

JUDY UPHAM

January 6, 1966

Judy: Now, we're back to October, 1964, the day of the folk-mast which practically all the seminarians took their kids to, and we ran into Jon on the way back on the MTA. He'd been in Providence, I guess it was for the christening of Mason's child... Al Mason. So that's why Jon was coming back so late on a Sunday instead of on Saturday. So we invited him up for coffee, I guess, or sherry. And there were six or eight of us. We sat around and talked, about what I really don't remember at this point. Everybody was making jokes and laughing because they were so glad to get rid of our kids...

So, I saw Jon around school off and on. Two main things: He was the guy who always smiled at you as you went in the bookstore, and he was always the one who seemed impeccably brightly polished. Sometimes during reading period, which was always very depressing for me that year, I had lunch with Jon, just sort of accidentally. He was in a foul mood and I was in a foul mood, and we spent the whole time growling at each other so we'd have somebody to growl at who wouldn't complain.

S: This was in January?

Judy: Yes, this was in January, 1965. It was really just a riot. We both went away in much better humour after having made all sorts of nasty comments about all sorts of nasty things

and how we hated papers, and nobody wanted to write them. And I offered to type one for him. He was busy composing it on the typewriter and didn't get it done. I think that was the way he mostly wrote things, on the typewriter and turned them in, like most of us...

S: Was this really the first time you had spoken to him, since that previous...?

Judy: Not really. It's the first time I remember very clearly. I'd seen him kind of off and on without noticing him particularly except as a nice guy and lots of fun to talk to. We had dinner together two or three times that I remember.

One night...I guess that was after that...That was Sunday, the Saturday before he and Harve came back, just in time for supper. And we had steak that night, and I sat with Harve and Jon, and I guess we talked mostly about Providence, and what they were doing with the kids. That was the Sunday, I think, that they were trying to get their kids--Saturday--to write letters protesting some of the things that were going on in the South. The kids weren't at all interested. They'd been through this big bit of telling the kids, "Look, they're black and you're black, and you've got to stick together." The kids didn't quite buy it. But that was something Jon talked about several times after that, so I don't remember whether that was the particular night he talked about it.

Then, the first time Jon was really very important to me was February 15, which was...Well, it's kind of a long complicated story, but my parents were involved in this big law suit, and the day that the trial was supposed to start was that day. The whole family was here except for my littlest brother who is only seven years old. And we got up early and went trekking off to the courthouse and talked to the lawyers. Then we sat around the courthouse all day. They finally got around to settling out of court about 4:30 or so...just about in time to go to chapel. And it was Monday night so we had choir practice. After chapel, as choir practice started, Jon came over and helped us dig out extra books for my parents and one of my brothers--I think the other one had stayed home. Then we had choir practice and we were all standing around talking, Jon and three-four-five other people, about the trial and the fact that we'd actually managed to settle out of court and wasn't that great. Jon said, he was being terribly polite, "May I escort you to dinner?" And I said, "Well, we were going out, and I suppose you all are going to be late if you don't go ahead." So they all walked out and my father punched me in the ribs and said, "You know he was asking to walk you to dinner, why don't you ask him if he wants to come with us?" I said, "What. I thought he was using a plural 'you.'" But Daddy said, "Go ahead and invite him anyway." So I went

trundling off and said, "Hey, Jon. If you're not just starving to death, we'd love to have you for dinner with us about 7:00." And he thought that would be a great idea. So we all went out to the Polynesian Village which is a great place. Have you ever been there? It's really cool. They have the best Cantonese food you can get anyplace. It's in the basement of Somerset Hotel on Beacon Street...relatively expensive, I guess. The only time I've ever been there is when my father has taken me. It's simply way out of my budget. So, we went to dinner and we all had a drink or two before dinner. It was great fun. It was just a riot. We were all hysterical practically from relief. They were suing for about half-a-million dollars. They settled for about a tenth of that which was quite a bit.

S: They were suing you?

Judy: Well, they were suing my father. Well, you don't want this on the tape.

S: No, I'll turn it off...

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Judy: Of course, everybody was in a very jolly mood. And our family's got a very strange sense of humour. And my father is a punster, extraordinary. And my brother, John, his favorite trick is accents. He has sixteen of them practically...his german and his french. So we spent practically the whole dinner clowning. I'm sure we must have disturbed the rest of the patrons,

but we were having a riot. And Jon really fitted in. As Mother said later, she'd really only seen him the couple of days they were here and when he was in St. Louis, but she felt he was almost part of the family, because he was the kind of person you feel you know or have known for just ages after you've met him once or twice.

After dinner, we all went back up to the hotel where Daddy and Mother were staying to have a drink. I guess we must have ended up having two or three. But the boys were having more fun. Johnny, my brother, was stretched out on the bed. Jerry and Jon were standing around in the room someplace. They called down through room service to get some stuff. And the boys fixed up this great scene. Brother John, stretched out on the bed with a cigarette between his toes. Jon standing around with one sticking out of his ear. I don't remember what Jerry was doing, but it was something crazy. And so in comes the bellboy and very calmly puts his tray down, turns around, no double-take, nothing. And as he walked out the door, you could see him shake his head, "Oh...no." We were rather disappointed that we didn't get more of a reaction from him.

So, I guess it must have been 1:00 by the time we got around to leaving. I'd gotten cold, I guess, so I was wearing Jon's jacket. And we decided when it was time to go, there was no point in my taking his jacket off and giving it to him. He could just sort of slip on my coat. So he put on my coat, and

I put on his overcoat, and we started to walk out, having been making a lot of noise. As we walked out the door, we saw this figure walking down the hallway. And we thought, "My God, the Manager, coming to complain." So we went crashing down the stairs--the backstairs where nobody would see us, when, you know, about half-way down, "Stop! Stop!" We changed coats back again. We decided that was just too much. And came dashing home.

Mother and Daddy and Johnny left the next day to go back. And Jerry, who was in school in New York stayed over another night or so and spent the night with Jon. So I guess Jon was around most of that day.

From then, I guess there were maybe three or four or five days that I didn't see Jon. It was really sort of fun. We'd manage to run into each other at lunch or dinner. Then we started...Jon was over for something one night...was complaining...was talking about getting his room painted...gone to see that and...discussing colors and things. I said, "Gee, I love to paint. That sounds like fun." So we spent one weekend, Harve and Jon and I painting his room which was kind of hard work but fun too. I'm sure we must have talked about some interesting things. Oh, I know, we talked about music along at that point. That crazy opera movie...at last year...Der Rosen Cavalier was coming. And Jon said it would really be fun to go see it. And I thought that would be neat. So we finally ended up going to see it one night...

At the intermission break, we just sat there and howled.

Then it opens with this love scene with two girls in bed...

One of them is supposed to be playing a boy, and I never realized how differently men and women walk. But you could tell no matter what she was dressed up as, that was no boy singing the male romantic lead.

S: If somebody had asked you at this time, what kind of a boy is Daniels?, what would you have said?

Judy: He's a really neat, cool guy. Lots of fun, very bright. We talked about theology some. I had trouble understanding him sometimes. He's very easy to be with, with rather a sarcastic sense of humour, very biting if he wanted to be. But very charming southern gentleman. He always held doors for people, and would help you on with your coat. And getting into a car, Jon would always open the car door for you no matter. This was true even in Selma. Jon would always open the car door, whether I was driving or he was driving. That's funny.

S: Do you think that most people around here would have characterized him in that fashion?

Judy: Well, most of the girls around here would. The guys I'm not quite so sure about. Jon had people who did not like him, know. I think he was the kind of person you either liked very much or you didn't. He had very firm opinions, for one thing. And there are a lot of people who didn't agree with some of his

theology...Used to talk about his paper on atonement that he was doing, that it had caused a real furor in the theology class. And I'm not sure why because he never had time to tell me about the whole thing. But, there were people who didn't agree with him at all. He wasn't the pushy type that everybody knows is a leader though. Unlike some people who you just can't miss. You know Jon's there, but if you don't pay any attention to him, and if you don't happen to be interested in the same kinds of things he is, I suppose you could usually go through two or three years here without ever really spending too much time with him. There was a very definite group that Jon was part of. I know some people were very definitely on the outs with this bunch of people.

S: You know, I talked here and there with several people, around the school that is, and my impression is that theologically he was pretty doctrinal, pretty orthodox, when he first came here.

Judy: I think Jon has always been a very orthodox student. When he talks theology I can understand what he is talking about usually which is nice. But, for another thing, I know he used to have wild fights with Carl Edwards. He thought I was much too radical. And I don't think Carl is all that radical a theologian. I guess Jon was a lot more than anybody else. Except I know he's read

d Tillich because he wrote all sorts of footnotes..."See
"o-and-so'," in this book on that I've been
reading. I think he was awfully orthodox. And I think this is
one of the reasons people didn't agree with him...the whole thing
about the Roman Catholic Church for instance. Well, you know a
lot about that. I'm sort of against orthodox tendencies. Maybe
ethically a situationalist...pretty definitely, but that is
orthodox in a way too. I don't think Jon was a letter-of-the-
law type of theologian.

While we're thinking of it, if you don't want to go on
with the theology bit, some of the important things I can remember
talking about before Selma...At lunch one day. We were discussing
VMI. It was just a panic. I simply cannot really imagine Jon
at VMI. And I said, "Why on earth did you ever go to a place
like that?" About the only answer he came up with was, "Well,
adolescent fantasies, I guess." He never went into detail which
is probably too bad. I'm sure they would have been very
interesting.

S: No, I asked him, of course, because I had been there, and
was put in touch with Jon as soon as I got here through a mutual
friend that we both had in Lexington. And I asked him exactly
the same question...And pretty much that answer...And I don't
really think he had thought out why he went there. I mean,
he just did. He heard about it. He saw it. He went. It
wasn't until after he was there that he realized what had
happened. And I'm not sure that he realized for quite some

me what he was in...

Judy: The other question that was important at that point was, why on earth did he stay? I think it was mostly determination. "Well, I'm here, by golly I'm not going to quit." I think maybe part of what had to do with his going there was his father's being in the army and the attraction of the military life. He said at one point he really had been seriously thinking of going into the army or military services...a career, but I'm not sure how seriously serious he had been thinking about it.

I think part of the attraction was being in the South, because there was something about the South that Jon really found

scinating. We talked about that several times especially driving back to Selma...And the fact that there were some very good people there like Colonel , who really won us.

There's a whole long thing on Ash Wednesday...

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One other amusing detail I remember...I invited a Jewish friend of mine to chapel one night on a thursday. One of the senior preachers was preaching. And Jon had another Jewish friend he wanted to come over, so he invited him for the same night. Only it turned out the other guy couldn't come. So Jon and Mimi and I sat in the back row. This was a sermon in which the text got...whoever it was I've forgotten, luckily... was preaching on David's dancing naked in the streets when they brought the ark back. It was really an incredibly bad sermon.

And Jon and Mimi and I sat in the back. And Jon would make a nasty crack or I'd make a nasty crack or Mimi would say, "But the Hebrew doesn't say that...or mean that..." And we giggled through the whole service. It was really terribly embarrassing almost, but loads of fun. And then we went to dinner and got into a big, huge fight with Henry Hammond, who happened to be sitting across the table from us, because Henry had really gotten something out of the sermon. And Jon and Mimi and I thought it was just atrocious. The argument lasted until almost 7:00 when Mark Harrison invited us over for tea, because he'd been sitting at the same table. Henry walked about half-way over, and we finally said, you know, "Goodbye, Henry." And he left, and Jon sort of went, "Oh, No!" And we all did... So we sat around Mark's for awhile and talked about more important things than how bad the senior sermon was. The nice thing about it was that one reason Jon felt free to make so many nasty cracks was that he knew the guy that was preaching and liked him, and, somehow, you can say nasty things about your friends when you can't things about your enemies, because there's love there too as well as....'Gee, How could you do such an awful thing?...you know...'

But, Ash Wednesday was quite a day. I didn't do anything all day. I was reading and thinking. About 10:30 or 11:00, something like that, I finally said, "Well, heck. I'll go take a walk." Because I was tired of being inside. I walked by Lawrence to check and see if Jon's light was on because I wasn't

sure I wanted to go wandering around Cambridge that night by myself, and it wasn't. So I figured well, that's fine, because I wasn't sure I wanted to ask him if he wanted to go for a walk anyway. Walking down Ash Street, I ran into him...And Jon said, "Well, look who's here!" I said, "Hello." He said "What are you doing?" And I said, "Just going out for a walk, because I wanted to get away." And Jon said, "Oh, well, in that case..." And he started to walk back. And I said, "Come along. I'd love to have your company, because I really don't want to go for a walk by myself and I was even thinking of coming by and I'm not sure I would have but your light was off and I didn't have to decide anyway." So he said, "Well, great." I said, "Which way do you want to go?" I said I didn't care. And he said, "Well. I guess I have been promising you for a long time I'd take you for a walk by the river, so let's go that way." So we spent about two hours. Jon was doing most of the talking because he'd been doing a lot of thinking about what christian obedience means...How you know what you're supposed to do and obey. We talked about his plans for the future...Some about the year he'd spent at Harvard doing English graduate work and the year he'd spent as scrub nurse, or something like that, in the hospital and then about his wanting to become a theology teacher and finish here and do his two-year curacy and go back and get his Ph.D. in theology. Then he'd start to teach. We talked more about how do you know what

the Will of God is and when does the point come and the point always comes...

...

We talked about christian obedience and the point which you don't really know but you go ahead and after faith...hoping that you've made the right decision...that you sort of pray and search the scriptures and your own intuition and then...you have to do something so you go ahead and do it and pray you're not disastrously wrong. Part of this, part of what I've said is also what Jon said, but we both agreed...so, I don't suppose it makes much difference...So, we spent a great deal of time walking down and back. It was terribly cold...But that was one of the few really, really serious conversations I can remember having, which is really very interesting.

He said an awful lot about the kinds of things he'd been thinking and worrying about. We talked a little about the Danforth and money and finances which weren't really too important. But the importance of having a good and experience working with people and being concerned for them... where they were...And what you do...Of course, that was March 3, so it was less than a week after that that we went dashing off to Selma.

That at least hits the hot points of before Selma.

A lot of Jon's decision to go to Selma is in his paper. I sort of went along because everybody else was going, I

guess as much as anything else. And I just said that.

I wasn't going. It was a crazy thing. Steve, I guess, ran into to me at 7:00. I went dashing over to get my checkbook to write a check. And Reed and I stood watching the news together. On the way over Steve said, "Well, are you going along?" And I said, "Are you kidding? I've got much too much work to do." So anyway, Reed and I were standing there watching the news, and I knew Reed was going...this huge war practically going on and I thought, my God! I turned to Reed and said, "Reed, aren't you scared?" And he said, "Yes, as a matter of fact." And I said, "Are you still going?" And he said, "Yes, as a matter of fact, I am." And then Dean, who was Acting Dean, called the people who were going over to give them a few last-minute instructions or something... I'm not sure what. So I went over to see what they were doing because I didn't really want to stay, and I wasn't sure I wanted to go, but it sounded interesting. And Jon looked over and said, "Hey! You coming with us?" And I said, "Yes, well, I guess so. How are we going?" So I went and called the airplane and made reservations and all this kind of stuff. And there we were on the way. After a few frantic hours of getting things together and trying to call my mother, so at least they'd know what was happening. She wasn't home. She'd taken Daddy to the airport because he was going to Washington. I finally got hold of her at the airport just before he left. That was

cool. She said, "Well, be careful." I could just see her about to fall over. And they accepted it very calmly. My father, when he found out where I was going, said, "Well, that's great. Now I guess I don't have to feel quite so guilty because I can't go."

Selma...The first week's different from the rest of it. So, you would want chronology?

S: Yes. Let's do that first week, and not only factually but interpretatively, that is, what do you think was going on in Jon at that time, if anything, at the time? Anything of note that may have already been developing in terms of going back?

Judy: This is going to be awfully hard to separate...What I thought...because I can't really...but this is what I know best, of course.

So we got to the plane and we got to Atlanta, the whole huge group of us. There was one guy from Harvard Ed School that Jon knew and we spent some time talking with him. Not about much of anything, you know...Who knew who, where, that kind of stuff. We got to Atlanta and ended up spending the rest of the night in the SCLC Office so we could catch a chartered bus the next morning. It was really great. The E.T.S. contingent took over Martin Luther King's private office on the first floor. Ann and I were on this awful

incredible leather-covered couch that we kept slipping towards the middle of. And most of the guys were sort of spread around here and there on the floor. I never did get to sleep really. I guess everybody else did. I spent a lot of time wandering around talking to other people who were around because by 5:00 or 6:00 in the morning every available inch of floor space was taken up by people in sleeping bags stretched out here and there.

The next morning, we did morning prayer which was really cool. Steve Weisman read the lessons, and I think it was Jim read the morning prayers and service. We had about forty people in the office, not many of whom were Episcopalians.

And everything fit. All the and stuff like that... what do they call...mechanical...that you sing every time? They made so much more sense than they do in just ordinary services. Then we were packed on these buses and went riding off. I guess not much of anything happened. We kind of slept off and on on the way. And people were very excited and unsure of what was going on. I was most fascinated by the red dirt because I grew up in red dirt country. And it was really great to get back. We were all amazed at how cold it was. We spent some time singing freedom songs which drove the poor bus driver just wild because he didn't want to go to Selma, God forbid! So finally we all just sort of shut them up. And one young negro girl gave us all instructions...How one

participates in a non-violent demonstration...told the girls if they had slacks to change into them. Of course, none of us did, because we thought it would be nice to look neat. It turned out it didn't make much difference. I wore the same skirt all week. I was just so tired of that skirt by the end of the week. It was just pitiful.

So we finally got to Selma. The bus driver had asked somebody how to get to where we were going. Then, when we pulled up to the street--that was obviously the right place--the police wouldn't let him stop there. So the idiot drove about two miles--well, not two miles...a mile and a half out of the way to drop s off in a big field. And we all went trudging back past various and assorted groups of white people sitting on their porches staring at us and glaring at us. It was rather traumatic. We finally found the whole group of people. It's really hard to realize how strange it seemed at first because the whole place is so familiar now. But they had this huge playground just covered with lines of people. We couldn't get into the church where Martin Luther King was with a bunch of people that knew what was going on. So we all found a place in one of the lines. The lines were five deep. Somehow the E.T.S. groups got a little bit separated so that Jon and Reed and Jim and I were in one line and the and the Lawtons and whoever else was there were about six or eight rows ahead of us. We

couldn't quite see them. We helped out where we could get people in line and passed around registration forms so that everybody would be registered and giving Peter Hall power of attorney in case we got into any trouble. And things didn't happen and didn't happen. We all sat around and waited and sat around and waited. Finally, Jon and Jim decided they'd go to get candy bars or something at the store because I don't think we'd had any lunch and it was getting to be about 2:00 or 3:00 in the afternoon, and we were all tired of sticking around. So they went wandering off. And I stayed around to watch the gear. There wasn't very much of it because we were ng to be walking a long way and didn't want to carry very much.

But, all of a sudden, Martin Luther King came out. And this great big roar of excitement...And he started giving instructions and speeches and things. We couldn't hear a bit of it because we were way back in the back of the playground and didn't know what was going on, but we figured it was time to get in line because everybody else was getting in line. Jon and Jim came dashing back, having not gotten really into the store to get their candy bars. Everybody went marching off for just ages and ages. It was fantastically impressive. We were well in the middle of the line. When we got to the street--there were about six blocks of people marching down the middle of the street singing freedom songs all the way.

Of course, nobody was really keeping in time because there'd be a chunk here singing and a chunk there singing, and every once in awhile we'd be on a fringe group and wouldn't know where to sing...with whom. But it was really amazing. We linked arms and stuck close together, because nobody knew what to expect. It was kind of frightening especially when we looked at some of the white people standing around... And very exciting...Then we were marching across the bridge. We got stopped just on the other side of the bridge. That's where our bunch in line ended up. Some people never even made it that far to begin with. Something was obviously going on up front. What, we didn't have the foggiest idea. But we waited and waited and pretty soon the whole line turned around, which was really very frustrating. I felt anyway, and I think most of the rest of us, a little bit double-crossed. Here we came, all prepared to march to Montgomery, and they only let us walk across the bridge. Well, crud! So we all marched up...clear up to the line of troopers...They marched the whole line up that far and then turned it around and had lines going both ways for awhile, and marched back. We stood around exhausted. We hadn't really walked that far, but we hadn't gotten much sleep the night before. We kind of leaned against the fence next to Brown Chapel, because there certainly wasn't any room in Brown Chapel for us. We could kind of hear the speeches from outside, and there were speeches going on

inside that we could hear on the outside. Then they set up a mike outside, and a bunch of other people started making speeches. And who should come dashing along but Bishop Pike. And somebody punched somebody else in the ribs and said, "Hey, there's Bishop Pike." We all turned around and were going to say 'hello' to him, but he went dashing through and hopped up to the microphone and made this great speech about how he'd been going to celebrate somebody's wedding and he had to come dashing over to Selma, and that the body of Christ was as much there as it was in New Orleans in the sacraments there or whatever it was. And then he went dashing out again. We stood ere and looked at each other and someone said, "Who in the hell does he think he is?..What a big hero...He can spare half-an-hour of his time." But that's the way it goes.

That was the beginning of the anti-clericalism that was more and more evident in our lives as time went on.

So, we didn't know quite what on earth to do. We stood around...There were just all sorts of people who were being so kind and nice and saying, "God Bless You, for coming. We're so glad." To which our usual response was, "We're glad you'd let us. We're sorry we have to, but you're doing more for us already than we've done for you." This got to be more and more evident as time went on too.

But we didn't quite know what we were going to do. The

guys who were seniors and had theses decided they'd better get back. There were all sorts of ways of getting to Montgomery that night. So they went ahead and went back. The rest of us decided, well, we were going to march again tomorrow, so, let's stay and see what happens. There was a mass meeting called for 9:30. So, somehow, I think it was the Lawtons that did it... found places for us to stay. Nancy, Ann and I stayed with and Cheryl. teaches school. Cheryl is one of the high school seniors...really great kid. The guys stayed with some friend of Ronny Fuller's. And I'm not quite sure who he was. They can't even remember anymore. So we spent the night there. No, come to think of it, we went back to have supper. And then they had a mass meeting that night in which they made room for all the outsiders in the front of the church.

We felt a little embarrassed about it almost, because, after all, it was their church and their movement, and we were almost kind of butting in. It was just fascinating. James spoke, and he's very dynamic. Have you ever heard him? Well, typically Jim . We were all just as impressed as hell, but so tired we didn't know what we were doing. So, we went home and went to bed right after that.

Next day we came back...Come to think of it, it was that night that they announced that James Reeb had been beaten up very severely with his two friends. They were rushing him to the hospital, and nobody knew what was happening yet. They called the mass meeting for early the next day. We all went

off and went to bed...Oh, I know who else was with us. Priscilla was with us. That's who I kept forgetting all the time.

So, anyway, the next morning we collected all our stuff, and somehow we got involved with the . I'm not sure, I think they were friends of Ronny's and Cheryl's basically. Mrs. Scot lived practically right across the street from the project from Brown Chapel so we all stowed our gear there and had breakfast there. I was dead tired. I kind of slept through breakfast. Then we all went to the mass meeting, and I really don't remember what went on at the mass meeting. We had more speeches and waited around and waited around for it to start. Obviously it didn't start at 9:15. And anybody who knew anything knew that it wouldn't, but we didn't know anything yet... were just beginning to find out.

The guys were telling us these fantastic stories of a place they'd stayed which had been, evidently, really grubby. The people were as nice as could be, but they had cockroaches running around the house. They couldn't figure out how to work the coffemaker so they hadn't had any coffee that morning. That was why they got some at the .

Was it Wednesday that the clergy came in? I'll have to go back to the diary...Oh, yes...Andy Young spoke that night too. About 11:00 we started to march to the courthouse again. That's right...Oh, that was fantastic. We wanted to protest the beating of James Reeb. So, they got everybody in

ine, and we all marched out of Brown Chapel. I guess about 1:00 in the morning. Have you been to Selma yet? Well, the way it's situated, you've got the housing project like this... This being the main street inbetween and Brown Chapel is here. Bunch of housing projects here. The playground is here. Some more housing projects here and back in here.

So we all marched out of Brown Chapel up the street this way to get to the courthouse which was many blocks down that way. At the end of this street, there was a huge line of policemen so we stopped obviously. And then, somebody said, "Okay, we march the other direction and get around them."

So we all turned around and went marching back, and instead of marching back to the church the way the police figured we would when they told us to disperse, we kept right on marching down the street. And, at this point, there was Jon and me and and and and Cheryl and various and assorted other people were in our immediate line. We all went dashing clear down to the end of the street and around the corner actually at which point the cops started coming around. And we kept trying to go around them.

Then a bunch of these flat cap clergymen who'd been flying in all the time came back and along with the police line kept telling the kids and us to--we were all with the kids...They are the ones who knew what was going on--and they were to go back to the chapel quietly...'Come on, let's go...let's not...'

and we kept saying, "But we can get around them." And the police by this time were shoving this way, and we were backing up one step at a time, hoping not to step on the people behind us. And we finally decided when the clergymen were against us too, we might as well go back, because this did seem to be the order of the day.

So, we retreated slowly back towards Brown Chapel. At which point, I think, as I recall...About 500 people did get around and got to the courthouse. They slipped through the project. So they went ahead and did their march. Again, we kind of felt used as diversionary tactics, and we didn't think that was very fair, but, well, if somebody has to stand off the cops, why not? It was bad that we didn't get to march too.

I think at this point we ran into--it was either Wednesday or Thursday--I ran into a clergyman I knew from St. Louis, who was just arrived. He used to be rector of our home parish. I wasn't too surprised to see him there, because he was that type. So, I introduced him to Jon and we spent a lot of time talking...
Mr. , Bud . Do you know him?

S: No, but I've heard about him in the course of...

Judy: ...your conversations, I see. Well, this is Bud .
We talked to him some. Actually, Jon, again, when he was in
t. Louis...well, that's sort of different...Well, anyway,

we kept going to mass meetings kind of all day. And, somewhere in the middle of the afternoon, after another march attempt that didn't even get very far at all because the police had both ends of the street very nicely blocked off, they decided to have a street vigil...you know...'By golly, we're marching, and if you won't let us march, we're going to stand here until we do.' The whole street practically all the way down with lines of people five deep. We kept saying, "We're going to march, we're going to march." We never did. We kept standing around. Finally it became, "We're not going to march, but we're not going to leave." So, we started this street vigil. And people dug out blankets from all the houses around when it got to be night. There were groups of women coming up and down the line passing out baloney sandwiches and hot coffee and things for people who were standing in line. Occasionally somebody would leave the line to go to the john, or just because they got tired of standing, and then come back. And it got to be fairly dark. We all kind of spread the blankets we had out in the streets.

It was very interesting. The E.T.S. bunch was still pretty much all together, but somewhere along the way we picked up this little, tiny kid. She said she was twelve, but she looked like she was about eight. She and another little friend of hers had come in from one of the out-lying counties with her school teacher. Somehow, they sort of adopted us. It was fun. So Jon...I guess

we finally decided that we could go to sleep. And Jon and Steve Weisman and I said as much of the evening off...as we could remember which wasn't an awful lot. We kept getting confused here and there. But nobody had their with them with our gear in the house. At that point we were very scrupulous about staying in line and not leaving to go back. Finally...dozed off...And here was Jon with this little twelve-year old girl, tiny thing, in his arms, and I would really love to have a picture of that. It was just beautiful.

Finally Rachel was just getting terribly cold, so we sent her into Brown Chapel to get warmed up and tried stretching out again...There was this crazy-looking guy in a soldier's uniform who, every time I looked around, was staring at me. I didn't think very much of that. So, I spent most of the night wandering around here and there talking to various and assorted groups of kids...sitting and watching the stars and counting them. I don't think we did very much talking at all. People most of the night--until 11:00 or 12:00 or 1:00-- were passing out sandwiches and hot coffee all along the lines. There would be all sorts of groups here and there sitting around chatting about this, that, or the other thing, or singing freedom songs. It was kind of cold, but not all that cold. It was really almost fun, again. The troopers were

up there with a spotlight, but it was kind of picnic-y atmosphere very much.

And, the next morning, the place was just littered with paper and empty coffee cups and all sorts of trash which everybody got busy and picked up again. We lost a heck of a lot of people during the night...People had gone home to go to bed and had come back again. And we spent the rest of that day standing there.

Only, in the middle of the day, all during Wednesday and Thursday, there was this big question as to when the chartered bus that had brought us was going to come and we'd get a ride back into Atlanta or Montgomery to catch the plane home, because the charter was round-trip. Nobody quite knew because we knew it wasn't going to come Tuesday. As long as there was a chance of marching Wednesday....and the rumor was that he would be back Wednesday afternoon...He didn't make it then. And there was a lot of scurrying to and fro to find whoever it was who was in charge of seeing that everybody got back together...

Priscilla was great. You've met her? Yes...My first reaction was, "Good Grief...This is a civil rights demonstrator?" But she's just terrific, because she's been a demonstrator before. And Priscilla was always the one who would tell us, "Don't sweat it. We're not going to go anyplace today... Just stand still and take it easy. We aren't going to march."

I can tell you that." We'd say, "You know, we're supposed to be at a meeting in ten minutes." She'd say, "If we get there in ten minutes, we'll be the only ones there. We might as well wait a half-an-hour, forty-five minutes...Why rush?"

I guess that night we had dinner at the too. They whomped up a bunch of fried chicken. We ate in shifts here and there. Practically anybody you saw would invite you in for a meal or say, 'Couldn't we get you something?' We spent a lot of time talking to high school kids...Ronny and Cheryl and Helen and Augusta and two or three other kids. Pat Smith I guess was the only one--those were the five or six we knew best at that point...and Imogene who was only a sophomore. She wasn't quite with this same crowd, but another nice kid. And we talked about what kinds of things they were learning in school and what they were going to do when they got out. The thing that amazed me most was the number of kids who wanted to go to college. Practically every kid we talked to was really planning on it, which we considered a really good sign for the future...