

Like Dear Lym and all that.

Once again I take typewriter in hand to set down my turgid and incoherent thoughts.

It is very difficult to talk about the March. The march was a study in contrasts, one contrast was the powerfull, terriffing, magnificent beuty of the march on one hand and the daily petty shit of actually living ~~ixxx~~ the march. There was the contrast in faces between the marchers and the watchers (white) there was the contrast in equipment-the ill clad, sometimes barefoot, rain soaked, dirty, disheveled, with blankets or knapsacks and their back marcher and the well equiped, clean, neat, soldiers with the confederate flag sown on their uniforms. The contrast of the marchers fantastic determined "We'll never turn back" spirit and the frustrated, angry, helpless, impressed in ~~at~~ spite of themselves ~~xxxxx~~ spirit of the troopers and soldiers. I guess that I sound sort of corny or something but it is the only way I know to try to tell you of the march. This march was one of the greatest emotional experiances of my life, Marching into camp that first night I was ~~at~~terally crying, I cried again when we entered ~~Montgomery~~ ^{Montgomery} and I cried when we marched to the capital, I was not the only one. The first night as we marched into the campsite the sun was just setting and it cast an orange glow over the line of marchers setting them and the flags afire. At the head of the line was the United States flag and the United Nations flag. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ One of my jobs on the march was that of security gaurd, under the direction of Father Sam. We were on patrol all of that night, it was about 25 degrees and not only the security gaurd froze but so did these marchers who tried to sleep, (few succeeded that night). Aside from the cold the only incident that night that the security gaurd had to contend with (~~asside~~ from the cold) was a truck driver who hadn't realised who had hired him and started to slug some of us. That day we cut it down to about 350 marchers as we started through Lowndes county, one of the worst counties in the state-over 80% Negro none repeat none of whom are registered and all so terrorised that none joined the march. The highway runs on a causeway which is raised above the level of the swamp. This day was the day we covered 18 miles. I didn't walk the whole way because as part of the security gaurd we had to drive on ahead in the afternoon to secure the next campsite. I was not one of the choosen 300 (actually about 350) but because we worked on security we were allowed to march when we could. The second night was the one nice camp we had except for the ants, the white folks who caused a lot of trouble and really had us jumping, and the food which was uniformly through out the march terrible and cold. The food was consistantly bad and for a ~~xxxxx~~ while the water was either accidently or purposly poisoned and undrinkable. In fact the Army had to bail us out with a water truck that they brought us. The next day it rained quite a bit and ~~ixxx~~ we were all pretty well drenched. When we arrived at the camp site we found it a sea mud about 4 inches deep. We tried to spread hay around in spots so that there would be some dry spot to sleep but that was only moderatly sucessfull. All in all this was our worst camp. Everywhere we went we had to wade through mud, we had to sleep in mud, eat in mud, stand in mud and sit in mud, and yet that was, strangly, one of the high points of the march. When we staggered to our feet that morning I figured "this is it". We'ed been on the road for three day and three nights, two of those nights without sleep, we'ed marched almost 40 miles, we'ed been frozen, burned, drenched, skeeter bitten, blistered, and exhausted. The food that night had been the worst yet and the breakfast was no winner either. The mud was driving everyone out of their minds, seeminly clogging our breath as well as our steps, shoes, clothes, blankets, trucks, etc. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ We dispiritly lined up to begin the days march into Montgomery, somebody began to sing "Woke Up This ~~Morning~~ Morning" soon the whole line was singing our heads came up and the light was in our eyes and we swung out of that camp like we was the saints being led into heaven by lohis Armstrong. That mornigh we got back onto the four lane highway and all day people were joining the march.

into the heart of Montgomery, down the main street, up Dexter ave towards the capital, sweeping up Dexter, up to the steps of the Confederate flaged capital. Fantastic. In the Negro section we passed a Negro elementary school as we marched by many of the kids jumped out of the windows to join the march because the Negro principal was standing in the door and wouldnt let them out of the door. About halfway the front of the march paused on the brow of a hill overlooking the downtown area of Montgomery, We paused for a moment and then steadily swept down on the city of Montgomery, after walking the intire length of that street, just before turning up Dexter I looked back (about 3/4 of a mile) and marcher were still pouring over the top of that hill like flood waters over a dam. ~~XXXXXX~~ One thing, I forgot, As we were lining up at St. Judes (my job as one of the security gaurds was to marchall the front o of the march which was to consist of the 300 who went all of the way) anyway ~~XXXXXXXX~~ we were all lined up waiting for Dr. God ('scuse me) Dr. King (we'ed been waiting for about 2 hours) anyway this little old Negro lady, about 65 with white hair tied back in a bun ~~shyly~~ was sort of standing off to the side so (having nothing better to do while waiting for King) I smiled and said Hi. She shyly said hello and we started to talk. After a few minutes she said "You know, they call me the mother of all this". I didn't know what she meant for a minute, then it dawned on me, I was talking to ROSA PARKS. I told her that she should be up at the front of the line. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ At this time the people up at the very front, were the movie stars who had flown in the night before and other great civil rights heroes. She ~~XXXXXX~~ didn't really want to go up to the front but I sort of forced her up there, feeling that there should one person up there who deserved to be. Anyway I took her up to the front and handed her over to Mahalia Jackson (my contact with the famouse) and asked Mahalia Jackson to make sure that Rosa Parks didn't slip back to the rear of the march. I understand that Rosa spoke for a few minutes after we reached the capital, I don't know - I hope so. I didn't listen to the speeches as I felt that the real ~~and~~ significance of the day was in the march and the speeches was just so much hot air. Well I guess that windes up the march except for the trip back to Selma where we along with all of the other vehicles were stopped by the troopers and harrassed a little, and Mrs. Luizzo who was harrassed a lot. I didn't go into a lot of the shit that went on on the march as on lookin back on it I see that nothing they (S.C.L.C. S.N.C.C. Minister, Officials Etc) did ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ (meaning some of the really shitty things that went on) could possibly be of any significance compared to the march.

Yesterday or theday before, or maybe it was Satarday, anyway there was a demonstration in Marion. Did I tell you about Marion in mylast letter? I don't think so. ~~X~~Well Marion is interesting in that it is acomplete steryotype of a small southern county seat. The downtown area is built around a square with the imposing, white, columned, porticoed, really imposing (for a small town) court house in the center of the square (occuping most of the square). then most of the other buildings and main stores are around the square, the post office, library, Pennys etc. Across the street from the courthouse is the city hall. The city hall is not quite fitting the sterytype It is made of wood sort of clap board style. It is not quite as wide as your old house (now the Freedom House) and about as long as your house is. It is only one story with a gabeled roof, the front porch it has a front porch like a house, is always full of crackers who are on the posse. Tacked on to the rear of the city hall (For this city hall I think that capitals are inappropriate) is the jail. It is made out of brick covered with stucco and is about the size of a classroom. Anyway this demonstration (the last one) was significant in that we broke two Alabama laws and we were not arrested. We broke the law against picketing and the law against boycotts, in that we

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were picketing for a boycott. Anyway all they did really was heckle and play with their prods.

How are the trial coming? What is happening with all of that? I it in the hands of the legal defense panel of you know what organization? Could you please have some one get me a application for re-admission to U.C.L.A. and send it to me right away. I have written them three letters requesting an application and they hawn't sent me one. How are things with Josh and Lisa etc. Listen could you look around for a White-Liberal Sugar Daddy for to send me money while I'm down here. Could you also see about sending down food for the Dallas County Voter League. Money is always usefull to. You might be able to combine your community organising work with a money and food drive for Selma as it might be a good issue to start with rather then a local issue which you might run into resistance one if you know what I mean. If you want any information just ask me. One other point is that I think that in L.A. there might be less suspicion of a white worker if they were working for Selma when first met then if they were working on Police brutality if you know what I ~~mean~~ mean. We also need those college type paper backs down here for the chools. I'll have to write you about ~~Selma~~ Selma University some time.

Love from yourWhite-nigger, son of a bitch, nigger loving, go home god damn you, jewish communist agitator, outside agitator, outside troublemaker SNCC bastard, etc

Bruce