

THE STORY OF GREENWOOD, MISSISSIPPI

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5593

RECORDED AND PRODUCED BY GUY CARAWAN

FOR THE STUDENT NON-VIOLENT COORDINATING COMMITTEE (SNCC)

FEATURING:

Bob Moses and SNCC workers

Fannie Lou Hamer and Greenwood citizens

Mass meetings, hymns, prayers

Freedom songs

Medgar Evers

Dick Gregory



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COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE / PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY LYON

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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SIDE ONE

1A- "This Little Light Of Mine" -- song

"This little light of mine,
I'm goin' to let it shine, oh--
This little light of mine,
I'm goin' to let it shine,
This little light of mine,
I'm goin' to let it shine,
Let it shine, oh---

I've got the light of freedom,
I'm goin' to let it shine, every day,
I've got the light of freedom,
I'm goin' to let it shine...."

My name is Bob Moses and I first came to Mississippi in the summer of 1960, and I began working with the Voter Registration Projects in Mississippi in the summer of 1961. We carried out projects in the southwest corner of Mississippi that year and the next summer we moved up to the Delta area, where there was a higher concentration of Negroes. We began projects in six or more Delta towns, including Greenwood, Mississippi.

1B- Church -- Preacher and Congregation

"Oh Father, oh Lord,
Now, now now Lordie, oh Lord,
When we get through drinkin' tears for water,
When we get through eatin' at unwelcome table,
When we get through shakin' unwelcome hands,
We've got to meet Death somewhere,
Don't let us be afraid to die,
Rock me, rock me, Lord,
Rock me until I won't have no cares,
Lay my spirit. . . where I'll be at rest.
Father, I stretch my hand to thee...
No other help I know...."

2A- "I'm a citizen of Greenwood for about fifty years. I've lived in and around this town when it was only a mud hole. I have five children, three sons and two daughters. I did some honest to God, hard, long-life work setting rings in the streets and building manholes and laying curbs which will be here years and years after I'm gone. We know that the procedure that are being taken now to qualify people to register and vote is not pleasing to our white neighbors, but the law has been passed that we have rights to go to the court house and apply for registration, and we are goin' without any weapon at all. We're going humble, we're going meek, we're going with the spirit to treat both sides right. And since that is our attitude and aim, I don't think the white people of the city oughta feel like that we're tryin' to get in the front of them. We are askin' them kindly, let us walk by your side."

"Why do they hate us so bad, and we've been workin' for 'um all of our lives? They go on ridin' in the fine cars while our children goin' to school barefoot and never get no automobile and we're not able to pay for one. Why do they try to just keep us down? We're not wantin' to stay down now, and we're ready to fight." "Amen."

2B- "This is Clarence Jordan. I've been in the county about forty years. When I came here most of this land was in woods. I worked by the day for sixty cents a day on up from that to \$1.25. Sawed with a cross-cut saw cutting logs, draggin' them up with mules, work at night, raised my children, only saw 'em live on a Sunday mornin'. In the bed when I left in the mornin', come in late in the evenin' in the bed. Only six bits a day. Made tableland, farmed one place thirty years, made it all the way from 35 to 40 bale of cotton, picked ev'ry one of 'em. Didn't get too much out of it. Been a registered voter about twenty years, and I think that I have the right to help my peoples to register and vote. I know that God chose my color. I'm not the cause that I'm black. God choose this color and he made all nations. We are brothers, I don't care how you treat it, but we are all brothers. We're different colors but we're all human. We're not monkey. We're human, we've got feelings just like you got, and I think it's time for our white brother to realize that. And so we're just tired of it and we want to be free. We made all the white people in this Delta rich. If you ain't got no money you have had it, and ought to have it. And so we just mean to register and vote, we don't mean to fight and we don't mean to run. We just mean to go to the polls and get our freedom. I have fifteen grandchildren and I know I'm not goin' to live long, at the age of sixty, but I'm fighting for my grandchildren so they won't have to go through with what I'm goin' through with. I thank you."

3A- Mass Meetings -- Preacher and Congregation

"What did our Father do?.....
Before I drew my breath....."

3B- "The Greenwood Voter Registration project with erupted into national prominence fits best into three stages. The first stage lasted for six months and started in August of 1962, when Samuel Bloch went into Greenwood as a field secretary. He was joined later on that month by Willy Peacock from Charleston, Mississippi, after he'd been chased out by a mob at the voting office in Greenwood. What did they do for those six months? Well, for six months primarily they conducted a very intensive, very nerve-racking voter registration campaign in which they contacted the Negroes in the community and really at that time the Negroes in the community were not with them. That is, most of the Negroes were aware that they were in town, were aware that the white power structure did not want them in town, and were aware that for the time being they were not going to associate with same. They couldn't find a place to live, they couldn't find a place to meet, and for six months they operated pretty much on the streets, knocking from door to door, contacting people, getting over the fear which is basic in all of these towns that they were going to leave them. That is, most of the people felt that Sam and Willy were coming in to work for a little while, to stir up some trouble, to agitate, and then to be gone. And what they had to convince the people of was that they were there to stay. And this is what they did from August, 1962, until December, 1962."

"I'm Willy Peacock, field secretary for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. I am presently working in Greenwood, Mississippi in voter registration. The police began trailing us every night, Sam and I; there's not a night passes that they don't trail us, even now. They don't like this Samuel Bloch in Greenwood. They're convinced now that Sam is going to stay in Greenwood, and that we're going to stay in Greenwood, just like we said, until we get a satisfactory number of Negroes registered. You can't very well call me an outsider, because I'm a Mississippian. I was born just across the river. This is what my environment has shaped me to be, and I think I'm trying to fill a need which has been needed for some time. There's a great amount of fear there. The Negro will tell you a lie, some of them, that they don't want to become registered. To hide the pride which says if I say I'm afraid, then I'm less than a man; if I say I don't want to. I'm lying but this person doesn't know the difference. So we've been working on cutting through this fear, trying to find something that really would stimulate the people to get out and do something toward becoming a full fledged citizen. I think that if we can get the cooperation of the ministers to let us have their churches to set up schools in and teach reading and writing and citizenship as a whole, I think that we'll be able to really get the job done.

3C- Congregation:

"Some times we go hungry,
Don't sleep or eat,
Goin' to keep on fightin' for freedom,
In the end we'll be free.
Get on board, children, children (3x)
And fight for human rights.

I hear those mobs howling and coming round the
square,
I catch those Freedom Fighters but we're goin'
to meet them there.

Get on board, children, children (3x)
Let's fight for human rights."

4- "The coming of the new year brought the coming of a new plateau in the voter registration project in Greenwood. A food and clothing drive was organized around the country and shipped into Greenwood, and thousands of people turned out from the plantations and in town to stand in line, to wait in the cold, to get a box of food, to take it home to a family of eight, ten, twelve children who were literally starving. Now you should understand that the county did not have a cotton crop that year. In the first place, they had a bumper crop. They turned in more cotton and made more money than they had the year before. But there was a dry season, the cotton was low off the ground, and they were able to use machines to go in and pick the cotton, which meant that the Negroes didn't share in this wealth, or shared less than they usually do. So that you had a lot of Negro families who were destitute, who were just rock bottom poor, poverty which you just can't imagine in most parts of the United States, poverty in which the children really didn't have food, in which little babies didn't have milk, in which the mothers were not able to send their kids to school because they didn't have shoes and they didn't have winter clothes."

"We doesn't have enough money to buy clothes or: food for our childrens to go to school, or to take care of school expenses for them, and teachers is

always for money from the childrens for some problems. We don't get enough out of our jobs to cover our expenses at home, and some of us only makes \$2.50 a day. And our husbands, they doesn't have jobs. They be at home all winter long, and our light bills and gas bills is all the way from \$20 to \$21 a month. Some of our lights and gas be cut off, and it be so cold in the wintertime, and we've had some nearby like a froze this winter. And I know that the women didn't have husbands had a houseful of children, and the children didn't have jobs and their mother was sick, and it was just quite a problem to live."

"It was in this situation you had a chance to tell thousands of people first that they were poor, second why they were poor, and third what was some of the things that they had to do in order to alleviate their poverty. This meant that you had a chance to tell thousands of people that they needed to walk down to the courthouse to register to vote.

5- For the first time you had hundreds of people lined up at the courthouse in Greenwood, which remember is the home of the Citizens Council in the heart of the Delta, Mississippi -- asking to be registered to vote even though they couldn't read and write. And this is very crucial. Because for one thing, the Negro has a great fear of being ashamed when he goes down to the courthouse and they ask him questions and he doesn't know the answer; and even a greater fear of being asked to write something or read something when he can't read or write. But the poverty was so rife that they overcame this fear."

"I want to vote and I want to be able to say who I want in office and how I feel about it, and if one in office who beat niggers over the head, cuss 'em and kick 'em about in their stores, I want to put 'em out. We know that all persons born and naturalized in the state of Mississippi are citizens, and we don't have our right of citizenship, and we never have had it. We're underprivileged, and we're denied our Civil Rights, and that's what we want. We want freedom of speech, we want freedom of press, and we want everything that the white man has. We're entitled to it because we are full-fledged citizens, just like they are, and we're willing to die for it. We're willing to die that our children and our children's children may live."

6A- "If you can imagine it, people were standing in line in front of the church waiting for food while their plantation owner was riding by in the street, calling out their names and telling them to leave and go back to the plantations; and they were telling them that they were going to stand there and get their food because their children were hungry."

"This is Mrs. Fanny Lou Hamer from Ruleville, Mississippi. I went down to Indianola on the 31st of August in 1962, and after I had gone to Indianola we were stopped by the Highway Patrol and the city police, and on that same date I was fired. The man that I'd been working for, he said I would have to go down and withdraw or I would have to leave. So I told him that I was trying to register for myself, and he said that if I didn't go down and withdraw I would have to go; if I did go down and withdraw I still might have to go. I didn't have no other choice. I went that Friday night and spent the night with Mrs. Mary Tucker in Ruleville, and people knowing that I was at her house, they shot in there sixteen times, and I had to go then to Talahatchee County and live there up until December, and I'm back in Louver and I've quite a few things to go through, but it's nothing that will keep me and get my spirit down because now I'm in the fight for freedom. I'm just really tired of what I've been goin' through.

We just got to stand up now as Negroes for ourselves and for our freedom, and if it don't do me any good, I do know the young people it will do good, and it is a help to our nation because we need peace and there's no other way that we can have it than tryin' to live together. We been apart, but something got to bring peace to this earth."

6B- Congregation -- "Let it shine, let it shine,
Everywhere I go, Lord,
I'm goin' to let it shine (3x)..."

7- "The second stage led rapidly into the third stage. The large numbers of Negroes congregating at the county courthouse frightened the white people, and they turned to violence. On February 28th, Jimmy Travers, myself, and Randolph Blackwell drove to Greenwood to get a look at the project first hand and see how it was going. That evening as we were leaving, Jimmy spotted a car with three white men in it, and said that they had been circling around the office that day. They had parked down the street a little ways. We pulled up behind them, it was dark and we had our lights shining at them. They were three white men in a white Buick. We looked at them. They turned around, looked at us. We drove on to the office. I got out, told Sam and Willy that they better close up before going on out to the highway, took a back road out to the highway, and when we got there the men were sitting across from the highway facing us. They drove slowly by us and didn't see us until they got parallel. Then as we were passing, they spotted us and backed up, turned around, and followed us out of town. This time they had on dark glasses. It was the same car. They followed us for seven miles out of town and then finally opened up in a spray of bullets like a machine gun. Glass was splattering everywhere. Jimmy shouted that he was hit, slumped down into my lap in the front seat, and we went off the road. I grabbed the wheel and stepped on the brakes as Randolph was yellin' 'Hit the brakes, hit the brakes.' Finally we brought the car to a stop. Glass was everywhere, all over the seat, the windows were all blown out, Jimmy was slumped in my lap and Randolph came around and took the car. He drove on to M.V.C. Campus, Mississippi Vocational College, which was about a few hundred yards up the road. From there we went to the hospital in town and the doctor examined Jimmy and said that he had a bullet in the back of his neck lodged close to his spine. We waited at that hospital all night and in the morning he was removed to Jackson, where they operated. The doctor said he removed a large copper-jacketed bullet and that the bullet had lodged close to Jimmy's spine and if it had had a little more force when it entered, he would have been killed instantly since it was headed for a vital brain area. That began the third phase of the voter registration project in Greenwood. We gathered our people from the various towns around the Delta where they were working, and moved into Greenwood to see if we couldn't have a crash program to get as many Negroes as we could to go down to register to vote. It seemed to be the only way to answer this kind of violence: instead of letting up, to pour it on; instead of backing out, to move more people in; instead of giving any signs of fear, to show them that for once the Negro was not going to turn around and was not possible to shoot them out, and that if anything was going to happen at all, there was going to be increased activity."

SIDE TWO

1A-Congregation:

"We want more faith,
We may be able to ask you for what we need
here in this torn world,

Amen, Oh Lord, Oh Lord,
Don't leave us here
In this distress which we're now going through,
Because we know you have all power
In Heaven and in earth.
Oh, the lily of the valley,
The bright and mornin' star,
Fairest of ten thousand to my soul,
For Heaven sake, I can't rest...
Oh, my Father,
You said you would come to our rescue
If we would only call in faith,
We want more faith, my God...
We call on the Heavenly friend,
A light to shine on our road
To lead us on to Thee."

1B- "First I would just like to ask everybody in the audience that have been down and attempted to register, to raise your hand." ("Don't fool us now!" (laughter) "See, there's a number of hands. Now, how do you feel, those that have gone down to register to vote? Do you feel you are doin' somethin' that you should and feel you are part of this fight? All right. I see there are more of us sittin' out in the audience that didn't raise their hand, so you see we still have a lot of work to do. We should try to do somethin' about this. We're all in this struggle. We're fightin' for you, too, regardless of whether you're interested in yourself or not. You should take a part in this, join hands with us, walk down to the courthouse and let the people know that you want to become first class citizens. You're tired of being second class citizens. But my friends, I want to tell you tonight, as long as you stay second class citizens you will never get the things that you should have. You will never get the things that is due to you. We're interested in you. Please don't let us down. There are many in Greenwood's jail fightin' for you and me in Mississippi. You see, I'm from Mississippi too, that's why I'm here fightin'. People have tried to get me to go up North but I plan to stay here and make Mississippi a better place to live. And as long as we continue to go up North and run away from the situation we will never make it any better. Tomorrow morning we would like for all of those that didn't raise their hand to meet us at our office about 8:30 in the morning so we all can walk down to the courthouse and become first class citizens. Thank you."

1C- Congregation: "Walk, walk, walk, walk,
oh....walk, walk...."

2A- "We worked all of March, and as was to be expected there was more violence. Sam Bloch and Willie Peacock were shot at in front of the office one night as they were parked after coming back from the church where they were getting together a clothes shipment. White men drove up close by the car, took a shotgun and blasted through the windows so close that the pellets didn't have a chance to spread out and luckily none of the four people in the car were injured. About a week later a group of white men shot into a group of Negroes coming out of the Negro theater. Then finally late in March one of our workers, George Green, was shot at

just as he entered his house, having returned home at night from work at the office. That next morning we gathered at the church steps at Wesley Methodist Church in Greenwood and started singing.

2B-Congregation:

"Get on board, children, children,
Get on board, children, children,
Get on board, children, children,
Let's fight for human rights.

We know as Freedom Fighters
That we may go to jail,
But when you fight for freedom
The Lord will go your bail."
(Repeat first verse)

2C- "We sang and we sang and we sang, and people gathered around and finally we sang 'We Shall Overcome' in a big circle, and I talked to them and explained to them why I thought we needed to walk downtown to do two things: to protest to city hall about the shootings, because any time unlicensed cars drive around the town and subsequently shoot at Negroes with white people in the car, the police have to be implicitly involved. It doesn't seem to me possible that unlicensed cars with white men in them can drive around the Negro community and cause violence and the police don't know about them. So we were going to protest to the police at City Hall, and then go on to the courthouse to register another type of protest and try and register to vote. We never got to the courthouse. We were met at the police station with police dogs. They told us to turn around, or the dogs would be turned loose on them."

2D- "I never thought that Greenwood peoples would treat Negroes that been around here, that nursed their children, cook for 'em and farm this land, that they would have those type of a police, that would put dogs on humans. I was knocked off my feet the other day. I saw a terrible thing happen. I saw 'em put a dog on a first class citizen, a decent man, and told him he was a black son of a bitch.... I never will overcome it. A black son of a bitch, a man is not a son of a bitch, a man is a created being made in God's image. And when God made man, he seed it was good. And I don't think no man ought to be on the police force unless he know God. I don't think heathens ought to be among mens. We goin' up there without a pocket knife and men comin' out with guns and everything, my my, with guns around like that. I think that men on the police force ought to be the best men. They ought to know God and they ought to be able to love humanity. No man is fittin' to be nothin', no police nothin', if he's not got the grace of God in him..... It read like this, 'Be not deceived, what's ever man's sowed, he's gonna reap it.' Elijah told Ahab, the same dog that licked Nabar blood would lick yours. The same man that sic the dog on Tucker, gonna get dog bit in a different form. God gonna sic the dog on him."

2E- "We left city hall and started toward the courthouse. We walked about two blocks and the police met us again. They had some police carrying guns, some on motorcycles, some on their cars. Finally Jim Foreman and Laurence Gaut were arrested, and we turned back to walk to the church. When we got to the church, the police who had followed us all the way back then began to arrest the voting workers. They were trying to get the people into cars, to

carry them by cars into the court house. Myself and eight others were arrested, put in the city jail and later transfered to the county jail where we stayed for a week. While we were in jail we heard that the people were marching and trying to get down to the courthouse, that Dick Gregory had come to town, and that there was a great deal of uproar about the situation in Greenwood."

3A-Dick Gregory "I can't tell you how heartbroken I was last week as I sat in New York City and read the reports that was coming out of Greenwood, reports that you would expect to come out of South Africa, reports that you would expect to come out of Russia, or South Vietnam. I read reports and listened to the news on television and I read some things that had they happened in any other place in the world, America would probably have been at war. And I couldn't help but think, we went into Germany, we went into Japan, we went into Korea, we're keeping a close eye on Cuba; if Russia aggravated West Berlin half as much as you was aggravated last week, we would be there. And I can't help but wonder why someone can't come down here. Whether they want to admit it or not, Mississippi is America. I picked up your local paper today and read where your Governor who holds the highest office in this state said the things he said on the front page of your newspaper -- it's disgraceful. We have been lied on for so long it's made us over-sensitive, it's made us over-apologetic, and it's made us over-defensive. We have been accused of depreciating property by men who had depreciated our souls. We have been accused of being inferior by this man. I say if he really believes we was really inferior to him, he would integrate his schools tomorrow and we would flock out by noon. By his crooked tactics and his crooked standards he has made us better than him, because he has said if you have 14/15ths white blood and 1/15th Negro blood, you are Negro. So who's inferior and superior to who? Here's a man who said he wanted racial prejudice and racial segregation, and didn't even know how it worked. Because had he been sincere in racial prejudice and racial segregation I have no business being this light. Because if he really means what he says about racial mixing then I'm supposed to be pitch black, midnight black. Here's a man who didn't have enough intelligence to know that if you want to segregate someone and really put 'em down, you put 'em up front. He made the great mistake of puttin' us in the back. So for three hundred years, we've been watchin' him. We have been accused of having the highest crime rate in America, and it's so amusing when you turn on television and see the gangster stories, detective plays -- you never see us. This man has accused us of having the number one crime rate in America, and I wonder if you've ever stopped and asked yourself, have we? We haven't put forty sticks of dynamite in mama's luggage and blew one of them airplanes out the sky. And I don't care what they say about us, but we ain't never lynched nobody. All the Negro has ever asked for is to be fair. Keep me a second class citizen if you must, but please baby don't make me pay first class taxes. Send me to the worst schools in Mississippi if you must, but please baby when I go to take my voter test don't give me the same test you give that white boy. Give me the dirtiest, stinkiest job in the field if you must, but please don't go out and tell people I stink. We will march through your dogs, and if you get some elephants we'll march through them, and bring on your tigers and we'll march through them. And we'll keep marchin' and marchin' and marchin' until one day you'll look around and we'll all be marchin' together. Again I'd like to say it's my pleasure being here. I can't tell you how much I love you and how much I respect you. Just keep it up. I will be with you tomorrow morning when we go to the courthouse, and I will be with you whenever you need me -- just holler. I'll be there."

3B- Mr. Medgar Evers from Jackson. He's the state field secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Mr. Medgar Evers.

"Thank you very much. Ladies and gentlemen, it's very good to see the number of persons out here tonight, and certainly this indicates that we're ready for freedom and we're ready to march for it. I just want to say to you here tonight that the reason I'm up here is because you've given us inspiration in Jackson, and we're going to go back to Jackson, south Mississippi and all over Mississippi and fight for freedom as you're fighting for it here in Greenwood. All we want you to do is keep going with this fight for freedom, and as we stick together here, as you feel the pains of dogs here in Greenwood, we'll feel them in Jackson. When we feel them in Jackson, you'll feel them here, and when we get this unity, ladies and gentlemen, nothing can stop us. We're going to win this fight for freedom. Thank you very much."

4A- "For us, the events in Greenwood represented a major breakthrough. For the first time we had hundreds of people lined up at the courthouse in an effort to register to vote. We had gotten people off the plantations where they'd been strapped in the toughest way to economic poverty and the mores of segregation, and gotten them to come in and face the white man."

4B- "It is something that hadn't ever happened here to us. We really feels like we have someone thinking of us, feeling our care, and we are willing to cooperate with them. We've had the mayor of this town to tell us so many different things until we just didn't hardly know which way to go. We was just all tied up. We didn't know one time whether to let any of them in the door, but after we come out ourselves trying to see what it was, that give us ideas about this. We

just feel all right. We don't feel afraid, not many of us feeling afraid, not like we have been. We feel that it was something to help us to live."

4C- Congregation:

"Ain't no danger in the water, (3x)
Get on board, get on board."

4D- "Since I went down to register there's been bloodhounds in front of my door. We being harassed and whether I work at home or wash the bills go higher and higher. Everything to put me out is being done. I be right there fighting for freedom until God say enough done."

4E- Congregation:

"Oh, keep your eyes on the fire,
Hold on.... in jail,
Had no money for to go your bail,
Keep your eyes on the fire,
Hold on, why don't you hold on.

CHORUS:
Hold on, hold on,
Keep your eyes on the fire,
Hold on, hold on.

Burn it, burn it, don't you know,
Mississippi is the next to go.
Keep your eyes on the fire,
Hold on, why don't you hold on.

Hold on, hold on,
Keep your eyes on the fire,
Hold on, why don't you hold on."

CHAPTER 5, "MISSISSIPPI 11: GREENWOOD" FROM SNCC THE NEW ABOLITIONISTS by HOWARD ZINN

Leaving McComb in early 1962, the winter in Mississippi not yet over, Bob Moses wrote to the Atlanta office:

The movement from the rural to the urban is irresistible and the line from Amite to McComb to Jackson straight as the worm furrows. Accordingly, I have left the dusty roads to run the dusty streets. In short, I'm now installed in Jackson—subject to reproval or removal—and am duly reporting. Jackson is to be the center for a new newspaper, the *Mississippi Free Press*. . . . A group of Jackson businessmen are backing it. . . . The third and fourth congressional districts are to see Negro candidates for Congress, and I'm up to be the submerged campaign director for the Rev. R. L. Smith, who is running for the fourth district . . . we will scuffle like hell to get as many poll taxes paid as possible in the next six weeks, while the hunting season lasts. After the hunting comes the killing and if we're all dead, I want to be cremated and snuck into the next sun-circling satellite for my last rites. . . .

A group of SNCC staff people had rented a house in Jackson, and Moses stayed there, with Paul Brooks and his wife, James and Diane Nash Bevel (newly wed), Lester McKinnie and Bernard Lafayette. With his old friend Amzie Moore, Moses went on a field trip through the state. With Reverend Smith, the candidate for Congress, he visited a session of the Mississippi state legislature and tried to sit in the white section of the gallery, but was turned away. With Tom Gaither of CORE, a plan was drafted for CORE, SNCC, SCLC, and NAACP to carry on a unified voter registration

program in Mississippi, joined together in a Council of Federated Organizations (COFO). Moses wrote,

"Most of the winter was lean. We were just hanging on in Jackson . . . laying foundations, getting ready for the next drives in the summer." Meanwhile, Mississippi continued in its ways. To Jackson in February came the story told to SNCC people by a young Negro woman, Bessie Turner, aged nineteen, who lived in Clarksdale:

About four o'clock Sunday afternoon, January 21, two policemen came to my house, one short and stocky with silver teeth at the bottom, and a tall slender policeman. They told me to get in their car and they carried me to the City Hall into a small room and began questioning me about some money they said I had taken. . . . The short policeman told me to lay down on the concrete floor in the jail and pull up my dress and pull down my panties. He then began to whip me. . . . He then told me to turn over. . . . He hit me between my legs with the same leather strap. . . . He told me then to get up and fix my clothes and wipe my face, as I had been crying. . . .

In May, Diane Nash Bevel was tried in Jackson for teaching the techniques of nonviolence to Negro youngsters; the charge was "contributing to the delinquency of minors" and she was sentenced to two years in jail. Four months pregnant, she insisted on going to jail rather than putting up bond, saying: "I can no longer cooperate with the evil and corrupt court system of this state. Since my child will be a black child, born in Mississippi, whether I am in jail or not he will be born in prison." After a short stay in prison, she was released.

Two Negro students from Jackson were in the courtroom during the trial of Mrs. Bevel. One was Jesse Harris, tall and serious, who had attached himself to SNCC ever since James Bevel came to Jackson in the Freedom Rides. The other was seventeen-year-old Luvaghn Brown. They refused to move to the "colored" side of the courtroom and were arrested. En

route to jail, Harris was beaten by a deputy. Out on the prison farm, both were singled out for special attention. A guard ordered other prisoners to hold Jesse Harris while he whipped him with a length of hose. At another time, he was beaten with a stick, handcuffed and removed to the county jail where he was put in the "sweatbox" on a bread and water diet. Brown was also beaten. After forty days of such treatment, they were released.

In Jackson that spring, Moses, with an enlarged SNCC staff, began to plan voter registration operations for the summer. The money that Tim Jenkins had spoken about was on its way, contributed by the Taconic and Field Foundations, administered by the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta, through a new Voters Education Project. Money was going to SNCC, CORE, NAACP, SCLC and the Urban League. Moses planned to set up voter registration projects in seven different Mississippi towns in a "crash program" for the summer months.

Lester McKinnie was already working in Laurel, from where he wrote to James Forman in Atlanta: "Jim, the Negroes in Laurel are like many other cities, waiting until someone else starts something, and then if it is effective they will get on the band wagon. Every minister seems to be uncle Tomish; it's absurd really. So I am working mostly with the common layman. . . ." And in June, Frank Smith, a wiry, agile Morehouse College student from Atlanta, set up shop in Holly Springs, where tiny Rust College, a Negro school, was a kind of haven. His first report back to Atlanta gives an idea of how a SNCC worker goes about his business when he arrives in a Deep South town:

Two days were spent just loafing around in all sections of the County in an effort to find out just who the most trusted and respected leaders were. . . . On June 27, a letter was sent to seventeen people in Marshall County announcing a meeting. It was very vague and mentioned only slightly voter registration. Sixteen people came out and among them was Father Monley, who let us have the meeting at the Catholic School. It was quite a success and everyone was very enthusiastic. Mr. O. C. Pegues is a middle-aged man of about forty. He has seven kids and is renting a 200-acre farm. . . . He has a high school diploma and served three years during World War II. He has a very prosperous farm and a wonderful family. He is one of the few that is known by the white community as a "crazy nigger." He doesn't stand any pushing around. . . . The door-to-door committee was set into motion on July 8. . . . Transportation was provided for all persons and we contacted about 1000 people and got about 150 of them to take the voter registration test. . . . It did not take the sheriff and the police force long to discover that Smith was in town. . . . We are dealing with very subtle problems here, not one of shootings and hangings, but of lowering of cotton acreage allotments and the raising of taxes. The Chancery Court sells the land for taxes and the farmer is forced to move. In the meantime the banks refuse to give him a loan. . . . Here we have the problem of the sheriff riding by a place where meetings are being held and writing down the tag numbers. The next week, any person at the meeting who does public work is fired. . . . Perhaps something should be said about handicaps at this point. Perhaps the greatest one could be spelled out in one word, MONEY. . . . There were times when my buddy and I walked as many as fifteen miles per day, and we rode a mule for almost a week. These things were good psychologically for the community, but I don't think they did the asses and the feet of two of us any good. . . .

Thus, the original nucleus that had gathered in McComb after the Freedom Rides had spread out in the summer of 1962 to Holly Springs, Laurel, and other places. Curtis Hayes and Hollis Watkins were in Hattiesburg; other staff members were in Greenville, Cleveland, Vicksburg, and Ruleville.

But it was the city of Greenwood, seat of Leflore County, that was to become the focus of attention in Mississippi for the next year. To Greenwood came, in June, 1962, a twenty-

three-year-old native of Cleveland, Mississippi, named Sam Block, the son of a construction worker, tall, black, gaunt, silent, who sings in a deep voice and looks at you with eyes large and sad.

As Sam Block walked through the Negro section of Greenwood, knocking on doors, a police car followed him around and people were afraid to talk to him. The Elks Club gave him a meeting place, and people began to gather there around Sam. But he wrote to Jim Forman in mid-July: "We lost our meeting place at the Elks Club. The members did not approve of our meeting there and singing Freedom songs." One day three white men beat Sam; another day he had to jump behind a telephone pole to escape a speeding truck.

Willie Peacock, also from Mississippi, dark, muscular, handsome, who joined Block in Greenwood, spoke of their hard times together:

We were hungry one day and didn't have anything to eat and didn't even have a pair of shoes hardly, and we went down and started hustling and a fellow gave me a pair of shoes. Then we had to ride a mule. . . . Didn't even have transportation. But we kept begging for transportation. Came up to Memphis and had to stay five days and still didn't get a car. But we're not worryin'. We ain't complaining. We just go on and raise hell all the time. We don't have to ride, we can walk, we don't care.

A profile of Leflore County is very much a profile of the rural Deep South. The county in 1960 had about 50,000 people, of whom approximately two-thirds were Negro. Whites owned 90 percent of the land and held 100 percent of the political offices; their median income was three times that of Negroes. (But most whites were poor; thirty-six white families made over \$25,000 a year, earning a total amount of money greater than the 3600 poorest families.) Of 168 hospital beds in the county, 131 were reserved for whites. Ninety-five percent of the whites of voting age were registered to vote; 2 percent of the Negroes of voting age were registered.

Soon after his arrival in Greenwood, Sam Block became interested in a police brutality case. Late in July, the police picked up a fourteen-year-old Negro boy and accused him of breaking into a white woman's house. The boy told them: "I go to the cotton field all the time and back home," but they took him to the police station, where they forced him to strip and beat him with a bull whip as he lay naked on the concrete floor. They kicked him, beat him with fists, a billy club, and a blackjack until knots and welts were raised all over his body. When someone came near, a buzzer was sounded, and a television set was turned on to drown out the boy's screams. Finally, his father came for him. Police told him to stop crying, wash his face, dress, and go to the courtroom. He entered the wrong room, and a policeman struck him on the head, pushed him into the courtroom, saying: "That room, nigger."

Sam Block took affidavits from the boy, took photos of his wounds, and dropped them into the bottomless, bucketless well of the Justice Department. "From then on," says Bob Moses, "it was Sam versus the police." Sam's courage began to be contagious; more people began to show up at the SNCC office at 616 Avenue I in Greenwood, and to go down to the county courthouse to register. The newspapers now reported that a voter registration drive was being organized among Negroes in town, and gave the address of the office.

On August 17, 1962, Bob Moses was in Cleveland, Mississippi, when a collect telephone call came at midnight from Greenwood. Sam Block, Luvaghn Brown and Lawrence Guyot were working late in the second story SNCC office there. It was Sam Block on the line:

Sam said there were some people outside, police cars, about twelve o'clock at night . . . white people riding up and down the street, and they felt something was going to happen. I

told him to keep in touch with us, hung up, called a member of the Justice Department. We gave him Sam's number and he had some instructions about calling the local FBI. And Sam called back again. The police had gone, and white people had come in their cars, were standing outside the office. He was crouched in the office, looking out the window, talking on the phone in a very hushed voice, describing people downstairs with guns and chains, milling around down there, outside his office. He had to hang up. . . . We didn't know what to do. . . . Willie Peacock and I decided then to drive over to Greenwood. We got there about three-thirty or four. The office was empty, the door was knocked down, the window was up, Sam was gone, so was Guyot and Luvaghn. Well, the next morning when they came in they told us what had happened. People had charged up the back stairs, had come into the office and they had escaped out the window, across the roof to an adjoining building, and down a TV antenna into somebody else's home.

Sam Block went to Hattiesburg the day after that incident, and returned to Greenwood to find the SNCC office a shambles. The owner told him he couldn't stay there any longer. For the next two nights he slept in a junkyard on the seat of a wrecked auto. Then he found a room to sleep in. It would be five months before they could find another office, but he and Willie Peacock stayed in town, visiting people every day. They were, as Moses put it, "breaking down the psychological feeling on the part of the Negroes that these boys are just coming in here, they're going to be in here for a short time, and then they're going to leave, and we're going to be left holding the bag."

One day, while taking Negroes down to register in Greenwood, Block was stopped by the sheriff, and the following conversation took place:

SHERIFF: Nigger, where you from?

BLOCK: I'm a native of Mississippi.

SHERIFF: I know all the niggers here.

BLOCK: Do you know any colored people?

(The sheriff spat at him.)

SHERIFF: I'll give you till tomorrow to get out of here.

BLOCK: If you don't want to see me here, you better pack up and leave, because I'll be here.

That he wasn't murdered on the spot is something of a miracle. The next day, Sam Block took some more Negro men and women down to the county courthouse to try to register.

As the stream of voting applicants in Greenwood increased (though in Block's first six months there, only five Negroes were actually declared by the registrar to have passed the test), the economic screws tightened on the Negro community. Winters were always lean in the farming towns of Mississippi, and people depended on surplus food supplied by the Government to keep them going. In October, 1962, the Board of Supervisors of Leflore County stopped distributing surplus food, cutting off 22,000 people—mostly Negro—who depended on it. By mid-winter, conditions were desperate. Willie Peacock and Sam Block wrote to Jim Forman in Atlanta:

Saturday, January 19, 1963 . . . these people here are in a very, very bad need for food and clothes. Look at a case like this man, named Mr. Meeks, who is thirty-seven years old. His wife is thirty-three years old, and they have eleven children, ages ranging from seventeen down to eight months. Seven of the children are school age and not a one is attending school because they have no money, no food, no clothes, and no wood to keep warm by, and they now want to go register. The house they are living in has no paper or nothing on the walls and you can look at the ground through the floor and if you are not careful you will step in one of those holes and break your leg.

From Atlanta, the word went out to the cities of the North, to college campuses, wherever SNCC had friends, that

food and other supplies were needed in Mississippi. People began to respond. Two Negro students at Michigan State University, Ivanhoe Donaldson and Ben Taylor, drove a truckload of food, clothing and medicine a thousand miles to the Mississippi Delta during Christmas week. They were stopped in Clarksdale, arrested, charged with the possession of narcotics, and held in jail under \$15,000 bond. The bond was reduced after nationwide protests, and after they had spent eleven days in jail they were released. Their cargo was confiscated. The "narcotics" in the shipment consisted of aspirin and vitamins. After that Ivanhoe Donaldson became a one-man transport operation; twelve times he drove truckloads of supplies the thousand miles from Michigan to Mississippi.

Bob Moses had written from the Delta to Martha Prescod, a pretty Negro coed at Ann Arbor:

We do need the actual food. . . . Just this afternoon, I was sitting reading, having finished a bowl of stew, and a silent hand reached over from behind, its owner mumbling some words of apology and stumbling up with a neckbone from the plate under the bowl, one which I had discarded, which had some meat on it. The hand was back again, five seconds later, groping for the potato I had left in the bowl. I never saw the face. I didn't look. The hand was dark, dry, and wind-cracked, a man's hand, from the cotton chopping and cotton picking. Lafayette and I got up and walked out. What the hell are you going to do when a man has to pick up a left-over potato from a bowl of stew?

In January, Sam Block reported to the Atlanta office:

Dear Jim,

Man, I am so glad we now have transportation here in Greenwood. . . . We carried five people down to register. In addition to that we are now able to get around to these people who have been cut off from the surplus food deal, and some of them will make you cry to see the way they have been trying to live. We went to about ten people's houses who lived up in little nasty alleys, it was cold, cold outside, and some of them were sitting beside of the fireplace with a small amount of wood burning trying to keep warm. They had little babies that had no shoes to put on their feet in that cold, cold house. . . . We found out that the people . . . had to tell their kids that Santa Claus was sick and that he would be able to see them when he gets well.

The food drive turned out to be a catalyst for the voter registration campaign in Mississippi. It brought the SNCC workers into direct contact with thousands of Negroes, many of whom came forward to help with the distribution of food, and stayed on to work on voter registration. Thus SNCC became identified in the minds of Negroes in Mississippi not simply with agitation, but with direct aid. The more food was distributed, the more people began to go down to the courthouse to register. Eventually, federal pressure led Leflore County to resume the distribution of surplus food.

Bob Moses wrote, on February 24, to thank the Chicago Friends of SNCC, who, with the aid of Dick Gregory, had sent food and clothing and medicine to Mississippi:

. . . we have been on a deep plateau all winter, shaking off the effects of the violence of August and September and the eruption that was Meredith at Old Miss. . . . You combat your own fears about beatings, shootings and possible mob violence; you stymie by your mere physical presence the anxious fear of the Negro community, seeded across town and blown from paneled pine and white sunken sink to windy kitchen floors and rusty old stoves, that maybe you *did* come only to boil and bubble and then burst out of sight . . . you create a small striking force capable of moving out when the time comes. . . . After more than six hundred lined up to receive food in Greenwood on Wednesday, 20 February, and Sam's subsequent arrest and weekend in prison on Thursday, 21 February, over one hundred people overflowed city hall to

protest at his trial, over two hundred and fifty gathered at a mass meeting that same night, and on Tuesday by 10:30 A.M. I had counted over fifty people standing in silent line in the county courthouse; they say over two hundred stood in line that day. This is a new dimension. . . . Negroes have never stood en masse in protest at the seat of power in the iceberg of Mississippi politics. . . . We don't know this plateau at all. We were relieved at the absence of immediate violence at the courthouse, but who knows what's to come next?

The evening after he wrote that letter, about 10:00 P.M., Bob Moses left the SNCC office in Greenwood and got into an automobile with two other men, heading for Greenville. One was Randolph Blackwell, of the Voters Education Project in Atlanta, tall, of powerful build and voice, who was doing a tour of the voter registration areas. The other was Jimmy Travis, twenty years old, a native Mississippian and a former Freedom Rider, who had come out of the Rides to join the SNCC staff.

A 1962 Buick with no license tags had been sitting outside the SNCC office all day, with three white men in it—nothing unusual for SNCC. As they pulled away, the Buick followed. They stopped at a filling station for gasoline, and the Buick followed and circled the block. Then they headed out on the main highway toward Greenville, all three sitting in front: Jimmy Travis at the wheel, Bob Moses next to him, Blackwell on the outside. It was about 10:30 P.M., and there was a good deal of traffic on the road. As the traffic began to thin, the Buick pulled up alongside and then came the deafening sound of gunfire. Thirteen 45-calibre bullets ripped through the car shattering the front left window, missing Bob Moses and Randolph Blackwell by inches, smashing through the window on the other side. Two bullets hit Jimmy Travis. The Buick sped off, and Moses grabbed the controls to pull the car to a stop as Travis crouched in his seat, bleeding.

They drove to a hospital, and phoned the news to Atlanta. Ruby Doris Smith sent wires the next morning to SNCC workers in the field: "Jimmy Travis was shot in the Delta last night. Twice in shoulder and neck. Will be operated on today to remove bullet which is lodged behind spinal cord." Travis lived, but the doctor said that if the bullet had penetrated with just slightly more force, he would have died instantly.

From Jackson, David Dennis, who came out of the Freedom Rides to be CORE's representative in Mississippi, wired Attorney General Kennedy asking for "immediate action by the federal government" to protect voter registrants and civil rights workers. The head of the NAACP in Mississippi, Aaron Henry, also issued a statement of protest. Jim Forman wrote to President Kennedy from Atlanta, requesting protection. But, as in all other acts of violence in Mississippi, the national government carefully confined its work to the filing of occasional lawsuits, and left the police power of the state of Mississippi to its own devices.

One immediate consequence of the shooting was that Wiley Branton, the civil rights lawyer in charge of the Voters Education Project in Atlanta, asked registration workers all over Mississippi, from all civil rights groups, to move into Greenwood immediately. (Branton, a very fair-skinned Negro, was, coincidentally, a descendant of the remarkable white millionaire slave-owner Greenwood LeFlore, after whom both the city and the county were named, who built a mansion styled after the palace of Empress Josephine, and who supported the Union from his plantation in the Delta all through the Civil War, dying on his front porch with four grandchildren holding Union flags above him.) For the next year, LeFlore County was to be the point of concentration for all civil rights work in Mississippi. Said Branton: "The State of Mississippi has repeatedly thrown down a gauntlet at the feet of would-be Negro voters. . . . The time has come for us to pick up the gauntlet. LeFlore County has elected itself as the testing ground for democracy."

With the whole Mississippi Voter Education Project staff clustered in Greenwood now—dozens of SNCC people, a few from CORE and SCLC—violence continued. A week after the shooting of Travis, a station-wagon pulled up near SNCC headquarters and someone blasted away with a shotgun into a parked car where Sam Block and three other young people were sitting. The car windows were smashed, but no one was injured. And on March 24, 1963, the voter registration office used by SNCC and the other civil rights organizations was destroyed by fire. All of the office equipment was ruined, records were burned, a phone was ripped from the wall—Greenwood police said there was no evidence of arson. With the owner urging them to leave, SNCC had to look again for another office. Two nights later, someone fired a shotgun into the home of George Greene, a SNCC worker whose family lived in Greenwood. Three children slept as the shots tore into the wall of their bedroom.

Meanwhile, in other parts of Mississippi, there was more trouble. The windows in Aaron Henry's drug store in Clarksdale were broken, as they had been many times before. Dave Dennis' car was fired into in Jackson, three bullets boring through the windshield, but fortunately no one was in the car.

The day after the shooting up of the Greene home, Wednesday, March 27, 1963, Bob Moses, Jim Forman, Willie Peacock, Frank Smith and six others were arrested leading a march to the county courthouse.

Moses recalls:

The march that took place in Greenwood was not planned. . . . Now the morning of the march we were at the church there and began singing. Forman came by; he was actually on his way out of town, he was driving. So he suggested that maybe we ought to go down to city hall and protest the shooting. We did not anticipate that the police would react as they did. We were simply going to the police station and request a conference with the police chief asking for police protection in light of the shooting. And they met us there with the dogs and with guns and so forth and I guess, as Jim says, they simply went berserk for a little while. . . .

As about a hundred Negro men, women, and youngsters, singing and praying, approached the LeFlore County Courthouse, the police appeared, wearing yellow helmets, carrying riot sticks, leading police dogs. One of the dogs bit twenty-year-old Matthew Hugh, a demonstrator. Another, snarling and grunting, attacked Bob Moses, tearing a long gash in his trousers. Marian Wright, a young Negro woman studying law at Yale, was on the scene that day:

I had been with Bob Moses one evening and dogs kept following us down the street. Bob was saying how he wasn't used to dogs, that he wasn't brought up around dogs, and he was really afraid of them. Then came the march, and the dogs growling and the police pushing us back. And there was Bob, refusing to move back, walking, walking towards the dogs.

Demonstrations continued around the county courthouse for the next few days, with more arrests. Comedian Dick Gregory joined the demonstrators. Moses, Forman, and the others were found guilty of disorderly conduct and given the maximum sentence, four months in prison and a \$200 fine. They were released in return for a Justice Department agreement to postpone its suit against local officials.

To the SNCC headquarters in Greenwood, through the spring and early summer of 1963, came a stream of reports of events happening all over the state: an explosive tossed into the window of NAACP leader Aaron Henry's home in Clarksdale, then an explosion ripping into the roof of his drugstore, then bullets fired from a passing car into his home; firebombs thrown into the home of Hartman Turnbow, first Negro voter applicant in Holmes County, after which Bob Moses and three others were arrested on "suspicion of arson"; SNCC worker Milton Hancock clubbed by a Greenwood policeman; a sit-in

student beaten and kicked at a Jackson lunch counter; an NAACP official clubbed to the ground at a demonstration in Jackson; and, on June 12, Medgar Evers murdered in the driveway of his home in Jackson.

But the evidence began to appear, here and there throughout the state of Mississippi, that what Bob Moses had called the "Mississippi iceberg" was beginning to crack. The evidence was not yet in changes in the social structure of the state, but in the people who emerged slowly, as rocks appear one by one out of a receding sea.

Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, forty-seven, married, the mother of two children, has been all her life a sharecropper in Ruleville, Mississippi (Sunflower County, where James Eastland has his plantation). I spoke to her at a SNCC staff meeting in Greenville, Mississippi, in late 1963, on a sunny Sunday afternoon, over the noise of Negro boys practicing in a brass band, blowing trumpets and pounding on drums just outside the door. She told how she got into the movement:

I went to a meeting at this church, and they announced about this important mass meeting, something we wasn't used to, and they said James Bevel would be speaking that night. So I went to church that Monday night in Ruleville. . . . James Bevel did talk that night and everything he said, you know, made sense. And also, Jim Forman was there. So when they stopped talking, well, they wanted to know, who would go down to register you see, on this particular Friday, and I held up my hand.

Mrs. Hamer is short and stocky, her skin like weather-beaten copper, her eyes soft and large; she walks with a limp because she had polio as a child, and when she sings she is crying out to the heavens. She told what happened after she went down to register.

The thirty-first of August in '62, the day I went into the courthouse to register, well, after I'd gotten back home, this man that I had worked for as a timekeeper and sharecropper for eighteen years, he said that I would just have to leave. . . . So I told him I wasn't trying to register for him, I was trying to register for myself. . . . I didn't have no other choice because for one time I wanted things to be different.

After her eviction from the plantation, Mrs. Hamer stayed with a friend in Ruleville. Ten days later, a car drove by the house and sixteen bullets were pumped into the bedroom where she slept. She was out of the house that night, and no one was hurt.

On June 9, 1963, Mrs. Hamer and five other people were returning to Greenwood from a meeting in South Carolina. The bus made a brief stop in Winona, Mississippi, and some of them went into the white waiting room. The police came and arrested all of them, including Mrs. Hamer, who had just stepped off the bus to see what was happening. They were taken to the Winona jail.

One of the group was Annette Ponder, in her twenties, black-skinned and beautiful, very quiet, who worked on voter education in Greenwood for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. (Annette graduated from Clark College in Atlanta, and her younger sister was a student of mine at Spelman.) After they got to the jail and were separated inside, Mrs. Hamer heard Annette screaming. "I knew Annette's voice. And she was prayin' for God to forgive them. . . ."

Then they came for Mrs. Hamer. "I was carried to another cell where there was three white men and two Negro prisoners. The state trooper gave one of the Negroes the blackjack and he said . . . 'I want you to make that bitch wish she was dead. . . .'" The prisoner beat her with the blackjack, all over her body, while someone held her feet down to keep her from moving. Then the blackjack was handed to another prisoner, who continued the beating. (Negro prisoners—threatened, bribed, desperate—have often been used against other Negro

prisoners, as white prisoners have been used against whites in jails all over the nation.)

The day after the arrest, a group of SNCC people, summoned by telephone, drove to Winona to see if they could help. One of them was Lawrence Guyot, a twenty-three-year-old native of Mississippi, a graduate of Tougaloo College, now a SNCC field secretary, of powerful frame, fair skin, and a voice that roars with passion at church meetings in the Delta. Guyot, trying to see the prisoners, was questioned by a state trooper, who became enraged when Guyot refused to say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." The trooper slapped Guyot repeatedly, then turned him over to a group of Citizens Council members. They beat him until he couldn't lift his arms, hit him again and again in his face until his eyes were so swollen he couldn't open them.

Another SNCC worker in the group of visitors managed to get into the jail to see Annette Ponder. She reported on her visit when she got back to Greenwood: "Annette's face was swollen. . . . She could barely talk. She looked at me and was able to whisper one word: FREEDOM."

Mrs. Hamer became a field secretary for SNCC after her eviction from the plantation. Just as Moses and the other "outsiders" had become insiders, now the insiders were beginning to become outsiders to the society they had grown up in. As Mrs. Hamer put it:

You know they said outsiders was coming in and beginning to get the people stirred up because they've always been satisfied. Well, as long as I can remember, I've never been satisfied. It was twenty of us, six girls and fourteen boys, and we just barely was making it. You know I could see the whites was going to school at a time when we would be out of school . . . and most of the time we didn't have anything to wear. I knew it was something wrong. . . . I always sensed that we was the one who always do the hard work, you know. . . .

I asked her if she was going to remain with the movement, and she responded with the words to a song: "I told them if they ever miss me from the movement and couldn't find me nowhere, come on over to the graveyard, and I'll be buried there."

Shortly after the Winona incident, a voter registration meeting held in a tiny church in the cotton-growing village of Itta Bena, just outside of Greenwood, was broken up by smoke-bombs. When forty-five Negroes marched to the town marshal's office to protest this, they were arrested; the following week, thirteen youngsters working with SNCC, some of them from Itta Bena, were arrested in Greenwood.

My wife and I were in Greenwood in August, 1963, when those fifty-eight people finally were freed on bond money supplied by the National Council of Churches. That night SNCC headquarters had the eerie quality of a field hospital after a battle. Youngsters out of jail—sixteen and seventeen years old—were sprawled here and there. Two of them lay on the narrow cots upstairs while a few of the SNCC girls dabbed their eyes with boric acid solutions; some dietary deficiency in jail had affected their eyes. One boy nursed an infected hand. Another boy's foot was swollen. He had started to lose feeling in it while in the "hot box" at Parchman Penitentiary, and had stamped on it desperately to restore circulation. Medical attention was refused them in prison.

Newspaper reports about demonstrators arrested in the Deep South have never conveyed fully the reality of a Black Belt jail. As we stood around in SNCC headquarters, three of the youngsters out of Parchman spoke of their arrest and their two months in jail. The first was Willie Rogers:

. . . it was twenty minutes to one when the chief came out of his car and across the street in front of the courthouse. It was June 25—Tuesday. The chief said, I'm askin' you-all to move on. We said that we were up there to get our folks registered.

NUMERICAL LIST AND ORDER FORM

BR-301 Broadside Vol. 1	FE4381 War Whoops & Medicine Songs of the Amer. Indian	FH5343 Folksongs of Idaho & Utah	FC7350 Supreme Court Judge William O. Douglas
BR-302 Broadside Vol. 2	FE4394 Hopi Katcina Songs	FH5420 Songs Of The U.S.S.R. Revolution Vol. 1	FC7352 Senator Margaret Chase Smith
FA2011 Talking Dust Bowl.	FE4401 Music of the Sioux & Navajo	FH5436 Songs Of The Spanish Civil War Vol. 1	FC7353 Al Capp
FA2022 Cowboy Songs	FE4402 Music of Equatorial Africa	FH5437 Songs of the Spanish Civil War Vol. 2	FC7354 Margaret Mead
FA2023 Solomon Valley Sgs.	FE4405 Flk Music Of Ethiopia	FD5441 Songs Of F.L.N.	FC7355 Jim Farley
FA2036 Mormon Folk Sgs.	FE4406 Music of Indonesia	FD5442 Angolan Freedom Songs	FC7402 Who Built America
FA2080 Blds. of Lasalle County	FE4408 Folk Music of Palestine	FD5443 Somali Freedom Songs	FC7406 Follow the Sunset
FA2106 Bay State Blds.	FE4409 Folk Music of India	FD5444 Ding Dong Dollar	FC7431 The World of Man Vol. 1
FA2110 Flksgs. & Blds. Virginia	FE4414 Folk Music of France	FH5457 The Sgs & Stories of Aunt Molly Jackson	FC7432 The World of Man Vol. 2
FA2128 Texas Folk Songs	FE4416 Music of the Russian Middle East	FH5485 OBlds of Sacco & Vanzetti	FC7560 Musical Plays for Special Days
FA2132 North Star State	FE4420 Music of the Amer. Indians Of the S.W.	FD5501 The Untypical Politician	FC7566 Call of Freedom
FA2134 Flksgs & Blds of Kansas	FE4421 Music of South Arabia	FH5502 Sit-In-Story	FC7752 The Glory of Negro History
FA2136 Kentucky Ballads	FE4422 Traditional & Classical Music of India	FH5503 The White House or Bust	FW8552 Sounds of Jerusalem
FA2151 Blds. Of The Revolution	FE4423 Music of Southeast Asia	FD5505 Campaign Fifty-Six	FW8708 British Broadside Ballads
FA2152 Blds. Of The Revolution	FE4424 Flk. & Classical Music of Korea	FD5511 W.W.B. Dubois	FW8718 Australian Flksgs & Balads.
FA2163 Blds. Of The War of 1812	FE4425 Flk. Music of Pakistan	FD5512 The Minority Party	FW8719 Flk. Songs and Ballads of The British Isles
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