

JUDY UPHAM

Cambridge, Massachusetts

June 9, 1966

Judy: Okay, we're now on Sunday, March 28, which is the first Sunday after the big march. And we'd started talking about the integration of the Episcopal Church, and I discovered that before we even went to church we had communion at the Scots' house, and I think Morry Samuels celebrated. It could have been Nick or the two of them together, something like that, with various and assorted kids --one of the Scot kids read the epistle as I recall. And then we finally got off to church. There were about eighteen of us, so we took three carloads and then came back for another one, or something--I don't quite remember. But they let us in, and we'd gotten the rumor ahead of time the Bishop had given the word. People--well, Frank preached what I thought was really a very good sermon on reconciliation and the necessity for changes of heart and realizing you're wrong. You know, it was fine until I started thinking, you know, if I were a segregationist reading that sermon, I could read it very anti--all those nasty civil rights demonstrators and why didn't they all go home and become reconciled to us, but, you know, it was not a bad sermon at all. The first three or four sermons I heard Frank Mathews preach were pretty good. He's gone downhill since, I gather.

After the service, just all sorts of people came up to us to say hello and how glad they were we were there and all this kind of stuff. And we discovered later that a large part of it was that they assumed that we would be there that one Sunday. The atmosphere got progressively colder as they discovered we were going to keep coming back. There was a mass meeting that night which wasn't particularly interesting. As I recall not much of anybody was there. We kind of wandered back and forth from the mass meeting to the Scots and talked to people and that kind of stuff.

The next day we didn't really do much of anything. Theoretically we had a meeting set up with Frank Mathews, but we didn't go because Henry Stein's

from the Atlanta ESCRU office hadn't come, and they wanted to be sure we had a negro at the meeting.

So, Tuesday, March 30, we finally ended up having the meeting. And we had kind of a big fight about whether or not I was going to go along because I was convinced I was, and everybody else but Jon was convinced that I wasn't. But I went. And Frank was most hospitable, very charming, kind and gracious. And Henry Steins and he kept getting into arguments, and Henry said afterwards he didn't trust him any farther than he could throw him. I kind of thought Frank was going out of his way to be agreeable, but I found out he does that most of the time. He's very much sort of the Southern school; 'let's be nice to everybody' type. He can stand up--which is one reason I think he's got ulcers.

S: The ulcers were real then?

Judy: Oh, very real ulcers, yea.

S: Oh, I thought maybe he had manufactured them--

Judy: Oh, no, he'd had ulcers for quite some time. In January he had actually been hospitalized for almost a week, with bleeding ulcers. And I'm not at all surprised that he had a recurring attack with all the stuff that was going on, and he's had trouble with them ever since. You know, every once in awhile when Jon and I would go see him, he'd pull out his bottle and take a couple of pills, and we'd all chuckle because we were all taking the same kinds of pills for our stomachs, and you know, just very jolly at times.

The one useful thing that did come out of our conversation with Frank was the names of a couple of liberal members of the congregation, that he said he thought might be valuable for us to talk to. We decided that one of the things that was important was to find people in the congregation who could maybe be encouraged to do something. So, when we got back from that, well, we stopped by the grocery store on the way home and all went over to Nick's and sat around



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and talked for awhile about the general state of the church and that kind of junk. And then we went over and called--well, I guess that was the day we got our Alabama plates for the car too, but that's way back on the tape somewhere. We called this one woman who's a lawyer's wife. Do you want names?

S: Yes.

Judy: Yea, it will simplify. We called Mrs. Gamble. We were trying to get in touch with old Mr. Gamble who used to be the rector of the parish, unless maybe it was the old Mr. Gamble who was the brother of a rector of the parish. I never got the Gamble family straight. But anyway, they ended up talking to the lawyer's wife, and we asked if we could come over and talk to them, and she was really most polite, but said as long as didn't bring any negroes with us that would be fine, and she'd like very much to talk to us. But she was working on some kind of secret committee to improve the situation, and she was afraid that if negroes came to her house it would completely jeopardize her <sup>position</sup> ~~situation~~, that nobody would listen to her anyway, and they were in kind of a ticklish situation already, being known as liberals. So we agreed--well, yea, we thought that would be fine because we didn't really at that point know any negroes we'd want to take along then. We had a feeling that if we wanted a meeting it would be nice to have it someplace like at the Scots in the negro community so that the white--er, the people in the white community could sort of see what was going on.

Let's see, yea, the rest of the day was just kind of fiddling around. Hosea Williams was in town and we kind of vaguely talked to him, but he was rushing in and out. They were getting a group of people off to Atlanta for the, um, working on summer projects and things, which is one of the things that Peggy Dobie, who was this other girl who was there, was most interested in, and she was about ready to go off with him that night, but she decided she wouldn't; she'd go the next day.

Well, so, the next day, Wednesday, Mrs. Gamble called us back on the phone, and she talked to Jon, and I listened in on the downstairs phone, and it was really

very very strange. She was obviously terribly upset and willing to admit that she was wrong and that the whole situation was wrong, and she just didn't know what to do. At one point I can remember/saying "What is it they want?" And we sort of couldn't imagine that she could live in a town like Selma for very long and not know what was wrong in the negro community and what they wanted. But we sort of told her things like decent housing and fair employment and jobs, decent schools--if they could integrate just good schools for the kids to go to. And she just was so completely lost, I think. And you could tell she was just agonizing over the whole thing. This was obviously causing her a great deal of pain, as it probably should have, but, you know, just very fumbling around, and she kind of renigged on her invitation to come over and suggested we call her husband at the office which we did and he said we could come and talk to him any time we wanted to. And we said 'how about fifteen minutes' and he said 'fine.' 'Come Down'. So I ~~threw~~<sup>quickly</sup> changed clothes so I would look nice. I always made a big point of trying to look decent because one of the things we were trying to do is convince people that, you know, all agitators aren't beatniks and slobs and there's some honest middleclass white Episcopalian types--gee whiz! So, anyway, we had a long conversation with Mr. Gamble which was in many ways extremely painful, partly because we hadn't really gotten on to talking to people, and we mashed much too soon. We kind of started out being defensive and he started out being very very defensive, told us if we really wanted to help what we should do is go the hell home. And we said well we can sort of see why you feel that way but that's the one thing we can't do, now given that, where else do we fit in. And we talked about the things that were being done. Forinstance, Mr. Gamble was on the committee to take charge of getting funds and building a new negro YMCA, at which point, remembering a situation in the town I grew up in, I sort of said "Isn't there one over on Washington Street or wherever that street is? That strikes me as being a very nice building." He said, "Oh, yes, that's the white YMCA." And I said, "Well, I think it would be so much simpler just to integrate it. Then you wouldn't have to build a new one."



And he sort of very quickly said, "Well, you know, it's outgrowing its size already, there are too many people," etc. And I said, Well, you kind of missed the point, that it's not just a new negro YMCA people want, it's a YMCA that everybody can go to." And that, of course, didn't make him very happy, because it was something good that he thought he was doing, and here's this crazy kid telling him he's really wrong. And we'd sort of go on like that. He'd say something that didn't sound nearly liberal enough to us, and Jon would mash it to bits, and then I'd sort of say, "well, you know, I can sort of see your point," and I'd soften up. And we'd play this sort of role, mash and soften him up and then mash a little harder the next time. And it was too bad because we decided after a couple of conversations like this it was the wrong kind of tactic, that you have to sit and listen first and when we listened first we got along a lot better with all sorts of other people. And we were much too quick to make judgments. But it was a pretty good conversation. It lasted an hour and a half. And I was surprised really he took that much time to see us. And again, you could tell he was concerned, but he didn't quite know what to do. We talked about what would happen if we could get a group of citizens together to make a firm, strong, statement, you know, on the order of segregation is wrong, we oppose it, how about doing something to clean the mess up. And he didn't think there was any chance of that. As a matter of fact, about a week later, there was a petition in the paper signed by almost a thousand people, some of them were false signatures, like Jim Clark's secretary had her name on the list and was not very happy about it when she discovered her name was there. Whether or not it was because she hadn't signed it, somebody had put her name on it, or whether she had had second thoughts about it after Jim Clark found out, I don't know, but she called the editor of the paper while we happened to be in his office and just gave him bloody hell for it. But at that point Mr. Gamble just didn't think there was any chance at all of finding even fifty people. And he wouldn't feel safe unless he had about three hundred people on the list. And we talked about, you know, the necessity of people who were liberals and moderates sticking together and maybe getting someplace together. And he talked a bit about

the things they were trying to do, like--I guess it was a birth control clinic his wife was working on, which seems to have gotten off the ground at this point, from what I know. But it was incredibly discouraging because Mr. Gamble is supposed to be the most liberal member of the congregation. You know, we just sort of went out thinking "If that's a liberal, I'd hate to see a bigot." And it turned out he really is quite a bit more liberal than almost anybody else, like he doesn't believe in violence. You know, he really does think negroes should have rights; he just doesn't know what to do to go about getting them, which is the same position everybody else seems to be in.

After we finally got through with that, we finally drove Peggy into Montgomery into the airport and actually stopped and had another good dinner. We used to just drive into Montgomery once or twice a week either to take somebody to the airport or just to get film developed or something, and it was nice, because then we'd eat well. While we were living with families we didn't feel justified in eating anything different from what they did, and they didn't eat very well either, so, that was the breaks.

Well, the next day is, yea, Thursday, the first of April. We met another teenager who actually we'd seen before--the Waller kids, Freeman and his sister Ollie May. On one of the night vigils, I guess one of the nights we actually got around to going someplace. Anyway Freeman came over and we sat around and talked about the school and college and what he wanted to do. He was thinking of going to the University of Chicago. Very very bright kid, and we went over to his house for awhile, and his parents were incredibly gracious. It was almost embarrassing. They treated us like we were visiting royalty or something. And you sort of wanted to say, "Well, you know, but we're just people like you are, honest. Don't believe that just because we're white we're better than you are." And it was very strange, but they had a delightful little girl about ten, just adorable. You know, we sat around and played monopoly with her and talked to the kids and read some of Freeman's papers. For a senior in high school they're incredibly illiterate.



There are some very very good ideas, and he just can't put it down on paper. And this is typical, I think, of most of the kids. When I get letters from Johnnie-May, her grammar is atrocious, her spelling is even worse. And she has good things to say if you can manage to read it through all of this other stuff. And these kids have gotten through nine, ten, twelve grades of school without really learning much. And I guess, I don't know, one of those days, Jon went over to the high school while I was busy studying, I guess, for a change; he spent a long time talking to the librarian who's a really sharp woman. They talked about what kinds of books the library needed and the fact that really what the library needed was money to buy the books that they needed, and money specifically ear-marked for the books, because money that wasn't specifically ear-marked for books would go for other things. And there was, I gather, bitter friction between the high school principal and a lot of the teachers. He also met then, I guess, the choir director, who was another really sharp man, and we used to go sing sometimes with the choir just to hear good music. A couple of concert programs they've done. They usually when they give a concert divide it up into three sections, and one section will be negro spirituals and the other two are really good stuff like Bach and Schubert. And they sing extremely well. They spent last summer making a concert tour of the United States--most of California and around. They were quite well received I gather in all sorts of places.

But anyway, oh. yea. There was a mass meeting then Thursday night which we sort of went to off and on because Jim Bevel was speaking again, and we have a great deal of respect for him. But that was the night that Mrs. Scot told us that Jerry Montgomery had given her the word and that we maybe ought to move or something and again we debated whether or not we would or wouldn't and finally decided, well, yea, it's the safe thing to do since we could go stay with Bee and Cheryl, the girls in the ETS group had spent the night with, the first night we were in Selma. Maybe we should because they had plenty of extra room and one bedroom that wasn't used at all and Cheryl had two bedrooms and two beds in her bedroom so there was plenty of

room for us to move in. So after the mass meeting which broke up about 11:00 I guess, we got all our junk together and loaded it in the car because we didn't really dare leave anything in case the managers came around to inspect. If they had any of our junk, they'd begin to wonder what's the deal. It was kind of fun. It was exciting. Just gangs of kids carrying the stuff all out, loading it in the car, kind of any way we could get it in, just so we could move. And it was kind of scary because here you are in the <sup>middle of the</sup> night moving off from your home kind of to someplace far out. You felt kind of like a refugee. And, you know, it's the kind of thing that happens all the time when people get evicted. I never realized how it felt before. We were glad we had some place to go to, which is nice. As a matter of fact, you know, we could have gone any one of a number of places, I think. The Wallers would have been glad to take us in, which is the other great thing. You never really had to worry about whether or not you were going to get something to eat, that might not be much but any family there would have been glad to feed us, to put us up for at least one night if they couldn't take us for longer than that. We discovered this real feeling of belonging to a community. It's something you don't really find much of any place else. People just sort of accept you immediately. I think part of it's being in kind of common danger. Kids were like that a lot. In somebody else's house they'd do chores. Around 3:30 everybody would clean up the Scot's house, whoever happened to be there because Mrs. Scot would be coming home from work. You know, when it got to be dinner time everybody would sit around and make salad or whatever it was they were having for dinner. Because you were there and you might as well work. And it's really great to watch the kids. When I think about the way we used to really complain about "Do I have to do this, Mother. Do I have to do that? It's not my house, I'm a guest here. I don't have to do anything." These kids weren't like that at all, which is the other really great thing. So, I think, well, everybody there was really crushed to see us go, partly apologetic that we had to leave, partly they just didn't want us to leave because they thought we were part of the family. It's like throwing your own kids out,



which is kind of great. I guess we called school again that night just to tell people to send our mail to Mrs. Scot, addressed to Mrs. Scot and not to us for safety's sake again. The fewer people who knew obviously that we were there the better off. If the post office didn't know it, you know, it was that much better. You want to turn it off for a minute? (Tape is turned off here).

Okay, Friday, the Second of April, three guys from the Pacific School of Religion arrived, really a nice bunch. One of them only stayed a couple of weeks because his mother became extremely ill and he had to go home. One of them was there I think nearly all summer. He was still there when we left. And the third one started eventually working in one of the other counties. We didn't see much of him after that.

Anyway, the first day we were there we decided we'd go into Montgomery. We had to trade in a rent-a-car for Morry Samuels. And the other guys wanted to buy blue jeans and bluejeans' jackets and things and Jon didn't have any either. So we went into Montgomery shopping, and we stopped at one of the big shopping centers and shopped around. And we found a restaurant because it was lunch time, you know. It was a member of the National Restaurant Association and we <sup>decided</sup> ~~said~~ well that would be a pretty safe place to eat, so we walked in. Well, as a matter of fact the only white people--I mean, only white people were sitting at the tables, and it was one of these very interesting things where behind the counter in the cafeteria they only had white people, and they had negroes, you know, carrying things off the tables. And I guess <sup>clearing the</sup> ~~clearing the~~ back. And as we were eating, this was obviously lunch time for the staff and, you know, people from behind the counter would get their plates and sit down at one of the tables and eat. And we sort of sat there, five of us, speculating on whether or not the negro help ate there or whether they ate in the kitchen or what. And the guys were really curious and wanted to know. So as we left I said, "Well, you know, I'll ask," because one of them was going to and I decided it would be better if I did, since the only people standing around were girls. And I kind of

walked up to one of them and said, "If you'll pardon my curiosity, where do you eat, when you eat here, or do you eat here?" And the girl got this funny look in her eyes and said, "Don't ask no questions." And I said, "Sorry." And I walked over to pay the bill, and at this point the hostess or whatever she was was standing there just glowering daggers at me and I thought well, you know, we've kind of goofed again, you know, and I hope the poor kid didn't lose her job because of it. It was very weird, and you know, it looked so safe on the outside, and there were all these things going on underneath that you never see. And that was the day we also bought a camera which was nice and started taking pictures. We've got stacks and stacks of them. That was also the first night the Hudson High School choir gave their concert in Brown Chapel, and we have several pictures of that which aren't too good but it was an excellent, excellent concert. The kids had been practicing for it for days. And they gave it in honor of and to raise money for a classmate of theirs whose father had killed him. The kid had been involved in the movement. I guess it was his stepfather actually, was really upset about it. So he took a shotgun and just blasted him one. The police arrested him and kept him for a couple of days and sent him home. It was very typical of the way they treat crimes in the negro community; they don't really pay much attention to it. And there were a lot of people who were pretty upset about that, and they were upset about the fact that the guy's father never came to trial even though they maybe sympathized with his father too. It just seemed to them, you know, one more obvious injustice.

The next day we didn't really do anything, sat around and worked and did school work mostly. I think we had communion at somebody's house that night too across the street from the--well, across from the West's at the Bell's I think. And we kind of made plans for going to church so we'd get there about the same time and all this kind of stuff. Well, the next day we went back to church again. There were still some friendly people but much fewer and much less friendly. Mr. Gamble we saw, and he said 'do come talk to me again,' which pleased us because we'd decided well we hadn't completely turned him off. Frank Mathews was friendly. He shook hands with



the kids. And not much of anybody else was. And I guess we had dinner at the Waller's because they had invited us and spent nearly all the day there and played games and talking with the kids. And Freeman and his girl, we did a little bit of pre-marital counseling, I guess, kind of, love and marriage and this kind of stuff. Um, then there was a mass meeting. It was very interesting. And Dave Smith, who is one of the PSR guys who had only been there a couple of days was asked to speak, and actually as I recall gave a very good talk about among other things the strength that he'd been given from the things that had been going on particularly from the community and strength from God. And there was, oh, yea. This was the night during the mass meeting there was another bunch of whites out in the street throwing beer cans and bottles at any people who happened to be wandering outside, and they managed to hit a couple of kids, not seriously injuring but it was again kind of panicky. And right in the middle of it we heard these incredible sirens and three or four men in their fire uniforms came dashing into the church. Somebody had turned in a false alarm for fire I guess. And they finally went away and everything calmed down and everybody went home after that. But it was a weird meeting.

And the next day, Monday, April 5, which is a registration day, which means that you know, that people were registering to vote, and we did some stuff that day, carrying food to the lines and helping people make sandwiches back in the kitchen and trying to round people to go join the registration line whether they thought they were going to register or not or whether they had just to keep the lines filled up. At one point Morry Samuels was threatened by one of the possemen. (Pause). Anyway Morry Samuels was threatened by one of the possemen as he was distributing food. I'm not exactly sure how they threatened him, but probably told him.--As a matter of fact, I think that was one of the times they threatened to kill him, because he had several threats like that. This time I think his wife and kids had arrived so that all five of them were living with the Wests. Yep. Because he had their three little kids there too. There was another mass meeting that night, what went on I don't really remember except that it was another one that was disturbed by a bunch of the

white people driving around and throwing things. Also, that day there was a meeting of a group of all sorts of independents like Jon and me and a bunch of other kids who'd come down for the march and weren't members of SNCC or SCLC and weren't sure what they were doing but were working on various and assorted projects. We kind of divided things up. Jon and I and a couple of other people were working on a dialogue committee. As a matter of fact, nothing ever really happened because the whole group got disorganized again except for the one group that was working in Selma University--was a very very poor Baptist Negro college, and they were beginning to get someplace until the board of trustees kind of really, well, I don't know how to describe what they did. They rejected all the things that the students demanded like better books, some good teachers, something other than just a clerical course. And managed to expel some of the students leaders and get some of the other people tossed off the campus. Threatened that they would be arrested if they ever appeared on the campus again because it was private property, etc. But, you know, there were some good ideas that came out of the meeting and some interesting people, not all of whom stayed around very long. Unfortunately we never really got anything going with the dialogue committee. We tried--we got a slightly longer list of names to see. A lot of them were already on our list of Episcopalians, and a couple who weren't we actually I did I think go see. But most of them we never got around to because there didn't somehow seem to be time to do it. We also had a big discussion that night. The next day we were going to start boycotting the stores, and we had this long discussion about whether or not we should go pass out boycott leaflets and things, and we finally decided--this sort of Los Angeles group--that we would, probably getting arrested in the process. We weren't sure what was going to happen. We decided it was important enough to go ahead and try. So as a matter of fact what happened the next day was that we discovered there had been trouble in Camden which is thirty, thirty-five miles south and a little bit east I think of Selma.



It's in Wilcox County where actually they've got a pretty good movement going on. I think more imperative at that point, at least to Morry Samuels, and we were going pretty much on his judgment at that point, to go join the Camden demonstrations. So we had two carloads of people, the three PSR guys and Jon and me in our car., and Morry and his wife and kids and a couple or three other people in his car. We drove down to Camden, and we couldn't really find the--we couldn't find the demonstration, and we got a real run-around. But we pulled into one place and Morry made a bad mistake, he said later, because there was only one entrance and one exit, and as we came in and turned the car around, he went in to check, three or four cars of one containing the mayor and the chief of police and the rest of them were sort of various and assorted possemen or deputy sheriffs, I'm not quite sure what they were, managed to block the exit. And they kind of walked over and asked for all our driver's licenses, and, you know, we went through this riggermarole of identification, you know, where are you from and what are you doing and all this kind of stuff. At one point one of the guys, one of the possemen, had his gun out, his shotgun, and was sort of sitting on the back seat of one of the cars with the door open cleaning it, and Morry got really mad because his littlest kid's only four and his oldest one's nine, and he told the mayor he didn't see any reason why this man had to be cleaning his gun in front of his wife and kids, and he was sure his nine-year old was not vicious enough to hurt the policemen, you know, he wouldn't swear to it. And so the mayor was really nice; he told the guy to put his gun away. And then Morry got into a fight with one of the other guys which was really pretty bad. Morry was in a <sup>car</sup> ~~car~~ and the other guy was outside the car. He was being very threatening, and Morry threatened to get out and push him one which was a very stupid thing to do. And luckily the posseman's friends kind of hauled him off because they didn't really want any trouble either. And so the police chief told us where he thought the people might be, so we went driving way the heck all over

the countryside and never did find them. We finally ended up at Camden Academy which is I guess primarily a private high school, but it's evidently supported by some public funds. The high school is an old really ramshackle building. There's a grade school which is very modern on the outside, nice brick and things, but they're still heating it with a wood stove on the inside. I have a lovely picture of that which I finally got around to taking. But we spent part of the time talking to the kids; well, they fed us lunch because we arrived there just about their lunch hour, and we talked to the kids, and found out what was kind of going on, and in the middle of one of these conversations a young man came in and spoke to one of the girls who was sitting there and she went out in the hallway and a couple of minutes later we heard this terrible shriek and it seems that the mayor or one of his cronies had gone to this girl's house and beat up her little brother because this girl was the girlfriend of the guy who was leading the movement in the high school. You know, and they couldn't find the guy and they couldn't find the girl so the closest ~~thing~~ person they could get to was the little brother, to sort of warn everybody off. And, you know, this kind of really burned us all, and they were planning on having a demonstration the next day anyway. And we sort of said, 'if you would like us to, we'll come back.' And they had kind of a meeting of the whole school then, and they asked us if we would come, and Morry I guess gave a speech and somebody else did about 'they were the ones who really...the movement, and we were there to follow them, and if we could help them, fine, but we weren't trying to tell them what to do because they were the ones, that we were learning from them.' This kind of stuff. And we kind of got ready to leave. As we looked out we discovered, well, the school was on the top of a big hill and there's a driveway coming up in front...(End of Tape Side One)



And at the bottom of the driveway, at the bottom of the hill we discovered there was a police car, and we discovered that there were police cars circling the entire school, but we couldn't get out. The reason they were there was because they knew we were there. So Morry called the FBI. He knew it wouldn't do any harm, and told them that we were having trouble and asked them if they could do anything about it. Their answer was "Well, has anybody been shot, killed, hurt." And Morry said, "No, not yet." And they said, "Well, we're sorry we can't do anything about it until someone's injured. And we suggest you call the local police." Morry said, "Look Buddy, it's the local police that are giving us trouble." And the FBI said, "Well, sorry there's nothing we can do about it unless someone's injured." So they finally went away; and we finally left, zipped along the road until we got home I guess about 4:00, at which point Jon and I took off for Montgomery again to get the film developed because we'd taken several pictures of the police cars and things like this. And to hunt for a bluejeans' jacket for him and for a clerical collar, because we knew Morry was going to be leaving soon, and we thought it would be nice if the church had some kind of visible representation. So we couldn't find any anyplace, so we kind of gave up and had supper at Howard Johnsons, sitting kind of next to a guy that we were sure was on the Selma police force. It was a kind of uncomfortable supper with that guy staring down at us and for the kinds of things he said we were pretty sure that he was definitely law enforcement, if you want to call it that. Let's see, that was the night we discovered the laundromat which was nice. It was funny, we asked Mrs. Scot how to get to the nearest laundromat, and she gave us directions, and we followed them and we discovered it was a white laundromat so we went back and said, "Hey, you know, what is this? We don't wash our clothes in any white laundry place." Well, it turned out that we hadn't followed the directions accurately, and we'd missed the turn off to the negro laundromat. But we found it, and that's where we washed our clothes all the time after that, down the street from a little store where we used to go and get ice cream that was far enough away that you had to drive. It was practically right

next to Selma University which was a handy place to be.

Well, the next day we went back to Camden again. This time there were fewer of us. Jon and Morry and the PSR guys and a couple of other people from Selma, and Lonzie West went with us and two or three others. But we didn't take any of the kids, and we didn't take Morry's wife because we figured she needed somebody to stay home with the kids. Well, we said morning prayer on the way down simply because there wasn't time to do it beforehand, and we arrived there and there wasn't time--what happened was that we had a mass meeting first, I guess, and everybody sang songs, and they told us what to do about tear gas and all this kind of stuff. And we started out, we marched down the hill and up the street and we got to the city limits because the academy is evidently a block away from the city limits. You know, the cops were there and they said we can't go any farther, so we turned around and went back. You know, and we had another mass meeting and sat around and sang songs for awhile longer and then marched down the hill again. And this time they said we couldn't go any further, so I guess we turned around and marched back a second time. And the third time we decided well, all right, this time it doesn't make any difference. If they say we can't go any further, we sit and wait until they'll let us go and stage a sit-in. But they were in the process of starting another group of people from the Shilo Congregational Hill Church--or something like that, that was about four blocks on the other side of the court house in the middle of the town. And Jon and Dave Smith and somebody else, I guess, took my car, and went over there so that they'd have a few outsiders just to be in that demonstration. So our group went down the hill again, and, of course, we got stopped again. This time we just stood there and waited, standing on the sidewalk, not in the street, because there were plenty of cars going back and forth. And finally everybody got tired of sitting and standing, so we kind of sat down. We kept the line moving because it was beastly hot and we were right next to a field house which was very handy because inside the field house there was a drinking fountain and Johns and things like that. So they'd take about twenty people off



the front of the line and give them a rest break and move the whole line up. And somewhere in the middle, I'm not sure quite who started it, but the police started closing in, and everybody sort of hit the ground grabbing arms with the person next to them so they couldn't carry one away. And the cops moved in and carried off one guy. His name was Arkansas, and I gather they kind of had to beat him up a bit to get him out of the group he was in. And it was kind of too bad, but my feelings have always been that if there was anybody they should have carried off, Arkansas was the one because he was making passes at the girls, and they didn't like it particularly, and he was being particularly infuriating with the police I think. But at the same time they got him they took a couple of the students--

S: He was a negro?

Judy: He was a white.

S: He was a white making passes at negro girls?

Judy: Yes. Particularly. Well, you know, he'd make passes at any girl, but particularly the--

S: But, I mean, he wasn't doing this to rile the police particularly, it was just doing it because he would have done that if--under any circumstances?

Judy: Yea, he would have done that under any circumstances, but it did rile the police.

S: Yea, but it wasn't a tactic to upset the police.

Judy: No, it wasn't a tactic to upset the police. Yea, and he should have known enough not to do it, you know, so then we really staged a protest and said, we don't go anyplace until they're out of jail, because they kept trying to move us back. And I'd just taken a rest break and moved back of the line when they started tear-gasing and I was surprised because it wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it was going to be but I was far enough away that I didn't get the real brunt of it.

You know, and that just sort of made everybody madder and that more determined. So we as soon as it sort of cleared away enough so we could sit down again, we --it rises pretty quickly--we sat down. And most of this time I spent talking to the kids, and sometimes writing letters to a friend of mine on the inside papers of my cigarette pack which I'd been saving, because they're nice and easy to carry in your shirt pocket and the cops maybe won't take them away if you're arrested, because they only take notebooks and stuff. But most of the time I was talking to the kids. This one kid sort of looked at me and said, "How much do they pay you for this?" I sort of looked at him, "You know, look kid, I do this for free, don't believe everything you read in the newspapers," because this was particularly when the big Selma sex scandal was coming up and the rumors about \$10 a day, all you can eat, all the girls you want, come and march with us. And this kid was really convinced that the outsiders got paid for demonstrating. I told her about the school was helping support us so that we could afford to eat, but certainly nobody was paying us. We were spending quite a bit of our own money to be there to because we thought it was important. I guess she was sort of convinced. The rest of the time we talked about college and what they were going to do and what they thought about school and their families, all this kind of stuff. We discovered finally the justice department man--I'm not sure who he is--I got a lot of this second-hand--but what happened was he talked to one of the--the one student leader who was left and to the mayor and sort of arranged with the mayor that he would make a deal with the kid that he'd let these guys get out of jail and we'd all go back to the school without marching to the courthouse which was the original goal, and then he sort of said to the kid, "You know, I think if you went and talked to the mayor, he might make a deal with you." And they got things arranged<sup>so</sup>/that the two of them sat down on the curb together and talked and they made their deal. And he did it really very well because he let the kid make the advances kind of. And you know he was the one who was in charge and he was the one who talked to the mayor, but he sort of carefully arranged everything so that it would work out.



Really very well handled. So we got back and at this point I'd seen my volkswagon come back and forth going to the school twice. I was really kind of wondering what on earth was going on, so I got the story from both Jon and Dave I guess. At the church they'd had kind of the same reaction; they'd been able to march about a block and somehow Jon and Rev. Harrell, I think, unless he was the one who was in the background staying in the church, had been leading the march and they had some of the Selma kids with them, and again they got stopped by the cops, and they got tear gassed too except instead of moving back when they got tear gassed they moved forward which I thought was really a very cool thing to do because they actually gained ground when they realized that the rest of the line behind them wasn't following them and so they had this clump of about six people up in front and everybody else was scattered behind so they started moving back when they discovered that they weren't--that the rest of them weren't keeping up. But Jon had picked up a couple of tear gas bombs from right at his feet where they'd dropped, and one of the kids got hit right in the back of the neck with another one. Somebody had just aimed it there while he was flat on the ground. And Jon had just all sorts of tear gas burns on him which we stuck gunk on. I didn't really get many of those, funny little red spots. Then they'd kind of called off their half of the demonstration because they decided they weren't going to get anyplace, and their instructions from headquarters were, you know, 'come on back and forget about it.' So then he'd spent time carrying people back and forth to first aid stations because one little old lady in particular had gotten her eyes just completely full of tear gas and was having all sorts of problems and they needed to wash that out and a few other people with tear gas burns they had to take care of. Then when he got back he was exhausted so I ferried a couple of more people back. And then the bunch of us drove home kind of dead tired by then, of course, because we'd stuck the tear gas bombs in the front of the car where the trunk is we kept getting these little crystals in the car. They would come sliding through the trunk and we had just all sorts of tear gas crystals on the bottom of the car, you know, they had fallen

out of cuffs of bluejeans and things. It made it kind of difficult to drive. You know, we cleaned the car out. And we've still got the tear gas bombs someplace, I'm not sure where. We took them out and took a big picture of them, just for evidence in case anybody ever asked us, 'did you ever see a tear gas bomb?' We could say yes, you know. Ha; Here's the evidence.

What happened when we got home.

S: What was your posture in the demonstration, I mean, what kind of a role did you play, you and Jon? And what kind of attitude did you try and communicate to the other people?

Judy: I don't know, Jon I gather was very much a leader in the demonstration that he was in. At this point, you know, we were separated. He was on one side of town and I was on the other side of town. I was very much a follower because the agreement we'd made with the kids when we went was that they were in charge and that it was their demonstration, and we'd do what they told us to. And we were pretty sensitive at this point particularly about outsiders interference and agitation and taking it over because it seemed to us that that was what the clergy had been trying to do in Selma and that they made some big mistakes in doing that and that one of the things we were there for was to learn. I was asked by one of the other seminarians, one of the PSR kids to tell people to keep in line and I suggested to one of the other kids whom I knew--well, one of the girls whom I had gotten to know pretty well, who was one of the leaders--that it might be very effective if she could ask people to stay in line because it seemed to be that the general order of the day was that people were supposed to stay in line. And then she went along telling them, and I just didn't want to put myself in any position of authority because I didn't think I could do it. ..effectively.

S: Well, did you try to be joking, happy or were you all serious?

Judy: Yes, it was very much a game. Yea, a little more serious but it wasn't-- didn't strike any of us I don't think as being particularly dangerous. Somebody



got teargassed, that's not much. They never really moved in.

S: Well, the reason I'm asking you this is because Dave Gordon for instance, in describing the Fort Deposit demonstration mentioned how when he saw Jon go into the line, Jon went in with almost a kind of flair, you know, happy and joking because the people who were in it were kind of frightened and didn't know what it was all about, and the reason he went in was because--was to give them a boost. And I just wondered if this was a kind of --this was the kind of way you tried to behave most of the time in a demonstration or whether you sometimes would--in other words, did you just react as you reacted, or did you plan ahead of time "well, we'd better go into this fairly serious or"--

Judy: Well, I don't think we planned ahead of time. We didn't do that much demonstrating. The Camden demonstrations other than the Selma march were the only ones we were really involved in. And there the kids were so enthusiastic already and so much on the ball that we were kind of caught up in their enthusiasm. And, yea, there was a fair amount of laughing and joking, nobody was really grim. And nobody was that frightened. When they got teargassed, a couple of kids were crying, and I can remember telling one, "It'll be okay in awhile <sup>but</sup> ~~just go~~ just go ahead and cry because that will wash more of it out." And some of the other older girls would do this too for the littler kids. And there was very much a sense of everybody protecting everybody else. The men, the high school kids, the boys would make sure that they were on the street side, the side that was most likely to get attacked if anybody was likely to get attacked. When we hit the ground, the guys would be on top to protect any of the girls who might be around just in case the police came in with billy clubs, which they never did. And I don't think anybody was seriously worried because the mayor was being very very careful to avoid another Selma and it was obvious he didn't want to risk it. And we didn't feel that there was that much to be concerned about. We were much more concerned about getting from Selma to Camden and back again.

S: Had you been shot at or anything at this time?

Judy: No. As a matter of fact, we'd barely been recognized even up to that time by anybody outside the negro community.

S: But you mentioned that you had been followed around by some cars. Nobody tried in any of those cars to do anything?

Judy: No, they were just following us around. As a matter of fact, the real problems of being followed didn't really start 'till Palm Sunday. Before that, we may have been casually kind of--people were keeping an eye on us. We always kind of had that feeling. Our pictures had been taken as we marched in here and there, but nobody really threatened us particularly except for being moved out of the project and that was more a threat to Mrs. Scot than to us and it was just sort of you'll lose your home, not 'we're going to get you.' So, we were still kind of remarkably safe, almost, and you keep your eyes open.

Well, when we left on Wednesday, they decided they were going to have another demonstration on Friday, and this time they were going to apply for a parade permit. I'm not sure whether they'd even applied the time before. So on Thursday we slept late because everybody was tired, and then John decided we really needed clericals, so went calling around and called Birmingham and Mobile, and Mobile was the closest place you could get any kind of clerical vestments. Alabama is kind of really low church, not much of anybody but the Romans wear them. So, we called the shop to find out if they had what we needed and they did, and we told the lady when we were leaving. And she said, 'well, you know, if you aren't going to be here by about 5:30, call me up and I'll stay open late for you.' And our mouths sort of dropped-- doesn't she know what we're here for? What kind of a person is this. So we hopped into the car, left about 2:30 or 3:45, so it was almost 6:00 by the time we got into Mobile and a very nice drive down, very gorgeous countryside, especially in the Springtime. And we found the shop with no trouble. It was a little Roman Catholic place called "Lorissa's" run by a Mrs. Zogby who was just as great as she



could be. She knew perfectly well what we were there for, thought it was great. She's always employed negroes in her shop and has had several run-ins I gather with the Klan. They wanted her to get rid of a couple of people whom she had working for her, and she said, you know, "I run this place. I'm the one who's deciding who I hire and fire; you can go peddle your papers, boy." And she has, what, three sons who are priests and four daughters two of whom are nuns and two of whom are teachers, really just a wonderful woman. We had a lovely time talking to her. It was refreshing to meet a really genuine Christian Christian integrationist Southerner. And had a delightful time. And we kind of stopped at one of the shopping centers on the way back and bought a bluejeans' jacket for Jon and some other stuff, ashtrays which we needed desperately by that time, and things like that. And got back kind of late.

The next day, again, there were a bunch of us going down but Morry decided not to go, so we went with the rented car instead, because we could get more people in it, and as we were leaving Selma we discovered there wasn't enough gas, so we stopped at the gas station just across the bridge and had them fill it up and drove zippity-zip along. Just as we got to the church where the march was going to start--well, we had word that they'd already gotten a parade permit so there wouldn't be any problems in the demonstration, which I guess is one reason Morry decided not to go. But we got there and just as we got to the church the tire went flat, one of the back ones. We looked and it turned out the guy at the filling station had loosened the valve, so we'd been leaking air all of the way down. And it was just pure miracle we made it without blowing or going completely flat. And driving down some of these back country roads at eighty miles an hour would not have been too good to get a flat tire. So somebody changed it and finished just as the march started off. It was very nice, perfect timing. So we all marched down to the court house and one of the guys read their petition. They wanted this, that and the other thing. I've forgotten what was on it now but it was the usual fair housing, fair job--this kind of stuff, more registration

days, registration office open later. And they presented it to the mayor who actually accepted it in his office.

Judy: You know, we all stood around and sang songs and somebody gave a speech, and we all turned around and went back. Very nice and peaceful. And then back at the church we had a brief mass meeting again. I guess people talked a little bit about where we'd go from there and that kind of thing. We left fairly quickly after that. We had plenty of other stuff to do. That night, well, what happened. I guess nothing really significant happened.

Samuels

On Palm Sunday which was the last Sunday that Morry and Jean ~~said with us~~ and most of the rest of the Los Angelesers were going to be there, we decided we'd go to communion because we figured they hadn't been having communion first Sunday of the month. They were bound to have communion on Palm Sunday, so we went at 7:30. We went in two groups, and Morry and Jean and Corrine Bell arrived before Jon and Helen and I guess--Helen, Cheryl, Jon and I went together. And just as <sup>we</sup> pulled up to the church a police car pulled up kind of next to us, and we went in because we were slightly late. It was 7:32 and the service started at 7:30. We discovered Morry and Jean standing in the vestibule talking to Judge Reynolds. And we discovered that what had happened was we were not going to be allowed in to receive communion. Judge Reynolds went on about how the Bishop says you got--we got to let you come to our church but by golly we don't have to let you receive communion. It's our white Episcopal Church, and you're not going to come into it. This whole thing again. So, Morry and Judge Reynolds were talking, and Frank Mathews appeared, and it turned out when we got in finally they were at the Gospel and he had interrupted the service to walk out and find out what was happening. And he sort of said "ssh, now, what's going on." And he took all the ushers down the street--said, "You come here." And Judge Reynolds said, "You stay here and be sure they don't walk into the church while we're gone." And so he took them down the street and kind of gave them a talking to I guess. He said "Now look we've got to let them in. I'm sorry,"



and all this. And came back and told us, he says, "Well, I may lose my job because of this, but you can come to the service, only please sit--it's hard enough the way it is, would you sit in the last row and <sup>receive</sup> ~~take~~ communion last." Well, we figured at that point it was a concession we might as well make, because it's obviously costing him something to let us in, and we didn't see the point in making a big deal out of it at that point. So we went in and went to communion. It was very interesting. George Reynolds didn't receive--I don't think he received communion once in that church any of the times I was there. And, well, I kind of thought that was appropriate that he should excommunicate himself. He certainly didn't like it one little bit. He sort of glared at us all as we came in.

After that service we all went back and had coffee and breakfast. And then Jon and Johnnie-May and a little boy that lives down the next house over from the Scots, Terry and I went back to morning prayer because most people were at the 11:00 service. We thought we were an important witness just in going to the 11:00 service. As we were going in, one man looked at us and said, "You goddamn scum." And we just sort of nodded and walked in. I was just shaking. And you know, the kids didn't look any too happy either, but we walked in and sit down and sat through the service somehow and went home. But we kind of stopped going to the 11:00 service after that. We went a few times still but that was enough to really kill things because here's one of kind of our people behaving like that, just, you know, don't get it.

But we spent quite a bit of time then talking to Morry about plans for the future, what kinds of things still needed to be done, and he told us he'd talk to Frank after the service and promise him that we wouldn't bring any of the kids with us to communion with us on Easter Sunday because it was too tense for Frank. And we didn't like that very much because Morry had promised and even though he really didn't have any right to promise for us, we'd sort of stick by it.

The one nice thing was that after the 11:00 service Mr. Bielecke (sp?) stopped and shook hands with us and with the kids and was just very nice to us. He's the one integrationist in the parish. He's eighty and doesn't really count because he's an outsider. He spent most of his life someplace else either in Ohio or in China where he was a missionary for a long time, really great man. We went to see him a couple of times at his home, but he lives with his son and daughter-in-law, and they're Roman Catholics, and his daughter-in-law at least is a rabid integrationist--segregationist--and so he really doesn't make too much of a point of being integrationist, but he was always unfailingly nice to us whenever he was there at the same time we were.

That night I guess Morry drove himself into Montgomery because he had to turn in the car anyway. There didn't seem any point in going. But that night we took Helen and Cheryl and Ronnie out to the Air Force base because Helen had a boyfriend out there. And we went bowling, and it was just the greatest thing because nobody said anything to us. Everybody sort of calmly accepted the fact that we were a mixed group and nobody thought anything of it, you know. Went bowling and got cokes and then went over to the club and I guess drank cokes or something or maybe we drank beer, I'm not sure the kids were under the age so I guess they didn't. And just had a really nice normal evening. It was such a pleasure after being in sort of a tense situation. You never quite knew whether you were accepted or not. And everybody sort of treated our presence very calmly. It's nice to know the Federal Government is--really is--somewhere, and that there are some places one can go. But, let's see, what else happened. Oh, yes.

The next day we had to go down to the court house to pay a ticket because we'd gotten a traffic fine for going twenty-five miles an hour in a twenty mile speed zone or some crazy thing like that, I'm not sure what--or going through an unmarked stop sign or something. Anyway it cost us \$32. The guy told us we could fight it out in court if we wanted to. We decided we'd much rather pay the ticket than go to court especially since we knew who the judge was. The judge was an



Episcopalian, but he was even worse than Judge Reynolds, and we really didn't want to meet up with him in any kind of court room. So we paid the ticket. And then we called another family in the parish, the Ellerts, (sp?) and they invited us to come over to their house, which was very nice of them. So we went over about 3:30 and stayed until about 6:30 or 7:00. Dr. Ellert is a medical doctor. He has a fairly large practice. His wife is very gracious and charming woman. They have three kids, one of whom was home and who sat around and talked to us. He goes to school, I don't know, Alabama University or something like that. They have a daughter who was in town during the demonstrations, and Mrs. Ellert told us about driving down kind of to see them one day, and her daughter crying because she couldn't understand how it could happen in her town. And we just sort of felt, oh, you know, come on, lady. We didn't say that, it was sort of you know we're sorry your poor little daughter is upset, but she should have had her eyes opened a long time ago, and she's not too young to start learning. But other than that they were really very very polite to us and liberal enough to understand our point of view even though they didn't always agree with it. They asked us at one point what we thought was going to be the eventual outcome. How the racial question would ever be solved. And Jon's reply was speaking completely off the record and partly for the shock value--you know, the whole thing is going to be solved when you can't tell the black from the white, in other words intermarriage. They got that and they were a little bit horrified, but they maybe even almost agreed, but didn't want to accept it. It was kind of hard to tell. But mostly it was kind of charming conversation which is unfortunate. And occasionally it got off the levels of charm into something more significant. And I wish I remembered to take notes.

The week before Easter I guess was mostly churchy week. We went to service on Tuesday afternoon, I forget quite why. Frank preached as I recall a pretty good sermon, and we had some amiable friendly conversations with him afterwards. One of the notes I've got is "I really like him--or we really like him." He was being I think especially nice although we didn't like him so well later on.

We went to the early service on Wednesday, maybe it was at 10:00. It would seem to be mostly the Ladies Aid Society type older ladies. As we walked in and people had been chattering at each other kind of around the pews. The celebrate at the side altar when they don't have a very big service. And, you know, people had been sitting and chattering. And conversation just stopped dead when we got there. And again we kind of sat in the back. There were twenty-six people there, aha! And Jon and I received last simply because we happened to be sitting in the back. I don't think it was particularly on purpose. And we went into Montgomery. We took some of the kids, Ronnie and a friend of his who wanted to go in shopping, and we had lunch with them at Howard Johnsons. It was really funny because the one person who was the most amazed to see us there was the colored girl who was washing the windows or something. And she just sort of kept looking over at them with us with this wide-eyed stare on her face, partly pleasure and partly sort of what the heck are you doing here, and what's happening? The whole place is falling apart. And the kids got kind of a kick out of it too. When we got back we talked to Mrs. Ellert again because she was trying to arrange for us to meet a friend of hers, Dr. Dumont, who's a really marvelous woman, German doctor who's been in Selma for over twenty years now working in the negro community sort of as a medical mission, and her assistant. We met them I guess a couple of weeks after that, but the meeting didn't work out right then. So we went over to the Hotel Albert (sp?) to talk to Mr. Ralph Smeltzer (sp?) who'd been doing kind of behind-the-scenes research on the power structure of Selma, and he kind of spent a lot of time feeling us out. And we weren't being very trusting of him, and he obviously wasn't being very trusting of us. Everybody kind of keeping things hidden, but he gave us a list of a few people he thought it would be good for us to see. Some of whom like the Gambles and the Ellerts were already on our list. And he talked about the minister of the Presbyterian Church for instance who was quite liberal who unfortunately we never ever got around to meeting...Jon met him later in the summer but. (End of Tape Side Two)