

[Oct. 3 - Oct. 10, 1964]

WEEKLY REPORT

OCTOBER 3-9

A. BOCK

MONDAY:
10/3/64

In at 7:00. Sears, Sally, Judy, and I dispatched to Pleasant Green. Mr. Bennett waited with us and from time to time Mrs. Robinson stopped by. At 9:50 only one woman had come to us, and we received a report that Mrs. Robinson had been arrested. Judy and I rode with Mrs. Kelly and Mr. and Mrs. Bennett to Asbury and to her house to try to locate her. We then rode to the Freedom House where we learned her car had caught fire at Asbury. Mr. Bennett then took Sally and I downtown to drag people from the street. On the way downtown we passed Mrs. Robinson, learned her to be all right. On arrival I continuously covered Peace and Hickory Streets until 1:00. Approximately twenty people promised to return to William's Cafe at 1:00--None of whom evidently did. The only trouble I had was a white shopkeeper who continued to scream at me from the time I passed him until I had walked almost a block away: 'Hey, What you lookin' for girl? You hear what I said? What you lookin' for?'--I ignored the bloody bastard. When I checked in at 1:00 I learned that the Freedom Day had been cancelled. Returned to Freedom House, worked in Center until closing.

TUESDAY:
10/4/64

Remained at home.
At 2:00 AM awakened to find Sally still had not returned. Called Freedom House, but received no answer. After trying for twenty minutes I called Mrs. Robinson, who in turn called the office. She too received no answer, and finally awakened Joann, who informed us Sally was in Jackson.
The gentle man who has taken to reading newspapers in front of the house from dawn and shortly before returned once more. He is white, heavysset, balding, perhaps 40. Drives a late model white station wagon with Mississippi tags.

WEDNESDAY:
10/5/64

In between 8:30 and 9:00. Attended staff meeting which already was in progress. Decided to hold another Freedom Day on the nineteenth, and to keep as many going to the courthouse this week as possible, climaxing in a 'Little Freedom Day' this Friday. Around 1:00 Martha and I went to Cedar Grove-Madisonville to set up a precinct meeting for the area. Located Mrs. Galloway in their fields. She informed us that because of the hurricane (hurricane? hurricane?--ah well.) the church had not met the previous week, but suggested that we return to the church Sunday afternoon after services to hold a meeting, that they would be able at that time to tell us if the church would be available. She seemed preoccupied with the Freedom School (a good sign?). Mr. Goodlow has done an extremely poor job of indicating the importance of good organization on the precinct level--in fact I suspect he has spoken with them little, if at all. The usual objection appears to this arrangement--it will not be representative, altho it should prove a more profitable than usual (which is not much) arrangement, since

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WEDNESDAY:
10/5/64
(cont.)

since the burning of the Ceder Grove church Pilgrim's Rest is the only church in the area.

On returning worked in the Center.

At 6:00 Sally and I and two local boys, Otha and John went to Mount Center for the second meeting of the sixth and eighth precincts. Due to difficulty locating the church we arrived at 7:30, to find only four people present—including women and children. By 8:00 four more men had arrived with assorted wives, and the ~~me~~ fiasco began. Mr. Ballard presided over both precincts, proudly displaying his ignorance of the concepts and purposes of local organization (at one point telling the people not to worry about going to the courthouse for the Freedom Day—they could do that any time. Freedom registration was the thing). At one point Mr. Barber got up ~~is~~ left, the whether in disgust or from the call of nature I know not. Ballard finally appointed to block captains, Mr. Porter and Mr. ??, as well as volunteering to cover an area himself. McClinty agreed to cover another area, but I could not get them to realize that their meeting was totally unrepresentative, that they should strive to include their entire precinct rather than be content with the minuscule area about Flora. ~~Mr.~~ Thro out the meeting Mr. Barber sat mute. It seems possible that he will hold a separate meeting for the sixth precinct, altho it is also possible that he has been ~~so~~ disgusted to the degree that he may yield to Ballard. They agreed to convene again this Wednesday at 7:00.

THURSDAY:
10/6/64

Maps of the united states, the world, and the history of man—\$2

TODAY

Box 30

Grand Central Station

New York 17, New York

Beg In at 9:30. Began running off stencils of the library list.

At 10:15 had meeting with Tom about precinct organization. It looks like I will be working more and more along this line, but at least Tom has promised to show me at least a little about, what I should be doing. This Sunday we will once more go out to Madisonville. Resumed work on stencils (I am running of 130 copies of each page) At approximately 1:30 I withdrew in anger from the mimeograph machine—before the urge to take a hatchet to it had become too strong for control.

Prepared lesson for Freedom School this evening at Gluckstadt.

We will in effect, go over the October 3 issue of the Guardian—that is, the sections on Gluckstadt and the Warren Reports.

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OCTOBER 3-9

A. BOCK

THURSDAY:
10/7/64
(cont.)

At 6:00 Joanne and I went out to pick up students. GIBSONS refused to permit Ann and Randy and their sister come (he claims concern for his health--wants the kids about to watch his death throes). He told us that Holly had been woarnd by a Justice of the Peace to keep his hands off the Bouldins, and that he has been quiet as the proverbial church mouse since--so I suppose he shall turn on us shortly (Can he realize this?). At any rate BOULDIN'S and SADDLER'S came thro--seven of them in fact.

After we had transported them back to the Center Joann introduced them to the library, and they studied fo r approximately half an hour.

We had two discussions--one that centered aro und Bruno. For half an hour I struggled to divert them from him, but failed completely. BennyLou turned in a paper (a copy of which is enclosed) that indicates to some minute degree the extent of their hatred.

When we resumed Joann taped hoping to capture some of the vehemence of their attitude toward Bruno, but this time they diverted readily, and the quality of the tape itself was poor anyhow. I think I shall ask her to record again, in the hope that a little Monday morning quarterbacking will improve my skills. At 9:45 we took them home--it would be good to work out some manner of keeping track of the time since they must be returned to their homes by 10:00.

When we returned to the center I reviewed they tape, but found it unintelligable.

FRIDAY:
10/8/64

In around 8:30. Spent most of the day alternating between mimeographing the library list and struggling to complete the double crostic fo r use this coming week--both of which are truly infuriating activities.

At 6:00 Joann and I went to the Flora Freedom School. We arrived approximately half an hour late. A few people trickled in around 7:00--ultimately three adults and thirteen youngsters were present. We (or rather they) boarded up most of the windows, hooked up the wood stoves, and finally succeeded in bringing some minute degree of warmth about.

Spoke with Mr. Barber about ~~o~~ further organization in the sixth precinct. He leans heavily--perhaps too heavily on Mr. Taylor. At any rate they have decided to hold seperate meetings in the future--thank heavens.

A bad night--in addition to poor attendence, late start and cold everyone was off. Was unable to establish any degree of rapport.

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OCTOBER 3-9

A. BOCK

FRIDAY:
10/8/64
(cont.)

What I believe I must do is work on more of a lecture basis until we get to know one another better. Perhaps a four hour course in Photography would be in order, perhaps a little negro history, perhaps a little bit about Africa. I understand their ventures into negro history have been sporadic at best--perhaps this is the place to start. Closed around 9:30 to a half-hearted rendition of we shall overcome.

Evidently something was happening at Mount Olive, for when we passed the church on our return the building was fully lit, the parking lot filled with cars--Perhaps we should merely meet on another night. This Friday should answer that question.

SATURDAY:
10/9/64

Picked up the car! In at 9:45. Worked on the bloody doublecrostic the entire morning. Took Mrs. Robinson home. On returning began my overdue weekly reports. Began typing and continued typing throughout the afternoon and evening until shortly after 11:00

SUNDAY:
10/10/64

In at 9:45. My day to clean up the kitchen. (I never thought I would see the day I would be willing to pitch battle over the dirtying of a teaspoon, or rejoice in the dearth of coffee cups.) Resumed typing of reports. At 3:00 Maryann, Tom, and I went to Milton Grove for the mass meeting. Good attendance--perhaps 60 people arrived in 15 cars. Rev. McCrae spoke, as did Otha Williams, Mr. Goodall, Karen, and Maryann. I had wanted to speak with Mr. Goodall, but as he remained in the meeting until after 5:00 the opportunity failed to present itself. We must speak to him shortly, should do so tomorrow--especially since we muffed their precinct meeting. On returning continued to type reports. By god, I'll never get this far behind again (actually, it will be impossible to do so for at least three weeks--tho I hope the pain of this experience remains in my mind for far longer) finally finished at 10:07.

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A. BOCK

SUNDAY:
10/10/64
(cont.)

As we were preparing to leave, we were informed that USIA photographers were coming in, that evening, and we should straighten and remain until their departure. This we proceeded to do, and as a result did not arrive home until after 1:00 AM.

INCLOSURE:

O please let Bruno have a seven car accident with a match wagon that's been struck by a gasoline truck;
Let him ram into a brick wall that houses nuclear war heads and TNT---
May he blow himself to bits.

If he survives this I hope the ambulance that came to pick him up have four flat tires
Let the driver have a stroke and a hemorrhage
May he roll down the mountain side.

If he should survive that let him land into a patch of wild dogs who are suffering from fleabites.
Let him scratch himself insane
Make him so ugly that he resemble a gorilla sucking on some hot chinese mustard, laying across a rail road track with freight trains rolling across his knee caps.

If he should survive that, O may the lightning strike him in the heart and muddy water run into his grave.

And if he survives that, I hope that the doctor he get is a junky with a gorilla on his back and an Orangutan in his room.

And if he should survive all these things and over again becomes conscious, O Lord, let him become black and be a slavery on a segregated white man plantation.

BennyLou Bouldin
Age 26
GLUCKSTADT FREEDOM SCHOOL
10/6/64