer, the Oxford City Council has passed an ordinance increasing the penalities that may be levied by the city court.

The Ordinance, patterned after Senate bill No. 1517 of the State Laws of 1964 sets out that all offenses against the city of Oxford, which are not offenses under the penal laws of the state and for which the punishment imposed by the ordinance creating such offense limits the fine to $100 and/or imprisonment not to exceed thirty days are hereby amended to increase the punishment that may be imposed for such misdemeanors to a fine not exceeding $300 and imprisonment not exceeding 90 days or both.

Section three of the city ordinance also sets out that the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen of the City of Oxford shall have the power to pass all ordinances and enforce the same by a fine not exceeding $300 and the 90 days in jail or both. The motion for the action was made by Alderman Owens, seconded by Alderman Belk and passed unanimously for adoption and approval.

Dr. and Mrs. Eugene M. Morrison plan to spend this weekend

Miss laws

Patrol Expansion Gains Final Okay

Governor Granted Riot-Curb Power

By WILLIAM PEART
Daily News Staff Writer

The Mississippi Senate gave final and decisive legislative approval today to administration-supported legislation expanding the highway patrol and investing it with police authority during racial emergencies.

The action came as the chamber adopted a report from a House-Senate Conference Committee named to separate versions of the measure.

Before the final 31-15 vote was tallied, the membership refused a proposal from Sen. Howard McDonnell of Biloxi that the Senate reject the committee report.

His motion was defeated 15-30.

McDonnell charged that the committee "actually changed the bill."

That was a reference to a rewritten section granting general police powers to the 17 investigators on the patrol's staff.

The senator declared the bill "interferes with local self government" and added the committee exceeded its authority when it inserted the section arming the investigators with police powers.

But Sen. Sonny Montgomery of Meridian, who was presiding, said he had anticipated McDonnell's charge and had conferred with Lt. Gov. Carroll Gartin earlier.

"The lieutenant governor feels this conference report is germane," he told the chamber, "and is in order."

FEARS LIQUOR RAIDS

McDonnell contended the investigators — and the patrolmen—could be used for whisky raids in his county on the Mississippi Gulf Coast, where liquor is sold openly by the drink and by the bottle.

"I am satisfied the governor won't abuse this law," he said, "but I am opposed to such an

Continued on Page 10A

Patrol Unable To Beef Up For 'Hot Summer'

Highway patrol legislation passed today likely will have little effect in racial demonstrations promised for this summer.

The first 50 to 100 of the 200 newly authorized men are expected in uniform sometime in September.

The law, however, will give clear-cut legal authority for patrolmen to join local and county officers in controlling racial demonstrators—a task they have already been performing.

Before any move can be made toward increasing the patrol from its present strength of 275 to the newly authorized 475-man size, patrol sources have said, funds must be appropriated.

Legislators have been asked to add $4.5 million to the patrol's biennial budget request of about $6 million.

In addition to the costs of starting salaries at $325 monthly plus $4 per day expenses per man, more clerical personnel likely will be sought, along with maintenance personnel, vehicles, equipment and uniforms.

PATROL BILL

Continued from Page 1A

gency as this of having general police powers."

McDonnell told the membership he wished the state's illegal liquor supply could be shut off "and if persons couldn't get a drink they would be on my side."

Last month, the Senate defeated a McDonnell - sponsored bill calling for local option legal liquor.

Sen. George Yarbrough of Red Banks, president protempore of the Senate and Gov. Paul Johnson's floor leader, acknowledged the bill grants investigators police authority.

"But it's also true," he added, "that the governor isn't going to bother liquor (by using the patrol)."

COULD USE GUARD

He also noted the governor has the authority to use the national guard for bootlegger raids.

Yarbrough said the Senate must decide "whether you are going to put Sen. McDonnell's whisky business ahead of Mississippi business."

The police authority is necessary to combat promised racial demonstrations in the state this summer, he said.

Isn't it a fact that the whole nation and all people who read Mississippi newspapers know that an army of agitators is coming down in June?" Sen. Helden Campbell asked Yarbrough.

"That is exactly right, senator," Yarbrough answered.

Sen. Vol Jones of Weynesboro spoke against concurrence and said that "it is my fear we will end up with a police state."

"The investigators," he added, "will have general police powers to enforce all the laws in the state of Mississippi."

Jones said they could "take away powers from local officials." The House adopted the conference report Tuesday after a minimum of debate.

Under the bill, the governor can police-power the patrol at the request of local officials. He can also empower it with police authority on his own initiative if he feels it is necessary to quell racial disturbances.

PROCLAMATION REQUIRED

The conference committee accepted a Senate change making it mandatory for the governor to file a proclamation with the secretary of state each time the patrol is empowered.

It also adopted a provision repealing the bill at the end of Johnson's term in 1968.

The controversial measure, which originated in the House, should be ready for the governor's sure-signature no later than Friday.

The legislation boosts the patrol maximum strength from 275 to 475 men. It also calls for establishing a police academy to train both state patrol and local law enforcement officers.

It is expected to cost the state some $4 million to implement the measure, which Johnson requested.

COPY

COPY

LUTHER WADE McCASKILL, M.D.
504 McKinley Street
Clarksdale, Mississippi
Phone: MA 4-8467

219.0.

8/12/63

SUBJECT: Mr. Lafayette Surney

To whom it may concern:

Above named person complains of being beaten up by city policemen on day of Aug. 9, 1963 about 12 noon or 1 p.m. Allegedly 5 men beat him for more than 10 minutes—with blows in his abdomen—their hands, knees & feet. Also traumatized his flank areas and back. He passed out for more than 1 hr. About 2 hrs. following the beating he was handcuffed, chained, and carried to the county jail where he wasn't examined by any medical doctor. He complains of vomiting, headaches, abd. pain, back pain, and stiffness.

P.E. Ht. 5'9" Bp 120/80 Pulse R. 26
Inspection reveals W. D. anxious young male in acute distress. Other physical findings include sense epigastric tenderness, moderate flank tenderness bilaterally, sense tenderness over L4 and L5. Routine leg raising over left.

Dx impression: (1) Acute Gastites
(2) Bruises and contusions to lumber spines—Rule out fracture and dislocation of spines

L. W. McCaskill

copied 8/19/63 Atlanta office SNCC

CASE STUDIES OF INTIMIDATION MISSISSIPPI

COFO, 1017 Lynch Street
Jackson, Mississippi

This report is a collection of personal statements concerning acts of intimidation in Mississippi between February and April, 1964. The purpose of presenting these statements is to provide documentary evidence of the continual intimidation of Mississippi's Negroes and of those who come to help them. Acts of intimidation are a fact of life for Mississippi's 950,000 Negroes and an important factor in the success or failure of civil rights activities. Nonetheless, almost no press reports of these incidents have appeared in Northern papers and no major Federal investigation has been run on any of the cases mentioned in this report.

The statements concern three different areas of the state, involving differeing forms of physical, political, and economic intimidation. The first statement is from a man in Natchez in the Southwest. In this area of the state, intimidation tends to take the form of open violence. As a result, the Negro population is still generally cowed, and civil rights work has proceeded slowly. Around the beginning of the year, the Klu Klux Klan revived in the southwest. Since then, there have been countless cross burnings, at least two bombings, and at least five killings. Many Negroes have been forced to leave counties in the extreme southwest because they were suspected of involvement in voter registration or other civil rights activities.

Reasons for the high degree of open violence in the southwest are not certain. It has been suggested, however, that the lack of a clear economic distinction between the Negro and white communities has forced the whites to resort to open violenee to keep the Negroes "in their place."

The second set of statements come from the city of Ruleville, in Sunflower County, and from Greenwood, in Leflore County, in the northwest. This is the Mississippi Delta, an area of large cotton plantations, and heavy Negro majorities in many counties. Though there has been a considerable amount of open violence in the Delta, it has not been sufficient to prevent effective voter registration activities. With the intensification of such activities, political and economic intimidation by the white community has increased. For instance, large numbers of Negro workers have been fired from jobs on the plantations and in the towns because of involvement with the civil rights movement.

Because the plantation economy has almost total economic power over the Negro, loss of a job often means immediate destitution. To add further pressure, some county authorities have on occasion ended Federal welfare programs, denying displaced Negroes unemployment relief. As a result, it has been necessary to ship tons of food and clothing from friends in the North to try to meet the basic needs of hundreds of families in the Greenwood and Ruleville areas.

In Jackson, the capital, intimidation comes mainly from the large, well-armed, extremely efficient police force. Acts of open violence are generally avoided; but beneath the surface, Jackson is a 'hard' town. Because of recent demonstrations by the large number of Negro college students in the area, city authorities seem wary of openly provoking the Negro population. Instead, police are focusing their efforts on intimidation of white workers in the civil rights movement.

In the past month, six white workers have been beaten in the Jackson jails. While no systematic attempt has yet been made to round up all the white workers from the North, the present policy seems to be to beat every such worker who comes into the Jackson jails. In this way, as the last two people beaten were told, an example is being made for those who are yet to come - - an apparent allusion to the coming COFO Summer Project.

It is difficult to understand why the incidents in this report have not been mentioned in the Northern press or investigated by the Federal Government. Few factors have as much influence on the life of Mississippi's Negroes and on efforts to organize for civil rights as the ever-present and brutal system of intimidation. Nevertheless , for some reason, these incidents have not been considered important enough to be brought to the attention of the nation.

Index of Statements

Beating of Negro
Voter Registration worker
In southwest Mississippi

State of Mississippi
County of Adams

Related by Archie C. Curtis

My name is Archie C. Curtis. I am the owner of Curtis Funeral Home, Inc. of Natchez, Mississippi. I have been in this business for fifteen years. I am a law-abiding citizen and a registered voter. I have been active in voter registration and am interested in things beneficial to my people and country.

On February 16, 1964, at around 1:30 a.m., I got a call to go pick up the wife of a man called Joe Gooden. The caller said she (Mrs. Gooden) had a heart attack. He said he was the foreman of Joe Gooden. I said I did not know Joe Gooden and did not know where he lived. The caller said to come to the end of the pavement on Palestine Road and there would be a man there with a lantern to direct me. Not suspecting anything, I got dressed and drove to the designated spot in my ambulance. I took with me my helper, William Jackson, but we did not see a man with a lantern. Instead, a car came up and some persons got out with white hoods over their heads and shoulders. They had guns. They ordered me out of the ambulance. When I was getting out, one of them struck me on the back of the hand with a pistol, opening a wound. We were blindfolded and taken about two miles away, I don't know where.

They demanded that I give them an NAACP card and tell them who else had one. I said that I did not have one, and did not know anyone else who had one. They beat us and roughed us up severely. One of them said they ought to kill us, but another one said not to do that, but just to leave us there. They left us and we found our way back to the ambulance. The lights had been left on, so the battery was dead. Then we had to walk about 2½ miles to find friendly Negro residents to help us back to town. This was especially hard on me because I am recuperating from a stroke.

I reported the incident to both local and federal authorities. I believe we should have protection from lawless elements and I will continue to be active in anything that will better our people without harming anyone else.

Original signed by Archie C. Curtis

Statement taken on April 23, 1964, at Curtis Funeral home, Natchez, Mississippi, by C. Herbert Oliver.

Original signed by C. Herbert Oliver

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
COUNTY OF LEFLORE

Council of Federated Org.
Affidavit of John Mathews

Mr. John Mathews, age 34, 725 Ave. E, Greenwood, Miss., GL 3-4698, being duly sworn, deposes and says, to-wit:

On Tuesday, March 31st, at about 12:30 p.m., I went up to the Leflore County Courthouse, went into the courthouse building. I am a citizenship teacher for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, working in Greenwood. As part of my job I was checking on whether or not people were being allowed to register or not. Evidently all people were out to lunch. Upon leaving the courthouse building, two policemen came across the street, yanked or pulled an NAACP button from my jacket, twisted my arm behind me, carried me across the street, and threw me into a patrol car. At this time a policeman got my wallet out of my back pocket, took an ink pen from my hand, broke it in half and threw it to the ground. They then took me to the city jail and locked me up. One policeman was heavy, about 185 lb., light hair, blue uniform, white shirt, police cap, a Greenwood city police uniform. The other weighed about 160 lb., dark hair, same dress, no blue coat like the other wore. At the courthouse they said that I was disturbing the peace and also was guilty of disorderly conduct. They felt that I was drunk. I had had only one beer (which I admitted to the judge the following day at 1 p.m.). In the jail that first night, it was impossible to sleep; every half hour or so three or four policemen would come and open the door and holler "You marching niggers wake up. You was marching today, why not get up and march now? Wake up, you are not supposed to be sleeping." One policeman would stick his head in the door and say sarcastically, "I want my Freedom Now." Around 1 p.m. the next day they took me into a room for the trial. The judge said that I was charged with drunk and disorderly conduct. I pleaded not guilty. We had asked to be allowed to make a phone call that previous night and morning, and we had not been allowed. I was given no opportunity to get a lawyer. The judge did not tell us that we had a right to have a lawyer. The arresting officer could not be found in my trial, so the judge said case continued until today, Thursday. They took me back to my cell. Another cop came into the cell, took me out into the identification room located in a shack in back of the jail. They fingerprinted and took my picture. While this was occurring, they called from the courtroom and I came back. My mother and arresting officer had arrived. I was sworn for the first time; the judge asked again, "guilty or not guilty". I said not guilty. He asked at least five policemen what condition I was in at the arrest. They said that I was "acting strange". At least three of the policemen were not at the arrest scene, however. So $15 fine. Back at the desk to claim my belongings, they gave me my door keys and cigarettes, but not my wallet, which I asked for several times. They had taken the stuff off me themselves, and I did not put anything into an envelope nor signed any envelope. They maintained that they did not have my wallet. It had my drivers' license and social security card, voter registration card from when I lived there in Illinois. No money. They constantly connected me with the marches (picketing at the courthouse for voter registration) although I was not. After I paid the fine a policeman (the 160-lb one who arrested me) said, "You are out now. But I will bring you right back when I catch you in a marc

original signed by John Mathews.

I certify that a notary public is not available and that the above is true to the best of my ability, this 2nd day of April, 1964.

original signed by John Mathews

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

Firing of Voter Registration Applicant
Greenwood, Miss.

A F F I D A V I T

I, Mr. Willis Wright, 23, of 405 Broad Street, Greenwood, Mississippi, (no phone) being duly sworn depose and say: to wit:

On Wednesday and Thursday, March 25 and 26, 1964, I went up to the Leflore County Courthouse in order to register to vote. I have been trying to register to vote since June 1963 when I graduated from the Broad Street public high school, Greenwood, Mississippi. I had tried five times previously to register to vote, but was told that I had failed each time, but I was never given a reason why I had failed. The person who talked and dealt with me each time was Mrs. Martha Lamb, the Registrar. Both Wednesday the 25th and Thursday the 26th of March 1964, I came to the courthouse to register, but both times there were too many people already in the registrar's office for me to get in there at the same time. So both days I joined the picket line which was outside the courthouse to show Mrs. Martha Lamb and the public that I wanted to register to vote. I carried signs, changing them with others so that we all could carry different signs. I carried signs: "One Man - One Vote, Vote For Freedom, All Men Are Created Equal, Register To Vote Not Tomorrow But Today." Both days I noticed a policeman across the street watching us. This man was new, and had not been seen before the 25th nor after the 26th. He apparently had been hired specially, maybe from another town. He had a white helmut, a city policeman's uniform on, rode a motorcycle, had a full face, bluish-gray eyes, about 5'10" tall, brown hair, and was seemingly the youngest policeman there. He just observed while the local police were taking pictures of all participants both days. On Thursday, after picketing, at about five minutes after 12 noon, as I was walking to my job, this policeman yelled at me: "You think wouldn't anybody run over you, don't you. You black mother fucker." I work at Angelo's Cafe, 700 block of Carrollton Avenue. Jimmy Ballots is the manager. After reporting to work, Ballots sent me to get some canned goods at the Russel's Wholesale Company. As I was walking back with the goods, on Carrollton, about one block from the cafe, this same policeman spotted me from his motorcycle. He pulled over and said, "Hey where are you going?" I said, "I am going to Angelo's Cafe." He said, "That's where you work?" I said, "Yes." He said, "You mean to tell me that you picket in the morning and work up there in the afternoon?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well then, we'll see what we can do about that." I said, "Alright, thank you." He left me and I saw him go into the cafe. He had left before I got back. Nothing was said that day. That was Thursday, the last day of the pay week. Friday, at 12 noon, when I appeared for work, Mr. Ballot met me on the outside with my check in his hand. He said: "Have your check cashed right in here at B&R's. I will have to lay you off right now. But I will let you know when I need you again." I had worked for him the two summers between my sophomore and junior years and between my junior and senior years. On March 7th, he asked me to start working with him again. We had gotten along real well. I believe that the sole reason that I was fired was this policeman telling my boss to fire me because of my voter registration activities.

Signed: Willis Wright

Sworn to and signed before me this 10th day of April, 1964
Signed James Carter, Notary Public

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
COUNTY OF LEFLORE

Council of Federated Organizations

Denial of the Right to Vote in Greenwood, Miss.

Affidavit by George R. Davis: I George R. Davis, 23 years old, of 113 E. Scott St., Greenwood, Miss., swear the following is true. On March 25, I marched on the voter registration line around the Greenwood court house. When I came home, my father told me that Mr. Paul Campbell, my boss at the C & J Transportation Co., 509 MacArthur St., Greenwood, had told him that I was fired. On March 25, 1964, I tried to go to work at C & J Transportation, and was told that they could not use me because my picketing was bad for business. I have worked for C & J Transportation as a truck driver off and on since 1958, and steadily since January, 1964. My father works part-time for Short Tire and Oil Co., 1300 South Main St., Greenwood, Miss. I also work there sometimes when I am not driving a truck. My father was told by David Short of the Short Tire and Oil Co. that I could no longer work there and that I would not be able to get another job in Greenwood since my picture had been shown to the members of the Citizen's Council.

Affidavit of Mrs. Alice Hemingway, P.O. Box 686, Itta Bena, Miss.: Tuesday, March 31, 1964, at about 11:30 a.m., I went down to the Leflore County Courthouse, located in Greenwood, Mississippi, to picket in the registration drive with a sign saying "I Want to Vote". A tall, slim officer in a blue uniform with soft blue cap, apparently City Police Chief Curtis Lary came up and said, "You aren't goin' to picket today." Right after that he took the sign off my neck and tore it up, and said, "Get off these streets. Go on." And I said, "Yes, sir." And then I left the courthouse and went on home.

At about the time that I was at the courthouse I saw a policeman kick Miss Dorothy Higgins as she was joining the picket line.

Affidavit of Mr. Charlie Hills: Mr. Charlie Hills, P.O. Box 543, Greenwood, Miss., made his fifth attempt to register on April 1, and was turned down. Mrs. Martha Lamb told him that he was not going to pass, so why deep coming here. He then replied, "I should pass. This is my fifth time." She then told him, "This is a mess. We White folks have been good to you all, so why don't you go home before the cops arrest you."

As Mr. Hills was leaving the courthouse, a policeman pulled beside him and said, "If I catch you in that line, I will shoot your damn head off." He then drove away.

original signed by Charlie Hills

CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN WORKERS HARRASSED IN RULEVILLE, MISSISSIPPI-
MARCH 20, 1964

Report by Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee Field Worker -
Mendy Samstein:

On Friday night, March 20, George Green and I left Jackson for the Delta to find Mrs. Hamer and Charles MacLaurin in order to learn the outcome of Mrs. Hamer's opening campaign rally in Ruleville, Mississippi. (Mrs. Hamer is running for congress in the second congressional district) and to discuss future campaign strategy. We took with us hundreds of handout leaflets for campaign canvassing as well as other campaign materials which had just been worked up in Jackson and Atlanta. We arrived in Cleveland, Mississippi at approximately 11:30 in the hope of finding McLaurin at the home of Amzie Moore, a resident of Cleveland. Finding no one home at Moore's house we decided to proceed to Ruleville to see Mrs. Hamer and perhaps find McLaurin. We arrived in Ruleville at approximately 12:15 and were driving through the Negro community when we were stopped by Ruleville police. We stopped our car (George was driving at the time). Two men got out of the police car and approached us. One was a stout, round-faced man (who we later learned was name Milam and was known to Negro residents of Ruleville for his brutality. Milam is the brother of the man who was accused of killing Emmett Till). The other was a shorter man, wearing glasses (whose name we never learned). Milam was dressed in uniform, but the other man was dressed in plain chinos and a tan shirt. (We later learned he was merely an auxiliary policeman who frequently was put on night duty).

The shorter man approached me and asked me what I was doing in "niggertown." When I did not reply he told me to get out of the car. Meanshile Milam had gone around to the other side of the car and had told George Green, "nigger, get out of the car." We were both then pushed and shoved to the back of the car where we were continuously and threateningly asked what we were doing in "niggertown". Then the shorter fellow began questioning me as to what I was doing "with that nigger". Milam then grabbed me and started shoving me around. The shorter fellow then went over to George and asked him if "he was a nigger." When George did not reply, the shorter man pulled his gun and shoved it repeatedly in George's stomach. I later learned he had the gun cocked and had jabbed it repeatedly in George ribs, causing several lacerations. After a few moments, the shorter man came over to me and told Milam that he would take care of me. He then shoved me a few yards to a lamppost and began asking me who I worked for and what I was doing here with that nigger. When I explained that I worked for the Council of Federated Organizations and that we were concerned with voting and education, he repeated intermittantly, "Why you yellow bastard, I ought to..." (cocking his fist back while saying this).

Meanwhile, Milam was back at the car with George, and I later learned from George that Milam also pulled his gun and jabbed it repeatedly into George's stomach. Before anything further transpired between me and the shorter man, Milam came and told us that we were both under arrest and that we should get in our car. We were to make a right and then proceed to the jailhouse -- which we did. When we got out, we were told to go into the jailhouse where we were told to

empty all our pockets. We were then frisked by the shorter man, who kept repeatedly calling George a "nigger." Milam, looking at me, then said, "I still don't know what you people do." When I said we were concerned with Negro participation in politics, he replied that "we don't have any nigger politics in Ruleville." At this point, we were placed in separate cells, without being fingerprinted or booked, without being able to make a phone call, and without any appraisal of what the charges against us were.

During the night, I awoke to the sharp voice of the shorter man who had arrested me earlier. He was talking to a man who was obviously being put into a cell. He kept calling the man a nigger and when the man did not reply "yes sir", he reminded him threateningly to say "yes sir" to him. After Milam and the shorter man left, I learned the man just arrested was a Negro school teacher from Hattiesburg. He was in Ruleville, trying to visit his wife who was in the hospital there, at the bedside of her mother.

The next morning around 9:00 the Negro school teacher was released. When the jailer came in, George asked him if he could make a phone call, but the jailkeeper replied, "when we get ready." Meanwhile George, from his cell, was able to see several officers go into our car and begin searching through it from hood to trunk. George saw them take several of the Mrs. Hamer leaflets from the car.

At about 10:30, George was taken out of his cell for about 15 minutes and when he returned I was taken out. I was ushered into the City Hal (Adjoining the jailhouse) and there seated next to a man at a typewriter who began asking me routine questions. (I later learned that this was the Mayor of Ruleville, Dourrough). When I asked what the charges were against me, Mayor Dourrough replied that they didn't know yet, that they were investigating me because there had been several burglaries in town recently. When he was finished questioning me, I asked to make a phone call, but the Mayor replied, "When we finish investigating." I was then returned to my cell. About a half hour later, George and I were again taken out. We were brought before Mayor Dourrough who was now acting, we assumed, as Justice of the Peace, and were told that I was charged with violating the curfew and that George was arrested for violating the curfew and going through a stop sign. We were told that the find was $10 for each count. When I told Mayor Dourrough that the Supreme Court of the United States had ruled that curfew laws for adults were unconstitutional, Dourrough replied that, "that law has not reached here yet." When I asked what the appeal bond would be, he said I would have to go to the county jail in Indianola and there await the setting of a bond. Since we had to do much work, we decidddd to pay the fines. This we did, whereupon we were released.

MEMBER OF ARMED SERVICES INSULTED AND SLAPPED IN JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI JAILED - 3/26/64

Events Leading Up to and Pertiment to My Being Assaulted by Three Members of the Jackson, Mississippi Police Force:

On 26 March 1964 my wife and I were in Jackson, Mississippi for the purpose of visiting with our long time friend, Julius Samstein. We were in route to my new Army assignment at Fort Dix, New Jersey, coming from Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

On the afternoon of 26 March, I was stopped by Patrolman Guess of the Jackson police, verbally charged with making an illegal U-Turn, taken to the police station and asked by a boy in casual civilian clothes to pay $17. At no time was I formally charged, nor did I receive a ticket or citation. A Negro lady whom I knew only as Gwen but whose full name I believe is Miss Gwen Gillon, was in the car at the time of my arrest.

On the evening of 26 March, at about 9:30 I drove Mr. Samstein to the police station where he went about the business of depositing bond for David Walker who was charged with a traffic violation. While waiting in the main lobby of the police station, a man in civilian clothes who I assumed to be connected with the Jackson police as he approached from their office, started arrogantly questioning me about my identity and business; and then abusively questioning and accusing me as to my being married to a "wooly bugaboo Nigger girl." Toward the conclusion of our conversation he said something to the effect that "you're married to a Nigger, you ought to be booted out of the Army." I answered something to the effect that I was defending the constitution of our country, more than he was doing, and that while it was no business of his who my wife was, I was confident that she was a finer woman that his wife. Our conversation ended with this man hitting me across the face with a full-swinging, open-handed smack. I then turned to leave but had trouble doing so as I was met at the door by two uniformed policemen, one of whom I believe was Patrolman Guess. They detained me for about 30 seconds, pushing me and elbowing me in the upper body. When I left the police station in my car, a police car followed me, as they had done earlier in the day when I had been at the station to pay the $17.

The following morning morning I went to the FBI office in Jackson where I reported the incident to Special Agent Charles Bond and submitted a sworn statement which went into greater detail than this present statement (including such things as witnesses, description of the assailant -- about 5'7", stocky, square face, wearing a hat,etc). He promised to conduct an investigation.

I swear to the best of my knowledge the statements contained on this page are true.
Dated-- 1 April, 1964.

Signed

I/Lt Emanuel D. Schreiber, MSC, USA

Signed

signed:
Notary Public of New Jersey
My commission expires Aug 17, 1965

Beating of CORE Worker,
Richard A. Jewett, in
Jackson, Mississippi, Jail
March 30, 1964

My name is Richard A. Jewett. My home address is 124 West 81 Street, New York 24, New York. I have been in Mississippi working for CORE (the Congress of Racial Equality) since mid-January, 1964. During this space of time from mid-January to the end of March I have been working in Canton on voter registration.

On Monday, March 30, 1964, I left the COFO (Council of Federated Organizations) office at 1017 Lynch Street, Jackson, at about 6:30 p.m. and went out to eat dinner. I went with another worker, Miss Helen O'Neal. We went to a place up the street, called Smackover's, where we sat and had a leisurely dinner, including several cups of coffee. Neither of us had any sort of alcoholic beverage before, during, or after the meal.

After the meal was over we went across the street to a drug store where each of us bought one or two personal items such as a toothbrush, pencils, filling a prescription, and the like. We were in the drugstore for approximately fifteen minutes.

We left the drugstore and started to walk back to the COFO office. We were walking side by side on the sidewalk. We were on the north side of Lynch Street and were walking east. By this time it was dark outside, and the time was approximately 7:30 p.m. or 7:45 p.m. Just after walking by the Masonic Temple at 1072 Lynch Street we passed by a police prisoner van. Parked just behind the van was a police car with four policemen sitting inside. We walked by the car, glancing inside but not stopping or paying special attention to it.

After we had walked perhaps twenty steps beyond the police car we heard a call of "Hey!" behind us. We turned around and started back when one of the officers motioned to us. As we reached the officer who had called us (He was out of the car and standing on the sidewalk; all of the other officers remained in the car.), the officer asked me what I had been drinking. I replied, "Nothing." The officer said something like "nonsense" and then, "Come along with me." I gave a package I was carrying to Miss O'Neal, who then walked off towards the COFO office.

The officer opened up the back door of the police prisoner van, a sort of panel truck with wire mesh across the windows in back and benches on both sides and in the front of the back compartment. I climbed in and sat down on one of the side benches. The back door was then closed behind me and locked with a padlock on the outside. Two officers climbed in the front seat of the van; I could see them through a mesh-covered window that looked through from my compartment into the front

seat of the van. The van was then driven to the Jackson Police Station, the police car following close behind. Once or twice the van stopped short for no apparent reason, and I was thrown towards the front of the compartment. I learned to hold tight to the bench to prevent anything serious from happening.

When the two vehicles reached the basement of the city jail, the padlock was unlocked and I stepped down and started to walk with the officers towards the elevator. Inside the elevator the light was switched off by the officer pressing the buttons for the floors. The light was not turned on again until we reached the floor towards which we were headed.

When we reached the room where I was booked I was asked to stand in front of a desk on which there were two typewriters. A form was inserted into one of the typewriters, and a series of questions were asked me. These questions -- name, address, name of mother, name of father, date of birth, and the like -- were the same questions asked of me when I had previously entered the Jackson city jail, so I believe the questions were all part of the form.

After the form had been completed, the officers started asking other questions. They asked who I worked for, how much money I made, when I got paid - all of which I answered. They then asked what my wife thought of my dating a Negro girl -- which I did not answer. They asked several other questions which I do not remember, then they asked if I would deny if I was a Communist. I said that my political beliefs were not pertinent to the charges being placed against me and that I would not answer any questions about my political beliefs. Right after this one of the officers started to hit me.

The officer was standing behind me. We had moved to a desk on another side of the room where my pockets had been emptied and several questions had been asked about the contents of my pockets. Comments were made about how much money I had (about $20) and about a sheet of paper -- very old and crinkled -- with The Movement written across the top and a list of names on it. The officers at one point had asked how long I had been here and I had replied two months. One of the officers said he didn't believe me, that he had ridden up and down Lynch Street many times but had never seen me. After this business with the pockets we had moved back to the desk with the typewriters, and the officers were arranged with two behind me and two in front of me.

The officer who began to hit me was standing behind me. He raised his arm and came down with the side of his hand across my neck. He repeated this motion about half a dozen times, each time striking hard. I gave under each blow but straightened up for the succeeding one. As he hit me the first time he said something like "Nigger-lover" but said nothing for each of the other blows.

After these blows, the officer turned me slightly towards him and started to hit me in the body and stomach and face with his fists. As he did this he forced me back the six or eight feet across the room until I was against the wall. He then took my head in one of his hands and slammed my head against the wall two or three times. After this he pulled me forward and forced me to the ground. While I was on the ground he kicked me several times in the stomach and chest.

I then got up, and he started hitting me on the body again with his fists. He also kicked up with his leg several times and kicked me in the stomach. After this he walked into one of the other rooms off the booking room.

At one point another officer joined in the hitting, but he did very little. The two remaining officers simply looked on the whole time.

The officer who had administered most of the beating came back out of the side room very soon. He was breathing very hard. At this point the officers looked at me and membled something about resisting arrest and nodded to each other. I had resumed my position in front of the table with the typewriters. As the officer who had done the hitting typed out something I noticed his name-plate; it read EARL GUESS. I did not notice the names of any of the other officers.

I would estimate that the whole beating took from 30 to 45 seconds.

Shortly after this the jailer came into the room and led me off to my cell. I was kept by myself in one of the investigation cells overlooking the Hinds County Courthouse.

Several of the trustees (Negro) who serviced the cell spoke to me during the next two days that I was there. They asked if I were the fellow who was beaten in the bocking room on Monday night. When I replied that I was, they asked why. I said that I was a civil rights worker. Several of the people told me in turn about how they had been beaten when they had come in.

At my trial my lawyer, Mr. Jess Brown, spoke with the prosecuting attorney. I pled nolo contendere, and fines against me of $15 on one count, $25 on another count, and 30 days suspended sentence on the third count were levied. The three counts were drunkenness, resisting arrest, and vagrancy. I believe the two fines were for drunkenness and resisting arrest, the suspended sentence for vagrancy; but there was a mixup at the trial and I do not know.

I served two days in the County Jail before money came to pay my fines and release me.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
COUNTY OF HINDS

Council of Federated Organizations
Affidavit of Eli Hochstedler

Jail Treatment of white student in Jackson, Mississippi

On Thursday, April 16, I, Eli Hochstedler,(white), along with Marion Gillon(Negro), was arrested for attempting to integrate the Jackson Municipal auditorium to attend the Holiday on Ice Show. We were charged with Breach of the Peace.

On Friday, the following day, we were each sentenced to six months imprisonment and $500.00. We were taken to the Hinds County jail about 6:30 p.m. About 9:30 p.m. I was beaten and whipped by two prisoners in the cell in which I was staying.

The jailer did not place me behind bars at the same time as the rest of the white prisoners were put in. From the looks and stares I sensed that they had been told why I was in jail. One of the prisoners later told me that the jailer had told them before-hand who was coming and what I had been arrested for. After taking a shower, I was told by a prisoner (who later beat me) that I had better stay on my bunk in my cell if I knew what was good for me. The six common cells had eight bunks in each and were open 6:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.

At about 9:00 p.m., a dozen or more inmates gathered in the cell where I had been told to stay. I was told to get out of my bunk. After talking and trying to reason with them for some time I was told that they were going to show me and any other people from the North thinking about coming down to stir up trouble what would happen to them if they came. I had been sitting on the lower bunk. When I stood, a prisoner who weighed about 400 lb., hit me near the left eye. I fell to the floor. When I got up, he hit me and knocked me down again. After one or two repetitions, I fell into a lower bunk. My face was bleeding. He then stopped hitting me. One of the prisoners ordered me to get back on my bunk and to roll up my mattress. They threatened to kill me if I didn't follow orders. I did as I was told. After laying on the steel bunk for 10-15 minutes, I was ordered to get down and lean over with my head on a lower bunk. Another prisoner then began whipping me with a leather belt. I had on only my underwear. After about eight lashes I wasordered to lower my shorts. He then continued the whipping. All during the whipping I kept repeating, "Father, forgive them, because they really don't know what they are doing. Oh, Lord, help me to take it." After 16 or 18 lashings, I screamed and stood up. Somebody then hit me hard on the right jaw, and nearly knocked me out. I remained sprawled out on a lower bunk for several minutes, after which I crawled back into my bunk for the rest of the night. No one beat me any more that night.

Saturday morning the jailer asked me what had happened to my face. I didn't tell him because the other prisoners were within hearing range. I'm quite sure he knew what had happened, but he just laughed when I told him I ran into something.

During the next day one of the prisoners told me that last night was just a sample of what was coming tonight. Because of depression and fear, I made a statement Saturday evening with the pretense that I was changing my ways and would do nothing more in the area of civil rights for Negroes. They made no more attacks or threats on me while I was in jail.

On Monday, April 20, Pete Stoner, another white active in civil rights was placed in the jail. I was told to move into another cell so Pete could stay where I had been. I moved down one cell and across the hall. At about 9:30 p.m., one or more prisoners began beating him. I could not see the beating, but could very easily hear it. I heard the continuous beating last for about three minutes. Ten or fifteen minutes later they ordered him out of his bunk for a whipping. They ordered him to lower his pants. I heard about six or eight lashings. That is all the beating I heard that night. In my opinion, the life of any white civil rights person is in danger in a Mississippi jail.

original signed by Eli Hochstedler

At 9:30 p.m., Tuesday, June 30, two Miss. Highway Patrol cars drove up to the house of Mr. David Howard, Mileston Road, Mileston in Holmes County. Patrolman D. McGee of the Belzoni MHP office and Glenn of the Greenwood MHP office were accompanied by Bob Gilespie, who is "deputized," and one other patrolman. They drove up to Mr. Howard's house with their top lights off. McGee later reported that all of the lights in the Howard house went off as the patrol cars arrived. The four men got out of the car with an undetermined number of rifles and/or shotguns. Gilespie had a strong flashlight which he shone into the windows of the house. Glenn asked for a "Joe" Bingham whom Glenn said he had orders to protect, saying something about a request Bingham's father had made to protect his son because he was being molested and held against his will or something to that effect. Immediately prior to the visit to the Howard's, these patrol cars had asked for information at the Mileston store. Mr. Howard claimed no acquaintance with Bingham and said he had no idea where he lived.

The following morning at around 9 a.m., Deputy Sheriff Moore of Tchula, who covers the fifth beat in Holmes County, arrived to ask for some knowledge as to Bingham's whereabouts. Mr. Howard said in no uncertain turns that Gilespie had gone way beyond the bounds of reason and courtesy when he shined his light into all the windows of the Howard house. Mr. Moore agreed with Mr. Howard and said he did "regret" that this had happened and agreed also that Gilespie had exceeded the limits of his authority as a mere "deputized" individual.

Bingham, after consultation with Mr. Howard and Mr. Burns of Goodhope who was at Mr. Howard's at the time of the Tuesday night incident, decided to go to Moore in Tchula and if necessary Glenn in Greenwood to determine what was going on. He took Marshall Ganz, Peter Orris, Mike Kenney, and someone working on community center project (Eber?). Bingham, Kenney, and Eber met with Moore who repeated what he had told Mr. Howard earlier in the day. He was relatively communicative and indicated that he was upset that the MHP had come into Mileston without even notifying him. He said he wanted to ensure our protection and said he would do everything he could to that end. So we asked him to secure us some county maps which he said he would do. He spoke of a lawless element which he had no control over and hence said he could not guarantee our safety. He was very concerned over the possibility of a repetition of the Philadelphia incident in Holmes County and what that would do to the image of that area.

Immediately after this conversation we drove to Greenwood. After a brief stop at the office, we went to the MHP office at 510 11th St. and met with Mr. Glenn. He repeated what we already had been told and thus confirmed for the first time that the Patrol had indeed been ordered to protect Bingham. Glenn said Bingham could not leave the MHP office without a guard. Bingham then called Chief A.D. Morgan of the MHP to try and determine why the guard had been instituted. Morgan would shed no new light on the matter except to say that it had come from the State Executive Office. He suggested Bingham call a Steve Henderson there. Henderson works in the Governor's office. Mr. Henderson obviously knew why the Patrol guard had been ordered but he would say no more than we knew. It was clear that the order to the MHP had come from the Governor's office.

At this point, Bingham called his father who had become implicated in all of this. It developed that Bingham's father had spent a quite unfriendly hour with Sen. James O. Eastland who insisted throughout the conversation that Bingham's father get Bingham out of the State. No word was mentioned by either Eastland of Alfred Bingham about possible protection for Mr. Bingham's son. The next morning, however, Mr. Bingham learned that a 24-hour guard had been ordered for his son.

Bingham left the Greenwood MHP office with the other four volunteers. As the five were leaving, Glenn said to two patrolmen as he pointed at Bingham, "That's your man." Glenn had previously explained to Bingham that the guard was

a personal one, that the patrolmen would eat with us, stay with us when we sleep, go to the john with us, etc.,etc. The two permanent patrolmen assigned to us were Mosley and Dukes who took the entire affair as a deadly serious business. The license number of their car corresponded to the one reported on the WATS line as having been at Howard's house the night before.

Bingham decided to go to Jackson to determine what should be done. He drove into Howard's, got out of his car and waited until the others went for his clothes. It was clear that the patrol would not follow his car unless he was in it. Bingham took Mike Kenney to Jackson with him. After a discussion with Bob Moses about what should be done, Bingham and Kenney went to make some phone calls in downtown Jackson. After Bingham placed his first call and was waiting for the party to call back, one of the patrolmen phoned in the pay-phone number to headquarters and presumably had it tapped. Bingham went to another phone.

Bingham and Kenney decided to spend the night in the Heidelberg Hotel in Jackson rather than have this patrol terrorize the Negro community. The patrolmen entered the room in the hotel to check it out before allowing Bingham and Kenney to enter. During the night the two patrolmen waited in the lobby by the elevator which appeared to be the only way out. In the morning, about 8 a.m., the patrolmen knocked on Bingham and Kenney's bedroom door to introduce two new patrolmen, Patrolmen Steppe and Wemutz (?) who were to be with us until Mosley and Dukes had time to rest and wash up. It was apparent that Dukes and Mosley were the permanent patrol.

During the morning of telephoning, Bingham and Kenney were discussing strategy in the park across from the Capitol when Wemutz and Steppe were joined by Mosley and Dukes who looked refreshed. With them was a film movie or TV cameraman. This was 10:45 a.m. He said he was a free-lance photographer. The officers said he worked for the Police Department of Jackson. Bingham and Kenney do not know whether he took any pictures while their backs were turned.

After checking out of the hotel, Bingham and Kenney headed out to Tougaloo College to see Ed King. They stopped at the small store across the railroad tracks from Tougaloo College to phone Rev. King. There was no door on the phone booth and when, at 11:30 a.m., Bingham asked Patrolman Mosley if he would please sit in his car which was parked about 4 feet from the booth so that Bingham could make his call in private, Mosely refused to move away saying his orders were to stick close and he was doing just that. They had previously, particularly in the white community, been 25-35 feet away. It was immediately after this incident that Kenney began to take, in a rather obvious fashion, some notes. At this point and never before this point, they asked Bingham who was with him. When Bingham hesitated, they said they could demand his identification. Bingham told them his name and home state (California) but they demanded his identification anyway.

Unable to reach King on the phone, Bingham drove up into the Tougaloo campus, dropped Kenney off to locate King, and returned to the store. While waiting at the store, Bingham entered the Negro-owned store to buy a Coke. Mosley immediately took his rifle and stood guard just inside the door. After leaving the store, Bingham suggested that perhaps a rifle was a little excessive, Mosley said, "We're not playing for fun."

Shortly, Mosley and Dukes left because Mosley's wife was sick. Patrolmen Bethea, a very young officer, replaced them. He normally patrols Rt. US 51. He followed Bingham to Ed King's (back driveway) and accepted King's invitation to come to the house. Unlike his four predecessors, he was very friendly, but ill at ease.

Following their visit with King, Bingham and Kenney returned to their car to find Patrolmen McGee and Rainey of Belzoni HHP office waiting to relieve Bethea. Bingham drove to the State Highway Patrol Headquarters just north of Jackson to talk with Chief A.D. Morgan. McGee and Rainey sat in on the conversation. The first question raised was whether the guard was for the whole summer or could be terminated at any time. Morgan said it could be stopped at a moment's notice but that the patrolmen on duty at the time would escort Bingham to wherever he wanted to go and would not "leave him high and dry" on a deserted road. Regarding entry into

the homes of Negroes, Morgan said that the patrolmen would not enter a home if Bingham would vouch for the persons within the home before he entered. Morgan warned that once Bingham entered a home, the patrol could not accept his vouchsafe because someone might have a gun in his back. In cases of doubt, Morgan thought that the guard would have authority to enter any home. It was clear he did not know the legal limitations of a personal body-guard. Morgan said that if there were people Bingham did not know in a home, someone whom Bingham did know could vouch for them. Morgan also said that an examination of identification in cases of doubt would be all that the guard would require. Morgan said that persons entering the house after Bingham had entered could be vouched for in the same way (i.e. Bingham would have to come outside). Morgan insisted that the officers would use their own discretion with regard to firearms, and especially shotguns and rifles. When Bingham suggested that there was more need for the officers to carry rifles and shotguns in the white than in the Negro community, Morgan refused to comment except to say that the guard had to look out for its own safety as well as Bingham's.

Morgan commented that the MHP was primarily a highway patrol and not a general law enforcement body. He regretted that the highway death rate had risen in the past two weeks, due he felt to the undue attention accorded civil rights workers and particulary the three missing people (Morgan never mentioned Chaney when referring to this incident, only Schwerner and Goodman). Morgan said fifteen people had recently been killed in highway accidents who might not have had the patrol been able to devote its time to its main duty. Morgan emphasized the professional nature of his job.

Returning to Jackson, Bingham and Kenney went to the King Edward Hotel to make some more phone calls. While Bingham was phoning, a 35-40 year old man in a dark suit and slightly graying hair (ht. 5'10"), tanned complexion, who Patrolman Rainey later said was a state legislator, took a full-length picture of Kenney and quickly turned around and disappeared in a gathering crowd of spectators who had learned from the patrolmen who Bingham and Kenney were. The crowd, of 10-12, all of whom it turned out were state legislators, made a number of jokes about Kenney who was taking notes on what was happening and then holding his camera open (he took a picture of a man who looked similar to the one who had taken his picture). The group did a unique rendition of "We Shall Overcome," while cavorting and making merry. Bingham and Kenney had an animated discussion on racial and political and economic problems in Mississippi. They made a few too many telling points early in the game which resulted in all of the legislators taling at once so that Bingham and Kenney were unable to make any more points.

Following this discussion, Bingham and Kenney went to the COFO office. Bingham requested and was given permission to enter the COFO office without the two officers (still McGee and Rainey). After about a half hour in the office, Rainey went into the adjoining restaurant and asked Kenney to get Bingham, rather than going into the office to get Bingham directly. McGee reported to Bingham that Chief Morgan had just called on the radio and said the Guard was to be terminated after they had escorted Bingham and Kenney to a safe place. Bingham said they could leave immediately. They did.

Coahoma County Branch NAACP
429 Yazoo Avenue
Clarksdale, Mississippi

SUBJECT: Police Brutality in Clarksdale, Mississippi

ATTENTION: Aaron E. Henry

Police Brutality, Clarksdale Style. The enclosed affadavit and/or Photograph will convey the treatment of the Brother of a young man involved in the Freedom Movement in Clarksdale, which was sustained while the victim James Atkins was a prisoner in the Clarksdale City Jail. James Atkins had gone to jail early Sunday afternoon, September 1, 1963, where Percy was already being held. Percy had been picked up for wearing a Tee Shirt with the words FREEDOM NOW stenciled across the back and CORE across the front. James had gone to the police station to ask that no harm came to Percy while he was being held. James was refused permission to see Percy upon this visit. Later that night James was picked up by the Clarksdale Police Department; the results are vividly shown here.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
COUNTY OF HINDS

I, JESSE LEE HARRIS, BEING DULY SWORN ACCORDING TO LAW, DEPOSES AND SAYS:

On or about May 21, 1962, Mr. Luvaghn Brown and I went to the Hinds County Court in Jackson, Mississippi, on Pascagoula Street, at about 9:20 a.m. We went into Judge Russell Moore's court room and took a seat on the first bench on the left side as one enters the court. After about a minute we were approached by a man who did not identify himself. I have since learned that his name is Mr. Carter. He told us to leave. We asked him why. He said, "You boys have to leave or move to the other side of the court room."* At that time he went up to Judge Moore and spoke to him. About a minute later he came back and told us to leave the court room, and we left. At about 1:20 p.m. we went back to the court room and took a seat at the same place. We were approached by Mr. Carter who again told us to leave. At that time, Judge Moore asked, "Are you boys refusing to obey the bailiff's orders?" There were approximately 20 people in the court room at that time. I said, "No." The Judge said to Mr. Carter, "Take them away." Mr. Carter then took us to lock us up. He took us to the elevator. I asked, "Where are we going?" Mr. Carter said nothing. Mr. Carter called in another guard, and Mr. Carter said to the guard, "Come go up with me." Then we got on the elevator, and we were taken to the jailer, whose name is Mr. P.A. Hutton, While the jailer was taking our possessions, the bailiff said to Luvaghn Brown, "Next time I put my hands on you, don't look surprised." Mr. Hutton took me to a cell called the bullpen. He took Luvaghn to the juvenile cell. There were 29 others in the bullpen. Some of them asked me, "What are you doing here." I said, "I don't know." The next morning, May 22, 1962, we had breakfast at about 6 a.m. Later, the jailer called my name and told me to come outside. He told me to come out in the hall. I asked, "For what?" He said, "Just go on." In the hall there was a big man, well over 6 feet tall, standing there with a warrant in his hand. He asked, "Is your name Jesse Harris." I said, "That's right." He asked, "Nigger, can you say 'yes sir'?" I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "I have a warrant for your arrest, and I hope that they send you to the Hinds County Farm for ten years. That's all." Then the jailer came back and told me to get back in the bullpen. After about an hour I was taken to a small cell adjacent to the bullpen, which I shared with four others. Our next meal was at 11:30 a.m. About 4:30 p.m., Luvaghn and I were taken down to the court room for our trial. One of the guards took us to court and we were handcuffed together. After we got to the Court Room, we were told to stand against the wall in the hall. While standing there we saw Mr. Thomas Gaither, who is a Field Secretary for the Congress of Racial Equality, and a young lady. We began talking to him when the guard came and took us into a room. The guard came back and got us after about ten minutes, and told us that we were to be taken to the small court room because the large court room was still in use. This was at approximately 4:45 p.m. The two of us were in the small court room for about ten minutes when Mr. Thomas Gaither and the young lady came in and took a seat on the colored side of the court room. After about ten more minutes, Judge Moore, Mr. Carter, the court stenographer, and about four other white men came into the court room. The court was called to order by Judge Moore a little after the hour of 5 p.m. Mr. Carter and I were sworn in and then Mr. Carter took the stand. Mr. Carter stated that on the date of May 22, 1962, he asked me to move from the white side of Judge Moore's court and I had refused to move. He said that he had asked me to move twice. He further testified, "And they just set there, and I put them under arrest." Judge Moore asked me whether I wanted to say anything to Mr. Carter while he was on the witness stand. I said, "No." The Judge then told me to take the witness stand. I did and testified that what Mr. Carter had said was true. I then said that Mr. Carter did not identify himself when he came to me on the previous day in the court room and asked me to move. I also testified, "Mr. Carter came to us in the court room, asking us to move to the Negro side. I asked Mr. Carter why we had to move. Mr. Carter just said that we were going to have to move. At that time the Judge asked us,

* We again asked him why. He said, "You boys just have to leave."

'Are you going to obey the bailiff?' and I said 'no' because he gave us no reason for having asked us to move." The Judge asked me, "Is that all?" and I said, "Yes." He then asked me to step down. The Judge then said, "Do you have any further comments or questions?" I said, "No." and then the Judge said, "I sentence you, Jesse Harris, to the Hinds County Farm for 30 days and a $100 fine. That is all. Take your seat." At this time he called Luvaghn Brown. He asked Mr. Carter to take the stand and testify. Mr. Carter testified to the same effect as above, that he had asked Luvaghn Brown to move and Luvaghn Brown had refused. The Judge then asked Luvaghn Brown whether he had any questions he wanted to ask of Mr. Carter. Luvaghn Brown said that he did. After Luvaghn Brown questioned the bailiff, the Judge asked Luvaghn Brown to take the stand. Luvaghn Brown testified to the same effect as I did, viz. that he had been asked to move by Mr. Carter, who had not identified himself, and Mr. Carter had given no reason for wanting us to move. The Judge then asked Luvaghn Brown, "Did you hear the bailiff's order?" Luvaghn Brown said, "Yes," and repeated that Mr. Carter had given no reason for our having to move. The Judge then asked Luvaghn Brown whether there was anything he wanted to say. Luvaghn Brown said yes. He said, "Judge Moore, I would like to make a motion for another Judge because you were the judge that had placed us under arrest." The Judge replied, "Motion denied." Luvaghn Brown asked the Judge for his reason for having us arrested. The Judge said, "I will send you to the Hinds County Jail for 30 days and a $100 fine, to let you know that the Court does not have to have a reason for everything it does." (Note: the trial took about 40 minutes.) He told the officer who had brought us down from upstairs to take us back to lock us up. When we reached the elevator, we met two other officers and one told us to get in. Before the elevator started, one of the officers told us to face the wall of the elevator with our hands up. and at that time he asked Luvaghn Brown what was his name. Luvaghn Brown told him, and then the officer asked him where he lived. Luvaghn Brown said, "Jackson." He asked, "What part?" Luvaghn Brown said, "Georgetown." He then asked me my name, and I told him. He asked me where I lived and I replied, "North Jackson, Georgetown." and he said, "You damn nigger, I mean what street?" I said, "Parkway Avenue." At that time he hit me twice on the back of the neck with his fist. The blows were so hard that my knees buckled, and I slightly turned my head because of the shock of the violent and unexpected blow. He then hit me with a closed fist in my nose, which began to bleed quite heavily. He said, "You damn nigger." About that time the elevator had stopped, and he told us to get out. While getting out of the elevator, all three of the officers tried to trip us. On my way back to the bullpen, the prison trustee jailer, who was white, asked me what happened. I said, "Nothing." After I got into the bullpen, the other prisoners asked me what had happened also. I said that I was beaten on the elevator while coming back to the bullpen. My nose was still bleeding heavily at this time. They asked me did I know who did it. I said, "No." They asked me to describe him. I said he was a tall man, about 5'11", weighing about 210 pounds. They said, "Oh, we know him." I was told that his name was Allen Moore, a deputy sheriff of Hinds County. They asked me whether or not I was going to do anything about it, and I told them that I would like to see a lawyer about this. I then wrote a letter to a member of the Jackson Nonviolent Movement telling him what had happened, and gave it to one of the prisoners soon to be released. The next day, May 23rd, Jess Brown, an attorney, came to see me, asking me to tell him what had happened. I told him my story and he asked me whether or not I wanted to file a complaint. I told him that I did want to do so. He told me that he would do everything he could for both Luvaghn Brown and me. On May 24th I was still in the bullpen. That morning, when my nose was still hurting me quite badly, I asked the guard for some medication, and he said that he would see about it. He never did return with anything for my nose. After breakfast on the 27th, I was told by the jailer to get my bed roll as they were going to take me to the Hinds County Farm. The jailer took us to his office where we met Mr. Mack Thomas, whom I believe to be the superintendent of the Hinds County Farm. He had with him two Negro prison trustees named Amos and Clay. Mr. Thomas put handcuffs on me and Luvaghn Brown. While taking us to the car, and in the hallway, Amos hit me in the chest with his fist. I had been walking in front of

them, and had slowed down and turned to wait for directions as to which way to go. Amos said, "Go along, nigger. When a white man tell you to do something, you do it." After we got to the car we were told to get in the back seat and be quiet. On the way to the county farm, Mr. Thomas asked our names and where we were from and what we did and where we went to school. When we reacged the farm we were signed in as "Freedom Riders." After we filled out the entry forms we were put in the same cell. We were given striped uniforms rather than the regular uniform of a white T-shirt and blue overalls. We were the only ones I saw who had a complete outfit of stripes. After about ten minutes the prisoners came by our cell on their way to lunch. We saw one friend of ours and began to talk with him. When Mr. Thomas came he asked us what we were talking a bout. We said, "Nothing much. He's just a friend." And the guard said, "If you have anything to talk about, you say it to me. You people are not coming down here to change things. Now this is a rule. When I tell you to do something, you do it or else. When I tell you to grab a hoe, you get it. If I tell you to grab a slang blade (scythe) you do it. You address the guards as captain. You address the other prisoners as Mister. If you work, then everything will be alright." With Mr. Thomas was an Officer Broom. I told him that he wouldn't have any trouble out of us. He said, "O.K., and then everything will be alright." On May 28th, in the morning after the road gang left, we were told by Officer Broom more of the rules. He then took us to the front of the supply house. With him were three Negro prisoners and one guard named Keith. Keith was standing there with a large stick, about one foot long and about an inch thick. Officer Broom told Keith that we were Freedom Riders. Keith said, "I'd like to put this stick around their damn necks." Officer Broom told us to go into the supply house to get a shovel and to follow him. He would tell us what to do. We then went on and helped clean out a ditch. On the 10th of June we received visitors: Mr, Paul Brooks, Mrs. Catherine Brooks, Mr. Dave Dennis, Miss Amelita Redmon, and Mr. Cornell Lowe. After talking to them we were taken back to our cell and about ten minutes later one of the guards called Luvaghn Brown to the office of Mr. Thomas and told him that he knew that none of the visitors were relatives of his. He advised Luvaghn Brown to write a letter and tell them not to come back. Then he also assigned us both to a truck to go out and work on the road gang. I was assigned to Officer Keith's truck, and Luvaghn Brown was assigned to Officer Wright's truck. On or about the 12th of June we were working on a right-of-way. Officer Keith told me to work harder than any of the others. He also said, "You damn nigger, when I say work, I mean work." About an hour later he told me to stop working and come go with him. He called three other Negro prisoners and he had a hose pipe in his hand. The hose pipe was made of hard rubber, about 6 feet long and approximately one inch thick. He told the prisoners, whose names were PeeWee or James Conway, Hugh, and W.C., to hold me down on the ground with my pants down while officer Keith would beat me. After hitting me about seven times while I was face down on the ground, Officer Keith told me to get back to work. I said, "Why did you whip me?" He said, "Shut up, nigger, and go back to work." After that I went back to work and nothing happened for the rest of the day. On or about the 28th of June, while on the road gang, we were moving logs, two men to a log. Officer Keith told me to get a log my myself. I told him that I couldn't move one by myself. He said, "You damn nigger, move that log." I told him again that I couldn't move it by myself. Then he started to hit me across the back with a stick about one inch thick and three feet long. He hit me about ten times across the back. I asked him to stop hitting me and he stopped. He said, "O.K., nigger, I'll get to you later." At the end of the day, when we returned to the county farm, I was called to Mr. Thomas' office. Mr. Thomas said, "Jesse Harris, you are going to the Hinds County Jail." I asked, "Why?" He said, "Shut up, nigger, turn around and get in the car." He put handcuffs on me. The handcuffs were then attached to a security belt which had been placed about my waist. I rode in the back of the car between two Negro prisoners who went along. Officer Broom was in the front seat with Mr. Thomas. Mr. Thomas signed me in to the jailer of the Hinds County Jail, Mr. P.A. Hutton. They then took me to the "sweat box," which is a steel hole 9' by 12' with no window and only a steel door. It was approximately 110 degrees in there when I was put inside. They opened the door and

told me to get in, and I asked, "What did I do?" He said, "Nigger, just shut up and pull off your clothes and get inside." So I got inside. After staying in there for about thirty hours with bread and water having been given to me four times, I was let out. The last time that they brought me bread and water I told the guard that my side was hurting me and that I had a bad headache from the heat. The guard's name was Kelly, and he came back about three minutes later and opened the door and let me out. He put me in a cell, I think a maximum security cell. I stayed there until Saturday afternoon around 1 p.m. Mr. Thomas came and put handcuffs on me and took me back to the Hinds County Farm. After we reached the farm, he said, "I don't want any more trouble out of you." I said, "Yes sir." The next Monday, I was put back on the road gang. I was told by Guard Keith to work harder than anybody else. I made it through the rest of the day without any further incident. Even though I wasn't beaten anymore, the guard was always cursing and riding me about working hard. The only other prisoner he bothered as much as he did me was a young man who was mentally retarded. However, other prisoners are constantly being beaten and intimidated. Beatings occur regularly with a leather strap about 4 feet long, 6 inches wide, and 1 inch think.

Signed Jesse Harris
Jesse Lee Harris

Sworn to and subscribed before me this
9th day of July, 1962.

Signed: _____
B.R. Dansby
Notary Public

First Judicial District of Jackson, Miss.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

COUNTY OF HINDS

I, LUVAGHN BROWN, BEING DULY SWORN ACCORDING TO LAW, DEPOSES AND SAYS:

That on or about May 21st, 1962, Mr. Jesse Harris and myself went to the Hinds County Court House where Mrs. Diane Nash Bevel was being tried on charges of contributing to the deliquency of minors. We entered the court room at approximately 9:20 a.m. and took seats on the first bench on the left side as one enters the court room. After sitting for about one minute, we were approached by a man whom we later learned was the bailiff of the court, Mr. Carter. He asked us to move to the other side of the court room. I told him that we were perfectly satisfied with the seats we had. He asked us to move again, and I repeated my previous answer. The bailiff went to the Judge's bench and conversed with him for about a minute. The bailiff returned to where we were seated and told us we had to leave the court room. We immediately got up and left. We re-entered the court room about 1:20 p.m. We took the same seats that we had occupied that morning. The bailiff approached us and asked us to leave the court room. I told him that we were not going to move. He asked us if we hadn't been told to stay out of the court. We answered, "Yes." He then turned to the Judge and told him that we were refusing to leave the court room. The Judge asked us if we were refusing to obey this man's orders. I answered, "Yes we are." He then told the bailiff, "Take them upstairs and lock them up." The bailiff told us to come with him. When we reached the door of the court, the bailiff pushed me into the door. I turned around, startled, and he told me, "Go ahead." He took us as far as the elevator door by himself. Jesse asked the bailiff, "Why did you ask us to move?" The bailiff answered, "Because the Judge said so." The bailiff called a deputy and asked him to go upstairs with him. After we got upstairs to the jailer's office (Mr. P.A. Hutton), the jailer took our possessions. While this was happening, the bailiff said to me, "Next time I put my hands on you don't look so surprised." The jailer took Mr. Harris to a section of the jail called the bullpen. I was taken downstairs to the juvenile division. There were several other prisoners on the floor, but I was locked in a cell alone. On the morning of May 22nd, 1962, we were served with warrants for our arrest. When the deputy came to serve the warrants, they called us out one at a time. I went first. As I approached the cell door, he asked, "Are you Luvaghn Brown?" I answered, "Yes." He then said, "Don't you know how to say 'Yes Sir' to me, nigger? I don't like your ass and as far as I'm concerned, you're a damned nigger and I'll take you back in this jail and beat you to death. I hope they send you to the county farm for ten years." We left our cells at about 4:20 p.m. on Tuesday, May 22nd, 1962. We were handcuffed together by our right arms. We were taken downstairs to court by one deputy. In the hall downstairs, we saw Mr. Thomas Gaither, field secretary of CORE, and a young lady. We were left in the hall mementarily by the guard. We started a conversation with Mr. Gaither. After seeing this, the guard put us in a small room to the right of the courtroom to wait for our trial. We were taken to court about 5 p.m. with Judge Russell Moore presiding. Mr. Gaither and several guards were in the court room. Mr. Harris was the first to be tried. The Judge read the charge and asked us if we wished to testify. We answered, "Yes," He swore three of us in at the same time: Mr. Harris, the bailiff, and myself. The Judge called the bailiff to the stand and asked him to make a statement as to what had happened the day before in the court room. The bailiff's statement read as follows: "On May 22, the defendents entered the court room about 9 a.m. I asked them to move to the other side of the court room. They refused and I asked them again. They still did not move. I went to the Judge's bench and told him what was happening. He instructed me to tell the defendents to leave the court room. I returned to the defendents and told them to leave. At about 1 p.m. the defendents reentered the court room. I asked them hadn't they been told to stay out of the court room. They answered, 'Yes.' I told the Judge that they had returned and asked him what should I do. The Judge asked the defendents were they refusing to obey my orders. They answered, 'Yes.' Judge Moore then instructed me to place them under arrest." The Judge

asked Jesse did he wish to question the bailiff and Jesse answered, "No." He then asked Jesse did he wish to take the stand. He said, "Yes." He made the following statement: "I entered the court room on Monday, May 21st, at about 9:20 a.m., and took a seat on the first bench on the left side as one enters the court room. A man, Mr. Carter, came up to me and asked me to move to the other side. Since he did not show any proof of his authority, I refused to move. Then Mr. Carter went to the Judge's bench. About a minute later, he returned and told us we had to leave the court room. We got up and left. About 1:20 p.m. we re-entered the court and took the same seats we had occupied that morning. Mr. Carter came up to us and asked us hadn't we been told to stay out of the court. We answered yes, we had, and then asked him why. He did not answer, but turned to the Judge and told him that we were refusing to leave the court room. The Judge asked us were we refusing to obey the bailiff's orders. I answered, 'No.' The judge told the bailiff to take us upstairs and lock us up. At no time did the bailiff show any proof of his authority in the court room." My trial followed Jesse's. The judge read the charges against me. I made a motion that Judge Moore leave the bench and allow another Judge to hear the case since he was the judge that had ordered our arrest. The reason that I gave for this was so that Judge Moore might be able to take the stand and give testimony as to why he ordered our arrest. The motion was denied. He recalled Mr. Carter to the stand. Mr. Carter made the same statement that he had made at Jesse's trial. The Judge asked did I wish to question the witness. I said I did and began questioning Mr. Carter:

Q: Mr. Carter, did you at any time identify yourself as an officer of the court?
A: No.
Q: Why did the Judge order you to arrest us?
A: I don't know.
Q: Why did you ask us to move to the other side of the court?
A: Because you weren't suppossed to be sitting there.
Q: Why?
A: You just weren't.

Mr. Carter then left the stand, and I took the stand. I made the following statement: "I think that Mr. Carter's testimony should be ruled as irrelevant because he consistently referred to the wrong date; that is, May 22nd instead of May 21st in his testimony before the court. The Judge told me that this was unimportant. Then I asked the Judge, "Since Mr. Carter did not show us any proof of his authority, how were we suppossed to know that he was the bailiff?" The Judge did not answer me, he just smiled. I asked the Judge to give me a reason for ordering our arrest. He asked me if 30 days was enough of a reason, and then said, "Therefore I sentence you to 30 days on the county farm and $100 fine." Then we were taken from the court room by the same deputy that had brought us down before. We were not hand-cuffed when we left. The deputy was joined at the door of the elevator by two other county officials. We were put in the elevator facing the back wall with our hands up against the wall. As we started up in the elevator, one of the officials began to question me. He asked me, "Where do you live?" I answered, "Jackson." He asked me, "What part?" I said, "Georgetown, North Jackson." He then turned to Jesse and asked him the same questions. Jesse answered the same way that I had. The guard called Jesse a "damned nigger," and said, "I'm talking about what street you live on." Then he started to hit Jesse. I was able to see two of the blows that Jesse received. One was on his side and the other on the face, which started his nose bleeding. The guard turned back to me and said, "Do you know what street you live on, nigger?" Before I could answer, the elevator had stopped. As we attempted to leave the elevator, the two guards that were standing in the front of the elevator tried to trip us. I mementarily lost my balance but regained it. Jesse did the same thing. A trustee jailer took us back to our cells. On Sunday, May 27th, Mr. Mack Thomas, Superintendent of Hinds County Farm, and two of his trustees came to get us. As Mr. Thomas was taking us downstairs, one of the trustees made this statement (speaking of Jesse):"This nigger doesn't act like he wants to do what you say." Then he hit Jesse in the chest with his fist. Thomas instructed the trustee (John Amos) to leave Jesse alone. We were taken out to the station wagon which was parked outside, put

in the back seat with our backs to the driver. As we started toward the farm, Mr. Thomas began to question us. He asked us questions like, "Where do you live?" "Where did you work before you got in jail?" "Are you in school?" and "How old are you?" When we reached the farm, we were given striped suits, and put into their maximum security cell. We were the only prisoners dressed completely in stripes. The other prisoners were instructed not to say anything to us or to associate with us in any way. That afternoon, Mr. Thomas came in and gave us the rules and regulations governing the prison. Another guard, Mr. Broom, came in with him. Mr. Broom made a threatening gesture to hit me, but was stopped by Mr. Thomas. Monday morning when we went out to work, Mr. Broom made the following statement: "You are expected to work just like everyone else. I try to be fair with everyone, but you are some of those smart niggers who try to be like us. I should take you behind the barn and give you a good fist beating. You will be expected to say 'Yes sir' to everyone that speaks to you, no matter how old they are. You see these niggers standing here? (speaking of some of the prisoners he had lined up) They will beat you themselves if I tell them to. They are in here for decent crimes such as bootlegging, stealing, robbery, or forgery." He then asked the prisoners whether or not he should take us and beat us. One of the prisoners answered, "No, sir, I think they'll be allright." On or about June 11, 1962, we were given overalls and T-shirts and told whose truck to catch for the road gang. I was assigned to officer Douglas Wright's truck. I received my first beating on or about June 18, 1962. I had gone to the dentist's on the 16th. I was still ill from the extraction of a tooth. I had been unable to eat very much so I was weak and unable to work hard. Mr. Wright told me, "Get to work, nigger." I told him I was ill and couldn't work. I asked him if I could sit down for awhile. He said, "Hell no, and get your ass back to work." I went back and tried to work, but couldn't. He asked one of the prisoners, a Negro called "Smiley," to cut him a stick. He told another Negro called Robert to come and get me. Robert and another Negro called Windham held me down while Wright beat me. The stick was about 1½" thick and about 4 feet long. He hit me about 10 or 15 times on the lower back. When the two could no longer hold me down, "Smiley" came to their aid. Then he told me to get back to work. The next beating occurred some time during the last week of June. We were putting up a barbed-wire fence. I was walking toward the truck that was used to take the prisoners out every morning. The guard, Mr. Wright, was standing off to the right of the truck with the other prisoners gathered around the rear door. I heard someone call my name. Thinking it was one of the prisoners, I answered, "What?" The guard said, "That's enough for you to get a beating." He told "Smiley" to cut him a stick. The stick was about 3" thick and 4 or 5 feet long. Two men held me down: "Kid" and Windham. Wright hit me from 15 to 20 times on the lower back. After the prisoners let me up, Wright pulled his gun and said in a threatening tone of voice, "Say it again. Say 'what' again." I didn't say anything. After holding the gun on me for about two minutes, he told me to get in line with the rest of the prisoners. Though I received no more beatings, the guard was continually cursing me about working harder. Other prisoners are constantly being beaten and intimidated. Beatings are usually done with a leather strap. The above affadavit is true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

Signed .....
Luvaghn Brown

Sworn to and subscribed before me
this 9th day of July, 1962.
Signed: B.B. Dansby
Notary Public
First Judicial District, Jackson, Miss.

REPRINTED FROM:

THE NATION

May 18, 1964

Incident in Hattiesburg . . . . . Howard Zinn

There was one moment of sick humor when the four of us in the FBI office in Hattiesburg, Miss., met the interrogating agent who had come in to get the facts from Oscar Chase about his beating the night before in the Hattiesburg city jail. John Pratt, attorney with the National Council of Churches, tall, blond, slender, was impeccably dressed in a dark suit with faint stripes. Robert Lunney, of the Lawyer's Committee on Civil Rights, dark-haired and clean-cut, was attired as befits an attorney with a leading Wall Street firm. I did not quite match their standards because I had left without my coat and tie after hearing of Chase's desperate phone call to SNCC headquarters to get him out of jail, and my pants had lost their press from standing in the rain in front of the county courthouse all the day before; but I was clean-shaven and tidy. Chase, a Yale Law School graduate working with SNCC in Mississippi, sat in a corner, looking exactly as he had a few hours before when I saw him come down the corridor from his cell: his boots were muddy, his corduroy pants badly worn, his blue work shirt splattered with blood, and under it his T-shirt, very bloody. The right side of his face was swollen, and his nose looked as if it were broken. Blood was caked over his eye.

The FBI agent closed the door from his inner office behind him, surveyed the four of us with a quick professional eye, and then said soberly: "Who was it got the beating?"

I mention this not to poke fun at the FBI, which deserves to be treated with the utmost seriousness. After all, the FBI is not responsible —except in the sense that the entire national government is responsible, by default—for prison brutality and police sadism. It is just one of the coldly turning wheels of a federal mechanism into which is geared the frightening power of local policemen over any person in their hands.

Chase had been jailed the day before—Freedom Day in Hattiesburg — when a vote drive by SNCC had brought more than 100 Negroes to the county courthouse to register. On Freedom Day, also, fifty ministers came down from the North to walk the picket line in front of the county courthouse, prepared to be arrested.

It was a day of surprises, because picketing went on all day in the rain with no mass arrests, though the picketers were guarded the whole time by a hostile line of quickly assembled police, deputies and local firemen. These arrived on the scene in military formation, accompanied by loud-speakers droning orders for everyone to clear out of the area or be arrested. Perhaps there were no mass arrests because SNCC had been tirelessly putting people into the streets, until police and politicians got weary of trundling them off to jail; perhaps newly elected Mississippi Governor Paul Johnson wanted to play the race issue cautiously (as his inaugural speech suggested); or perhaps the presence of ministers, TV cameras and newspaper men inhibited the local law men.

Oscar Chase, after beating in Hattiesburg on January 22, 1964.

At any rate, only two persons were arrested on Freedom Day. One was Robert Moses, SNCC's director of operations in Mississippi, who has, in his two years or so in the state, been beaten, shot at, attacked by police dogs and repeatedly jailed —a far cry from his days in Harvard graduate school, though not perhaps, fundamentally, from his childhood in Harlem. Moses was arrested for failing to move on at a policeman's order, across the street from the courthouse.

The other person arrested that day was Oscar Chase, on the charge of "leaving the scene of an accident." Earlier in the day, while driving one of the ministers' cars to bring Negro registrants to the courthouse, he had bumped a truck slightly, doing no damage. But two policemen took note, and in the afternoon of Freedom Day a police car came by and took Chase off to jail. So Freedom Day passed as a kind of quiet victory, and everyone was commenting on how well things had gone—no one being aware, of course, that about 8 that evening, in his cell downtown, Oscar Chase was being beaten bloody and unconscious by a fellow prisoner while the police looked on.

No one knew until early the next morning, when Chase phoned SNCC headquarters. I was talking with a young Negro SNCC worker from Greenwood, Miss., in a Negro café down the street, when the call came in. We joined the two ministers, one white and one Negro, who were going down with the bond money. The police dogs in their kennels were growling and barking as we entered the jail house.

Bond money was turned over, and in a few minutes Chase came down the corridor, unescorted, not a soul around. A few moments before, the corridor had been full of policemen; it seemed now as if no one wanted to be around to look at him. After Chase said he didn't need immediate medical attention, we called for the police chief. "We want you to look at this man, as he comes out of your jail, chief." The chief looked surprised, even concerned. He turned to Chase: "Tell them, tell them, didn't I take that fellow out of your cell when he was threatening you?" Chase nodded.

The chief had removed one of the three prisoners in the cell early in the evening, when Oscar complained that he was being threatened. But shortly afterward the guards put in another prisoner, of even uglier disposition. He was not as drunk as the man who'd been taken out, but he was in a state of great excitement. He offered first to lick any man in the cell. Chase said later: "He was very upset about the demonstration—wanted to know why the jail wasn't 'full of niggers.'" He had been a paratrooper in World War II, and told Chase he "would rather kill a nigger-lover than a Nazi or a Jap."

The third man in the cell proceeded to tell the former paratrooper that Chase was an integrationist. Now he began a series of threatening moves. He pushed a cigarette near Chase's face and said he would burn his eyes out. Chase called for the jailer, and asked to be removed from the cell. The jailer made no move to do so. The ex-paratrooper asked the jailer if Chase was "one of them nigger-lovers." The jailer nodded.

What Oscar Chase remembers after that is that the prisoner said something like, "Now I know why I'm in this jail." Then:

The next thing I can remember was lying on the floor, looking up. I could see the jailer and some other policemen looking at me and grinning. I could also see the other prisoner standing over me, kicking me. I began to get up, was knocked down again, and then heard the

door of the cell open. The cops pulled me out and brought me into another cell, where I remained by myself for the rest of the night. . . . I was still bleeding, a couple of hours after the incident. . . . Watching from the door of my new cell, I saw the trusty put a pack of cigarettes and some matches under the door of my attacker's cell. Later I heard police come in and let him out. I could hear them laughing. . . .

The FBI dutifully took photographs of Oscar Chase and long, detailed statements. Those experienced in the civil rights activities of the past few years will be astonished if anything comes of that.

The beating of Oscar Chase was not extraordinary. In fact, it was a rather mild example of what has been happening for so long in and out of police stations. White field secretaries for SNCC have been beaten again and again in the Deep South: William Hansen had his jaw broken in a jail cell in Albany, Ga.; Richard Frey was attacked on the street in Greenwood, Miss.; Ralph Allen was beaten repeatedly in Terrell County, Ga., and John Chatfield was shot in the same county; Robert Zellner has been beaten too many times to record.

Negroes have been beaten more mercilessly, more often, and with less attention: legs have been broken by policemen, faces smashed to a pulp, clubs used again and again on the heads and bodies of black men, women, children. In towns in Georgia, James Williams had his leg broken by police (Americus); Rev. Samuel Wells was kicked and beaten by police (Albany); Mrs. Slater King, five months pregnant, was punched and kicked by a deputy sheriff (Camilla), and later lost her baby. In Winona, Miss., Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer and Annelle Ponder were beaten by police. Men, women and children were clubbed in Danville, Va., by police. In a Clarksdale, Miss., police station, a 19-year-old Negro girl was forced to pull off her clothes and was then whipped. The list is endless. The FBI has faithfully recorded it all.

Probably the nation doesn't know. It is very much like the Germans and the death camps. There they are, all around us, but we honestly don't see them. Those Americans who do know don't seem to care. Some express concern, but also a sophisticated resignation. Fresh indignation by the naive is met with a knowing smile. "Man, where have you *been*?" After all, long before and far outside the civil rights movement people have been beaten by police, in and out of jail houses, in every state of the Union. We do have what is called "due process" in the United States, but in that long gap between the moment when a friendless individual encounters an armed policeman to the moment when the normal processes of judicial procedure begin to work, the Constitution too often does not exist.

Something needs to be done, at last, about police and jail-house brutality in this country. Perhaps, to start in a moderate and respectable way, some foundation should subsidize a national investigation, supervised by a panel of distinguished jurists, political scientists and churchmen. But even before that, the President and the Attorney General should be pressed to think and to act on the problem.

We need to stop citing the delicate balance between state and nation in our federal system as an excuse for police tyranny; particularly we need to do so in the South. The truth is that we have not been observing the constitutional requirements of that balance. When the Fourteenth Amendment was passed, a hundred years ago, it made explicit what was implied by the loss of half a million lives in the Civil War—that henceforth state and local governments could not deal with their inhabitants unrestrained by national power. For a hundred years, it has been national law that state and local officials must not discriminate on the ground of color; forty years ago, the Supreme Court began (in the Gitlow case of 1925) to rule that, beyond race, the same restrictions on the states derive from the other guarantees of the Bill of Rights. And statutes going back to 1866 prohibit willful deprivation of a person's constitutional rights by local officials.

In other words, the legislative basis for national protection of citizens against local tyranny has existed for a century. The judicial sanction for federal intervention has been in effect for decades, and the Supreme Court has several times made very clear that the President can take any action he deems necessary to enforce the laws of the land. What has been missing—*and it is a void no civil rights legislation can fill*—is the blunt assertion of Executive power, by an interposition of national force between local police and individual citizens. Ever since the North-South deal of 1877 which put an end to any meaningful reconstruction, political interest, caution and the absence of any compelling necessity have combined to leave the Fourteenth Amendment unenforced by the Executive.

What is required now is the establishment of a nation-wide system of federal defenders, specially trained, dedicated to civil rights, and armed. These special agents would have at their call civil rights attorneys, prepared to use the federal courts and the injunctive process in much bolder ways than the Justice Department has been willing to adopt thus far. They would be stationed in offices all over the South, but also in the North. With the full power of the national government behind them, they would, in many cases, be able to *persuade* local officials to behave. But they would have the authority—already granted to the FBI, but, curiously, never used in civil rights cases—to make immediate arrests when faced with violation of federal law.

Policemen, deputy sheriffs and other local officials must know that they will *immediately* be locked up in a federal penitentiary if they act against citizens in violation of federal law. *Habeas corpus* and due process will be accorded them, but they will face what thousands of innocent people have endured up to now: the burden of raising bail money, of physically getting out of jail, of waiting for slow judicial processes to take effect. The choice is bitterly clear: Either we put up with the jailing and beating of thousands of Negroes and whites who have done nothing but ask for rights asserted in our Constitution, or we put into jail—*without* brutality— enough local policemen and state officials to make clear what the federal system really is. It is not a matter for discussion in Congress; it is a matter for action by the President of the United States.

Federal interposition is needed at three points in the citizen-policeman confrontation: by its mere presence, to act as a preventive; on the spot at the moment of confrontation (up to now, the federal government, given advance notice of danger, has repeatedly refused to send aid); and in the first moments after confrontation, when quick restitution might still be made of an individual's rights. That one phone call which arrested people are often permitted might be made on a "hot line" connecting every local police station with the regional federal defenders' office.

There is genuine misgiving in liberal circles about the creation of such a federal power. But that fear is a throwback to the pre-New Deal failure to recognize that the absence of central power may simply make the citizen a victim of greater local or private tyranny. The storm of economic crisis in the 1930s blew out of sight our Jeffersonian caution in regard to federal power in economic activity. The nation learned that stronger central authority does not *necessarily* diminish individual freedom; it is required only that such authority be specifically confined to designated fields of action.

Our next big psychological and political hurdle is the idea that it is possible—in fact, necessary—to assert national strength on the local level for the protection of the constitutional liberties of citizens. How much more sacrifice will we require from Negroes and whites, bloodying themselves against the wall of police statism, before the nation is moved to act?

REPRINTED FROM:

THE NATION

June 1, 1964

'Tired of Being Sick and Tired' . . . Jerry DeMuth

About 20 feet back from a narrow dirt road just off the state highway that cuts through Ruleville, Miss., is a small, three-room, white frame house with a screened porch. A large pecan tree grows in the front yard and two smaller ones grow out back. Butter bean and okra plants are filling out in the gardens on the lots on either side of the house. Lafayette Street is as quiet as the rest of Ruleville, a town of less than 2,000 located in Sunflower County, 30 miles from the Mississippi River. Sunflower County, home of Senator Eastland and 68 per cent Negro, is one of twenty-four counties in the northwestern quarter of the state—the Delta—that make up the Second Congressional District. Since 1941, this district has been represented in Congress by Jamie Whitten, chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Agriculture, who is now seeking his thirteenth term.

From the house on the dirt road there now comes a person to challenge Jamie Whitten: Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer. Mrs. Hamer is a Negro and only 6,616 Negroes (or 4.14 per cent of voting-age Negroes) were registered to vote in the Second Congressional District in 1960. But in 1962, when Whitten was elected for the twelfth time, only 31,345 persons cast votes, although in 1960 there were more than 300,000 persons of voting age in the district, 59 per cent of them Negro. Mrs. Hamer's bid is sponsored by the Council of Federated Organizations, a Mississippi coalition of local and national civil rights organizations.

Until Mississippi stops its discriminatory voting practices, Mrs. Hamer's chance of election is slight, but she is waking up the citizens of her district. "I'm showing people that a Negro can run for office," she explains. Her deep, powerful voice shakes the air as she sits on the porch or inside, talking to friends, relatives and neighbors who drop by on the one day each week when she is not out campaigning. Whatever she is talking about soon becomes an impassioned plea for a change in the system that exploits the Delta Negroes. "All my life I've been sick and tired," she shakes her head. "Now I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired."

Mrs. Hamer was born October 6, 1917, in Montgomery County, the twentieth child in a family of six girls and fourteen boys. When she was 2 her family moved to Sunflower County, 60 miles to the west.

The family would pick fifty-sixty bales of cotton a year, so my father decided to rent some land. He bought some mules and a cultivator. We were doin' pretty well. He even started to fix up the house real nice and had bought a car. Then our stock got poisoned. We knowed this white man had done it. He stirred up a gallon of Paris green with the feed. When we got out there, one mule was already dead. T'other two mules and the cow had their stomachs all swelled up. It was too late to save 'em. That poisonin' knocked us right back down flat. We never did get back up again. That white man did it just because we were gettin' somewhere. White people never like to see Negroes get a little success. All of this stuff is no secret in the state of Mississippi.

Mrs. Hamer pulled her feet under the worn, straight-backed chair she was sitting in. The linoleum under her feet was worn through to another layer of linoleum. Floor boards showed in spots. She folded her large hands on her lap and shifted her weight in the chair. She's a large and heavy woman, but large and heavy with a power to back up her determination.

Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer

We went back to sharecroppin', halvin', it's called. You split the cotton half and half with the plantation owner. But the seed, fertilizer, cost of hired hands, everything is paid out of the cropper's half.

Later, I dropped out of school. I cut corn stalks to help the family. My parents were gettin' up in age — they weren't young when I was born, I was the twentieth child — and my mother had a bad eye. She was cleanin' up the owner's yard for a quarter when somethin' flew up and hit her in the eye.

So many times for dinner we would have greens with no seasonin' . . . and flour gravy. My mother would mix flour with a little grease and try to make gravy out of it. Sometimes she'd cook a little meal and we'd have bread.

No one can honestly say Negroes are satisfied. We've only been patient, but how much more patience can we have?

Fannie Lou and Perry Hamer have two daughters, 10 and 19, both of whom they adopted. The Hamers adopted the older girl when she was born to give her a home, her mother being unmarried. "I've always been concerned with any human being," Mrs. Hamer explains. The younger girl was given to her at the age of 5 months. She had been burned badly when a tub of boiling water spilled, and her large, impoverished family was not able to care for her. "We had a little money so we took care of her and raised her. She was sickly too when I got her, suffered from malnutrition. Then she got run over by a car and her leg was broken. So she's only in fourth grade now."

The older girl left school after the tenth grade to begin working. Several months ago when she tried to get a job, the employer commented, "You certainly talk like Fannie Lou." When the girl replied, "She raised me," she was denied the job. She has a job now, but Mrs. Hamer explains, "They don't know she's my child."

The intimidation that Mrs. Hamer's older girl faces is what Mrs. Hamer has faced since August 31, 1962. On that day she and seventeen others went down to the county courthouse in Indianola to try to register to vote. From the moment they arrived, police wandered around their bus, keeping an eye on the eighteen. "I wonder what they'll do," the bus driver said to Mrs. Hamer. Halfway back to Ruleville, the police stopped the bus and ordered it back to Indianola. There they were all arrested. The bus was painted the wrong color, the police told them.

After being bonded out, Mrs. Hamer returned to the plantation where the Hamers had lived for eighteen years.

My oldest girl met me and told me that Mr. Marlowe, the plantation owner, was mad and raisin' Cain. He had heard that I had tried to register. That night he called on us and said, "We're not ready for that in Mississippi now. If you don't withdraw, I'll let you go." I left that night but "Pap" — that's what I call my husband — had to stay on till work on the plantation was through.

In the spring of last year, Mr. Hamer got a job at a Ruleville cotton gin. But this year, though others are working there already, they haven't taken him back.

According to Mississippi law the names of all persons who take the registration test must be in the local paper for two weeks. This subjects Negroes, especially Delta Negroes, to all sorts of retaliatory actions. "Most Negroes in the Delta are sharecroppers. It's not like in the hills where Negroes own land. But everything happened before my name had been in the paper," Mrs. Hamer adds.

She didn't pass the test the first time, so she returned on December 4, and took it again. "You'll see me every 30 days till I pass," she told the registrar. On January 10, she returned and found out that she had passed. "But I still wasn't allowed to vote last fall because I didn't have two poll-tax receipts. We still have to pay poll tax for state elections. I have two receipts now."

After being forced to leave the plantation, Mrs. Hamer stayed with various friends and relatives. On September 10, night riders fired sixteen times into the home of one of these persons, Mrs. Turner. Mrs. Hamer was away at the time. In December, 1962, the Hamers moved into their present home which they rent from a Negro woman.

Mrs. Hamer had by then begun active work in the civil rights movement. She gathered names for a petition to obtain federal commodities for needy Negro families and attended various Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) workshops throughout the South. Since then she has been active as a SNCC field secretary in voter registration and welfare programs and has taught classes for SCLC. At present, most of her time is spent campaigning.

In June of last year, Mrs. Hamer was returning from a workshop in Charleston, S.C. She was arrested in Winona, in Montgomery County, 60 miles east of Indianola, the county in which she was born. Along with others, she was taken from the bus to the jail.

They carried me into a room and there was two Negro boys in this room. The state highway patrolman gave them a long, wide blackjack and he told one of the boys, "Take this," and the Negro, he said, "This what you want me to use?" The state patrolman said, "That's right, and if you don't use it on her you know what I'll use on you."

I had to get over on a bed flat on my stomach and that man beat me . . . that man beat me till he give out. And by me screamin', it made a plain-clothes man — he didn't have on nothin' like a uniform — he got so hot and worked up he just run there and started hittin' me on the back of my head. And I was tryin' to guard some of the licks with my hands and they just beat my hands till they turned blue. This Negro just beat me till I know he was give out. Then this state patrolman told the other Negro to take me so he take over from there and he just keep beatin' me.

The police carried Mrs. Hamer to her cell when they were through beating her. They also beat Annelle Ponder, a SCLC worker who was returning on the bus with her, and Lawrence Guyot, a SNCC field secretary who had traveled from the Greenwood SNCC office to investigate the arrests.

They whipped Annelle Ponder and I heard her screamin'. After a while she passed by where I was in the cell and her mouth was bleedin' and her hair was standin' up on her head and you know it was horrifyin'.

Over in the night I even heard screamin'. I said, "Oh, Lord, somebody else gettin' it, too." It was later that we heard that Lawrence Guyot was there. I got to see him. I could walk as far as the cell door and I asked them to please leave that door open so I could get a breath of fresh air every once in a while. That's how I got to see Guyot. He looked as if he was in pretty bad shape. And it was on my nerves, too, because that was the first time I had seen him and not smilin'.

After I got out of jail, half dead, I found out that Medgar Evers had been shot down in his own yard.

Mrs. Hamer paused for a moment, saddened by the recollection. I glanced around the dim room. Faded wallpaper covered the walls and a vase, some framed photos, and a large doll were placed neatly on a chest and on a small table. Three stuffed clowns and a small doll lay on the worn spread on the double bed in the corner. Both the small doll and the larger one had white complexions, a reminder of the world outside.

We're tired of all this beatin', we're tired of takin' this. It's been a hundred years and we're still being beaten and shot at, crosses are still being burned, because we want to vote. But I'm goin' to stay in Mississippi and if they shoot me down, I'll be buried here.

But I don't want equal rights with the white man; if I did, I'd be a thief and a murderer. But the white man is the scardest person on earth. Out in the daylight he don't do nothin'. But at night he'll toss a bomb or pay someone to kill. The white man's afraid he'll be treated like he's been treatin' Negroes, but I couldn't carry that much hate. It wouldn't solve any problem for me to hate whites just because they hate me. Oh, there's so much hate. Only God has kept the Negro sane.

As part of her voter-registration work, Mrs. Hamer has been teaching citizenship classes, working to overcome the bad schooling Delta Negroes have received, when they receive any at all. "We just have nice school buildings," she says. In Sunflower County there are three buildings for 11,000 Negroes of high school age, six buildings for 4,000 white high school students. In 1960-61, the county spent $150 per white pupil, $60 per Negro pupil. When applying to register, persons as part of the test must interpret the state constitution but, Mrs. Hamer says, "Mississippi don't teach it in school."

The Negro schools close in May, so that the children can help with the planting and chopping; they open again in July and August, only to close in September and October so that the children can pick cotton. Some stay out of school completely to work in the fields. Mississippi has no compulsory school-attendance law; it was abolished after the 1954 Supreme Court school-desegregation decision. Many Negro children do not attend school simply because they have no clothes to wear.

Mrs. Hamer has helped distribute clothing sent down from the North. "We owe a lot to people in the North," she admits. "A lot of people are wearing nice clothes for the first time. A lot of kids couldn't go to school otherwise."

One time when a shipment arrived for distribution, the Ruleville mayor took it upon himself to announce that a lot of clothes were being given out. More than 400 Negroes showed up and stood in line to receive clothes. Mrs. Hamer, combining human compassion and politicking, told them that the mayor had had nothing to do with the clothing distribution and that if they went and registered they wouldn't have to stand in line as they were doing. Many went down and took the registration test.

"A couple weeks ago when more clothes arrived," she relates, "the mayor said that people could go and get clothing, and that if they didn't get any they should just go and take them. I went and talked to the mayor. I told him not to boss us around. 'We don't try to boss you around,' I told him."

Obviously, Fannie Lou Hamer will not be easily stopped. "We mean to use every means to try and win. If I lose we have this freedom registration and freedom vote to see how many would have voted if there wasn't all this red tape and discrimination." If Mrs. Hamer is defeated by Jamie Whitten in the primary, she will also file as an independent in the general election.

Last fall, SNCC voter-registration workers attempted to register in freedom-registration books all those not officially registered. These Negroes then voted in an unofficial Freedom Vote campaign, choosing between Democrat Paul Johnson, now Governor, Republican Rubel Phillips, and independent Aaron Henry, state NAACP chairman. Henry received 70,000 votes.

The same thing will be done this summer, and if Mrs. Hamer loses, the Freedom Vote total will be used to challenge Whitten's election.

Backing up the discrimination charges are nine suits the federal government has pending in seven Second Congressional District counties, including a suit in Sunflower County where, in 1960, only 1.2 per cent of voting-age Negroes were registered.

A Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party is also being formed which will hold meetings on every level within the state, from precinct on up, finally choosing a delegation to the National Democratic Convention that will challenge the seating of the regular all-white Mississippi delegation.

In addition to Mrs. Hamer, three other Mississippi Negroes are running for national office in the 1964 elections. James Monroe Houston will challenge Robert Bell Williams in the Third Congressional District, the Rev. John E. Cameron faces William Meyers Colmer in the Fifth, and Mrs. Victoria Jackson Gray is campaigning for the Senate seat now held by John Stennis.

This extensive program provides a basis for Negroes organizing throughout the state, and gives a strong democratic base for the Freedom Democratic Party. The wide range of Negro participation will show that the problem in Mississippi is not Negro apathy, but discrimination and fear of physical and economic reprisals for attempting to register.

The Freedom Democratic candidates will also give Mississippians, white as well as Negro, a chance to vote for candidates who do not stand for political, social and economic exploitation and discrimination, and a chance to vote for the National Democratic ticket rather than the Mississippi slate of unpledged electors.

"We been waitin' all our lives," Mrs. Hamer exclaims, "and still gettin' killed, still gettin' hung, still gettin' beat to death. Now we're tired waitin'!"

THE
Commonweal
VOLUME LXXX, NO. 18 AUGUST 7, 1964

Total Segregation

Black Belt, Alabama

JERRY DeMUTH

DALLAS COUNTY, Alabama. A Black Belt county, with Negroes in the majority though only a few registered to vote, and with no integrated facilities except the Trailways bus station. Birthplace of Alabama's White Citizens' Council and home of a unit of the National States' Rights Party. Target of four Justice Department civil suits against county and city officials and Citizens' Council leaders. Base of operations for a posse organized by the county sheriff which not only quells local demonstrations but ranges throughout the state in its activities.

Dallas County, Alabama, one of the most "Southern" of Southern counties. Circuit Judge James A. Hare summed up its creed last fall: "Any form of social or educational integration is not possible within the context of our society." And Chris Heinz, mayor of the county seat, Selma, said, "Selma does not intend to change its customs or way of life."

In fall of 1962, an organized attack on the county's customs of total segregation and discrimination began when the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) went into Selma to assist and encourage local leadership. The SNCC project itself began in February 1963 and continues this summer, though success is as slow coming as in the worst parts of Mississippi.

In June, the resumption of intensive voter registration activities immediately brought on increased arrests and intimidation. SNCC planned a Freedom Day —a period of heightened effort at registering Negro voters—for the week beginning July 6. Registration books would be open all that week, instead of the usual first and third Monday of each month. Then, with President Johnson's signing of the civil rights bill, came tests of its public accommodations section. Violence and arrests, and the resulting tension, climbed to new heights.

Accompanied by a photographer, I went to Selma the first weekend in July. We were followed and watched by police as we entered the town and went to the main hotel. We called the local FBI agent, so he would know we were in town. When asked, he said he knew nothing about recent arrests and violence growing out of theater integration. Then as we wandered to the sheriff's office, we saw crowds of whites in front of some stores, waiting, staring at us with hostility.

About 25 possemen—deputized local citizens—...illed around outside the county building. Others filled the offices and hallway inside. A few talked of "beating niggers." After emptying their office of possemen, Chief Deputy Sheriff L. C. Crocker and Circuit Solicitor Blanchard McLeod—both of whom have a number of Justice Department suits pending against them—conducted us inside. We introduced ourselves, and they refused to give us information of any kind. McLeod brought in a magazine with an article of mine which mentioned Selma and read and reread it, getting more upset each time. Crocker took down descriptive information on us. "So we can identify you, when we pull you out of the river in the morning." He had made the same comment to SNCC workers last spring when he asked them to fill out identification forms.

Crocker and McLeod said they knew nothing about Freedom Day and the voter registration drive. Two flyers announcing the drive were posted on their bulletin board and they had already begun a campaign of arresting all SNCC staff persons in town.

ON FRIDAY, July 3, Eric Farnum of SNCC spoke at the Catholic Mission about the literacy program. Head of the mission is Father Maurice Ouellet of the Society of St. Edmund. A friend of the movement, he often has visited civil rights workers in jail. Last fall, Sheriff Clark banned him from the county jail. The priest was also threatened with arrest and a warrant was made out but never served. Officials have asked the archbishop to remove him.

Farnum left the mission but before he could walk to the corner was picked up by police and arrested on charges of disturbing the peace. When an attorney and SNCC project director John Love went to the jail, the jailer tried to attack Love. On Saturday, four members of the literacy project were arrested on trespassing charges when they tried to eat in a downtown restaurant. A girl who carried a broken chain medallion in her purse was charged with carrying a concealed weapon. Clark described it as a weighted chain. The car they had driven downtown was towed off by police. Later a sixth SNCC staff person, Alvery Williams, was arrested too.

Saturday afternoon, local Negroes went to the two theaters in Selma, the Walton and the Wilby. At the Wilby, where the balcony was filled, Negroes asked manager Roger Butler if they could sit downstairs. He said they could; the owner of the chain had told Butler to seat persons regardless of race. Despite the angry departure and verbal objections of some whites the group of thirteen sat on the main floor, but not for long. Sheriff Jim Clark and his possemen soon invaded the theater, chasing the Negroes out. Meanwhile a mob of whites assisted by Clark's posse attacked Negroes in line outside. At 6:40 Clark ordered the theater manager to close both box offices and not admit anyone, white or Negro.

That night two crosses were burned on the edge of town, and the Dallas County unit of the National States' Rights Party held another evening meeting. Fifty to 150 persons had been meeting nightly since civil rights activities increased.

On Sunday, police arrested Rev. Ben Tucker who had just returned from Memphis with a station wagon donated to the Selma project. That night, as a prelude to the next day's Freedom Day, a mass meeting was held at the AME Zion Hall.

Five local officials in street clothes—one identified by a local Negro as a Klan leader—attended the meeting. They watched the last thirty minutes from outside a window. Charles Robertson told of SNCC's plans: "We're not going to sit-in. We're going to go and eat at a public place. We're going to tell the police what we're going to do and ask them to protect us." One of the officials, leaning on the window sill, chewed a cigar, and smiled cynically.

Outside, these five were backed by over sixty men in brown uniforms and white helmets, who lined up elbow to elbow across the streets, night sticks in hand, pistols at their sides. This was the posse of deputized local citizens that Sheriff Clark had organized several years ago when racial demonstrations began in Montgomery, fifty miles away. Since that time, it has traveled with Clark to Birmingham, Tuscaloosa and Gadsden, helping quell racial demonstrations. The posse has often assisted Col. Al Lingo and his state troopers—Lingo is an old friend of Clark's—and Lingo in turn has frequently come to Selma to help Clark. Last February, Clark joined Lingo 100 miles away in Macon County where free-lance photographer Vernon Merritt III was beaten near the Notasulga High School. In Selma and Dallas County, the posse has been used not only against racial demonstrations but also to hinder union activity.

Chief Deputy Crocker told the local paper that he had forty possemen there, that there were 200 Negroes outside the hall, 300 Negroes in the hall and that John Lewis, SNCC chairman, "had them pretty worked up." But Lewis wasn't even there, let alone spoke; and the small hall (which was filled) held no more than 160 Negroes, while only twenty-five to fifty were outside.

Shortly after the meeting ended and the hall emptied I heard yelling and screaming from a crowd of Negroes to my right. Turning, I saw possemen charging through the crowd, night sticks swinging. Among the possemen's first targets were my photographer-companion and myself. He was beaten and shot at. I was clubbed over the head—seven stitches were required to close the gash—and struck and shoved with night sticks. Three separate times possemen smashed the photographer's camera. After threatening us, McLeod ordered us out of the state. Later, Crocker and a state investigator told newsmen and Justice Department officials that we had re-

ported being grabbed and beaten by Negroes. Clark informed the local newspaper he was proud of his possemen and of how they conducted themselves.

THEN CAME Freedom Day. Over 75 Negroes lined up at the courthouse to take the registration test. Each was given a number and made to wait in the alley behind the courthouse which would thus be entered through the back door. Possemen posted at the alley entrance kept away newsmen and anyone else not attempting to register. Even one Selma resident, James Austin, formerly on SNCC's staff, was not permitted to join the line.

Fifty-five Negroes, including SNCC chairman John Lewis, were arrested on orders from Clark. Newsmen were chased away from the arrested group, and two photographers were roughed up by officers. Six whites were also arrested for carrying an assortment of clubs in their car. The local paper printed their names and residences the next day; four were identified as residents of Selma, the other two from nearby Suttle. A newsman confirmed the fact that they were local youths. But an AP report in the Montgomery *Advertiser* stated: "The sheriff exhibited the clubs to newsmen and said the weapons were examples of what 'outside agitators' bring into the city. He said their car had an Alabama license tag fastened over a Virginia tag. Their identity was not released."

Only five Negroes were allowed to take the test that day. The remainder of the week, twelve persons were permitted to take the registration test each day, some of them, however, whites.

That night, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy spoke at the mass meeting. "I come to pledge the full support, full resources of Martin Luther King and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference," he told the 250 Negroes attending the meeting. "We are behind you, with you and even in front of you every step of the way."

Three officials sat inside, listening to his speech. Outside two school buses and ten cars deposited 150 city police, county deputies, possemen and state troopers. (Col. Al Lingo, in town Saturday and Sunday nights conferring with Clark, had brought his men into Selma on Monday.) Nonetheless, the meeting ended peacefully. But Clark told James Gildersleeve of the Dallas County Voters League that he would break up all mass meetings from then on.

Although leaders of the registration drive determined to hold more meetings, no location could be found because of threats. Even a meeting already set for Wednesday night had to be cancelled. Finally on Thursday a mass rally attended by almost 300 was held. In the meantime, more than twenty-seven additional arrests had been made, including the president of the Voters League, Rev. F. D. Reese, arrested while taking photos of demonstrators; white youths attacked Negro employees leaving work at the Plantation Inn restaurant; three SNCC workers were reportedly beaten in jail; police towed away another SNCC worker's car leaving the project carless; and ten fresh carloads of state troopers arrived in town.

The next day, Friday, the county got an injunction prohibiting assemblies of three or more persons in any public place. Named in the injunction were fourteen organizations, including SNCC and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and forty-one individuals.

The combination of arrests, intimidation, violence and the injunction brought civil rights activities to a temporary halt in mid-July. But it did not bring to a halt the determination to create change in this old Southern city, although the past as well as the present in Selma has not created a situation in which change is easy.

SELMA was founded 40 years before the Civil War and became an important military depot during the war. Industries that manufactured arms and other war equipment were established then. The four noted gunboats—Tennessee, Selma, Morgan and Gaines—that formed Buchanan's fleet at Fort Morgan were built in Selma. And the county furnished the Confederate army with ten infantry, six cavalry and four artillery companies.

Dallas County has long had a plantation economy and even today the county is 49.9 percent rural. Two-thirds of the rural population is Negro. Though some industry has come to the area, population growth is almost static. In fact, the Negro population of the county is declining—in 1950, Negroes comprised 65 percent of the population, today only 57 percent.

Median family income in Dallas County is $2846 (compared to $3937 for the state), but median family income for Negroes is only $1393. Median school years completed in the county is 8.8 (compared to 9.1 for the state), but median school years completed for Negroes is 5.8.

Only 1.7 percent of 14,509 voting-age Negroes (242 Negroes) were registered in the county as of September 1963 according to the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights. (Fewer Dallas County Negroes could vote in 1963 than in 1956, when 275 Negroes were registered!) But 63 percent of the 14,400 voting age whites (or 8,953 whites) were registered. (In the two adjoining Black Belt counties, Wilcox and Lowndes, none of the 11,207 voting age Negroes were registered in 1962 according to the Civil Rights Commission.)

The first voting suit filed by the Kennedy Administration, in April 1961, was filed against the Dallas County registrar. "It sought an injunction against systematic discrimination against Negro registration applicants," according to Burke Marshall of the Justice Department. The district court denied the injunction, but did order the registrar to reduce from one year to sixty days the period an applicant who fails the registration test must wait before he can take the test again. Eventually, by direction from the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals an injunction was issued. But it has had little effect on registration. An enforcement proceeding has now been filed and a hearing on that has been set for October 5.

On June 26, 1963, the Justice Department filed the suit, *U.S. vs. Dallas County, et al.,* including Sheriff Clark. According to the Civil Rights Commission the charge was "intimidation of voter registration workers by sheriff and county prosecuting attorney by means of baseless arrests."

Then on November 12, the Justice Department filed two more suits—*U.S. vs. McLeod, et al.* (again including Sheriff Clark) and *U.S. vs. Dallas County Citizens Council.* At this time the department pointed out that from June 1954 to 1960 the Dallas County Board of Registrars registered more than 2,000 whites and only 14 Negroes. It said the board rejected many qualified Negroes, including school teachers with college and advanced degrees, and accused county officials of threatening, intimidating and coercing Negro citizens of voting age "for the purpose of interfering with the right to register and vote."

The Citizens' Council was accused of preventing Negroes from registering and attending voter registration meetings, of using economic sanctions against Negroes and of resisting federal attempts to enforce the civil rights acts of 1957 and 1960. Last March 19, the district judge ruled against the federal government in the second and third suits; they are now in the appeals court. The suit against the Citizens' Council has not gone to trial yet.

Selma is the birthplace and stronghold of the Citizens' Councils of Alabama. The Dallas County council was organized in 1954 by Attorney General Patterson of Mississippi and is partly subsidized by the state and large industries nearby. In April, 1960, Birmingham Police Commissioner Eugene Connor, who hails from Selma, told a Citizens' Council rally in Selma: "We are on the one yard line. Our backs are to the wall. Do we let Negroes go over for a touchdown, or do we raise the Confederate flag as did our forefathers and tell them, 'You shall not pass'?"

This last cry has been the attitude of the council and of county officials. In a full-page ad in the Selma *Times-Journal,* June of last year, the council said its "efforts are not thwarted by courts which give sit-in demonstrators legal immunity, prevent school boards from expelling students who participate in mob activities and would place federal referees at the board of voter registrars." The ad asked, "Is it worth four dollars to you to prevent sit-ins, mob marches and wholesale Negro voter registration efforts in Selma?" In October 1963, the Dallas County Citizens' Council was the largest in the state with 3,000 members. A lot of citizens must have thought the four dollars worthwhile.

Last summer, like this summer, there were increased voter registration and integration activities in Selma and Dallas County, leading a Citizens' Council spokesman to comment in October, "I never thought it would happen in Selma. But I tell you this. We are not going to give in. If we let them have an inch, they would want to go all the way."

Nine months have passed since that statement—nine months of determined and hard work by hundreds of Negroes in the face of threats, beatings and arrests —and Selma still has not yielded that inch.

Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee
6 Raymond Street, N. W. Atlanta, Georgia 30314

THE NATION

September 14, 1964

Summer in Mississippi

Freedom Moves In To Stay

Jerry DeMuth

"Miss. Summer Project to End Aug. 24, 700 Students to Abandon This State," the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* headlined on August 8. But there were no signs of it at the more than twenty project locations. About 200 volunteers have elected to stay for at least six months and three aspects of the summer project—the Freedom Schools, the community centers and the voter-registration activities—will be continued.

By late August there were forty-seven Freedom Schools, with 2,500 pupils, in more than two dozen communities. Plans before the summer began were for fourteen such schools. "We're going to continue into the winter," explains Dr. Staughton Lynd of Yale University, Freedom School director. The schools will meet primarily at night because youths are attending public schools during the day. And new schools are being planned. Two panel trucks, for example, are being staffed and equipped to serve as schools in Neshoba County, where the three civil rights workers were killed last June.

The thirteen community centers will continue with the help of local adults and volunteers who are staying on; new buildings for such centers are being constructed in two rural settlements, Mileston and New Harmony, and one is planned for the large town of Greenville.

Voter-registration activities will be renewed. In the weeks just before the Democratic National Convention, emphasis was shifted from regular registration to gaining support for the Freedom Democratic Party. Voter-registration workers spent most of their time explaining the party to Negroes and getting those who supported it, and were without fear, to "freedom register."

By early August one or more of the three programs existed in about twenty towns. As workers from these projects made closer contact with other communities in their counties they began to move permanently into these areas, and new projects were born. In Marshall County, for example, the project has headquarters in Holly Springs. Its workers began reaching into adjoining counties as they went canvassing outside that town. Volunteers from Holly Springs were soon working in six counties, with plans to move into two more. In Panola County, seventeen volunteers lived and worked in the county seat of Batesville. Four teams had moved from Batesville to Crowder, Crenshaw, Como and Sardis.

A particularly interesting example of such expansion occurred in Sunflower County where the project has its headquarters in Ruleville, home of Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer (see *The Nation*, June 1). A Freedom School, community center and voter-registration activities are all operated in a small frame house on the edge of this town of 2,000. Cardboard from cartons forms the ceiling. The unpainted walls are covered with maps and pictures. Shelves holding about a thousand books line the walls.

In the morning, young children play inside while their mothers meet on the lawn in back, sitting on benches in the shade of a few pecan trees. These women are taught health, first aid, reading, writing,

and Negro history. In the afternoon, after the Negro public school lets out, teen-agers meet for classes. The Negro schools in the delta are open in July and August so they can close in September and October, freeing the youngsters to work in the cotton fields.

In mid-July, Ruleville organized a mass rally at Indianola, a town some 22 miles away. James Forman, executive secretary of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, gave the main address, but perhaps the most important speaker was Oscar Giles, an Indianola Negro. Giles rose from the audience and announced he was with the movement 100 per cent and would give it all the support he could. This was his first involvement with the civil rights movement. Giles had been waiting for the rights workers to come to Indianola, had been waiting ever since spring when he returned from a trip to Chicago and decided he had to do something about his people in Mississippi. Now he began moving with the civil rights workers and would keep on moving.

Three workers came from Ruleville to set up a project in Indianola. An old house was found and the workers began to fix it up. A group of Baptist ministers donated their old school to the project, a brick building, surrounded on three sides by fields of cotton. Materials began to arrive from the Seattle Friends of the SNCC group—art supplies, books, prints. A library was started and the walls became covered—with maps and photos of the non-white world, ancient and modern—and with prints by Miro, Daumier, Feininger, Gauguin, Kandinsky and others. Even the walls in the washroom were covered. A Citizens Band radio was installed and the tall antenna erected. It would be used to keep in touch with Ruleville and with the project's radio-equipped cars. On August 6, the finishing touch was added: a huge black-and-white sign over the doorway with the words "Indianola Freedom School," illustrated by clasped Negro and white hands.

Seventy-five Negro youngsters began attending classes in the afternoon and about thirty adults in the evening. A number of the children returned in the evening to help the adults with literacy training. One of those who come to the Freedom School at night is a woman whose legs are paralyzed; she also cannot move her arms freely. Sitting on her bed at home, she tells volunteer Fred Winn of how she has heard about the Freedom Democratic Party, and proudly explains why she fully understands it. "I went as far as tenth grade," she smiles. This, in Mississippi, where the average number of years completed by Negroes is six.

"I got polio when I was 6 months old. I worked in the fields for eighteen years—from when I was 13 to when I was 31, I chopped and picked cotton." Fred expresses amazement since she has never walked a step in her life. "I chopped and picked cotton on my knees."

The local students have participated in voter-registration canvassing and have begun to take action to improve their local school. They may join the Ruleville Student Action Group which was formed during the summer, one of many such local organizations which the summer project has encouraged.

Gary DeMoss of Kansas City, a volunteer, speaks with amazement about the Ruleville Negro school:

> *Whole classes go out and pick cotton, though they're never given any accounting where the money goes. A freshman algebra class has seventy-two students, they sit two to a desk, and have only one teacher. Sometimes three and four classes meet at the same time in the gym and the entire library is a couple of incomplete sets of encyclopedias. No typing is taught there and almost every student here at the Freedom School wants to take it.*

The Student Action Group has passed out leaflets and sent letters to teachers and school officials demanding a change in these conditions. They and other student groups may stage a state-wide school boycott this fall.

"The teen-agers can take over after we're gone," explained Don Madison of Columbus, Ohio. "The students here catch on very quick and really want to do something. They understand what's going on."

The older people are more easily frightened. In Holly Springs, Dave Kendall of Sheridan, Ind., tells of his experiences in trying to canvass in nearby Tate County:

> *The sheriff, a deputy, and the constable with a police dog kept following us wherever we went. We would talk to people about registering and when we left the sheriff would call them over and tell them to ignore us . . . and back up his order with all kinds of threats. We kept calling on people and talking to them. But they wouldn't even look at us. They would just look right past us at those cops. Other times they'd see those police sitting there in their cars, taking notes, and they'd slam the door right in our faces.*

Four people agreed to go to the Tate County courthouse to take the registration test, but because of threats none went. The barn belonging to one of the four was burned. Two youths who helped Dave and

h[illegible]-worker, Woody Berry of Dayton, Ohio, fled to Memphis to avoid a threatened lynching. There are 4,326 voting-age Negroes in Tate County; none of them are registered.

But in Panola County, more than 600 Negroes have been registered since the summer project began. In October, 1961, when the Justice Department filed a suit against the registrar, only one Negro was registered; thirty-one more were registered while the suit was going through the courts. Then last May a one-year injunction was handed down. It ordered that the sections of the registration test calling for an interpretation of any of the 285 sections of the state constitution, and a definition of the duties of a citizen, be dropped for one year. Many still are failed for other questionable reasons, but the injunction is the biggest breakthrough in Mississippi, and rights workers are determined to take advantage of it for they are still a long way from getting the county's 7,000 voting-age Negroes registered.

And elsewhere, the young people keep on pushing. A former café has been fixed up—the floor repaired, grease washed off the walls, everything given two coats of paint—to serve as a community center. "A young Negro in his twenties heard about our literacy program and drove 14 miles to our center," explains Margie Hazelton, a short, slim redhead from Detroit. "He said he had gone as far as the third grade but then had to drop out because he had to work for his family. I've been teaching him reading and writing through the Laubach method."

In Greenwood, the Friendship Baptist Church is home for the Freedom School. One of the teachers, Carolyn Egan, a pretty, short-haired blonde from Portland, smiles with hope as she tells of one of her students:

In my math class, my trigonometry student continually is asking for more homework. He's never missed a day of class and is always there on time. He's really eager to learn. He gets up at 5:30 to help canvass for voter registration before people go out to work in the fields; then he comes to the Freedom School. They don't teach trigonometry at the Negro school here. He plans on going to college and we're trying to gather all the information we can on scholarships for Negroes in the South.

In Hattiesburg a Negro woman returning home from work got on the bus. A white woman removed her package from the seat next to her to make room. When a white woman later got on the bus, the driver asked the Negro woman to give up her seat. The woman didn't do or say anything and the driver called a policeman who arrested her. She was charged with breach of the peace and interfering with an officer. All the Negroes left the bus in protest.

At a city precinct meeting organized with the help of the summer workers, the occurrence was discussed. Several mentioned a limited boycott of buses. A mass meeting had been scheduled for the next night and it was decided to go further into the situation then.

These people, these situations, cannot be left behind, most of the summer workers feel. Some give the workers new hope; others make them more determined. In either case, they point to the need for continuing the work of the summer. About one-fourth of the volunteers plan to stay. At least as many more plan to return, some next summer, others as soon as early next year. To some an even stronger reason for staying is that the community has become a part of their life, has become their home. And they expect new groups of volunteers to join them.

As Woody Berry explained in Holly Springs:

Negro people here are happy that we're here. They feed us, take care of us, protect us. When Hardy Frye, a volunteer from Sacramento, was arrested he wasn't permitted to make a phone call, but we knew what had happened in minutes. A Negro man saw him get arrested and jumped into his truck and came right to our office and told us.

Mississippi, with a total population of slightly more than 2 million, is extremely rural, and almost everywhere strong community feelings exist. It is easy to become a part of the Negro community within a few days of active work with its people.

Twenty-five workers found this to be especially true in Mileston, project headquarters for Holmes County. Mileston is not shown on most maps; driving down U.S. Highway 49E from Greenwood to Jackson, all you see is a sign, a short-order café and store, and a small train station along two tracks where the Illinois Central hasn't stopped in years. A few miles south of Tchula, Mileston is a community of 120 to 150 Negro families who have owned their own land since 1939. That was when the plantations went bankrupt and the federal government gave the workers a chance to homestead the land. Few of the Negro homes have running water and in some the conditions are shocking. A seasoned voter-registration worker, out canvassing one day, found a family living in a windowless shack. A little light and a lot of flies—and in the winter probably a lot of cold—came in through chinks in the walls. Both husband and wife, often ill, could seldom work, and there were no welfare payments. In the shadows huddled three children, their eyes puffy and running with pus. The boy's stomach was swollen from malnutrition. On the bed lay a young baby crying. He had been born blind.

Across the tracks is a narrow dirt and gravel road with small, identical homes, run-down barns built for mules and no longer needed, and fields of cotton and soy beans. Whites are seldom seen down this road in Mileston except for the civil rights workers who stay with some of the Negro families living along the road.

"You're so isolated here," explained volunteer Gene Nelson of Evanston, Ill., "that you can easily forget about the rest of the world. You can even forget about the rest of the county you're working in."

Down a couple of miles is a side road with two houses at its end. One serves as a community center, the other as the Freedom House where several volunteers live. Beyond the houses is a field of cotton. On the other three sides are thin woods.

This area of Mileston is home for the volunteers and headquarters for Holmes County activities. The voter-registration workers leave it to canvass during the day, but the others stay here to teach at the Freedom School which meets at a church along the road, to help build a new community center which is going up next to the church, or to help children in arts and crafts and recreation at the temporary community center. The phone they use is in one of the homes, as is their main Citizens Band radio transmitter. Occasionally they may go out to the highway store for a hamburger or a bottle of pop. But they live and eat with the families here, and sit and talk with them as members of the family. "They're like my own children," one of the hosts said to me.

The fears of the Negro families have become the fears of the volunteers. All share in the tension. They know well local leader Hartman Turnbow's story of how in the spring of last year he tried to register, of how his home was burned two weeks later, and of how he, himself, was arrested and charged with arson. They were there when a dynamite bomb was tossed into another Negro's home. They saw where it had landed on his young daughter's bed, failing to go off. Two of them had been beaten by local whites. Another, when canvassing, listened to a Negro minister who told how two deputy policemen in plain clothes forced him into their car at gun point and threatened to kill him. The volunteers know that one of the two had, without apparent reason, killed a Negro boy the previous summer. At the new community center they can still see the hole in the ground where there was a bombing in mid-July. And every time they drive down the road they can see the burned-out hulk of a SNCC project car that was fire-bombed a week later. They know too that out of more than 8,000 voting-age Negroes in the county only forty-one are registered.

At night, it is too dangerous to venture far from their little community. They work at the Freedom House and temporary center, or sit talking to people on darkened porches along the road. They sit and talk while their hosts keep a shotgun nearby, waiting for those who may toss the next bomb or fire the next shots into their homes. Occasionally a car comes down the road, and the crunching of tires on gravel fills the air. Voices quiet, hands reach for shotguns; in the tense stillness everyone is joined more closely together. Then the car signals, and all relax and begin to talk again. Volunteers cannot desert this community; if there is any change in Mileston it will be one of increased activity. And this seems to be the pattern throughout the state.

'I didn't know colored people could vote.'

"I came up on a porch and an ancient man says "Yes, sir" and offers me his chair. An enraged white face shouts curses out of a car window. We are greeted with fear at the door: "I didn't know colored people could vote." And people ask why we are down here . . . ."

– from a white SNCC worker's field report.

Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee
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THE NEW REPUBLIC AUGUST 22, 1964

MISSISSIPPI

From Conversion to Coercion

by Christopher Jencks

There was a time, only a few years back, when the civil rights movement in the South was largely a Christian crusade and Martin Luther King its prophet. Nonviolent protest was seen as a device for producing a "moral confrontation" between the races. Such a confrontation, the early leadership believed, would lead to a "crisis of conscience" in the white South, which could only end in the white supremacists' accepting their black brothers as equals (or even as moral teachers).

This "conversion strategy" failed – although not everyone perceived its failure immediately and some clerics in the movement (occasionally including King) still talk as if it could eventually work. But by the time the civil rights movement entered Mississippi in 1961, the "conversion strategy" was becoming a minority faith. The movement was going secular, and the assault on Mississippi was led by Robert Moses, a former Harvard graduate student, and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, not by Dr. King or the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. The movement had begun to evolve what might be called a strategy of limited coercion. The new strategy still relied heavily on non-violence and direct action, and it was supported by many who still talked about religion and morality. But the hope was no longer to win over the white supremacists to brotherly love; it was to make life so unpleasant for them that they would find compromise easier than massive resistance. Boycotts would hurt white business, demonstrations would cut into tourism. Perhaps more important, Negro protest of all kinds would provoke the white community into violent retaliation, and this would make it easier to pass federal civil rights legislation and harder for the offending community to attract Northern investors.

The "limited coercion" strategy worked fairly well in some parts of the "new" South, where the business community has become influential and a middle-class distaste for disorder and violence is pervasive. When the demonstrators forced such communities to choose between brutal repression and modest reforms, some chose reform. But Mississippi proved to be still part of the "old," unreconstructed South. Most Mississippians care more for preserving white supremacy than for profits, lawfulness or other symbols of "progress." In such a setting demonstrations were useful only to build interest among local Negroes and to show the North that the right to vote was still not honored in Mississippi. Soon after entering the state, SNCC leaders began to realize that ending white supremacy in Mississippi would ultimately require the use of force.

This was not an easy thing for people committed to non-violence to believe, nor is it easy for white Northerners to believe today. Over and over we have been told that eventually the Southern white "moderates" would speak out and take control from the "extremists," that the "younger generation" of whites would have different views from the older, that industrialization and prosperity would eventually change Mississippi's outlook, or that some other "evolutionary" force would save the day. An outsider cannot judge such matters confidently, but I can report that very few of those with whom I talked last month in Mississippi, black or white, had much faith in any of these accommodating influences. Listening to them it seemed to me that if Mississippi were left to its own devices, racial conflict would steadily increase.

The present balance between violent whites, moderate whites, and non-violent blacks did not seem to me likely to change radically this year or next. So long as young Mississippi Negroes imagine that they can better their lot in the North, there well be a safety valve of sorts, and Negro violence will probably focus on the Northern ghettoes where unemployed Negro adolescents and young adults are concentrated. But in the long run this very violence may persuade many black Mississippians that there is no point in moving North. If the young Negroes despair and stay in Mississippi, and if they cannot find jobs, regular meals, or even safety from the police in Mississippi's "niggertowns," they will presumably respond eventually as Harlem has long responded. The results could then be much worse than in the North. In most Northern cities public officials depend on Negro votes for office, and have some sympathy with the "legitimate" aspirations of the "decent, law-abiding Negroes." In Mississippi, Negro votes don't count and a "decent, law-abiding Negro" is not expected to have any aspirations. Once violence begins, there is not even a common set of ideals on the basis of which a compromise can be sought.

But while white violence against Negroes will probably continue, and may evoke more sporadic counter-violence than in the past, an organized upheaval seems unlikely. Negroes in New York, like Malcolm X and Jesse Gray, talk about giving bloodshed a purpose by resorting to guerrilla tactics in Mississippi. Most Negroes on the scene know that such a venture, while appealing to some frustrated young adolescents in Mississippi's few miniature Harlems, could only end in disaster. Mississippi is not South Africa. Its black inhabitants are less numerous than its white ones, and they live on a largely white continent where outside sympathy or help would be unlikely once they started shooting. If black Mississippians were to attempt a violent attack on white supremacy, it is hard to be sure what would happen. Much would depend on the form violence took. Terrorism aimed at specific, objectionable sheriffs or businesses would be one thing; guerrilla warfare aimed at seizing power would be quite another. In the latter case the Negroes would probably end up decimated and "pacified" on "reservations," like the Indians before them. (The fate of the American Indian seldom gets the attention it deserves from black nationalists; it does not suggest that all-out violence or separatism holds much promise of success in America.)

Yet if Mississippi Negroes cannot hope to employ force successfully themselves, they can hope to play their cards cleverly enough so that the federal govern-

ment will do their job for them. The present strategy of the civil rights movement in Mississippi rests on this hope. I do not mean that civil rights leaders in Mississippi are sitting on their hands waiting for the Justice Department to take over. If anything, the reverse is the case. But it is true that the civil rights workers spend as much time, energy, and blood trying to push the Administration harder and faster as trying to push white Mississippi.

What's the Problem?

Northern whites often find this kind of pressure on Washington irritating or puzzling. They feel the Negroes got as much as they had any right to hope for in the new Civil Rights Act, and they feel that "the problem is now one for the courts." This feeling is understandable, for it is based on the notion, widely disseminated by civil rights organizations in the past, that "the problem" is primarily one of segregation and discrimination. This may be true in some places. It is not true in Mississippi, and SNCC spokesmen have been saying as much since President Kennedy (for whom they had little love) sent his proposals to Congress more than a year ago.

The fact is that the new civil rights law, even if rigorously enforced, would do little for the overwhelming majority of Mississippi Negroes. The Act is relevant largely to the Negro middle classes, a mere handful of whom are allowed to exist in Mississippi. The middle classes are the ones who can afford to eat in hitherto white restaurants and stay in hitherto white hotels. They are the ones whose children will be emotionally and intellectually prepared to profit from white middle-class teachers, and who will not have to drop out of school to work in the fields. They are the ones who will qualify for better jobs if and when discriminatory hiring is abandoned. It will mostly be they who will pass the voter registration tests if and when these are fairly administered.

The lives of most Mississippi Negroes, however, will remain unchanged, and they mostly know it. The Act does not speak either to their poverty or to their fear. Two-thirds of Mississippi's Negro families now have total income from all sources of less than $2,000. The Act will have very little effect on that statistic. Almost all Mississippi Negro families have at least one breadwinner who could be fired tomorrow for displeasing a white employer. The Act will not change that either. Almost all rural Negro families subsist on credit from local storekeepers, who can cut it off at the whim of the white community. The Act will not change that. All Negroes, urban and rural, old and young, exist on the suffrance of local law enforcement officers, from whose kindness or brutality the Act offers no real appeal. Finally and most fundamentally, if a Mississippi Negro is to redress his grievances, the US Constitution requires him to go before a jury. This jury may not be all white, but it will inevitably include enough white supremacists to prevent a Negro's obtaining the unanimous vote in his favor which he would need to get his due from a white man. White supremacy is founded on social and economic relationships such as these, far more than on mere segregation or legally-provable discrimination.

The SNCC leadership in Mississippi seems to understand all this, perhaps too clearly. The Mississippi Summer Project has not sought to desegregate anything (except SNCC itself, which had been almost entirely black in Mississippi until this summer). There have been no sit-ins, and no boycotts of lily-white employers. Even the testing of the new public accommodations law has been left to visiting firemen like King and the NAACP delegation. SNCC represents a new generation of Negroes, unlike the Kings and Farmers and Wilkinses – or the Malcolms – and they have far less interest than their elders in such symbols of white supremacy as lunch counter segregation. They are rebellious and radical, and for the moment they have rejected their parents' hope that they would earn a place in white middle-class society and be satisfied with it. Over and over they tell a visitor (echoing James Baldwin), "We don't want to be integrated into *your* society," or say of the whites who endlessly harass them, "We want more than equality with *them*." In part, such talk reflects the anti-white feeling of many young Negroes. But even more important in SNCC is bitter hostility to the middle classes, black or white. Why be integrated into white schools when white schools are so square – and lousy? Why fight to go to a fancy restaurant with white table cloths? Why struggle for the right to type some industrial baron's mail?

To Remake America

What these young radicals are looking for is not a chance to "make it" in white America, but a chance to remake America along more egalitarian and proletarian lines. They have chosen to begin in Mississippi for many reasons. Mississippi is "the worst," which appeals to the evangelical element in SNCC – to convert the greatest sinner would be the greatest triumph. Then too, all that SNCC's workers dislike in America is written bold in Mississippi, with ambiguities and shadings eliminated. Mississippi dramatizes the problems of the American Negro better than any other place, North or South. And drama is important not only in moving white liberal opinion but in activating Negroes. At the same time, the more ideological SNCC workers are fascinated by Mississippi because to their minds it comes closer to being a "pre-revolutionary situation" than any other in America. The poor, and especially the black poor, are a larger proportion of the population than in any other state. Furthermore, the black poor are largely free from what SNCC inevitably regards as the malign influence of the black bourgeoisie. The NAACP, traditional organ of the black middle class, has provided the state with a martyr (Medgar Evers) and with the current president of the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO), a federation of all civil rights organizations in the state. Yet in day-to-day practice COFO is a mere umbrella under which SNCC veterans, and particularly Robert Moses, run the Mississippi Summer Project, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and other ventures.

A word is perhaps in order here about charges of Communist infiltration in SNCC and the Summer Project. There is no doubt that at the rhetorical and ideological level, SNCC has been receptive to all the left-wing clichés of the 1930's. Why not? Until very recently the "mainstream" of the American intellectual tradition has hardly even recognized the possibility that a state like Mississippi could exist in modern America. Even so, SNCC's thinking is very "American," especially in its faith that the Constitution drafted by the Founding Fathers (and revised by the Radical Republicans) means what it says and will be their salvation. To plan a revolution on the assumption that it can be carried out by the federal government, to believe that the "power structure" can be won over to your side is hardly Marxist. These young men seem to me to owe more to C. Wright Mills and the Populists than to Marx or Lenin.

When one turns from ideology to personnel, Communist influence wanes to the vanishing point. There are a number of white people on the fringes of SNCC, and among the volunteers working in Mississippi this summer, who have a history of association with left-wing causes. That any of these hangers-on or volunteers is actually a Communist Party member I doubt. Some are certainly verbal supporters of Castro, but few have a good word to say for Khrushchev. Some would undoubtedly like to use SNCC as a focus for a radical revival in America, concerned not just with civil rights but with other domestic and foreign issues. On the basis of my observation, however, it seems to me that there is fairly little danger of SNCC being "used" by anyone white. SNCC will not conduct an anti-Communist purge for public relations purposes, but nor will it submit to outside influence. Among the Negroes who make policy in SNCC the whole issue of "Communism" is simply irrelevant. They may be radical; they may even be dangerous; but this is because of their own experience and dreams as Negroes in America, not because of anything Moscow or Havana might have said or paid for.

What SNCC wants in Mississippi is nothing less than a second effort at Reconstruction, backed by whatever federal force and funds are necessary to make the venture successful. Desegregation would be an inevitable by-product. Every activity of the Summer Project – voter registration, the freedom schools, the community centers, the study of federal programs in the state, the effort to proselytize among poor whites – all relate to the overriding hope of redistributing political power.

SNCC's basic aim is now a political realignment in the state. First, SNCC hopes the Democratic Administration will repudiate the Mississippi Democratic Party, deprive its Congressional delegation of party privileges (notably the party seniority which makes them committee chairmen), and refuse to distribute pork and patronage through the present party machinery. A new Northern-style Democratic Party would then be organized in the state, with Negroes, labor unions and poor whites as the major shareholders. Conservative plantation owners and industrial managers, as well as small businessmen and die-hard segregationists, would presumably turn to the Republican Party. The new "liberal" Democratic Party could use its control of federal offices and federal spending (SNCC thinking does not seem to include the possibility that the Republicans might capture Washington) to make major social and economic changes in the state. The magnitude of potential federal influence is indicated by the fact that two years ago Mississippi families each were contributing, directly or indirectly, an average of $455 to the federal Treasury, while getting back (mostly indirectly) more than $1,050 per family. Only a small fraction of this $1,050 is available for social renovation, but even a small fraction would make a big difference in a state where almost half the Negro families now earn less than $1,050 a year from all sources. Through control of federal patronage and broad appeal to the poorer residents of the state, the new-style Democrats might even capture state and local power – especially if there were enough federal intervention to enable large numbers of Negroes to vote. And if this were to happen not only in Mississippi but elsewhere in the South, the balance of power in Congress would shift left, and much more generous federal help in dealing with poverty would be forthcoming.

Their Chosen Hell

At first glance this all adds up to a very improbable scheme. But then any scheme which holds out real hope for Mississippi's 900,000 black inhabitants is inherently improbable. Probability is all on the side of despair, and the only "rational" plan SNCC could formulate would probably be massive emigration. But where can Mississippi Negroes go? Most of SNCC's top leaders come from the cities, North and South, to which Mississippi Negroes might flee. It was their disillusion with these places that set SNCC's veterans on the semi-revolutionary path which led to Mississippi. And it is the hope that Mississippi can ultimately be raised not just to the level of North Carolina or Maryland or New York, but something better than any existing model, that keeps not only the old-timers who set the tone in SNCC but the dozens of new recruits from within Mississippi in their chosen hell.

SNCC's political ambitions are increasingly focussed on the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party – an organization which usually follows American rather than African tradition by calling itself the "Freedom Party," not the "MFDP." In theory, the Freedom Party is to become the nucleus of a new Democratic Party in Mississippi. It has already put up candidates in the Democratic primary for the US Senate and House. These candidates, unlike their incumbent opponents, supported the national Democratic platform and the Johnson Administration's program. They lost. Now the Freedom Party is sending a delegation to the Democratic National Convention, challenging the credentials and loyalty of the "official" Democratic delegation, and asking to be seated instead. The challenge is based partly on the fact that the traditional Mississippi Democrats refused to give Negro voters a voice in the selection of the delegation, partly on the fact that most of the traditional Democratic Party in Mississippi is overtly or covertly backing Barry Goldwater for President.

President Johnson's attitude toward this challenge was uncertain at the time this was written. He is said to have no hope of carrying the state in November. He is mainly concerned with the effect of the Mississippi fight on the November balloting in other states. He could lose a lot of Southern support if he questioned the legitimacy of Mississippi's white Democrats. He could lose Northern Negro votes by spurning Mississippi's black Democrats. He could lose Northern white votes if he seated the white Mississippians and if the thousands of Negro demonstrators expected in Atlantic City rioted.

Whatever happens in Atlantic City, the Freedom Party's long-term prospects depend on creating a black-white coalition within Mississippi which can win state and local elections. The difficulty is that so long as Negroes remain a tiny minority among registered voters, no white group has any incentive to negotiate with the Freedom Party. Today its support would be a liability, not an asset.

The only way to make a coalition viable would be to increase substantially the number of Negroes registered to vote. In 1960 Negroes made up 42 percent of Mississippi's inhabitants; if they also constituted 42 percent of the electorate, enough of Mississippi's white voters could probably be lured to some compromise candidate for him to win statewide office. This would certainly be true if the candidate had been promised a voice in distributing federal largesse within the state. In many counties Negroes are an absolute majority, and no such coalition would be needed.

In order to make Negroes anything like 42 percent of the electorate, however, major changes would have to be made in Mississippi's present voting laws. The present laws require, for example, that would-be voters answer, to the satisfaction of white supremacists, ques-

tions about the meaning of the state constitution and the duties of a citizen. These questions have no objectively "right" or "wrong" answers, and they invite discrimination by local registrars. Most registrars have accepted the invitation eagerly. The Justice Department has sought an injunction preventing the use of such questions throughout the state, but so far has not obtained it. Even if such an injunction were issued (and there is a good chance that it eventually will be), many literate Negroes would still be reluctant to apply. Black voters would probably not exceed 10 percent of the total. If the law requiring the publication of would-be voters' names were invalidated, if local registrars were replaced by federal ones, if the FBI were more energetic in investigating charges of harassment, intimidation and reprisals, and if the Justice Department were more eager to prosecute, perhaps Negro registration might rise to 15 or 20 percent of the total.

Beyond that, a major revolution would be required. This is true because, although there are more Negroes than whites born each year in Mississippi, the combined effect of rural mechanization and employment discrimination forces a substantial fraction of young Negroes to leave the state soon after leaving school. White supremacists welcome the emigration and encourage it where possible. As a result, Negroes constitute only about 34 percent of all Mississippi adults, and by 1970 the proportion can be expected to drop to 30 percent.

More important, even a "color-blind" literacy test sharply reduces the proportion of Negroes in the electorate. The new Civil Rights Act says that completion of sixth grade establishes a "presumption" of literacy. But less than half Mississippi's adult Negroes meet this standard, for they began working in the fields when they were ten or eleven. *If Mississippi confined voting to those who had completed the sixth grade or passed some equivalent test Negroes would constitute only 21 percent of the eligible voters.* There is not a single county in which a majority of the elementary school graduates is black. Since today's young Negroes are getting a better education than their parents, one might expect their potential weight in the educated electorate to rise over the years. But it probably won't, because Mississippi's brighter and better educated Negro youngsters keep moving to Memphis or points North. Negroes today constitute almost exactly the same percentage of the elementary school graduates living in the state as their parents did in 1940. The only way to raise the proportion of black voters much above 20 percent in the foreseeable future would be for Congress to establish a huge adult literacy program. And for such a program to reach the mass of Mississippi Negroes, it would have to be administered directly from Washington, rather than working through state or local authorities. Yet direct federal control goes very much against the Congressional temper and is hardly likely.

(It is of course also conceivable, though hardly probable, that a Constitutional Amendment might bar literacy tests for voting or that the Supreme Court might ban them on the ground that they violate the "equal protection" clause.)

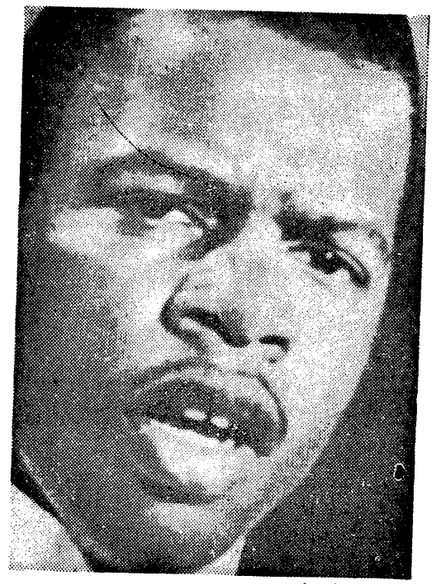
Task for a Coalition

The probability is, however, that Negroes will not soon constitute more than a fifth of Mississippi's voters. Politically, this means that a liberal Democratic coalition would have to win the allegiance of about 40 percent of the state's white voters in order to capture statewide office. At present it is hard to imagine a candidate who could both win support from Negro voters and from 40 percent of the whites. J. P. Coleman, for example, got about 40 percent of the white vote in last year's gubernatorial primary, but he would probably have lost some of this support if he had had "official" Negro support and had made compromises on white supremacy to rally the Negro vote. Still, times change and politicians seldom remain permanently hostile to a fifth of the electorate. If Washington made a more energetic effort to get literate Negroes registered and if the White House were to make it clear that federal "goodies" would only be distributed through a local party that included Negroes, perhaps Mississippi's politics would gradually become like Tennessee's. But President Johnson has shown little sign yet of moving in this direction.

Today most Mississippi Negroes still seem to believe in the American dream, if not for themselves then for their children. (At bottom, this goes for most SNCC workers too.) Should they stop believing, as much of Harlem has, should they at long last strike back at white Mississippi, Northern support for their cause would be reduced to a whisper. If the military were to be used at that point it would be for repression, not reconstruction. The only obvious way to avoid such a potential disaster is to give Mississippi Negroes a major voice in their own destinies before they despair, making them part of the Mississippi "power structure." Only the federal government has the power to do this; certainly white Mississippians will not do it voluntarily.

What would make the federal government move decisively in time? Only killings, I fear. The Neshoba County tragedy was a beginning, but its effects lasted only a few weeks. It will probably take repeated and dramatic white violence against Negroes to elicit the necessary federal action. Such violence can hardly be welcomed, but it could at least have therapeutic consequences. If the present situation is simply allowed to deteriorate, and if large-scale black violence against whites eventually begins, it is hard to see how the circle of fear, violence and repression will ever be broken.

SNCC's Lewis: We March For Us...and For You



Associated Press

John Robert Lewis

What direction is next for the civil rights movement in the United States? John Robert Lewis, chairman of the militant Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, has written for the Sunday Herald Tribune an analysis of where civil rights stand in the nation now and where he and SNCC feel that the next moves must be made —in the institutions of America and in the hearts and minds of all Americans.

By John Robert Lewis

ATLANTA.

More and more, the movement must become politically oriented. We must see the march from Selma to Montgomery not as a civil rights march, not as a march for integration, but as a march for political freedom. Negroes are not asking a white society for a gift of freedom; Negroes are demanding, from a reluctant society, total freedom, now.

I have faith in the impoverished, oppressed, disenfranchised Negroes—the victims of political evils in an oppressive economic structure which in order to sustain itself must perpetuate racism. Negroes have been for a long time that segment of our population which has waited for America to redeem herself. They are the folk who tilled the soil, laid the track, built the buildings.

There are also the disinherited white, as well as the disenfranchised Negro; the robbed American Indian as well as the exploited Oriental and the socially segregated Jew: all minorities. They, the little people, are raising serious questions that must be answered and issues that must be resolved: questions and issues not of a civil rights nature per se. They are saying, "I wanna vote. I wanna job." This means they want to determine their own economic and political destinies.

Selma was not the beginning. Selma was not the first place in this country where Negroes were disenfranchised, brutally beaten, and killed while trying to exercise their Constitutional rights: rights and laws that were in fact established by Congress.

Seeing a need for a change in the then existing status quo, Congress declared, "the right of citizens of the U. S. to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the U. S. government or any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

That was the 15th Amendment to the Constitution. An

"...In 1960 we were demanding the right to eat a hamburger at any lunch counter. It took us three years to discover that we could not afford the hamburger and that we needed money. Money means economic power..."

enforcement legislation of 1870 provides a penalty for violation of the 15th amendment, together with the reenactment of the civil rights bill of 1866. Less than 100 years later, Congres legislated another civil rights bill, which is, in fact, meaningless. In 1871 and 1872 Congress passed legislation on a voting bill giving federal supervisory power over congressional elections. Less than 100 years later there is another voting bill before Congress which, unless seriously amended, will become another meaningless piece of paper. In 1948 Congress passed another in a series of laws making in a felony to "deprive and/or conspire to deprive a citizen of the U. S. of any constitutional rights." It seems to me that the right to vote is but one of those basic rights of which millions of negroes are being systematically denied.

Last year's Civil Rights Act (1964) states: "No vote registrar may use different standards for negroes and/or whites in literacy tests."

I wonder how long will this government find it necessary to legislate rather than to enforce the laws in existence. On March 15th, President Johnson recognized that "a century has passed, more than a hundred years since equality has been promised, and yet the negro is not equal. A century has passed since the day of promise and the promise is unkept. The time of justice has now come. I tell you I sincerely believe that no force can hold it back. It is right in the eyes of man and god that it should come."

In 1960 we were demanding the right to eat a hamburger at any lunch counter. It took us three years to discover that we couldn't afford the hamburger and that we needed money. Money means economic power. In order to get and to maintain economic power we have to bargain. Bargaining means political power. So it took us three years to understand that political power insures the stability of economic power. Every segment of our society must be creative enough to find a role it can play in order for us to assure economic and social justice for all Americans

People everywhere must make themselves politically aware. They must gain for themselves on every level the same political education that we are hoping will gain in the South: for people all over our country are politically asleep. If they weren't so apathetic, such conditions provoking riots in our Rochesters of the north, and massive street demonstrations in our Selmas of the south, would scarcely be permitted to exist. What hasn't been made clear to most Americans is that this is their problem too. Only when all Americans see the relevance of these issues to their lives will meaningful political activities contribute to their own well being.

At this point it can be asked, justifiably, what is meaningful political activity? What are the issues and problems internally confronting America today? Aside from the obvious economic and political injustices, there are the triple-threat problems of unemployment, underemployment and unemployables. Give-away Federal programs—aid to education, medicare for the aged, MDTA, the inadequate war on poverty—all provide a mere band-aid for the gaping wound of economic injustice. The problems are so tremendous that individual civil rights organizations cannot handle these problems. Citizens of the country must mobilize and apply pressure to the government to get them to deal with these problems realistically.

SNCC's method of applying pressure will continue this summer by organizing additional freedom schools and community centers in southwest Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, and through the South. Our organizing efforts will include voter registration, political education and support for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party We believe an interracial democracy can be made to work in the delta and bayous of our southland as well as in the ghettos and slums of our northern cities.

People ask what will happen in Chicago and in Harlem this summer. When will the next Selma take place? The civil rights movement cannot give an answer. The lack of concern on the part of the American public and the lack of concern and courage of the federal government breed bitterness and frustration.

Where lack of jobs, intolerable housing, police brutality, and other frustrating conditions exist, it is possible that violence and massive street demonstrations may develop. Which leads me to attempt to deal with the question about whether the movement is headed toward violence. The movement itself is not headed toward violence. It is an established fact that the movement's activities are all nonviolent in character.

However, we must recognize that the American society* To disagree or to dissent can mean intimidation, harassment, ostracism, economic reprisals, assassination. We have witnessed the murder of many people during the past few years: Herbert Lee, Medgar Evers, Louis Allen, 6 children in Birmingham, President Kennedy, 3 civil rights workers in Mississippi, Jimmy Lee Jackson and others in Alabama this year . . . to name a few.

Remember, this violence was not perpetrated by civil rights workers: that seems to be a fact that escapes most of the people who direct such questions. The question of preventing or controlling violence should be directed to law-enforcement agencies, local, state and federal. Bona fide investigations of the hate groups and prosecutions of the guilty should be urged.

On the other hand, it seems to me that the civil rights movement should, in the north and south, create pockets of political power. In order for the Negro to keep his political power, assuming he will have it and assuming he will get the vote, there must be grass-roots political organization through housing projects, neighborhoods, housewife organizations, the churches, the social clubs, etc. The Negro must not assimilate into the structure, but rather remain the conscience of both political parties: i. e. keep people in office who know about the unpaved streets, the inadequate educational facilities, the lack of jobs, the meaningless federal programs.

Finally, we must keep in mind the principles to which we all subscribe: the principles of economic, social, and political justie. These principles of eonomic, social, and political justice. These principles are only words if they are not implemented into action and a sa way of life involving these principles. Further, the principles and history behind the civil rights movement have no meaning except in terms of reality. Reality now is what happens in the streets of Selma, Ala., and McComb, Miss., and hundreds of Negro communities, north and south, where fear and deprivation form an integral part of daily life. If the government cannot answer our questions and help us to solve some of these problems, I can only see many long, hot summers ahead.

*is a violent society

SNCC

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1965

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Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee
360 Nelson Street, S. W.
Atlanta, Georgia

file reprints

July 1, 1965

Arthur Kretchmer
Managing Editor
Cavalier Magazine
67 West 44th Street
New York 36, New York

Dear Mr. Kretchmer,

Thank you for your letter of June 22 indicating that we have Cavalier's permission to reprint Jack Newfield's article in your June issue. Certainly we will credit Cavalier appropriatly. (I have enclosed some of the reprints we have done of other magazine articles; this will be in essentially the same style if we decide absolutely to reprint the piece.)

I am wondering if you could send me two (2) copies of the issue which includes the article -- both so that we might make a good reproduction and so that we might have the Cavalier masthead for the reprint.

Thank you again.

Freedom,

Betty Garman
SNCC staff

2. THE MISSISSIPPI PROJECT

At the staff meeting in Jackson on Friday, August 7, it was decided that we would ask the following: all staff who are returning to Mississippi in the fall would go to the convention to help with delegate contact work. All staff who are leaving in September to go back to school or North would stay in the state until the rest of the staff returns. And, all volunteers who are planning to return to the state in the fall should feel free to go to the convention or to leave Mississippi to take care of personal arrangements, money problems or what have you during that period of time (August 22-Sept 1). All volunteers who plan to leave in the fall would be asked -- in fact urged -- to staty in the state until those other volunteers and staff return. This decision is Critical because of the situation in local areas -- in most places people in the community are looking to us to provide them with some measure of security (whether real or false) and need to be convinced that we will not abandon them for soft homes in the North after the big build up this summer. This decision, thus, is critical for the sustinence of the movement in Mississippi and we urge that everyone be prepared to abide by it no matter how attractive attendance at the convention may seem. In addition it should be known that there will be no housing accomodations in Atlantic City for volunteers nor will transportation be provided for volunteers planning to go North.

There will be a psecial meeting in Jackson on August 18 ? for all volunteers planning on or interested in staying in Mississippi after the summer. Attendance at this meeting in mandatory for all of you who fall in this category.

Freedom,

COFO staff...????

Note to all volunteers: because our project lists are in a slight state of inaccuracy we would appreciate it if you would pass this memorandum on to anyone on your project who may not have received a copy.

Cavalier
MAGAZINE

67 WEST 44TH STREET NEW YORK 36 N.Y. MURRAY HILL 2-3606

June 22, 1965

Betty Garman
SNCC
360 Nelson S.W.
Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Betty:

We are pleased by your interest in Jack Newfield's article and are willing to grant you rights to reprint it with one provision. The article is quite important to us, and we would like a reasonably prominent copyright line crediting the June, 1965 issue of Cavalier. I hope that that is not an unreasonable request, and that this is a successful venture for you.

Yours truly,

Arthur Kretchmer

Arthur Kretchmer
Managing Editor

AK/rj

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Letter to volunteers who are still in the state

Dear summer volunteer:

There are two important matters that we want to bring to your attention. Further information on both of these subjects will be available through your communications person or project director. In addition, if you have questions you should ask that they relay them to Jackson or to Greenwood (nb--you can cut out Greenwood if you want) for answers.

1. FREEDOM DEMOCRATIC PARTY WORK

By the time you receive this letter around 50 volunteers will have left for the North to do specific work in the key states -- that work designed to build grass roots pressure for the seating of the Freedom delegates at the National Democratic Convention.

In addition, we need each one of you to do the following things:

a. Write to delegates from your state urging that they vote for the seating of the FDP and for the unseating of the regular party. (Information about the basis for the development and of the convention challenge and background information on the FDP, and regular Mississippi Democrats should be available in your project office). Names of delegates can, in some cases, be procured from the Atlanta and Greenwood SNCC offices. Again, ask your communications person to gather this information for you.

b. Write to as many people as possible -- friends, parents, church groups, political clubs, etc. urging them to write and wire their delegates before and after they leave for Atlantci City and MOST IMPORTANT to begin a massive campaign to have telegrams sent to the members of the credentials committee (2) from their state. They should find ou t the names of those delegates to the credentials committee and wire them c/o the Democratic National Convention Headquarters in Atlantic City, NJ. If they cannot find out those names they should then wire the chiamn of the state delegation in Atlantic City. TOP PRIORITY is reaching those people on the credentiatls committee -- that group begins meeting on August 24th but it is also important that individual delegates be reached -- hopefully before they leave for Atlantci City.

c. Each of you should plan to send a telegram (or two) on the night of August 23rd to the credentials committee members from your state.

d. Each of you should begin IMMEDIATELY to send letters to your home town papers about the FDP, stressing the importance of the seating of that delegation; and, as weel, if you have developed and press contacts during the summer and can call them to give an interview -- try to stress the fdp and the convention challenge.

SHAW, MISSISSIPPI: NEW SOUNDS IN THE DELTA

Shaw, Mississippi, is a dusty little town (population 2700,2/3) Negro, divided by a bayou and surrounded on all sides by endless cotton fields. It is in the heart of the Delta, 32 miles from the Mississippi river. Besides some cotton gins and fertilizer plants the only industy is a sewing plant. At least a hundred Negroes applied for jobs, but according to reports there, not one Negro has been hired. Negroes in the area almost universally agree that something has to be done.

On April 9, 1965, eighty-five years since the end of the Reconstruction, 45 cotton day laborers, tractor drivers, haulers, domestic servants, part time carpenters, mechanics, handymen, former sharecroppers and renters met in a tiny Negro church and formed the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union.

Traditionally no Negroes go on strike in this state. Even union organizing provokes Klan activity and strikes by any but the strongest unions can be dangerous. Yet within two weeks after the organizing meeting 1,000 persons joined the union and more than 200 of them declared themselves on strike. Their demands were simple: a $1.25 minimum wage per hour, an eight hour day with time and a half for overtime, sick pay, health and accident insurance and equal employment practices in wages, hiring and working conditions.

What the union is fighting is the rich farmer who operates his plantation as if it were a huge industrial corporation--so completely automated, so efficient, so inhuman that it is a wonder there is any resistance to it at all. Foreign vistors come here to see one of the world's largest plantations, the Delta Land and Pine Corporation, which occupies more than 60 square miles of land in Bolivar county alone. They marvel at how so few men can run so many acres with such cold efficiency.

This English controlled Corporation is typical of the growing concentration of agriculture in this country. From the civil war to about 1930 the large slave owners plantations were divided among increasing numbers of sharecroppers. But since then the trend has reversed. Negro share-croppers and renters have dwindled because farm land costs too much for poor peolpe today--$500 per acre. And very little is for sale. For the Negro there is practically none at all.

Although the share-croppers has never been able fo earn a stable, decent income in the Delta, he at least had some feel for the land. In a sense, the land was his. But for the day laborer this was never true. For him, the corporation is his boss man and he works for him on a day-to-day basis, without security, without tenure, without rigts of any kind. The important change that has come about is that the overwhelming number of Negroes in this part of the state are day laborers, completely "proletarianized", without capital, without property, without security beyond today's piece off bread and lard. In this "Age of Affluence" the forgotten man in Southern agriculture is the Negro day laborer. And, with automation he too is rapidly on his way to becoming extinct.

So far day laborers (choppers and pickers) constitute over 90% of the union membership. For years the going wage was $2.50 or $3.00 for ten or more hour's work. This year, Shaw residents say that white farmers are talking about paying only $1.75 per day. There is no work at all when it rains, no umemployment compensation, minimum wage or social security protection from the government. It is almost impossible for a day laborer to get loans from the Farmer's Home Administration since he has no collateral and already is deeply in debt. Loans from private finance companies are available but at rates of interest usually over 331/3%. As one union member said at a recent meeting: "I've taken people to Greenville to get loans and most come back just as they left--with nothing. But if you borrow it, you get to pay it back and with what? If you got a dark skin you're in trouble.

A 75-year old chopper, Miller Larks, a tiny man, with a wonderful ability to get to the heart of an issue, is a typical union member. On the hottest days, he might wear a clean though badly frayed shirt, tie, and long woolen jacket which reaches down four inches above his knees. He sometimes closes his eyes when he talks and he usually has

a grin on his face. As much as anyone, he helped to get the union started. He describes the system:

"I began farming when I was eight years old. Only went to school till the fourth grade. My father needed me to help out in the fields I moved to Arkansas when I was 24 and joined a farmer's union. But we couldn't get it through because the white folks cut us out. They said we couldn't have a union in the south. I came back to Shaw and rented till I couldn't rent no more. It got so that I was losing money. Then white folks got that they wouldn't rent to colored folks. That was about in 1949. They just got land our from under the colored peoples because of the debts. I remember it was in 1947 that I got some parity checks--about $2,400. The white folk, they didn't want you to have no parity checks. They took it all from me in 1947. After that I couldn rent for cash no more. I couldn't even fourth-rent (an arrangement where the renter pays a fourth of his cash earnings to the landowner). I couldn't rent no way. I had to work the shares (sharecropping) but I wasn't making any living at all.

"Then I got a truck and I hauled day labor but I couldn't get enough people--just two or three. I couldn't keep up my truck. The boss man, he only paid you .50¢ for each person you brought. Now I'm too old to do a hard day's work. I live on old age checks and I get a government check for my kids."

Another union member, Mrs. Willie Mae Martin, about, 35, has seven children and has chopped cotton for years. A few years ago her husband died and in 1961 she was forced to apply for welfare. She receives food through the government commodity program. During one of the union meetings in the wood-frame Church of God in Christ in the heart of Shaw's South-town section, Mrs. Martin asked if I would talk to her outside. When nobody could hear she asked "Do you think it's right for a person to live on $35 a month with seven children? What can a person do for his children when there's not enough food to eat?" The commodities ended last April 1. They don't begin again until the dead season sometime in November. Mrs. Martin's monthly notes total $24 for a washing machine, gas heater and refrigerator. Insurance premiums come to $7.60 and rent is $13 a month. That leaves her $8.60 in debt each month.

The secretary of the union is Mrs. Edna Mae Garner. From her wooden shack you could see the white plantation boss's son across the field about a half mile away. "The man's looking this-a-way," someone in our intefrated group said. "Makes no difference," She responded, "Idon't figure to live here much longer no how." Mrs. Garner explained that since she has been cut off from welfare in 1959 she has fallen behind in her $10 a month rent. The three room shack has holes in the floor so you can see daylight; there is no electricity or indoor plumbi The linoleum is worn through and the wall paper is peeling off the wall She has seven children living with her, is separeted andbreceives no income from her husband. The last commodities she received are just about gone now. Mrs. Garner says this about the welfare authorities:

"No matter now bad you're starving and you're kids are doing without, they don't care, They listen to what peoples tells them, they don't go by how bad is your need. The lady I used to work for her and she would give me dinner, and let me off early. I used to do chopping later in the day and I would make $3 a day but after James Meredith at Ole Miss. in 1962 she let me off. The last times I worked for her she wouldn't even give me my dinner. "I expect the boss man's going to come round here to ask me to leave any time now. When he ask me 'will I do some chopping?' and I tell him 'no, I'm on strike till I get $1.25 an hour, 'I expects he's going to ask me to move on."

The first few weeds of May is zero hour for the MFLU. The weeds will be popping through the light yellow brown Delta soil and the plantation operators will be scouring the nearby town for choppers. Before then, arrangements must be made between the operators and the haulers who transport the day laborers to the fields. William Brewer, 63, a short, solidly built man was a sharecropper, but for the past few years he has worked as a hauler. Last week he signed the strike pledge form. Brewer describes how he earns his living:

"I work directly with the landlords . I've never gone to the /Federal Government/ Employment Office to get choppers and pickers

The landlord pays me directly .50¢ for everyone I bring. I work five or six months on the average. We only work at most five days a week unless it rains. I have hauled twenty-four people on my truck, and I usually have about sixteen. That means about $8 a day. The choppers pay for their lunches which I buy in town. I am supposed to be with my group all day and service them. Lots don't eat early in the morning so right away I go to town to get lunch and ice. I got to be up before dawn. Don't go home till dark.

"I earned about $701 last year. From that I had to pay $85 liability insurance and $100 for an overhaul on my truck. Of course I got to pay for all the gas and oil and other work that goes in. I only pay $5 rent a month but with all the expenses and all, I'm three months back due. So far this year I did construction work in Cleveland for about 12 hours and I did some moving people around. I charge about $3.50 or $4 for moving families. I'll do just about any kind of work that comes around."

Since the work year has been shortened, it's especially difficult to make a living. Brewer says: "Since they been using chemicals, we're getting a later start. Now there's not much doing till June and they're improving the stuff all the time. There's no future for the little man here any more."

Union leaders realize that unless more haulers like Brewer go on strike, the strike is in trouble. Tractor drivers are also crucial to the success of the strike. They are the highest paid ($5 to $8 per ten to twelve hours a day) and most skilled cotton field workers besides mechanics. For weeks now they have been plowing and planting the fields and so far only a hand-ful have gone on strike. One driver explained: "I started working for my boss man two years ago. He started me off at $5 a day but within a few weeks he raised me to $6 and now I'm getting $7.50. I didn't even have to ask him for it. He came up to me and said he's just going to give me a raise."

At the union meetings last week it was clear that not much could be expected from the drivers. George Shelton, 19, of Shaw, a husky, persuasive, hard working organizer and MFLU chairman, called for volunteers to recruit tractor drivers: "We got to show them that this fight is their fight too. We got to talk with them right away. We only got two more weeks. We can't expect to get all of them signed up but we can get some. Then some more might follow...But don't let's go in the fields to talk with them. We'll just get run out. Get them when they're at home they can listen."

A union of agricultural workers was in the people's minds for years. Some even remember their grandparents talk about the Southern Farmers' Alliance which developed into the Populist party in the 1890's In Parts of the South the Populists voted to get rid of politicians who favored the big planters and the rich "Bourbons." For a short time the Alliance and Populist party leaders, like Tom Watson of Georgia, told poor whites and Negroes that they were being kept apart so that they might more easily be robbed by the big landowners. Later the Party under attack from racist extremists, turned against the Negro as well as Jews and Catholics.

Shelton said the impetus for beginning a union came out of Freedomm School meetings conducted by white COFO workers Mary Sue Gellatly and Bob Weil. But Mr. Larks, who faithfully attended these meetings says that he thought about forming a union here long ago. He Adds:

"I have people in the north who belong to the union. When we gets together that's mainly what we talk about--the union. So we began talking about it here that $3 a day from sun-up-to dark wasn't enough . We couldn't support our families. We all talked about how much we needed to live and we talked and talked about it for a month. We decided on $1.25. That will be good on condition we can get the work. But we know that if he has to pay us that much he's likely to give us nothing."

Mrs. Josie Atkins, about 65, was another person who helped form the union: I" thought that the whole problem is that we rely on cotton chopping and picking too long now. We got to either get a decent wage or think of going at something else." Mrs. Atkins says that a Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party workshop in Biloxi inspired her to work f r