

JUDY UPHAM #4 *

St. Louis, Missouri

July 26, 1966

Now as I recall we stopped with Wednesday, April 14, which was the Wednesday before Easter. We got to early communion service with all the little ladies and then went into Montgomery for most of the day with Ronnie and a friend--I think that's all on the other tape. We came back; we spent the evening at the Wallers, Freeman and Onnie (?) and their little girl, Sherry, who's just adorable. Didn't do much; helped the kids with their homework, talked about this, that and the other thing. Then when we left we went over to the Chicken Shack which is kind of a cool place, took Cheryl and a couple other of the kids, sat around and talked, ate chicken--their chicken is about the best there is. It's one of the few places in Selma where negroes can go at night and have fun. Okay.

Now we're on Thursday, the 15th of April, which is, what Mandy Thursday, I guess. It was a day we didn't do an awful lot. Sat around and did some school work that I had to get done and wrote a

*There was no interviewer for this tape. Judy did this at her home in St. Louis.

letter to the Dean. Jon worked on his sermon because he was--he told the guy at the Christian Methodist-Episcopal Church that he would preach for him on Easter Sunday. So we did some laundry, that's right. It wasn't particularly interesting and then we went to church in the evening for the 7:30 service and took Johnnie-May with us. Kind of strange; they weren't very happy to see us. They seated us in the back and made sure that we didn't receive communion until everyone else had received and returned to their seats. We weren't sure whether they were trying to cut us out or not. It was a little bit difficult to tell. But people were generally hostile. The choir especially gave us all sorts of dirty glares. Then somebody followed us home afterwards--I'm still not sure who it was. I think it was a guy from Birmingham; somebody with a Birmingham license had been following us home from church on other Sundays. Anyway we lost him at the post office, so we didn't worry about that. Then the set of books we'd gotten from ETS. We asked them to send us about ten copies of Bill Stringfellow's My People is the Enemy. So we went

around and delivered some of those. We gave Frank Mathews his, and he really looked kind of glad to have it. Then we went by the Ellerts, and Johnnie-May and I stayed in the car while Jon went in. And he stayed and talked awhile. So then I guess we took Johnnie-May home, went back to Bee and Cheryl's and called Peter Selby who wanted the article for the Journal. So we decided maybe we'd better get busy and write that one. But before we quit for the night we went over to see the Bells to ask if Corrine who'd been going to church with us on Sundays wanted to go to Good Friday Services. She didn't; we stayed and chatted with them for awhile. Then we stopped by the Wests and talked to them I guess for a couple of hours. Lonzie gave us a list of negroes who might be able to get into some kind of dialogue with some of our white friends sometime. We never really got anyplace on that at all, but at least we had a list. As we left, Lonzie again mentioned the fact that he was worried about how safe we were out in East Selma. He thought it would be awfully good if we moved back into the Project. So he was going to hunt for a place for us and

hopefully he would find it within the next couple of days.

On Good Friday, well we did junkie stuff in the morning. Jon worked on his sermon again and went to the cleaners. We went to the store to buy cigarettes and all this kind of stuff. Picked up some of the kids at high school and drove them over to Bee and Cheryl's because they wanted--I guess they were taking the last half of the day off or maybe they'd gotten it anyway. So we sat around and wrote letters for awhile and then went to the Good Friday Services at St. Paul's. What they do in Selma usually is have a community service. They had seven different people preaching. We went in time to hear Frank Mathews which was really not bad and then Reverend Newton who is rector of the Presbyterian Church I think. It's a church that had a year or so before decided they would integrate, open their doors to negroes and had so many problems that after a couple of weeks they changed their minds and closed it. A couple of significant things that I remember the Newtons said which really impressed us. He was talking about the words "I thirst" -- you know, they have divided up the

seven last words--and he was stressing the importance of asking things even from our enemies and the kind of humility it takes to be able to accept from the hands of somebody you know would just as soon stab you in the back, the basic simple necessities of life.

Well, we sat with Mrs. Ellert and her daughter. They weren't very happy about that but they didn't move, and we got quite a few giarees from all sorts of people when we left, even though we didn't have any negro kids with us, but I guess enough people knew who we were. So instead of trying to move we decided we'd run into Montgomery because Jon's mother had sent us some cash to buy Easter lilies as a present from her for the Scotts and the Wests and Bee and Cheryl. So we found mostly what they had for sale in town were plastic things. Well, we found some real ones at one of the big stores. That was kind of fun.

Then I guess we ran some errands for the Wests too. Mark needed some shoes that didn't fit and stuff at the grocery store. We went around then that evening--well, on our way into town we stopped and took a picture of the "Get the U.S. out of the U.N." sign. We were trying

to use up some film in the camera, so on our way back we stopped and took a couple of more pictures. Then after supper that evening we went out to take pictures of the Citizens Council sign and the Battle of Selma sign because we really didn't quite want to be seen stopped on the main highway taking pictures in the middle of the day. We got back I guess from doing all this stuff about 11:00 at night and Cheryl was there and talked about going to church with us on Easter. As I say Morry Samuels had promised Frank the week before that we wouldn't bring any of the kids with us to church, but Cheryl and Helen and some of the other kids were planning on going anyway whether we took them or not they were going to go to church at St. Paul's on Easter Sunday. So we decided we really didn't want them to go by themselves. We just didn't think it was safe. So Cheryl went to bed about 12:30 and Jon and I sat up for another hour or so and tried to figure out what we ought to do. We finally decided that obviously the thing to do was go tell Frank that we were sorry. We hadn't promised anything, and that even if we had been the ones

who promised him we wouldn't bring the kids with us it wasn't our place to make the promise because whether or not people went to church was their decision and not our decision. So, well, we got up early the--on Saturday and went around to see Frank I guess a little after 11:00. We thought it was going to be a very short meeting. We'd planned to sort of announce the plan. But we didn't leave until almost 1:00 because we got very involved again in conversation. Frank, of course, thought we were stabbing him in the back. So we tried to explain our point of view and told him we really were only coming to the 7:30 service since Jon was preaching somewhere else at the 11:00. So that was some help. Well Frank wasn't too happy about it but he told us some of the things he wasn't too happy about us and went around and told us how he thought we ought to be back in school and we ran through that mill again. Kind of talked in general--I guess this was the conversation too where we got involved in discussion of the ecumenical movement which was rather interesting because Rev. Mathews is very anti-ecumenics.

And I think somehow the two go together as being segregationists. Sort of very exclusive. He likes things sort of nice and neat and no complications and don't get too involved with people who aren't just like yourself. At least I think this is the kind of thing that is behind it. Well, as we were leaving, finally, Jon was stopped outside the car--I was already in--by a man who it turned out--we discovered later--was the organist's husband who was just as mad as could be because the organist had been practicing and wanted to talk to Frank and we'd been taking up his time. But anyway they exchanged a couple of sentences, and the guy asked Jon if we were trying to wreck the church and Jon said, "Wreck the church? I'm not sure what you mean." And he said something like, "Coming here to church every Sunday morning, what are you trying to do? Are you trying to wreck our church?" And Jon said, "Why, no. We're not trying to wreck your church." And he replied then, "Well, what are you trying to do anyway?" And Jon said, "We're trying to live the Gospel." At which the point the guy looked at him and said,

"Go to Hell you---," well, anyway, there was quite a bit more. He went on and on, but we left rather quickly after that. Then we decided-- we'd collected the kids, Cheryl and Quentin Lane (?) who plays the piano for the Hudson High School Choir who wanted to go to church with us, and I guess we had Johnnie-May and Helen and there were four or five of them. And we met on the Scotts front porch and discussed kind of what the communion service meant, went through the service and the prayer book so they'd kind of know what was happening and kind of tried to sound them out on what they believed about communion because we--I don't know, we'd just sort of wanted to be sure they weren't coming just for kicks and to demonstrate the fact that they really could get in and that it was something that was important to them as well. And they seemed to be. They were really a great bunch. Then we went to see Mrs. Maddocks who was the one negro Episcopalian in town and her grandfather or uncle or something like that was evidently one of the first negro bishops in the U.S. and she had had been an Episcopalian and was in the process of becoming

a Presbyterian because people at St. Paul's were just so nasty to her. I'm not sure whether she'd ever even really tried to go to St. Paul's but if she had she certainly hadn't been received and it was made plain that she would not be welcome. We spent quite a bit of time in the rest of the evening running errands, taking the West kids up to the store to get some stuff they just had to get, talking to the new Unitarian minister who'd come in. The Unitarians were sending a new man every two weeks with a couple of days overlap. And Jon and I were usually the ones that--along with the old Unitarian--did kind of the job of orientation, telling them who it might be important to go see and how you found this, that and the other thing, all that kind of stuff. Jon and Jim Leather (?) went to see Wilson Baker. I'm not quite sure why except that the rumor was he'd had quite a bit to do with the integration at St. Paul's. He'd sort of given the word--you integrate it peacefully or else. And I'm not sure actually this was--evidently a lot of it was rather false rumor because Frank didn't know anything

about it. We'd also I guess gotten another parking ticket. Yea. We got a parking ticket because we'd been parked so long in front of the church Saturday morning. So Ronnie went in and paid that for us. We kind of didn't want to get involved in the police station any more than possible.

Okay, now we're at Easter Sunday. We picked all the kids up I guess a little bit after 7:00 for church. I'm trying to remember exactly who there was. There were five kids, there were Cheryl and Corrine and Helen and Quentin Lane--maybe there were only four. I can't remember--I think Johnnie-May want along with us too. But anyway we parked the car down the street a bit from the church on Lauderdale and walked up to it, and as we came up towards the church we were stopped by Judge Reynolds who is head usher, his father was a vestryman and, you know, big wheel in the church, who pulled Jon aside and asked him for heavens sake not to bring anyone to the 11:00 service. Jon told him kind of quietly that he was planning on preaching at a negro church at 11:00 and that there

was no need to worry and that we'd already talked this over with Frank Mathews, etc. The ushers were really unpleasant. They sat us in the very last row. And the way the church is set up along the main part of it each pew is divided into two sections, one on the center aisle and one on the side aisle. But they sat us in the section that was on the side aisle. And there is kind of a wooden partition between the two halves of the pew and there wasn't really room for all of us in there. So we crowded for a little bit and then the first opportunity we got Jon moved up to the next row and really from the expression on one of the usher's faces, we thought he was going to die of a heart attack. You know, he just stiffened and glared and looked very apprehensive because--as if he sort of suspected we were going to move--in an encroaching movement--move up pew by pew until we were in the front. We were at least six empty pews between us and the nearest people in front of us. And again as they had on _____ Thursday, only this time we were much more aware of it, the ushers made absolutely sure that everybody else would be seated and return to their seats before they let us up.

they would let us up. And of course again we got glares. Nobody was very happy to see us. Frank Mathews after the service sort of completely ignored our presence for awhile and finally we wished him Happy Easter and left. This is all--the whole thing again--is kind of outlined in a letter we wrote to Bishop Carpenter. I don't know whether we got around to writing it that night or the next day but kind of outlined what had happened and that we were unhappy about it. You probably ought to have a copy of that in your files. Well, so, at 11:00 we went to St. Paul's C&E where the Scotts go. The Rev. T. R. Harris is the preacher there and he's one of the people who--as an aside--is still active in the movement now. He's one of the independent group who is sort of split off from the Dallas County voters. Really quite a good man. Very strange. He's missing most of one hand. And the service, of course, was a very less than peculiar--well, more than peculiar--very unfamiliar. We sort of sang one Easter hymn that we knew and the rest of them were sort of ordinary gospel hymns, but sort of nothing like communion.

Very casual. People were dressed up but the service itself was a very casual kind of thing. Nobody paying too much attention to what was going on. Jon's sermon wasn't bad. There's a copy of it I think in his little black notebook someplace. I've heard a lot better Easter sermons but the general gist of it was that Christ is alive here in this situation in which we are now and he talked about what was going on in Selma. And kind of in the middle of it some of the little old ladies in the back started up their "Yea, preach it brother." It was kind of funny. A little bit disconcerting. It threw Jon off for a little bit until he got used to it. But anyway everybody was very happy to see us there which was very pleasant change. So we finally got out about 12:30 I guess. It was a long service. And went back to the Scotts and Wests and took pictures of a bunch of people. I have a whole bunch of them that we took there and then I guess we had Easter dinner out at Bee and Cheryl's and then Bee's Sunday school class which was practically all the

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kids that went to the CME Church were having some kind of a play, performance or something at 3:00. So they all left and Jon and I sat around reading Stringfellow and took a nap--at least I did because I was just dead tired by then. And I guess that evening after Bee and Cheryl got back and we had supper we collected all our stuff and moved into the Wests. Lonzie had told us that he'd found us a place to stay, and the place he'd found us to stay was their house. We checked with Mrs. West and it was fine with her. So after it got dark we moved our stuff back again. And Lonzie thought it would be fun to go out, so I guess about 9:00 we all went out to the Elks Club which was the other place really besides the Chicken Shack that you can go for a drink and just sit around and dance and have fun. We saw a couple of kids we know and ran into a guy from San Francisco CORE who we had met at the Chicken Shack the other night. I spent a lot of time talking to him.

(sp?)

Really strange guy. Jon I think ran into Stokely Carmichael that night and spent a long time talking to him. Lonzie of

course was drinking toomuch. We finally--I guess it was about 1:00 o'clock by the time we finally persuaded him it was time to leave. When we finally got home as usual I was deathly ill. So I went straight to bed with--I guess I was sharing the bedroom with both Nella and Baby Sister at that point in one of the upstairs bedrooms of the Wests. I guess Jon and the Wests sat up and talked for a long time. It usually takes Lonzie a long time to get around to going to bed when he's drunk. He likes to continue partying.

So, the next day was registration day. I got up early and sat around and talked to Mrs. West for a long time which was kind of fun. I guess I drove into the grocery store and back. And Jon got up about 11:00 and we took lunch down to people at the court house and carried a couple of more people down in the car and then went back because we'd been asked to by whoever was in charge and canvassed a bunch of streetcorners in town telling the people to go on down to the court house and register or stand in line at least so that it looked like a lot of people were there. I still felt kind of sick so I spent most of the afternoon reading while

Jon was going around carrying more people to the court house. And that night there was a big mass meeting with Martin Luther King who came about 8:00 and left at 8:20 which I guess was sort of typical the way he was always dashing in and out. He didn't really say an awful lot but it was kind of fun to watch him. He got a tremendous ovation. You know, sort of everybody there to see Martin Luther King. And this really great hero. It was kind of fun to watch and kind of disappointing to see his performance. I didn't think it quite matched up to the trust people had sort of invested in him. So

(Gene?)

about 10:30 we went to see Jean Leaning (sp?) who was the previous Unitarian minister who had been there and Herald Shelly (sp?) who was the new guy who was just coming in. We talked to them for a long time and then drove them down to the post office and down to the Chicken Shack just to show them what it looked like. Jim Leatherer (sp?) who's the one-legged guy who'd been on the march had been out of town and was back in town and he was staying at the Wests. So we

spent a long time talking to him. He was just terribly depressed that night.

Well, anyway, to continue. The next day, we're now at April 20, which is a Tuesday, we spent the morning not doing a lot. A cousin of Mrs. Wests came over for awhile and Jon went down the street with her to the First Baptist Church where they were distributing surplus food and things--clothing I guess. Because she was just having all sorts of problems with them and couldn't get what she needed. So Jon went down with her to help her get that stuff. We came back and after lunch we drove out--kind of way the heck out in the country to see Mr. Bielte (sp?). Mr. Bielte was one of the few people in the congregation at St. Paul's who was, you know, really a good sort. He was an integrationist, unlike everybody else. But he was eighty or so, and was an outsider. He'd only lived in Selma for ten or fifteen years, so he didn't really count for much of anything. He was--well, he'd been a missionary in China for about forty years and then worked for a college in

Ohio. It turned out one of his daughters is a good friend of ours from Dayton, so we had that to talk about. And we met a couple of his grandchildren. He lives with his son and daughter-in-law, both of whom are Roman Catholics. His daughter-in-law is just a rabid segregationist, so he kind of doesn't say much because of that too, because he wants to keep peace in the family. But we had really a very nice conversation. We gave him a copy of Stringfellow's book too. Then when we got back from there we went to see Roswell Faulkenberry (sp?) who is editor or publisher-- I guess he's editor--of the Selma Times Journal who's really just very polite. We had a very nice visit. The general--our general conclusion of the whole thing was that he was trying to give us a snow job, but he succeeded pretty well. While we were there it was kind of funny. Jim Clark's secretary called and just the week before there had been a big advertisement in the paper signed by something like a thousand white citizens. The advertisement was kind of upholding things like fair employment opportunities and,

you know, stating their general agreement with it and desire for peace and this kind of stuff. So it was really kind of interesting talk. I can't remember very much more that we talked about. We talked about newspapers in general, the situation in Selma and in particular how one goes about writing a newspaper, all this kind of stuff. His office was just littered with old papers, stacked clear to the ceiling practically. So, well, after we'd talked to Mr. Faulkenberry for about an hour we drove back to town, went back and talked to Mrs. Scott for awhile, and picked up Mr. Shelly (sp?) who was the new Unitarian, and he and Jon and Dave Smith who is one of the guys from the Pacific School of Religion and I all went out to the Holiday Inn for dinner because we wanted to talk about Selma Interreligious Project which was at this point still very much in the planning stages. We had a good dinner, very interesting conversation. We didn't get far. We kind of talked about the possibilities of renting offices, what kinds of things we thought ~~we~~ ought to be going

on, and since most of them haven't really happened, we might as well not go into that. We got home about eight and then went down to School with Mr. West. The West kids, all except the ones who were in high school, go to the Roman Catholic school which I guess is St. Elizabeth's School. I don't know whether they call it by the same name as the church or not. Well, anyway, Mark, who is the youngest one--boy--in school was kind of having problems and Lonzie didn't quite want to go down to talk to the teachers by himself. He was a little bit shy. And Mrs. West thought maybe we'd be of some help. So the three of us went down. And I guess we missed most of the PTA meeting, but we had kind of a nice conversation with the teachers. And there's one West kid at least in every room, and in some of them there are a couple or three. And then when we got back Priscilla (?) who is the parish worker at St. Ann's in Dorchester called. Maybe we called her but I think she called us and we discussed Field Work, both Jon and I. Well, Priscilla said that she thought it would be very

nice if both Jon and I came to work for them next year. So we got that kind of all settled. It was nice to know that we had that done. Then we sat around and started to work--I think maybe Jon started to work on the article that night. I can't really quite remember.

But, anyway, the next day was a Wednesday, and again we spent time visiting people I guess. Wednesday evening we went over to Hudson High School and sang with the choir during choir rehearsal, because they are a good bunch and we kind of wanted to hear some good music again. That was really fun. The director, Mr. Anderson, is just very very good, and the kids sing very well, good music and all.

Well, anyway, Thursday I got up early and Bobby Black, who turned out to be an Episcopalian, he's from California, and was working out in Wilcox County, which is where Camden is. We'd met him when we were down--actually I guess he'd come down after the demonstrations in Camden--and was working out there. Anyway he was in town, and he needed a ride back. He'd missed his ride.

So I didn't quite want to drive down--drive him down--and have to

drive back by myself, and since Jon was still asleep I didn't want to wake him up either. So he ended up with one of the guys from the Freedom House, and so the three of us drove down to Camden, and you know we got there and a couple of other people wanted to go pick up a car farther out in the country so they could deliver handbills to get people together for school demonstrations. So I took them out and drove back. And then we went over to Charles-- I forget Charles' last name--anyway, he and Ralph were the two kids at Camden Academy who'd been the most important student leaders. And they'd gotten a big injunction, along with a large number of other people, against interfering with school children for the purposes of demonstrations and things like that. So we went over to read the injunction and sat around and talked for awhile. I came back--I got back about 1:00 o'clock, something like that. And then Jon and I went up to see Frank Mathews, just kind of to check with him about church and tell him we'd written the Bishop and hand him a carbon copy of the letter, this kind of stuff. So

he was gone and we left him a note and went over to see Mr. Gamble again, who is the lawyer. And this time he was really much more friendly. He read part of Stringfellow's book or his wife read even more of it and had been very impressed. And we spent a lot longer time listening. We talked about school integration and the possibilities and sort of in general how things were going. We were introduced to his son, who theoretically is as big a liberal as he is, but I kind of have my doubts. He'd been one of the ushers on Maundy Thursday who on Thursday night had kind of smiled at us, but he'd been just about as nasty as the others. He didn't seem too happy to see us, but it was on the whole a rather cordial meeting.

So Friday we went back to see Mr. Mathews. Oh well, Thursday night walking back to the car, the incident that was described in the article about the guy who wanted to know if we were the scum going to the Episcopal Church.

So, anyway, Friday we went back to see Mr. Mathews and discovered he was out looking up old tombstones with somebody. We

saw him later and found out some guy from the state office was checking on deeds or property or death rates or something like that, I'm not quite sure what. Anyway, he'd gone out with him to look some things up. So we went over to the court house to see if we could see Judge Reynolds who'd been just so nasty to us, but we thought that we at least ought to make an effort. He was out but the girl told us to come back at noon. So we wandered around. We stopped at the cleaners to pick up some stuff and got some ice cream and then went back to see Judge Reynolds, and we spent about an hour talking to him. Most of that is summarized in the article. Really a very very strange, strange conversation. We decided he'd probably never change. We might as well give up on him. Well, when we got back home we found a message to call John Morris. So we called him and found out that Henry Stines was coming up on Saturday and wanted to go with us to see Frank and then was going to stay and go to church because he had to go to a meeting in Birmingham. I guess we'd sent him a copy and he told us he was

duplicating copies of our letter to the Bishop. So we figured that was okay. Then after we ate lunch we went out to East Selma because we had a bunch of film and we wanted to take some pictures. And we were taking a picture of a couple of shacks, being very hesitant about it, taking them from the car because, you know, because we felt kind of embarrassed and maybe touristy I guess. But we stopped at one real shack, and the kids saw us taking pictures, and the woman who was there came out and asked us what we were doing and invited us in, and we told her we just kind of wanted pictures of some of the really bad houses to show people in the North when we went back, and she was just as gracious as could be and told us to take all the pictures we wanted for heavens sake. We ran out of flashbulbs and went running back into town to get some more and went back and took pictures of the inside and the outside. I talked to her for a long time. This was sort of two-room shack she lived in, but it connected to another one so that the guy who lived next door had another two rooms and just about as big as

theirs. The porch was kind of rotting away. There was no running water. The nearest water was half a block up the road. There was an outhouse, obviously there was no inside plumbing. They did have a stove, and they did have electricity. The electricity being one bare light bulb kind of in the middle of the room. And to this light bulb you could attach a three-way socket. And she was ironing in the middle with that one little light. She had had a job working for a white lady as a domestic usually from 9:00 to 5:00 six days a week, only sometimes you know she'd stay late until eight or ten for which she got paid \$20 a week which was quite a bit more than anybody else was making doing that kind of work, but still not great pay. And theoretically she was paying 12.50 a month rent for this shack she was living in, but she said she'd stopped paying it because the landlord wasn't doing anything to fix it up, but she told him that, you know, when he got around to making improvements as he'd promised she'd start paying rent again. I guess he never did because the next time we went back it was in even worse shape

than it had been before. Well, so, that was the night I guess we started writing the article. After Jon wrote about the first paragraph I decided our joint article could really be Jon's article and I would just sort of organize things and make a list of incidents I thought ought to go in, and he actually did most of the writing. I'd find words here and there. But it was kind of fun. While we were in the middle of it Scotty Smith, who was one of the SNCC workers, came over just desperate for money. They'd run out of gas several times and needed something to keep going. So we gave him \$10 of the money that we kind of had extra and made a couple of phone calls around for him to see if we could get some more, and, you know, I really am not quite sure they met that crisis, but we spent a long time talking about how one goes about financing a movement like this. The real problems of not getting enough money from central headquarters because they never seemed to have enough money. There were so many people who live hand to mouth and hope enough money will come in or food from somebody

so that you can afford to eat.

On Saturday we'd told Harold Shelly that we'd take him into the airport in Montgomery to get a rent-a-car. So we left very early, Harold and Dave Smith, and Lonzie went with us kind of for the ride. So we went in and took care of changing their car at the airport. Stood around and read magazines, things like that. And then we went by the Capitol building, and Jon got out and took pictures while Lonzie and I kind of waited in the car thinking that might be easier. And then we went to Capitol Wholesale, which is the place where we always got our film and turned in a roll of film that Jon had just finished off in the camera. Bought some new film and stuff like that. And Lonzie wanted to have dinner or lunch, so we all went into the Silver Moon Cafe, which is kind of a really strange place, but kind of neat. We were the only white people in the place. We felt kind of funny about it, but Lonzie was being very expansive and wanted to take us there because he enjoyed it a lot. So he was already drinking by

then. And we kind of had to drag him away, but we told him we just had to get back because we had stuff we had to do. So we finally got back to Selma I guess--well, we left about 9:00 in the morning and got back about 2:00 in the afternoon. And Lonzie had disappeared some place, I gather to drink, which he kept kind of right on doing most of the evening. Then Father Stines drove in about oh I don't know 6:00 or 7:00 I guess, and we'd been planning to go up to the Holliday Inn or something and have supper with him, but by the time he got there, well Lonzie had been drinking quite a bit, and was really pretty drunk, and Mrs. West had a meeting to go to and when she got back from the meeting Lonzie was making a really big stink. So I took her out to get a couple of beers because she just couldn't stand to be in the house and I figured it would be just as good a way as any to talk to her. And Jon and Father Stine and the older kids stood around and tried to calm Lonzie down a bit. And actually Mrs. West and I had a very good time. We talked about all sorts of things, the problems of raising kids and she got

a chance to talk out a lot of her frustrations about her marriage. And there certainly were a lot because with eleven kids, kind of a tough life. So we went back and checked about 10:00 and discovered that, you know, Lonzie was still raving and ranting around. So I dug out a couple or three of my sleeping pills. I figured maybe if we fed a couple of those to him he'd conk out. Well I guess the first one didn't do much good but after they got a couple of more down it really helped. But while they were doing that Mrs. West and I went out to get barbecued pork sandwiches for everybody I guess because you know people were still hungry and hadn't gotten around to eating. And we, you know, came back again about 11:30 and Lonzie was still just active enough to make Mrs. West afraid to go into the house. So this time Father Stines came with us, and Father Stines and Mrs. West and I went out up, I don't know, one of the places along the main drag, and had just lousy hamburgers but they were food. And Father Stine was practically starving to death by then, because he'd been expecting to eat

dinner with us right when he got in. And this time when we got back Lonzie was sound asleep on the couch. So Father Stines and Jon and I and Mrs. West I guess for ahile, but she went to bed fairly quickly while she still had a chance to, the three of us kind of conferred in the kitchen about what had been going on, and he said he was going to see Bishop Carpenter Tuesday, he thought; at least he'd written for an appointment since he had to be in Birmingham anyway, and if we'd like to come up and visit the Bishop with him he thought it would be a great idea. We kind of agreed that's what we'd do and went off to bed.

Got up really early the next morning so we'd be sure and get to church in plenty of time so we wouldn't have to have to sit in back, because we'd kind of discovered that at the 7:30 service they don't usually have ushers except when it's, you know, something big like Easter or Palm Sunday. As a matter of fact it wasn't too bad. There weren't too many people there, maybe twenty or so. They celebrate at the side altar on Sunday mornings. And there were six

or seven people including Jon and me. We took communion after Father Stines, but we realized kind of as we were walking back from the communion rail, that it was partly because he was so light nobody really realized he was a negro. One man did just an incredible double-take as all of a sudden he realized, "My God, there's a negro in the congregation." He wouldn't have probably put it in those terms even. So we got back and sat around and had coffee and breakfast and talked a bit. Lonzie was still sound asleep. I guess those sleeping pills worked pretty well. And about a quarter of ten Father Stines left for Birmingham. He has a group of kind of a ministerial association that's integrated and trying to do something about the racial situation in Birmingham, mostly just kind of talking to each other. Anyway he has a group like that in Birmingham and there are a couple of others like that around the South that he's got going. So he left for this meeting. And we went to Mass with the kids which was just great. At St. Elizabeth's the Romans were just always so nice to us. They were

really a good bunch of people and the mass is one just everybody participates in. They all sing and make the responses, and everybody knows what's going on. It was just a really good service.

Then we picked up Johnnie-May at St. Paul's CME and went to Morning Prayer at St. Paul's. This is when we still were making a big of point of maintaining some kind of witness at the late service.

I think after this service was about the last morning prayer that we went to. We kind of quit. As we walked in we managed to sit in the congregation. The ushers didn't quite notice us, but the woman in front of us and slightly to the right of me looked back and you know, from the expression on her face you'd think she'd found a cockroach in her salad or something. She jabbed her husband in the ribs and he gave her kind of a funny look and then turned back and saw us and, I don't know, I guess he looked sort of disgusted more than anything else and maybe a little bit annoyed with his wife. It was hard to tell. So they got up and moved forward three rows. They didn't leave the church which almost made me madder than if

they'd walked out. But anyway the sermon wasn't particularly great, and we all left and went home and took another nap. The West kids were still kind of upset. They hadn't been very happy the night before. So Lonzie was in a foul humor with a terrible hangover, and Baby Sister came in--I guess I was sitting in the back or something, so Baby Sister and I talked for a long time. She was having problems too. Being one of the older kids, a lot of the burden of her father's problems falls on her. Anyway we'd been invited to the Bells for dinner which was very nice. They live just kind of across the way from the Scotts. They have five or six just lovely girls. Corrinne, who'd been going to the Episcopal Church with us, and a couple of older ones and about three younger ones. And a couple I guess that don't even live at home. Mrs. Bell is an excellent cook, and unlike most of the families both Mr. Bell and Mrs. Bell are working so they have a fair amount of money. And then after dinner we sat around and talked for quite awhile and took some pictures. And then we took the youngest kids, and I

can't remember whether Mrs. Bell came too--I guess she decided not to. But we took the younger kids for a long ride around the white sections of town and then way out in the country and just a very pleasant evening. Of course the rest of the kids in the neighborhood were mad at us because we didn't take them too, but we told them, you know, that's the way it goes because we decided we just couldn't run a ferry service for all the little kids and that it could sometimes be rather a nuisance, but they were fun.

Well, we're at Monday, April 26 which is mostly a big blank in the book, but as I recall we did things like finish up or practically finish up the article, spent quite a bit of time I think with the kind of independent group of kids who were working on various and assorted different projects in Selma, doing things like running around to Selma University and talking to various and assorted people and just kind of generally goofing off I guess almost. But that evening we went to see Dr. Dumont and Miss Joan Mulder I guess, I can never remember how to spell

her name. Anyway, Dr. Dumont was a German doctor. I guess she finished her medical training in the United States and was thinking about becoming a medical missionary and she read an article someplace about the Edmundite Order (?) who was starting a hospital in Selma and the great need for people to work within the negro community. She thought that might be a really great mission field for her. So she and Miss Joan moved in to Selma I guess about twenty years ago now, and has been there ever since. They are just terrific people. They're Roman Catholics and alternate between going to St. Elizabeth's and Assumption which is the white Roman Catholic Church in Town. They really know what's going on. They sort of know who's who in the negro community and in the white community and kind of what they think about what white people are likely to be, favorably inclined to talking to us and which ones are likely to be against us immediately. They're not particularly active in anything like the movement. They leave that to other people, but they're glad to help out where they can. They talked about the importance of listening. Dr.

Dumont was telling us about a group of kids from something like SNCC or SCLC or somebody who'd come to see them once and had just sat around and wouldn't both to listen to them about anything, and they didn't particularly appreciate that because they thought people had come to ask their advice and opinion and to discover that what they really wanted to do was just spout off. It didn't please them too much. Well we talked some about civil rights, and we talked some about Europe and just all sorts of nice friendly things and the practice of medicine. And, you know, these are great people. Dr. Dumont just sort of talks non-stop and Miss Joan even more so. Miss Joan is trained as a medical technologist. She does a lot of lab work for Dr. Dumont, but she's also an excellent sculpturess and potter. She's done a lot of the stuff that they have around their home and for awhile she was running a small pottery shop. You know, teaching people in ceramics classes which in some cases were integrated classes. She would just sort of tell the people, you know, "If

you don't want to come, you don't have to come, but anybody who wants to come to my classes is perfectly welcome. You can just take it or leave it." And this is in a way kind of their philosophy, how you go about integrating things. You get an activity started, and then if people want to participate and it's an integrated activity, then they'll just get used to it, but that's it's the sort of structured activity content that's the most important rather than the integrated group. I think that they may have something there. Anyway, it was just a very very pleasant evening. One thing I found particularly striking about Dr. Dumont, she was telling us about the problems people have that don't know how to read or write, can't even find their names on things. And that it comes time when they have to fill out forms for applications for welfare and things like this, and she would help them fill out their welfare forms. And unfailingly would say something like, "Gee Miss Smith, you look pretty tired today and your hands seem pretty shaky. Why don't you let me write

the form for you and then you can sign it." Or, you know, when she wasn't sure whether somebody could read or write she'd say something like, "Do you feel up to filling out this form or do you want me to do it to save you the trouble." Never the sort of blunt, "Can you read? Can you write?" that people got at the welfare office. This is symbolic of the one thing that really impressed me, her deep respect for people as individuals whether they were black or white, poor rich or ignorant or what. And she talked about the way they collected fees was kind of on the basis of whatever people could pay, but she was very firm in saying, "If you can't pay me, tell me. Don't let your white men pay me. I'm your doctor. This is a transaction between the two of us without any third party entering into it. And if you can't pay me tell me before we start to treat you, and we'll be glad to. But don't try to think you're going to put something over on me, by letting me take care of you and then telling me later you can't pay. Let's just keep things nice and straight from the beginning."

She was firm. At the same time she was being respectful which I thought was very good. Well it turned out to be kind of a late night.

But the next morning we still managed to get up at 6:30 I guess to drive up to Birmingham which we knew was going to take us at least two hours. We got off about 7:30 and met Father Stines about 9:30 in the coffee shop of the Dinkler Tutweiler--something like that--hotel. It was really a very nice place. It's been integrated for quite some time. It was a beautiful drive up. It was the first time I'd been to Birmingham and you go through lots of mountainous country. When we were going it was still cool and misty and just beautiful. But anyway we went to see Bishop Carpenter at 10:00 and that was just an incredible, incredible interview. As we probably should have expected we didn't get any place talking to him. He was very jovial and sort of jolly and friendly and at the same time condescending. He called me "Old Girl" most of the time. He made a couple of nasty cracks about ordaining the men. One of the things I remember, he called Jon

"Son" most of the time. And after we'd talked a bit about the kinds of things that were going on, he said, "Well, if you graduate from seminary, you may be able to understand better some of the problems."

The obvious implication being that Jon had been fooling around down here and wasting all of his time, that he couldn't possibly keep up with his work, etc. He also made a couple of cracks about Jon's seminarian's collar. Of course he was wearing a business suit and a blue tie and he sort of flipped his tie at one point and said, "I'm wearing Seram Right (?) today." He thought that was hysterically funny. We discussed partly the problem of obscene language we'd mentioned in the letter. He was shocked and horrified. He couldn't imagine any of these people doing things like that. Well, we sort of agreed with him that we'd been a bit surprised too because we didn't quite expect it from good loyal Episcopalians, etc. We went through some discussion as to whether or not I should leave the room while Jon repeated to him some of the things that had been said to us and decided it wasn't necessary since I'd heard them all from worse people than Jon before. But you know the whole thing

just sort of went on and on. We talked a bit about St. John's Savannah where I discovered Bishop Carpenter used to be the rector which maybe helps explain why they pulled out of the Episcopal Church. But we finally finished that interview having come to absolutely just no meeting of the minds. He wouldn't really even try and listen to us. He tossed everything off with a joke if he could or with just sort of sliding by it if he couldn't joke about it. And then we went out for lunch with Bill Young who is really a pretty cool guy. He's I guess director of Christian Education of the Diocese and we had an interesting conversation with him about problems of the youth. How one works in a situation like this. Bill is I don't know maybe an undercover member of ESCRU, you might say. Sympathetic at least with our goals, almost certainly not with the methods. He really doesn't think pressure tactics work very well. He doesn't like them which is reasonable. I guess we finished lunch about two or three because we spent a long time talking while we were doing it. Went back to Father Stines

-44-

motel to call John Morris and kind of tell him how the conversation had gone. We talked to Father Stines for a long time, a very very interesting person if you don't know him. Then we had supper at a Chinese restaurant which wasn't particularly great and drove home. As I recall most of our conversation on the way home was about clinical and when we were in high school, all that kind of stuff, but I don't remember anything particularly significant that we talked about. When we got back we discovered the West's house was just full of people most of whom had come down from Chicago, some of whom had been there before and some of whom were regular SNCC workers or something. So we all sat around and talked for awhile. And we all said Evening Prayer together which was really quite nice. Well, Mrs. West left the room because she's fairly strict Roman Catholic and she thought maybe she really couldn't participate in good conscience, but she kind of listened from the doorway which was kind of fun.

So, on Wednesday, the 28th, we finally got the article finished

-45-

and mailed, slept late because we were tired. We worked on another letter to Bishop Carpenter. We'd received in the mail that day a letter he'd said he'd written us and he didn't say anything but please send me a detailed list of the obscenity that people have used to you. Since we'd already talked about it we didn't bother to do that, but we--I don't remember what the other letter said, but there are copies of it around. It was something like "Thank you for your interview with us. We're sorry we didn't get any farther. Again, points A,B, and C, this is what we think." As I recall. That evening we went to a meeting at the Green Street Baptist Church where Jim Bevel was speaking. Most people went because, we think, Jim Bevel was really cool. The meeting itself wasn't particularly interesting. They showed a couple of movies. As I recall, one about Gandhi and then discussed sort of how one goes about organizing in the counties. And the people from different counties told what they'd done so far and where they were going and sort of their basic goals for the immediate future and for the long range future. And so it wasn't a particularly

interesting meeting, but it was really good to see the people from the counties there. A lot of them were local people, practically illiterate but they knew what they were doing and they were proud that they were actually doing something which was just a really good thing to see. And we spent a lot of time that night talking to Lonzie I guess, but somewhere in the middle of the evening I ^{from} drove one of the girls ~~to~~ the Medical Committee for Human Rights who'd been working in and around Selma for quite some time. Anyway I drove her home and we sat around and talked at her place for an hour or so and looked through a lot of material she had, some really good stuff on the economic problems of the South and some ideas for a research project which I was really quite interested in and never had time to get very involved with. Most of them were the long range kind of things.

Anyway, the next day we had another kind of discouraging day. The sort of interreligious people like the Unitarians, Jon and Dave Smith and I, who is one of the PFR guys, had a meeting in

-47-

the morning to talk about what we'd been doing and where we were going. The general sentiment being that except for Dave, who'd been doing a lot of work with the high school kids, most of us weren't really going much of anyplace and it was really hard to see what we're doing and hard to see any effect. We sort of came to the conclusion that interpersonal relationships with the people in the community were important. It was good for them to know that we were here. It was good for us to be there, but that maybe there would really be not much of anything to show for it. Then I spent most of the afternoon studying, talking to people. About 3:30 we decided that we'd go into Montgomery to pick up some pictures we'd had developed and to leave some more film to be developed and get more film to take more pictures and just as we were getting ready to leave we had a call from John Morris. It was a bit confusing, but he read us a statement that he and Father Stines and Driesbach (?) had dreamed up in the office and asked us if we would agree to have our names go on the statement and come picket

-48-

the Diocesan House with them in Birmingham the next day. So we kind of listened to the statement. Jon had his ear next to the phone and I was trying to listen as well. It didn't work out too well, and decided well, yeah, that would be okay. And we got really kind of excited because we thought it would be fun to picket the Bishop's office. I think that was probably the least thought out thing that we did when we were in Selma, just sort of all of a sudden we were kind of annoyed with the Bishop, and here was a chance to do something and John Morris suggested it and so it probably wasn't too bad an idea, and we just kind of said, "Sure we'll go along with it." I think if we thought about it longer we might not have. On the other hand we might very well have gone ahead and done it to just kind of keep our hand in with ESCRU. I'm not sure. But anyway we went on in to get the pictures and came back just about supper time and showed the pictures all around so the kids could see them and everybody else who was interested. Then that evening there was a ward meeting. The deal is that politically

-49-

each few blocks makes up a ward in the city. Out in the county they have beats, and there is one person as ward chairman. And Lonzie happens to be the chairman of the ward that includes about half the project, I guess, maybe it includes the whole project. There weren't a lot of people there, maybe thirty-five or forty. Lonzie did a surprisingly good job of leading the meeting. He listened carefully and tried to get through an agenda he had formulated. And mostly the ward meetings turn out to be gripe sessions. People don't like the way the food and clothing are being distributed. They don't like this; they don't like that or the other things. But it was an interesting meeting. We spent quite a lot of time afterwards talking to various and assorted people and tried to get to bed fairly early since we had to get up at some incredible thing like 6:00 to get to Birmingham on time to go picket. And didn't succeed very well because Lonzie was having a party downstairs, but that was okay.

So on Friday, which was the 30th of April, we got up at I guess 5:30 and left by about 6:00. We met Father Stines, Morris

-50-

and Briesbach at the airport where we left our car and had breakfast, sat around and talked. Father Morris rented a car so we could all get in to town together without having to take our car and something else--I don't know what we were going to do with another car anyway because we couldn't have all fit into the Volkswagon. And we carried our picket signs and spent the morning for four solid hours walking up and down in front of the Bishop's office. And I decided that we should look very nice to picket a Bishop so I was wearing my high heels which was not very bright, but I managed fine until I took them off. It was really kind of very quiet. The Bishop ignored us almost completely. We discovered as we got there that this was the day the presiding Bishop was coming to town to address the clergy convention, only they managed to keep him very well far far away from us. We didn't really ever see the Bishop and he didn't ever make much of any comment, although I gather that Bishop Murray was slightly more sympathetic. Well, maybe that's not the word, more impressed

-51-

than Bishop Carpenter by the thing. You know, the signs read something like "Bishop sanctions segregated seating in church," "slave galley revived." And another sign said, "Church Camp Still Segregated."

Well, interestingly enough, the only thing that happened as a result of the picketing and I'm not sure it was really exactly a result of the picketing, is that church camps are no longer desegregated, but it didn't do much about the situation in Selma. It was very interesting. You know, we kind of marched around in a circle. Most people just kind of vaguely stared at us and walked on. A few people stopped to talk. Some people seemed to be generally in favor of what we were doing, and some were a bit nasty, a few people discussed with--I guess Ken Driesbach was being our spokesman. And other people just made nasty cracks as they went by. One lovely little old lady as she went by looked at me and glared and said, "I hope all your children are little black babies." And we just sort of laughed I guess, not so she could see it. But when we got through we ate lunch again at

-52-

the airport. And then they left and we left. Since we'd both gotten up so early both of us were awfully tired, and I slept for oh, maybe half an hour on the way back and then I drove the rest of the way home while Jon slept. This was sort of a departure from the usual because on the whole whenever we were going anyplace in Alabama we tried to let Jon drive the car or if we were with another guy let him do it because ladies don't drive cars if there's a gentleman around to do it for them or some crazy thing like that. Anyway, once we got back we didn't do much. We had dinner and then I took a nap and worked on Greek and Jon went to bed. I talked a little bit to Shelly--Harold Shelly--who was, again, the Unitarian. He was talking about the concern that SCLC had with the kinds of things Jim Bevel was planning on doing in Alabama, but that didn't get very far anyway. I don't think Bevel's plan worked out. So I can't remember exactly at this point what it was even.

Saturday was another day we didn't do very much. We helped

-53-

the Wests do their laundry, took some of our stuff to the cleaners, went over to St. Elizabeth's to see Father McNeice (?) and had a very good conversation with him for awhile. Jon ironed shirts for a change. He decided he wanted to learn how to do them himself. At this point I had the feeling it was sort of a wasted effort, but that's okay I guess. Spent part of the afternoon typing out a proposal that Jim Leatherer had made on how to distribute the food over all of Alabama so that things were going a little bit more fairly than they'd seemed to be done at that point. Later on in the evening Jon and Carl and I went over to St. Elizabeth's to get some food because they have a lot of extra clothing and extra food which they hand out to various and assorted people and in particular the Wests who always seem to be running short. Their pantry was awfully bare at that point, so we decided it was time to do something about it. Father McNiece showed us all around. They have a big canteen in the back where the CYO meets frequently and they were having a dance

-54-

as I guess they do every Friday and Saturday night. The kids looked like they were having a really great time.

Sunday morning for a change none of the kids wanted to go to church with us, so just Jon and I went to the early service, and interestingly enough there were still three people in the congregation who wouldn't receive even after us which was kind of funny, but on the whole it was a more relaxed service. We invited Frank to come to coffee with us afterwards, but he said he had a prior engagement. But he sounded almost as if he would have done it. Mr. Bielke was there, who was also very nice as he usually was. Except we discovered he was planning on going on vacation fairly frequently. We came home and then Frank called, which was very interesting to say that he was really sorry about not being able to have coffee with us, but he'd see us tomorrow, which was about the friendliest he'd ever been except we had a sneaky feeling that maybe he was just checking to find out if we were coming to the 11:00 service so he'd know what to expect. But we didn't. Instead we went to the Church of the Assumption with Jim Leatherer

-55-

and a bunch of the younger West kids. It was a very peculiar service. Jon and I were making more of the responses than most of the white people in the congregation. They hadn't really gotten on to the idea of the mass in English yet. Jim Leatherer who was theoretically a Catholic...(End of Side One)

...little more sympathy for the people at St. Paul's. For some reason I really don't like that guy. I mean I'm sure there are good reasons as well as bad reasons, but I had real trouble sitting through the service sitting next to him. I just wished he'd go away. I could recognize in myself that it was completely or almost completely unfair on my part and yet I couldn't really do much about the way I felt. So I began to appreciate the way the poor people ~~were/saying~~ of St. Paul's must feel although I really couldn't get over feeling at the same time that they really could be much more polite about sitting through services with people they really didn't want to sit through services with. On the way home we were followed again by somebody, I'm not quite sure who. So we quickly lost them. We drove kind of through the

-56-

project and around and just all sorts of places so they didn't find us which was nice. And I'm not sure they really knew where we were. But they continued evidently to cruise through the project every once in awhile. And on Monday we'd gone over to have dinner I guess with the Bells. We came out and one of the West kids said that they'd seen some guys pull up beside our car and give it the once over and then drive away. So we decided maybe they'd come back looking for it and found it. We quickly drove the car over to the Smiths where we could keep it in a garage hidden so nobody else could see it. And as we walked back from the garage we saw the same car again and this time filled with six or eight people who were cruising through the project. And we spent kind of half the evening along with Harold Shelly and, I don't know, one of the West kids and a couple of other people, ducking in and out of various and assorted places in the project so that when they came by to see if they could see us we'd be in a different place every time and this way they wouldn't be able to see us at all.

It was kind of fun.

About 10:30 I guess on Monday morning we went to see Frank. This turned out to be a rather strange interview. He had invited one of the laymen of his parish, a Mr. Miller Childers (sp?) to come along, we gather sort of so he'd have a witness for his side of the story. We were really very glad to meet Mr. Childers because Bill Yawn (sp?) had told us about him, another good, fairly liberal person in the parish. Frank, of course, was just as mad as all get out at us, and he cooled off a little bit after we agreed with some of his objections. Like we really should have discussed things with him before we went off writing letters to his Bishop. Well, that sounded only reasonable to us and especially because we knew that he'd been giving letters of ours to the Chief of Police--I guess maybe that came later--but anyway, we decided it was a valid criticism. And Miller Childers had taken the trouble to check around on some rumors, like the fact that we had six kids that we were preparing for confirmation--and, well, that's the one

-58-

I remember best. I can't remember what the rest of them were. So we stayed there really until about 12:30 and sort of went on and on. People were being honest which was nice for a change. Childers wasn't particularly happy to have us around. On the other hand he was, you know, going about things to find out what the score really was instead of just sort of believing whatever he felt like believing. Then, because it was the first Monday in May we'd been asked if we'd like to go down to Lowndes County and help out with registration there. And we decided, well, yea, that might be very interesting. I guess we ran into Stokely Carmichael and Scotty Smith and a couple of other people at the Elks Club the night before and they told us to come on down. So we took Bobby Block with us. He'd wanted a ride back to Camden originally and when he found out we were going to Lowndes County he said he'd love to come along. So we got there and it happened to be the day that the first trial of
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Cully Leroy Wilkins for the murder of Mrs. Liuzo// was starting and around the courthouse it was just littered with police cars

and people all over the place. We avoided that as much as possible. And they weren't particularly happy to see us once we'd gotten there. The registration was at the old jailhouse which is kind of next door to the new jailhouse, off in the corner. But they didn't particularly like the idea of having white people around. Stokely in particular, I think, was worried about our safety. But they decided, well, as long as we were there we might as well stay for awhile but not long. So we didn't really help out much. We went around and talked to people. We met one of the six registered voters of the county, registered negro voters of the county. It was kind of fun. And at one point we noticed that a man was coming along taking pictures. So we very carefully kept our backs turned because he didn't look like a friendly type. As we kind of first drove up one of the state troopers who was theoretically a registrar as well, or something, was driving off in his car. He came back half an hour later, I guess, with three or four cokes still wearing his gun on his hip which we didn't

-60-

think was too great. We discovered that the only reason the registration office had opened that day was because a federal man was there. The registrar had evidently said, "Well, I can't open the registration office as long as there are children in the line around." Because obviously some of the mothers had brought their pre-school kids because they couldn't very well leave them home alone. And the federal man said, "You open this office up or else."

So, we stayed around and talked. Stokely was clowning around. It was really kind of funny. It was the first time I'd seen him in a jolly mood. Most of the time I'd seen him he'd been very very serious. Registration was going incredibly slow, but we figured that was just typical. After we'd been there half-an-hour or forty-five minutes or so we left and went the back way and drove Bobby back to Camden so he could get there. We seemed to spend an awful lot of our time chauffeuring people around. So I guess that was as useful as almost anything

-61-

else we were doing. And again there was a lot of time to talk to the kids which was nice.

According to my notes, when we got back to Selma that evening we went to the Chicken Shack I guess with Lonzie and Alice. I honestly can't remember if it was that night or one of the others that Lonzie was again just incredibly drunk. He had two real bouts when we were there. This time, as I recall, he and Alice had a huge fight and I spent part of the time upstairs with the girls trying to calm them down, with the little kids first of all, and then sometimes with Mrs. West, kind of barricading her and me into the bedroom while Lonzie was trying to break his way in and Jon and _____ were trying to keep him out. And if it was that night or whenever it was he finally conked out and went to sleep. So Mrs. West felt safe again. This was one of the typical problems in Selma about which we were very concerned. Because several people we knew quite well who were really very good people and in many ways very confident people were alcoholics, and there was just

nothing they could do about it because they had been robbed of whatever integrity they had simply because of the fact that they were negroes. One of the things we wanted to do was work on Alcoholics Anonymous. We were kind of talking to people to see what maybe could be done if anything, but we didn't really get started on that for awhile.

We're back to Tuesday, May 4, and my notes are practically completely blank except for the fact that I felt lousy and spent an lot of time reading Greek.

And Wednesday again was another day I concentrated on Greek because we went over to St. Elizabeth's sometime I guess right after lunch, and I took a Greek Exam that Fletcher had sent me while Jon was busy talking to Fr. Ouellet. So that whole two days is really kind of blank. Wednesday night we went to the Scotts for dinner which was very nice and Mrs. Scott really wanted us to come over because she said she didn't see enough of us once we'd moved over to the Wests. So we went for a long drive out in the country

-63-

again with Mrs. Scott and Johnnie-May. It was a very pleasant evening. It started getting cool. I didn't really feel all that great, but it was a nice thing to do. And then about 9:00 o'clock we went out with another bunch of kids who were the Selma Community Development people, or something like that, basically an independent group of people who didn't quite belong to anything else. They were having a birthday party for one of the girls that was around and we drove way the heck out to a place in the country. It was pitch black. We couldn't see anything except what you could see in the headlights. When we got way out there we couldn't find the other group we were supposed to meet. And we waited around for awhile and finally decided the obvious thing to do was to drive back into town to the Freedom House. We discovered that they'd gotten there before we had and waited for us and we didn't come so they went back. So they finally decided they'd transfer the party someplace else. So we went to this party and stayed until something like 1 o'clock in the morning. It was nice because it

-64-

was a pleasant change from going out with the Wests and having to worry about Lonzie getting drunk or with just going out someplace. It was a group in which you felt safe and comfortable.

The next day I still felt sick and I discovered I had a rash all over. So we went to see a Dr. Dumont, who was by this time a fairly good friend of ours--we'd talked on the phone several times, even when we hadn't been over to see them more than once or twice. Well, a funny thing, we ended up going in the back door, because we didn't realize that it was the back door to her clinic, and it was kind of a switch from the usual practice where, you know, the white people come in the front door and the negro people come in the back door. And she got around to seeing me very quickly so I didn't have to wait around which in a way was nice but it made me feel kind of funny kind of jumping in ahead of everybody, but I was sick enough I didn't really mind it much. They decided I had the measles which were, luckily enough, the three-day kind. So they sent me home and I spent the rest of the day in bed.

And the next day I felt almost fine again. But it was as strange as could be because the littlest kids couldn't see the ~~thoughts~~ spots. It was a fine rash I guess, but I had to point very carefully with my hand and say, you know, see, that spot is redder than that spot right there. And if they looked carefully they could see it. It was just so funny to watch them trying to figuring out where the measly spots were. I haven't the faintest idea what Jon was doing all day, I guess running around talking to SNCC people and I know he was playing with the kids part of the time. By evening I was feeling pretty good so we took a couple of the kids and went out to get some ice cream cones for everybody which was very pleasant and felt good because it was so hot, or at least I was so hot. Maybe it wasn't all that hot outside.

The next day there were more kids around wanting a ride down to Camden. The new Unitarian minister didn't really want to drive the car he'd rented for that purpose, so Jon ended up going down with Lonzie and taking a bunch--well, I guess there were three

-66-

kids who wanted to go back. I was sort of annoyed because I wanted to go but they decided since I still wasn't feeling very good I should stay home. I really hated to be left out and I didn't like having Jon out when I wasn't around to know what was going on. And it took them a long time getting back. And I remember Mrs. West and I just sat around for about an hour after we thought they should be back wondering where on earth they could be and if anything had happened. Well, of course, nothing had and they got back relatively quickly, sometime I guess a little after one. They discovered there was a new plan for distributing relief, and a guy we didn't think very much of had been put in charge of it. He was a man that by rumor had collected something like \$20,000 in the North for the Freedom Movement and had sent maybe \$3,000 or \$4,0000 of it down, and we thought he was a real grafter. And Jon I guess went over to see Rev. Reese and asked him about it, and he sort of agreed that he wasn't maybe a good person to be in charge of it, but he was kind of going along with it because that's

-67-

the way things seemed to go. Then at supper Jimmie Webb, who's another one of the SCLC kids, came over to say that Bruce Hartford who was a good friend of ours--we'd spent a lot of time over at the Wests--and another guy were in jail. The other guy was a negro boy who was married to a white girl. And Jimmy Webb and Jon and I were really quite concerned about them because it wasn't too healthy a situation. So we went down to the SNCC office to check to find out what was happening. A lawyer was definitely coming with bail and bail had been set up. We went over to the jail with Cully's wife, who was also there, to see if we could see him and it wasn't during visiting hours. Well, the only visiting hours were on Sunday from 9:00 to 1:00. And Jon thought that he really ought--somebody ought--to check on him. And the policeman said maybe we could get special permission from Chief Baker.

So, Saturday morning, first thing in the morning, Jon went in to check and discovered, well, yes, Baker would let him go see him. They really had a very good conversation. We discovered that

-68-

we were on Baker's black list because he'd gotten copies of the letters that we'd sent to the Bishop. We found out talking to Frank that it was because evidently he had given them to Roswell Fulkenberry who'd given them to Baker. This is what he said. I wouldn't have put it past him to just sort of turn them over himself. But in the course of the conversation they discovered they were both interested in the problem of alcoholism and Chief Baker said anything Jon wanted to do to try and get a negro chapter of the Alcoholics Anonymous started he would be glad to help him, because this was something that really concerned him too. And he gave Jon names of a couple of people to see. This was great. So his relationship there was quite a bit better than it had been. We were beginning to get through to Chief Baker who was a good person to have on your side.

Then Friday night we went with a bunch of the kids to a Hullabaloo at Hudson High School. It was kind of a, well you might call it a folk sing variety show combination. They had a

bunch of kids singing rock and roll songs and another bunch of kids dancing. It was kind of amateur talent. It was really fun. The kids got a big kick out of it and we enjoyed it just kind of being with them.

Saturday, I guess it was after Jon got back from seeing Baker and getting into see Gerald and Bruce, who'd turned out to be in fine shape and everything was just hunky-dory, we drove into Montgomery with Mr. West and Nella and a friend of theirs. Went to General Wholesale to get rid of film, to get it developed and get more stuff printed up. We ordered some glasses and dishes to be sent to the Wests after we left because we really wanted to do something for them in return for having--their having--been so good to us. And they were always kind of running out of dishes and running out of glasses and things were getting broken. So we decided it would be kind of a nice thing to do.

That evening we went to another meeting at Green Street Baptist Church with a lot of people from the counties coming in to sort of

-70-

tell us what was going on and discovering that something actually was going on. All the time people seemed to be getting more and more organized.

Sunday after church we spent quite a bit of time going around to visit people because we knew we weren't going to be there much longer. We were planning on leaving early Tuesday morning to get back and take exams. So we went over to see the Wallers for the last time to sort of say goodbye and talk to the kids for awhile and Mrs. Waller who'd been just as nice as could be to us. And kind of called on the Bells and a few other people here and there and generally kind of hacked around. I'm missing most of my notes. I don't remember exactly what went on on Sunday.

Monday we got up relatively early to get everything done. Called Frank Mathews so we were sure he'd be in. Made an appointment to go see him in the afternoon. By this time we'd gotten copies of the ETS Journal and the article Jon had written and he thought there were a lot of people who might be interested in

-71-

reading it, and we wanted to give copies of it out to a few people.

We started out, we drove the kids up to school, up to the Roman

Catholic School and introduced ourselves again to the nuns who

were in charge and talked to the fifth and sixth grades for awhile

and the seventh and eighth grades who were really a sharp bunch.

The third and fourth graders sang for us. We didn't go in to see

the first and second graders because we were afraid that class

would really be disturbed and the poor nun in charge was obviously

having enough trouble keeping them in order anyway.

When we got back we couldn't find Lonzie and I forget what

it was we wanted to find him for, but anyway we went to see

Mr. Gamble and a couple of other people in town. And it was a

very strange conversation. Mr. Gamble was being very polite and

we were all getting along quite well, but at one point he asked us

very seriously if we thought there was anything in what people said

that negroes were inferior and, you know, "Do you really think it's

true," he said. We assured him that of course we didn't think it

was true that negroes were inherently inferior and that the real problems that made them seem that way were those of poverty and discrimination and that any white person who was in a similar situation was bound to be just as bad off both socially and academically and all this kind of stuff. Then we walked farther uptown to see the man that Wilson Baker had suggested to Jon, a Judge Mallory, who--I'm not sure what he was judge of anymore, but he was a respected attorney in town. Had been an alcoholic at one point. I guess his wife had died in a fire or something and he turned to drink and then had been head of the local alcoholics anonymous chapter for fifteen or twenty years I guess and Judge Baker thought --or Wilson Baker--thought he would be a great person to talk to. And he was very interesting. He said he'd be glad to help as long as we didn't want to integrate the negro chapter of the Alcoholics Anonymous with the white chapter of the Alcoholics Anonymous, and we sort of agreed that that was one organization that we didn't see much point in integrating because one of the

-73-

basic things that you've got with Alcoholics Anonymous is mutual support and we didn't think there would be much mutual support if they were arguing about segregation all the time. He was obviously a segregationist. He gave us the name--well, actually he said he would check with a negro woman he thought might be interested. I'm not quite sure where he knew her from, but he called her by her first name the whole time which was kind of interesting. I never could figure out what her last name was, so we weren't really able to get in touch with her ourselves. He told Jon to get in touch with him when he got back in June, and he'd be glad to see what he could do.

I guess we went home and had lunch after that and came back to see Frank. And it was a very strange interview. We gave him a copy of the article, of the whole Journal, and he went through this whole bit about if must of been Faulkenberry that gave our letters to Wilson Baker. He couldn't understand that, because "He's on our side," he said. Well, I've kind of

-74-

wondered at that point whose side our side was because I didn't think it was quite the same side that Jon and I were on. It might have been the side Frank Mathews was on whatever that one was. And then we wandered around the church for awhile. He wanted to take us on a nice tour. And we looked on the stained glass windows. I guess we wanted to take a couple of pictures ourselves was the main thing. So we did, and Frank was just as charming as could be but very evasive about any kind of future plans and what he wanted to do next. It was very cool. Jon suggested that before we left it would be nice if we all went up together in the church and prayed for awhile. So we did, and I think Frank was a little annoyed. He'd gotten himself coned into that one almost. We thought it was nice. On our way back we stopped a couple more places to deliver a few more copies of the ETS Journal. I got to go put one--I got to go deliver the one to Judge Reynolds, and he wasn't in his office. Nobody else was in his office either so I very quietly tiptoed

through the door and put it on his desk right in the middle where he'd find it first thing when he came in. And since a large portion of the article was a not very pleasant report of our interview with him I was sort of gleefully expecting or anticipating the expression on his face when he read it. I'm not sure he ever bothered to read it. We didn't ever hear anything from him about it. But we delivered one then to Miller Childers--I guess that was the next day--and a couple other people. Went by the Ellerts, took some more pictures that we really wanted to take before we left like the white YMCA, the negro YMCA, just to show the contrast. And then we'd been invited to St. Elizabeth's for dinner and for mass so we went for mass at 5:15 I guess is when they have it. It was quite pleasant. And then we stayed for dinner which was just delightful. It was the thirteenth anniversary of Fr. Ouellet's ordination and so they had wine with dinner, and everybody was just incredibly charming and polite and joking and laughing. It was one of the best dinners I ate in Selma. The Catholic Church rectory

became kind of a haven I guess. And I've found this on the other visits I've made back that they've always been just so nice to us, and it's a great place because they've got air-conditioning in part of the rectory. It's very liveable and bearable. Then we sat around talking about 8:30. Then we went in to Fr. Ouellet's office I guess, or maybe it was the sitting room that goes with his bedroom, I'm not sure. I spent a couple more hours talking to him. It was just a fantastic conversation. He told us an incredible lot about himself and a very sensitive man. I guess you've probably met him. I hope. But he just sort of went on and on, and every once in awhile he would stop and ask us questions about ourselves and what we thought about this that and the other thing. And we never said very much but we'd just sort of get him talking again because it was such a great experience to sit and listen to him. As we left Jon asked him if he'd give us a blessing and he did. That was another really great thing. After that we didn't really want to do much of anything. We left in almost a daze

-77-

just sort of saying to each other, God isn't he wonderful. And you know, if there's a saint around, boy, Fr. Ouellet is it. And we had to go say goodbye to Bee. We meant to get the tear gas bombs that we'd left out there to air out a little bit. We forgot those. But Cheryl wasn't home so we sat around and talked to Bee for a couple--maybe five minutes. Then somebody telephoned here and she spent most of the time--about twenty minutes--on the phone. We decided we might as well leave. So we left her a copy of the Journal and went over to the Scotts to see Johnnie-May, and Mrs. Scott and Helen and a whole bunch of the kids over there. And we sort of said goodbye to them. And then we went over to the Bells to say goodbye to them. They weren't really too happy to find out that we were going. We came back and talked to a couple more people who were around and finally went to bed fairly early because we wanted to get off early Tuesday. Well, as a matter of fact we didn't get off early Tuesday. Johnnie-May called at 7:00 to say goodbye, but it was about, I don't know, 3:30 or 4:00 by

-78-

the time we left. We spent most of the morning packing, and then realized we'd forgotten to give the ETS Journals to Fr. Ouellet when we were there and Dr. Dumont and Miss Joan. So we went around and delivered that stuff. I'm not sure how much of the rest of this stuff is significant.

It was probably about 4:30 by the time we got around to leaving Selma. We got to Atlanta about 11:00 or 12:00, having made one stop in Montgomery to get some film which turned out not to be quite ready yet. We arranged to have that mailed to us. Another stop to by a birthday card for Baby Sister whose birthday was coming up and stuff like that.

Next day, Wednesday, we went into the office and hacked around there until about 1:00 and had lunch with them. And then we had to get the car fixed up a little bit. The brakes needed checking up and the steering had to be tightened up. So I guess it was something like 5:00 by the time we left Atlanta, and we drove all night to get to Lexington, Virginia, where we were

-79-

going to stay with the Dillards again. I guess we got there about 5:30 or 6:30, 7:30, something like that in the morning. Had breakfast with them and then went to bed and took a nap and drove leaving, I don't know, 1 o'clock or two o'clock in the afternoon. Got to New York about two o'clock in the morning and looked up Jack Inman and discovered that a friend of Jack's that I was going to stay with had other guests or something like that. So I went over to Winden (sp?) House and spent the night and slept most of Friday. Jon went to see his sister and we went over to Columbia to see my brother later on/ⁱⁿthe afternoon and all went out to dinner and drove on up to Boston, getting in about 4:30 in the morning which as far as we were concerned a fine time to get in because we didn't particularly want to see people as soon as we got back. As a matter of fact we did run into somebody, I've forgotten who, who was coming in about then. And I guess you'd know as much as anybody what went on then. Mostly studying for exams.

-80-

Jon was in St. Louis over most of Fourth of July Weekend. I guess he arrived late on the Fourth and didn't leave until Thursday, the Eighth. And, you know, it was a very pleasant time. We talked about all sorts of stuff. We talked some about Selma because it was just one of those days--I think it was the Fifth or the Sixth--that the Rev. Reese was arrested for embezzling funds. And we were both awfully upset about that, didn't know what it was going to mean for the movement in Selma.

After that we talked on the phone a few times. Jon in general seemed to be pretty discouraged about what was happening most of the time. He was working just incredibly long long hours. He'd get back at 10:00 or 11:00 sometimes and call, and I'd discover he hadn't eaten since breakfast, some crazy thing like that. I guess he seemed to be getting an awful lot done. But, I don't know. And I think, you know, I'll stop with this.

I'll add at the end sort of a couple of personal notes which you can either play on the tape recorder or type out but it's probably not something exactly you'd want to preserve. Namely,

-81-

I'm sorry, Bill, I took so long. But it's done. And I really should have warned you because I had a sneaky feeling this was going to happen. I've had an awfully hard time forcing myself to sit down and actually tape this out. I've been doing it for about five days now which is maybe one reason it may sound very disjointed. I'm not quite sure.

I don't know what I've skipped that you'd like to know about. If you discover there are big gaps that you need to have filled, let me know and maybe I can fill in a little faster. I'll type you out something or something instead of trying to tape it because that's kind of time-consuming as well.

Well, I've got more stuff to say. Maybe I'll write you a letter sometime if I get around to it. Good luck and goodbye.