

Negroes, Whites Sift Los Angeles Wreckage

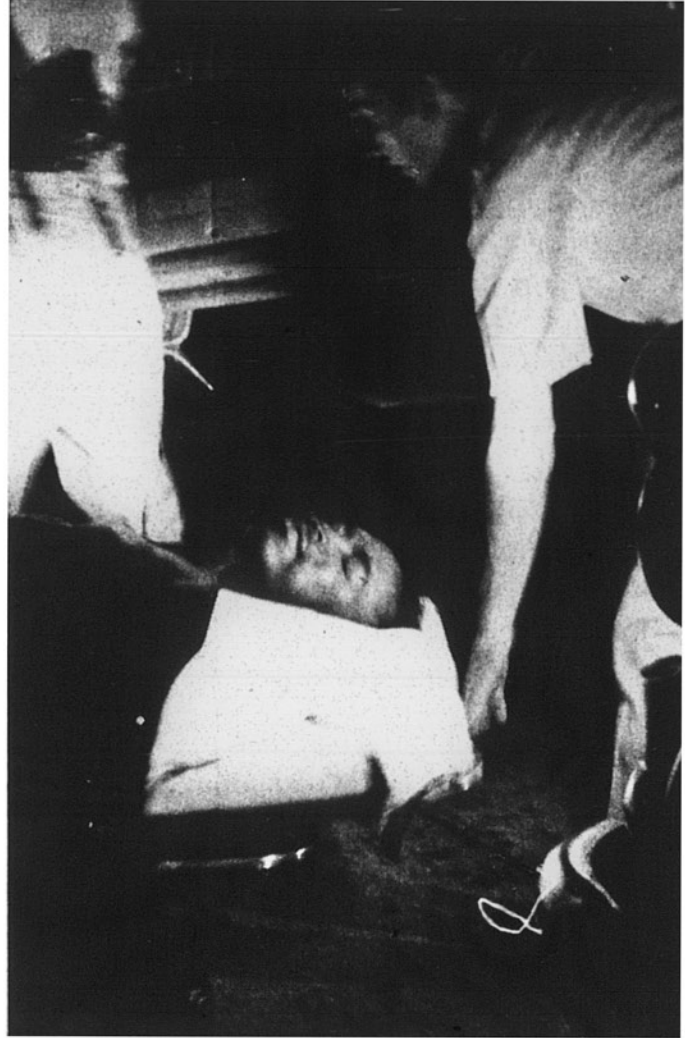


Photo by Lou Jacobs--Black Star

LOS ANGELES, Calif.--"Whites are rotten bastards. They say they are going to do do and they don't do nothin'. It's good what's happening out here."

The old Negro man smiled at me as he praised the riot that had torn through the Negro section here.

Across the street from where we were standing, smoke was pouring out of a burning department store, set on fire by rioters.

A few blocks away, a younger Negro man stood in front of burned-out buildings. "Why did they riot?" I asked him. He just looked angry, as if there were no way to explain his feelings.

Finally he spoke: "Over 20 years of police brutality and 20 years of bitterness has just exploded."

Here in the Watts area--a Negro ghetto and the center of the rioting--most people seem glad that the riot occurred.

A few, like one Negro businessman, felt that "violence is not going to get us anywhere."

But an unemployed Negro man wasn't sorry it happened. "Colored people just got tired of being pushed and they pushed back," he said.

"What are you going to do," he continued, "when you can't find a job and you can't buy clothes for you kids? And I still is subject to this police s--t, I just hope that it's all over and nobody else will get killed, black or white."

A 19-year-old boy in a clean shirt and trim slacks was among the rioters. "Man, I'm glad it happened," he said.

"And if necessary, we'll do it again...The police started it... I hope the rioters in Chicago show 'em."

Younger teen-agers crowded around their friend. "We never get any justice," one said.

Others spoke: "Look, a man shot Medgar Evers and nothin' happened."

"We saw a man shot down in the Watts area by the cops."

"Negroes have got to strike out all over."

THOUSANDS RIOT

Starting Aug. 11, thousands of Negroes rioted against police, until National Guard units moved into the ghetto area.

At least 35 were killed in the rioting. Last Sunday night, although some snipers were still firing on the troops, the Watts area was nearly quiet.

On 11th Street Sunday night people were beginning to clean the streets. One Negro woman washed the broken glass from in front of her house.

A patrol car passed by with four policemen inside, their shotguns pointed out the windows. But the woman didn't even look up.

At 8 p.m., everyone had to clear the streets because of the curfew. In the evening air I could hear occasional gun shots.

A MACHINE GUN

Late at night, a machine gun went off in the neighborhood. A man had been killed by the National Guard for trying to run a barricade.

In the morning I walked down to 103rd Street. I used to live here, but now the scene was like a bad dream.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE)



Photo by Lou Jacobs--Black Star

People Speak Their Minds

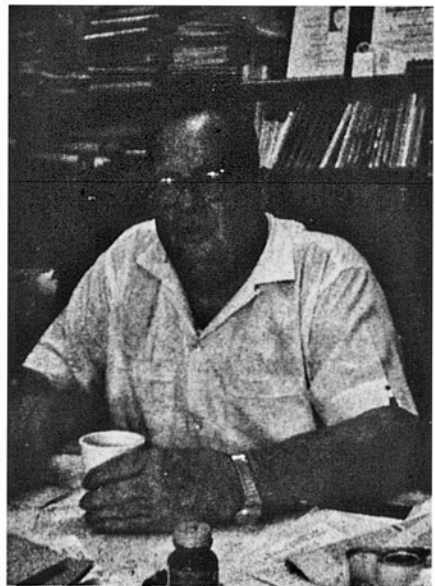
Congress is now studying new laws that would raise the minimum wage for millions of workers to \$1.75 an hour by 1968 or 1970.

The new laws would cover the 29,500,000 workers already covered by the present \$1.25-per-hour minimum.

But they would also set a \$1.75 minimum for 5,900,000 new workers, including employees of laundries and dry-cleaning shops, small stores, restaurants and hotels and motels.

Also, about 1,300,000 farm workers would get a minimum wage for the first time. Their minimum would be \$1.25 an hour by 1968.

Alabamians were discussing the proposed new laws this week. Here is what they said.



HAMNER COBBS

Hamner Cobbs

Hamner Cobbs is a land owner in Hale County. He owns 3,000 acres, of which 2,000 are kept as timber land, 800 as pasture land and 200 as land for row-cropping.

He hires about ten day laborers and has six share-croppers living on his land with their small families. Most of the day workers earn \$3 per day for chopping cotton.

Cobbs takes 60 per cent of the crops the share-croppers produce. In addition to their 40 per cent, the share-croppers receive hunting privileges, wood, and milk and other dairy products.

Hamner Cobbs has this to say about the new wage laws:

"I'm not as desperately against the minimum-wage law for farm workers as most of the owners around here. But we

could not tolerate it under present prices..."

"I'd love to give the workers about \$10 a day. But the money's got to come from somewhere, and I guess I'd have to come from higher...prices..."

"The minimum wage law might put a lot of farm owners out of business. The laws of economics would force them into substitute products."

"Cattle's a poor substitute because it takes so many acres. One hundred twenty acres makes a right prosperous cotton-grower, but 120 acres makes a real poor cattle-rancher..."

"A lot of the workers don't care too much about the money. The old people say, 'Just give me a little cotton patch and I'm happy.' The young folks rebel against picking cotton. Some just love (CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX)

SCLC Looks Toward Vietnam War As Ninth Annual Convention Ends

BY GREG KANNERSTEIN and ROBERT NEWTON

BIRMINGHAM--"There is no more civil rights movement," the Rev. James Bevel told the SCLC Convention here last week. Mr. Bevel said the movement would develop into an "international peace army."

The ninth annual SCLC convention closed on a note of concern about Vietnam. The Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., SCLC president, said he may send "peace letters" to the heads of government in North and South Vietnam, Communist China, Russia and the United States, asking them to end "this dangerous war."

SCLC Convention In Birmingham Meets No Trouble

BIRMINGHAM---Probably the most significant events of the ninth annual Southern Christian Leadership Conference here last week were ones that didn't happen.

Violence had been feared when 1,000 delegates, mostly Negro, assembled for the convention. The meeting provided a massive test of integration in public accommodations.

But only one minor incident marred the peaceful convention.

A white SCOPE worker spent the night of Aug. 12 in jail after a disturbance at the Krystal restaurant in downtown Birmingham, where an integrated group had been served, the whites on china dishes and the Negroes on paper plates.

He was released Friday morning. No charges were filed.

Earlier in the week, Junius Griffin, press secretary for the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., was refused service at Krystal's.

Griffin asked the management, "Do you want to call them (the police) or should I?"

When the police came, Griffin was identified as Dr. King's aide. He was then served, and the waitress who had refused to serve him was fired within an hour.

FBI agents and plainclothes police checked for bombs in the Thomas Jefferson Hotel, where delegates stayed, and patrolled the lobby and other convention (CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO)



King Skips Ala.

When the world first heard about the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., he was pastor of the Dexter Ave. Baptist Church in Montgomery and leader of the Montgomery bus boycott.

But except for attending the SCLC conference in Birmingham last week, Dr. King has spent no time this summer in his former home state.

He has been expected several times, however.

At a mass meeting in Selma July 11, the Rev. Harold Middlebrook, SCLC project director for Dallas County, announced that Dr. King would speak at Brown's Chapel the following night.

Hundreds of people packed into Brown's Chapel the evening of July 12. But the Rev. C. T. Vivian came instead of Dr. King.

On Aug. 10 in Greensboro, the Rev. Arthur Days, president of the Hale County Improvement Association, announced that Dr. King planned to be at a Greensboro mass meeting the next day. Mr. Days later said he made this announcement because the Rev. James Orange, SCLC field director, "came here and stated flat that Dr. King was coming."

Dr. King did not come to Greensboro. (CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO)

"Mrs. X"

"Mrs. X" is a Negro woman who works for a Montgomery dry-cleaner. "I can't give you to use my name because it's easy for the man to fire one person," she said.

Mrs. X was working in dry-cleaning shops even before her daughter was born 22 years ago. Now she does skilled work as a spot remover. She has to be able to recognize different kinds of stains and remove them with the proper chemical.

She is paid \$35 for a 45-hour week. This is what Mrs. X thinks about the proposed new minimum wage:

"I just got to have a job. My daughter is in college...There ain't no future in my work. I don't want my daughter to look at it. If we can just get by, I want all three children to go to college..."

"There's a certain thing you use for paint, a certain thing for grease, one for beer, lipstick, face powder, coffee, ice (CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX)

"Mr. Y" manages a laundry and dry-cleaning shop in Montgomery. He said he did not want his name used because the minimum-wage topic was so controversial.

Mr. Y agrees with the American Institute of Launderers. The AIL is trying to have the minimum wage for laundry workers set at 90¢ an hour now, with increases of 10¢ every year until laundry salaries are in line with the regular minimum wage.

This is what he thinks about the new wage proposals:

"We are really anxious to get our wages up, and are working tooth and nail to do so.

"It's fair for (the workers) to make more money. But we are governed by what we can charge our customers. We think that as consumer acceptance makes higher wages possible, we can raise

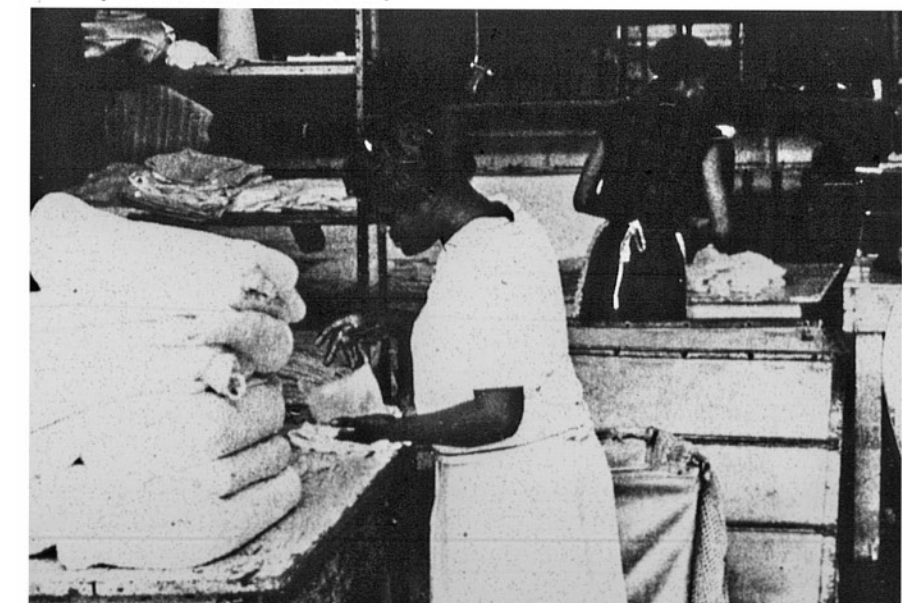
"Mr. Y"

wages. "Our wages are up 50 per cent in the last five years."

(Mr. Y said "maybe 10" of his 100 employees get more than \$50 a week, because they are skilled workers, like spot removers. One spot remover gets \$100 a week, he said, and salaries for unskilled workers vary from \$30 to \$50.)

"If the minimum became \$1.75, it would put a lot of people out of work, including me. There hasn't been any profit in this business in ten years. The corporation has given out no dividends..."

"You could buy three fully equipped (CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX)



Beatle Fans Go Nuts in Atlanta

BY ANNE P. BUXTON

ATLANTA--"Ringo, oh, I love you," Tears streaming down her face, the girl from Huntsville sobbed, stopped and started, grabbed the binoculars from her friend, screamed, and finally, out of control, just doubled over in her seat and panted.

She and more than 25,000 other fans from all over the South sat in the Atlanta stadium Wednesday night and waited an hour and a half for the Beatles.

Even with the WQXI disc jockeys stirring them on, the crowd just wasn't interested in the line of near-greats and not-so-greats who padded out the Beatles' show.

King Curtis, the Cannonball and his Headhunters, Brenda Holloway, and Sound Inc. weren't what the fans had traveled to the big city to see.

Finally they--the Beatles--came out of the visiting team's dugout. (The stadium is used for baseball in calmer times.) The fans went completely out of their

minds with joy.

For 20 short, fantastic minutes, the Beatles sang mostly their old songs while every 13-, 14- and 15-year-old girl in the place showed how happy she was by crying and crying.

Some girls just couldn't get close enough to their shaggy heroes. Despite the repeated warnings of the swarms of attendants, they rushed down the aisles and tried to get out on the field. But no one got to second base.

One girl bolted from her seat, leaped over the railing, and tried to get through the line of 50 policemen ringing the infield. Even she didn't get far. They just lifted her back into the crowd and then led her out of the stadium--the supreme penalty.

The adults who came with their daughters, the little brothers and sisters (ages three, four, five, and six) and almost all the boys sat dazed.

Some held their hands over their ears.

They didn't want to hear "Help!" They didn't want to hear John joke about "I Wanna Be Your Man."

(What John said was, "We made this song at great cost--Ringo." What he meant was that Ringo got married shortly after the song came out.)

When it was over (and it was all too soon), the fans gasped. The less ardent of them got up and started home. But some couldn't move. Girls sat in little clusters, with tear-stained cheeks and puffy eyes, trying to console each other.

One group of about six girls climbed out onto the field and pleaded with a cop to let them on the stage, which was being dismantled. The cop gave in.

After storming by the men who were folding up the stands and coiling the wires for the sound equipment, they got up on the platform and stood.

Two girls got up on the stand where Ringo had sat with his drums. They hugged each other and cried--just to be standing in the same spot.

He said that more and larger demonstrations will be conducted in the North by SCLC, but only after extensive instructions in non-violence and careful planning.

Jim Letherer, the SCLC field worker who marched from Selma to Montgomery on one leg, said that riots in the North were mainly uncontrolled demonstrations. He added that strategies and tactics will have to be different in the North since there will be no Jim Clarks or Bull Connors.

Letherer charged that Northern Negroes have sold their souls and dignity for small economic gains.

Said the Rev. Andrew J. Young, SCLC executive director, in an address to SCLC delegates:

"We must see that our work extends beyond the South and into the North.

"And when we have completed our work there, we must go from New York to London and Paris, and from there to Brazzaville and Johannesburg, until the rights of man are secure the world over."

THE SOUTHERN COURIER

The SOUTHERN COURIER is published weekly by the Southern Educational Conference, Inc., a non-profit, non-share educational corporation, for the study and dissemination of accurate information about events and affairs in the field of human relations. Editorial and business office: 68 Electric Ave. NW, Atlanta, Ga. 30314. Phone: 404-524-9877. Price: 10¢ per copy, \$5 per year in the South, \$10 per year elsewhere in the U.S., patron subscription \$25 per year, used to defray the costs of printing and publication. Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Atlanta, Ga.

President: Peter Cummings
Editor: Michael S. Lottman
Executive Editor: Ellen Lake

August 20, 1965

Vol. 1, No. 6

Think the Unthinkable

All last week, newspapers carried capsule descriptions of the cost of the Los Angeles riot: 35 dead, more than 800 injured, 2,200 arrested, and \$175,000,000 worth of property destroyed. Such figures are supposed to make the damage real to newspaper readers. But they don't make the riot real--they can't. The riot was too big. Like nuclear war, it is unthinkable.

And like nuclear war, it is wrong. Such massive destruction is always wrong. It can never be justified.

But it can be explained. Indeed now, after the terror, it must be explained. Then perhaps those awful days in California may jar this nation out of its complacency. They may force us to think about the unthinkable.

It is unthinkable, but true, that the 600,000 Negroes who live in Los Angeles have not found the good life in "the North." They have not found equality. Most of them have merely found a new and isolated poverty.

It is also true that they have not found success in the voting booth. Just as "the North" offers no magical formula, neither does "the vote." The vote is no solution--it only offers people a tool with which they can work toward a solution for their problems.

Further, Los Angeles once again shows that racial problems are economic problems. If Negroes were not so poor, they would not hate the rich. If they didn't have to live in ghettos, there would be no Negro ghetto to be torn by violence and death.

Perhaps now America will face her problems squarely, and all Americans will think about the unthinkable. Hopefully, out of these new thoughts will come some meaningful solutions. For the problems which plague Los Angeles plague Alabama's cities and every other city in the country. Until we solve those problems, no city can feel safe from similar violent upheavals.

"I hated to see it all happen," said a teen-age Negro girl in Los Angeles, "but maybe now the whites will do something."

Rock 'n' Wrong

On Wednesday night more than 25,000 people swarmed into Atlanta's new stadium to hear the wildest, loudest singing group England has produced. People came from all over the South to hear the Beatles in their one Southern engagement. Many of the Beatle fans were from Alabama. The concert was an ear-shattering success.

If the concert had been held at the State Coliseum in Montgomery, however, no Negroes could have attended. More than a year ago, the board of the State Coliseum decided that all rock 'n' roll shows had to be segregated. The rule is rigidly enforced. One Sunday last month a white SOUTHERN COURIER photographer was barred from a concert featuring Otis Redding and Jojo Tex. "Your concert is next Friday," explained the state trooper on guard at the gate.

The following Friday, the photographer was allowed to join a lily-white crowd of admirers of Leslie Gore.

The Coliseum has no legal or rational defense for its policy. Other events at the Coliseum, like the agriculture exhibit, are integrated. That much is required by the Civil Rights Act. But somehow the board considers integrated rock 'n' roll a bit too much.

"We allow nigras into other events," said Aubrey H. Fleming, manager of the Coliseum, "but not for rock 'n' roll."

"They get all worked up over it," he explained. According to Fleming's reasoning, wild music sends Negroes into an animal state, to which whites should not be exposed.

Fleming knows, of course, that the board's policy is illegal. He also knows that the federal courts could force Montgomery Coliseum rock 'n' roll shows to integrate.

The board's policy speaks for itself. It is a deliberate and knowing evasion of the law. And what's worse, it is based on an ugly and stupid 19th-Century biological concept that has been totally discredited. Even the Beatles know better than that.

Dr. King Fails to Appear

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

Last March, said John Hulet, president of the Lowndes County Christian Movement, Dr. King promised a local woman that "if he was ever needed in the county (Lowndes) he would be glad to come and do what he could."

Last month the Lowndes County Christian Association sent a letter to Dr. King, asking him to come to the county. When the letter brought no response, it was followed by a telegram and a phone call to SCLC headquarters in Atlanta. Dr. King could not be reached.

Why are the people so anxious that Dr. King come to their county?

John Hulet explained what Dr. King's coming could mean to a county where people are afraid to join the movement:

"We have received so many requests from people not in our organization, who said they would be delighted to come into

the movement if Dr. King would appear...

"Also he might bring protection. People on the farms are afraid to come out and we think they would come forward if Dr. King were to say, 'Come on.'"

Mr. Middlebrook in Selma gave a different reason:

"At least they know that they continue their fight not alone. When Dr. King comes, it gives them contact with the outside world."

Were the people disappointed when Dr. King failed to appear?

"Well, here and there," said Mr. Days. "That is to be expected. But we realized that Birmingham (where Dr. King was instead) needed his attention."

In Lowndes County the movement is still waiting for Dr. King. "If he makes a promise that he is coming," says Hulet, "I believe that he will come. I don't think he will disappoint the people intentionally."

Sermon of the Week

Minister Says Judge Not Lest You Be Judged



BY KATE M. TRAINOR

SELMA -- Father Charles McNeice warned his parishioners at St. Elizabeth Church to "... Judge not, lest you be judged."

Father McNeice compared the disappointment of a farmer in his harvest with our frequent disappointment in each other.

The farmer, judging by the outer appearance of the tree, "counted on an abundant harvest and then reaped from his tree only a few pieces of withered fruit," he said.

"The farmer judged by the external appearance of the tree, but only when the tree produced fruit was he able to determine the value of the tree."

Father McNeice encouraged the people, when tempted to judge others by external appearances, to remember King Herod, Pontius Pilate and the Pharisees who failed to recognize Christ.

"These men were the ones most quick to judge others by externals," he said.

"St. Augustine says that we must hold off condemning a man," said Father McNeice, "for even if his fruits are bad, it is possible that he could change and bear good fruit."

Concluding with the reminder that "... it is not enough for a Christian to be moderately good... we are all called to greatness," Father McNeice encouraged his parishioners:

"It will be by the fruit we produce that men will know us and Christ will recognize us on Judgment Day."

Jury Suit

BY MICHAEL S. LOTTOMAN

ATLANTA--The Jefferson County (Ala.) Jury Board said that Negroes trying to desegregate the county's jury system are bringing up a lot of flimsy, even socialist, issues.

Among these unimportant side issues are the following, according to the board's legal brief filed earlier this month:

"...the war on poverty, the problems of poverty and race, the weak and oppressed, the wealthy and powerful, 'White Southern justice,' 'the middle class,' lynchings, the 'Negro Revolution,' so-called 'nonviolent movements,' demonstrations, marches, class struggles, the laws of probability, and other ephemeral theories."

Four Jefferson County Negroes--Orzell Billingsley Sr., C. Herbert Oliver, J.S. Phifer and Abraham Woods, Jr.--claim that the jury board discriminates against Negroes when picking jury members.

The four Negroes filed a suit asking a federal court to change the system of jury selection in Jefferson County. But Federal Judge H.H. Grooms, of Birmingham, ruled against them last Dec. 20.

Now the four Negroes are appealing Judge Grooms' decision in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 5th Circuit (Southeastern (CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE))

Moms Mabley Is a Smash Dean Says TV Is Education's Worst Enemy

BY VICTOIRE BRADFORD

MONTGOMERY--Hundreds of anxious people crowded into Garrett State Coliseum last Friday night to hear and see Moms Mabley and other entertainers. "Moms Mabley." That's all you could hear during the days leading up to this colorful show.

The bright lights grew dim, and the spotlight turned to Lee Dorsey's band playing "Twintime," and that fun-loving Gorgous George who served as M.C. for the evening.

They couldn't have had a better start than the singing of "Temptation's 'bout to Get Me" by the Knight Brothers, followed by Derrick Martin, Billy Butler, and Fred Hughes with his latest release, "Ooo, Baby I Love You."

After these appearances, G.G., the M.C., sang, "You Can Make It If You Try." More, much more, was in store after intermission. On came the Marvels with the beautiful singing of "My Girl," followed by Lee Dorsey with "Ride Your Pony" and the popular Major Lance, singing one of his biggest releases, "Monkey-time."

Many probably can still hear the Impressions singing "Keep on Pushin'," "People Get Ready" and other hits.

After the soothing songs and the jumping music, the audience became silent, awaiting the star of the show.

On she came, that lovable mom, Moms Mabley, dressed in a blue flowered dress, black and white plaid stockings, a pair of orange felt slippers and a white hat. My,

she looked lovely and sounded good.

Applause and laughter. That's what she received numerous times as she began: "I went to Vietnam, children, to help straighten things out, I told the President I was ready to come home because it was hot over there. He said all right, I'll send a jet as soon as I can, I told him d--n, don't send no jet, Send an astronaut..."

"When I got back, the plane was waiting to carry me to the White House. When I arrived, Lady Bird told me to come around to the back door. I told her, 'It ain't like that no more, honey.'"

Ha-ha's, ho-ho's, tears of joy flowed behind the jokes of Moms. She talked about her husband and how old he was (older than dirt). She definitely doesn't appreciate OLD men.

After the joking, Moms became serious. She gave advice to the youth. It was good sound advice, given in the form of a song.

Now the orange spotlight was on Moms. She left singing, "We are climbing freedom's ladder, We are climbing freedom's ladder, We are climbing freedom's ladder, Soldiers for a cause."

This was surely the best act and the one act worth paying \$2 to see.

KLEVER KLAN KAR

CULLMAN--The Ku Klux Klan unveiled its new car during a demonstration near here last week.

The car carries a large cross on its roof. The cross is decorated with red and white neon lights.

BY CLAY MUSSELMAN

BIRMINGHAM--"On New Year's, nothing can tear me from the TV set. I watch the football games all day."

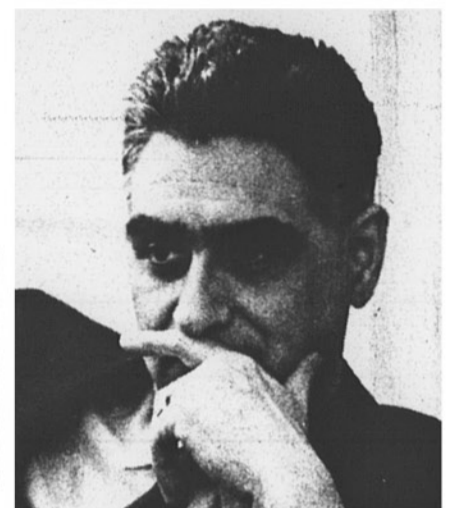
But New Year's is an exception for John U. Monro. He said he seldom watches television the rest of the year.

In fact, TV is one of his worst enemies, said Monro, who directs Miles College's Basic Skills Workshop in English.

"It has one more to hurt us in our battle here at Miles than any other thing," he said.

For the past two summers, Monro, Dean of Harvard College, has directed the English workshop at Miles.

Sitting behind a large table at the front



DEAN JOHN U. MONRO

of an empty classroom last week, he described the "battle" at Miles:

"We are fighting what I call the interior circulation of poor education. Kids come to college with poor preparation. They come from poor schools and from homes where the largest piece of furniture is the TV set.

"In college they get more weak instruction, and they graduate and get teaching jobs. But they are only half teachers." It's a "vicious circle," he said--bad students become bad teachers who turn out more bad students.

To fight this trend, Miles runs a summer-long study program for more than half of its beginning freshmen.

In these summer workshops, the freshmen--mostly from the Birmingham area--can pick up the math, science and English they need to be really ready for college.

Monro said television was one big reason the freshmen are not ready for college work.

Inferior schools do not provide a challenging place to learn, he said, and homes are often worse than the schools:

"Most parents don't read, and the TV set is the center of their home life." Television cuts people off from the real world, Monro said:

"People become isolated, hypnotized and diminished by TV. They get out of the habit of controversy and become spectators."

People can learn a lot in the give-and-take of discussing things with others, said Monro. But with television there is no "giving," because another person is not involved.

Soon, Monro said, people begin to believe that the world is like the unreal world of the TV screen. They don't react to what they see on TV, and they don't react to what they see in the world.

If people start talking and worrying about the world they live in, Monro said, they can solve a lot of problems:

"The race issue is a real problem, and we have a chance to work this problem out. Anyone who talks about it is helping to change our present situation for the better."

The U.S. and the World

U. S. Astronauts to Intercept Target in Space This Week

BY JOHN SHORT

Sixty-five years ago, people said man would never fly--"if the Lord had meant for man to fly, he would have given him wings." But two bicycle makers, the Wright brothers, built the first airplane in a barn in Kitty Hawk, N.C.

Then people said man would never reach outer space. But in 1957, the Russians sent the first satellite around the earth.

A good many people still believe we will never reach the moon. But this week the United States will take another step towards landing on the moon by 1969.

Everything goes off on schedule, a powerful rocket will take two astronauts into space for more trips around the earth than anyone has ever flown before.

The astronauts--Charles Conrad, Jr. and L. Gordon Cooper--are scheduled to stay up for eight days. This will be three days more than the Russians have ever stayed in space.

The American pilots will learn what it is like to live for more than a week inside an orbiting spacecraft about as big as a closet.

For eight straight days, scientists will watch them, to see if men can stay healthy in space long enough to go to the moon and back.

While they are flying more than 100 miles above the earth, beyond the pull of gravity, Cooper and Conrad will live in a state of weightlessness. They will get about as much exercise in their cramped cabin as they would if they were home in bed.

Except for watching a sunrise and sunset every hour and making occasional control checks, the two astronauts won't have much to do after the first day.

The spaceship will be controlled and directed, when the pilots aren't steering, from the new windowless control center in Houston, Tex. The center is being used for the first time on this space shot.



IS THERE LIFE ON THE MOON?

The astronauts aren't planning to walk in space, as was done on the last American space venture. But the spacecraft will try to rendezvous with an orbiting target.

Gemini 5 will carry a "Radar Evaluation Pod" into orbit, and then release it into space on the second trip around the earth. The astronauts' capsule will then slow down and fall 52 miles behind the target.

On the fourth orbit, the spaceship will try to close in on the target. By the fifth orbit, the astronauts will try to bring their spaceship--going 17,000 miles per hour--within 40 feet of the target without touching it.

This is like trying to drive your car within a tenth of an inch of the car in front of you without hitting it, when both cars are going 60 miles per hour.

To reach the moon and return, astronauts will have to be able to meet and join an orbiting rocket. This is the maneuver Cooper and Conrad will practice.

If everything goes as planned on this trip and on the next few, America's multi-billion-dollar space project may put a man on the moon just 70 years from the time no one thought man could ever fly.

Farm Talk

ASCS Committeemen Decide Cotton Allotments

BY EDWARD M. RUDD

"They told us we could plant six acres," said the wife of a Negro farmer in Lowndes County. "After the crop was planted and made, they come along and tell us we had planted seven acres. So my husband, he had to plow under that extra acre."

There are three men in every county in Alabama who can tell a farmer how much cotton he can plant. These men are the ASCS county committeemen.

Most of the small farmers in the counties know who the ASCS county committeemen are and what they can do.

In Lowndes, for example, the ASCS committeemen are usually three of the

largest landowners in the county.

The committeemen have power to give out cotton acreage allotments through the Agricultural Conservation and Stabilization Service, a program of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. They also administer other ASCS programs, including the conservation services.

What many of the small farmers don't know is that they each have a vote on who becomes a county committeeman. By law, every farm owner, farm tenant, and share-

lar member.

In December, all the men who were elected to the community committee go to the ASCS convention in their county.

At the convention they elect the three men who will make up the next ASCS county committee--again, a chairman, a vice-chairman and a regular member.

During their year in office, the county committeemen decide how much land every farmer in the county can devote to cotton.

If a county goes over its allotment for planting, the penalty is loss of its farm price supports. That's why the county committeemen come around and tell farmers to plow under their extra cotton.

In the past, county committees have been

Professor Mugged After Conference on Safety

TUSKEGEE--Tuskegee Institute professor Ben Zion Wardy conferred with Public Safety Director Alton Taylor last Friday morning about the security situation in the city.

As Wardy drove away after the conference in City Hall, he was attacked by two thugs. The assailants hit Wardy over the head and smashed the windshield of his car.

Wardy has filed warrants against the men on 13 counts, including "conspiracy to commit murder" and "clinging to the side of a vehicle when the motor is running."

Trial is set for Oct. 18 before Circuit Judge Harold J. Tyner.



cropper in a county has the right to vote in the ASCS elections.

There are two steps in electing an ASCS county committee.

The first step is the election of an ASCS community committee.

Every farmer in every community is supposed to receive a ballot through the mail sometime during September or October. He uses his ballot to elect the three members of his community committee--a chairman, a vice-chairman and a regu-

All Quiet in Birmingham

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

locales all week.

Most Birmingham residents ignored the proceedings--and the marches organized by the Rev. Fred L. Shuttlesworth, president of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights. The marches were to protest the lack of Negro policeman, fireman, and city and court clerks in Birmingham.

Reportedly, the marches were held against Dr. King's wishes.

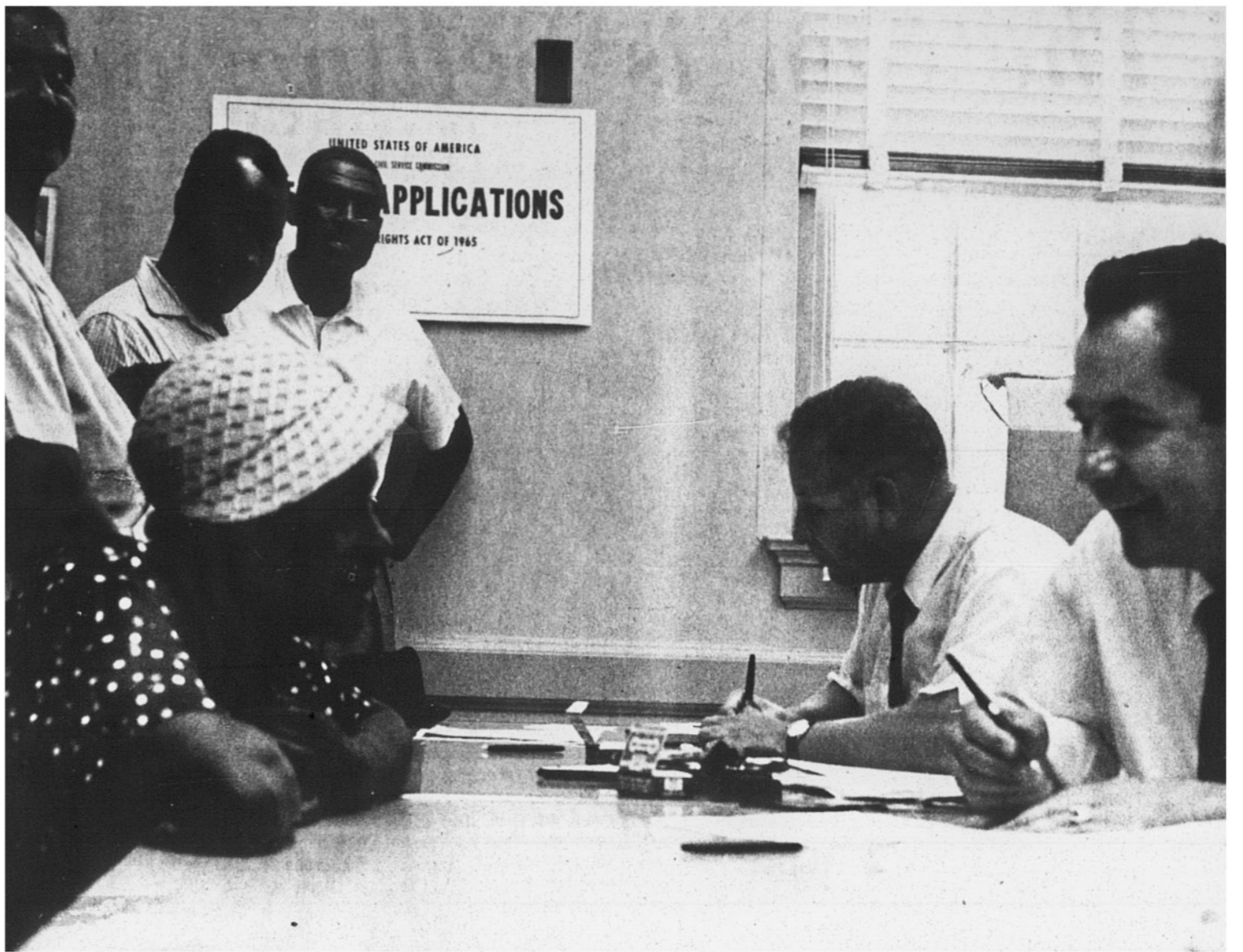
There were still some signs of the old Birmingham.

A delegate to the Knights of Pythias

convention opened his coat to reveal a shoulder holster. "Anything can happen when the niggers come to town," he said, "I'll shoot first and ask questions afterwards."

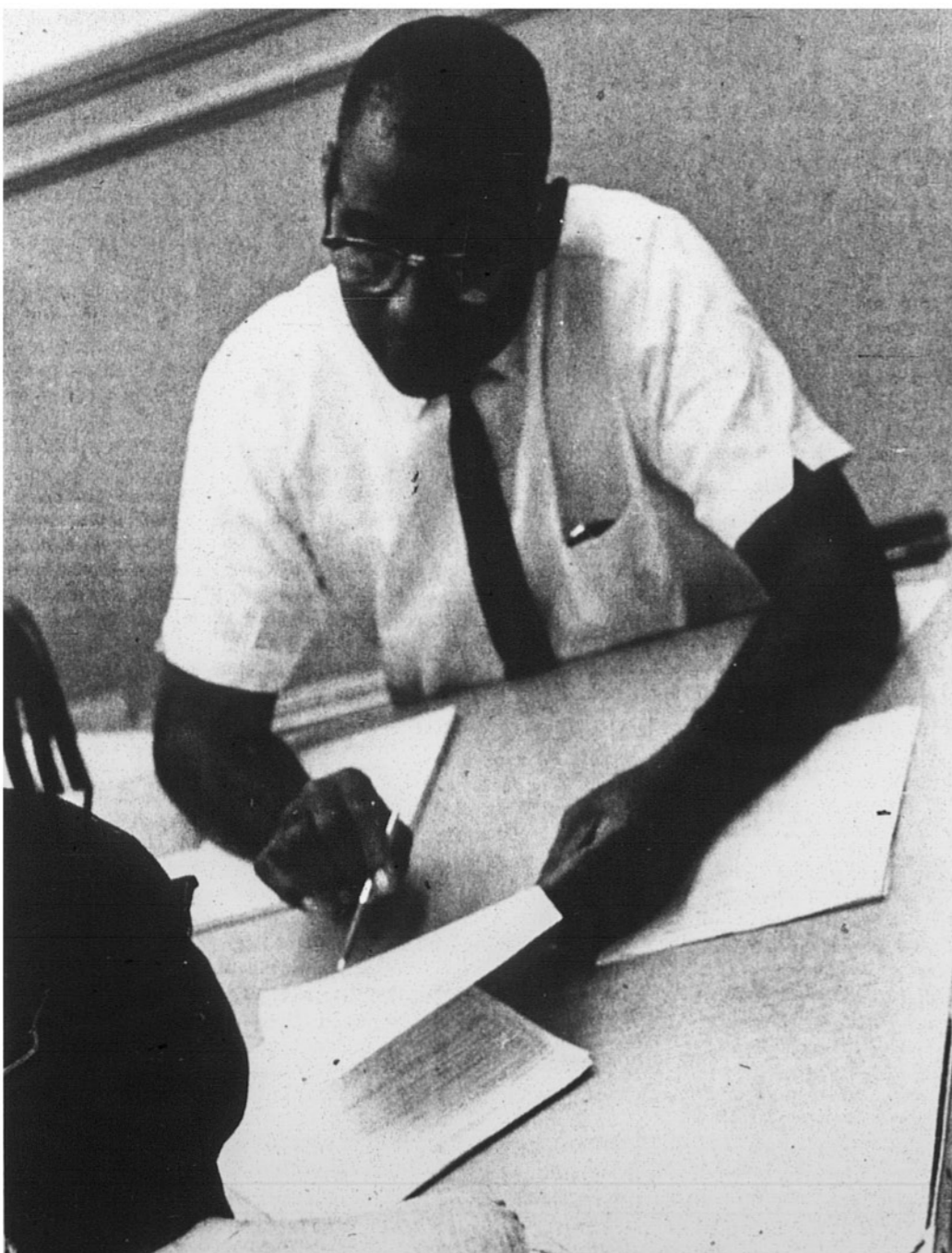
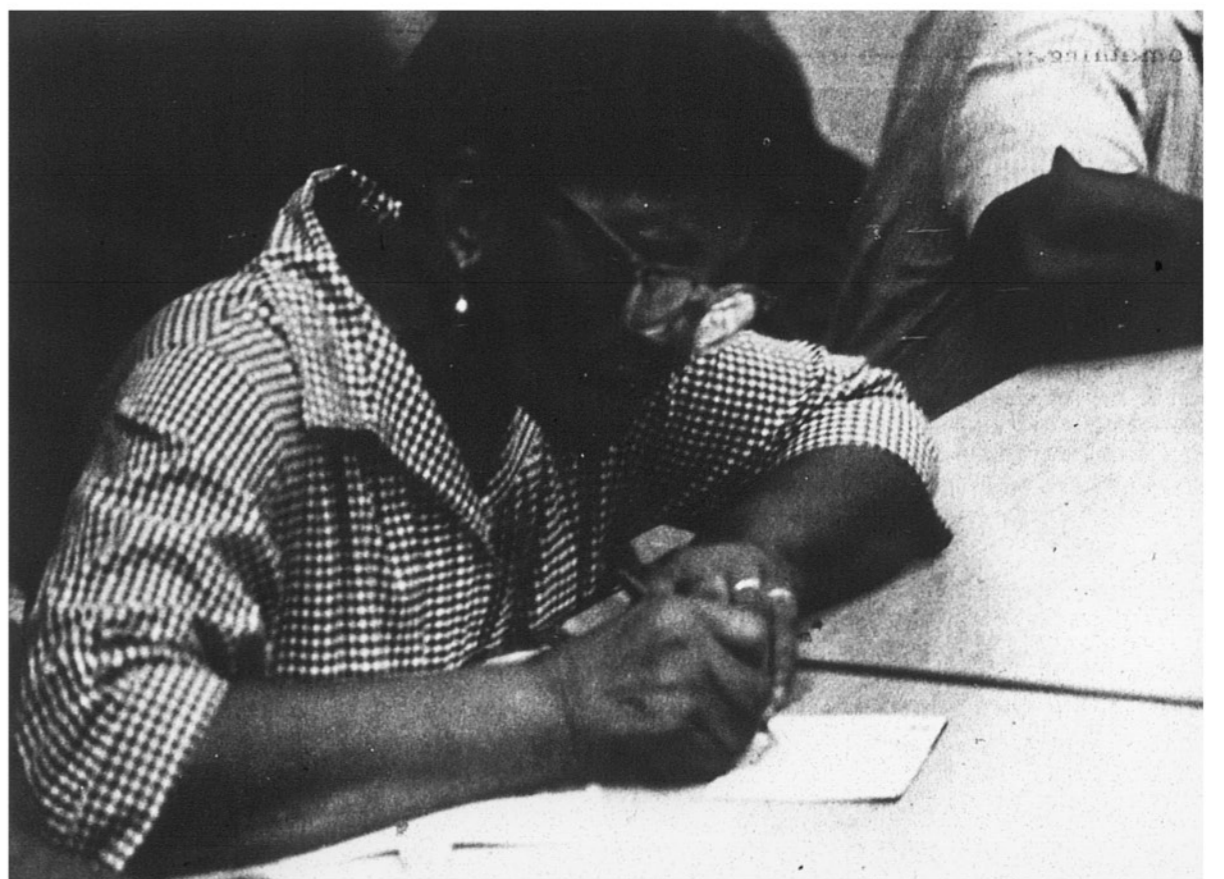
A delegate to the Alabama Farmers' Cooperative meeting, held at the Thomas Jefferson Hotel, said, "I sure hate to see the nigras in here." But he added, "But you've got to love everybody, I guess."

The Birmingham News called the convention--and the city's response--"a milestone of progress" and a victory for a "peaceful Birmingham living under the law."



The Vote Bill in Action

Photographs
by James H. Pepler



President Johnson signed the voting rights bill on Aug. 6. Three days later federal voting examiners were sent to nine counties in the Deep South, four of them in Alabama. They began to register voters on Tuesday.

The applicant's job is simple. The federal examiner asks him to fill out a registration form. The form only requires basic information: name, age, address, precinct, and years living in the state.

There is no literacy test. An applicant doesn't even have to know how to sign his name. If he finds it difficult to read the form, the examiner will read it for him, and ask him the questions.

During the first week federal registration, thousands of Negroes were registered in the nine Deep South counties.



The Sun is Setting on Old Madison Park



REV. SOLOMON SEAY, WHO BELIEVES IN WELL-GUIDED CHANGE

TEXT BY MARY ELLEN GALE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. PEPLER

MONTGOMERY--A red-brick church and a white-frame building flank the Upper Wetumpka Highway some seven miles outside Montgomery. The cars streak past at 60 miles an hour; they don't see the dirt road that turns off by the church and meanders back into the Negro community of Madison Park.

From the highway, it is hard to tell that Madison Park is there. A few houses, and some acres of farmland--that's all there is to see. It would be easy to think that Madison Park is nothing more than an outlying district of Montgomery or a country suburb.

But nothing could be farther from the truth. Madison Park is a small independent community of Negroes which is struggling to find its place in the new South. It is what remains of an unusual old plantation which has been changed by industrial growth.

The huge tract of land was settled just after the civil war by Eli Madison, a former slave. Madison soon became a gentleman farmer, and his family gained full control of the land.

After the first Eli Madison died, his son, "General" Madison ruled the area for 50 years. He headed the church and employed local residents on his farm. Occasionally he sold them land to start farms of their own.

Kindly lords built a pool

The Madisons were kindly lords of their simple rural community. They did what they could for the people who worked their land. In time they set aside land for a park, and even built a swimming pool.

But the community has changed since the war. In the last 20 years new people with new jobs have moved to Madison Park. Most of them don't owe anything to the Madison family. They have brought new ideas with them.

Most important, they believe in doing things for themselves rather than asking others to do things for them. They don't want to ask the Madison family for gifts. They want to solve their problems on their own.

Therefore, there is a conflict in Madison Park between the past and the future. Discontent is in the air, restlessness and

hope. The civil rights movement has not come to Madison Park. Nor has industry yet encroached on the tree-choked banks of the Tallapoosa River there. But they will come, and Madison Park has begun to ask itself if it will be ready.

One man who wonders about the community's future is the Rev. Solomon S. Seay, Sr., pastor of the Ebenezer Zion Methodist Church in Montgomery. To many people Mr. Seay is both a friend and a saint.

A native of Madison Park, Seay was pastor of the Union Chapel AME church at the highway intersection in his youth. After several years as a minister at half a dozen churches throughout the South, he came back because, as he explains, "This is home." Now he farms land in Madison Park and devotes much of his time to the community.

One outstanding family

"Madison Park has followed the traditional pattern of the deep South," Seay said. "It's had one outstanding family, the Madisons. It has moved as they have moved. It hasn't made any outstanding progress.

"What we have to do is develop community spirit and a community voice. There are a number of things we need to do, but can't because we're not closely knit. This community has to learn what it wants, and how to speak for itself."

Eli Madison, grandson and namesake of the park's first settler, agrees with Mr. Seay. He believes that progress must come to Madison Park. But he doubts that the new way of life will ever be as nice as the old.

"It was hard for me to get used to that house back there," he said, sitting in his front yard and looking at a neighbor's home which was built several years ago. His wife, wearing a large-brimmed hat to keep off the afternoon sun, walked in the garden with a friend. Two chickens and half a dozen dogs lounged on the front lawn. A young puppy scampered over to Eli Madison. He reached down and scratched its ears without dropping the thin cigar he held between his teeth.

"Our s used to be the only house," he said. "I like the farmer's life, the quiet life. I could stay in the city, if I had to, but I wouldn't really be living."

Eli Madison's father, General Madison, was one of ten sons and two daughters born in a white-frame house across the highway from the Union Chapel. That building is now used as a community center. This summer, it houses the local Head Start project, which tries to train the pre-school children of the poor. Eli Madison believes in what Head Start says it is doing, but he thinks there are some ways in which the poor cannot be trained.

"Some of the lowest families I can think of, their children got BA's and taught other children," he said. "That was good. But it's still not the same as being a man whose family has been leaders for generations. The book really doesn't make you. You are made mostly at home, before your birth."

Eli Madison feels a responsibility toward Madison Park. "I know everybody here," he said. "They are good workers. I used to have 75 or 100 folks working in my fields. I always found something for anyone who wanted to work. If they got in jail, I would sign to get them out."

Eli Madison still farms the fields his grandfather farmed. But he is the last of the old Madison family. He has no children. The future of the park will depend on the families which have moved there since the war.

Fresh air and land

Most of the newcomers are satisfied with the park as it is. They moved out from the city looking for fresh air and a piece of land on which to build a home and raise a family. Madison Park has already given them all they want from it.

But a few of their children have different ideas. Zona Jenkins, 20, has lived in Madison Park since she was three. She will graduate from Alabama State College next year.

"I hope to leave," she said. "I don't want to stay. I feel like opportunity is passing me by. I want to be a social worker and work with retarded children. You can't do that here." She thinks job opportunities in Madison Park are too limited.

Tommie Fields, who farms cotton on the edge of swampland at the end of a narrow dirt road, is another kind of newcomer. When he moved from Montgomery to Madison Park 11 years ago, he broke most of his ties with the city. He wanted to be his own boss and raise his own food. Now he finds that there is too little to do in Madison Park.

"I stay out here," he said. "I go to church. I come home. I go coon hunting. That's all there is to do. I'll tell you the truth: if I didn't have all this land here, I'd be gone tomorrow."

Some of the new voices make suggestions of how the park could change. B.J. Arms, Jr., for example, recently was elected first president of the Madison Neighborhood Association.

He sees the community's primary need as community improvement. A warehouse worker in Montgomery who married into Madison Park's second most prominent family, Arms hopes to build a better life for his children.

"We need help from the city and county to fix up our roads and improve our facilities," he said. "It's indecent, the way we



SOME YOUNG PEOPLE ARE CONTENT; OTHERS, LIKE ZONA JENKINS (right) ARE RESTLESS

have to live. To begin with we have to do some things for ourselves.

"Throughout the South you can tell the colored sections from the white," Arms said. "You know why? They don't landscape their yards or cut their grass. They look like this one," he said, gesturing toward his own yard. "I guess this is just the way it is, but I feel we can do better, I really do."

Madison and Seay agree that Madison Park can do better. On the Madison land surrounding the community center, they hope to build community buildings, playgrounds, a scout camp, tennis courts, and a swimming pool. They plan to combine the project with the already-existing park just across the river, which the Madisons have operated for the community for more than 50 years. Seay hopes to get federal money to help build "an ideal spot for recreation just out from Montgomery."

Luring industry

He believes the project will serve as a center for community action, luring industry to the banks of the Tallapoosa River and attracting new settlers with new ideas and new money. He believes that, eventually, white families will join the Negroes to make Madison Park a prosperous, integrated suburb of Montgomery.

Mr. Seay seems willing to let integration come gradually to Madison Park. He has a son who is an attorney, and a daughter who is a doctor. Both are active in both the civil rights movement in Montgomery and the organizing of community projects in Madison Park. But they have not brought the movement with them to their home.

One reason may be the opposition of Eli Madison. He says he has white friends and trades frequently at the grocery store run by one of Madison Park's two or three white families. Madison angrily denies that civil rights workers could bring any good to his community.

"We don't want that junk here," he said. "We don't want any attention. I have told some people, 'don't bring trouble here.' Let others integrate their schools. When we're ready we'll have a better school."

"I'm in favor of integration in business, but as far as churches, amusements--I don't know," Madison said. "People have different ways of doing things. We want to worship and enjoy ourselves in our own way."

But while Eli Madison tells the civil rights workers to stay away from Madison Park, some of the newer settlers are silently hoping that they will come. Tommie Fields has contributed money to the MIA and NAACP.

"Colored people had no rights," he said, "but there's a right for everybody. I knew God wouldn't suffer for white folks to treat me mean always. It's going to be good for my children."

But Fields' neighbors do not all feel so

strongly about the movement. Unless civil rights workers swarm into the community in defiance of Eli Madison, it seems unlikely that differences of opinion on the issue will destroy the community spirit Mr. Seay is working to create.

His most serious obstacle is the nature of the community. As new settlers have moved into the park, a number of different economic factions have been formed.

Most notably Madison Park is geographically divided into three sections. The richest and best educated citizens now live in the park itself; poorer families have built homes along a dirt road, back into the marshlands in what has come to be known as Fuller's Quarter. Others bought or rented small homes along another dirt road which branches off from the highway across the bridge back toward Mont-

gomery.

"There is some class feeling," Mr. Seay admitted. "I have to fight it all the time. But I think I can."

Tommy Fields, who lives in Fuller's Quarters, feels no kidship with the wealthier people who live in Madison Park proper, except for Mr. Seay.

"He's fair," Fields said approvingly. "The rest--I don't expect I'd recognize 'em if I saw some of them. They ain't like people in town. They don't cooperate with each other," Fields said he had never

heard of the new Madison Neighborhood Association and didn't expect to be asked to join it.

Nellie and Jacqueline Campbell, daughters of a grocery store owner and licensed plumber in Madison Park proper, are college students who plan to leave the community for bigger cities. They said they were lonely growing up in Madison Park. "They call us stuck up."

"The kids from beyond the viaduct and Fuller's Quarter seem to think we think we're better than they are," Nellie said. "They call us stuck up. We used to try to get along with them. but they wouldn't try. So we stopped. Then we went to high school in Montgomery. Now all our friends are there."

The girls said Madison Park has few



young men their age. "They all marry and leave or go in the service," said Zona Jenkins. "The ones who stay around here are no good bums. They loaf, they don't do anything but hang around. We don't want to know them."

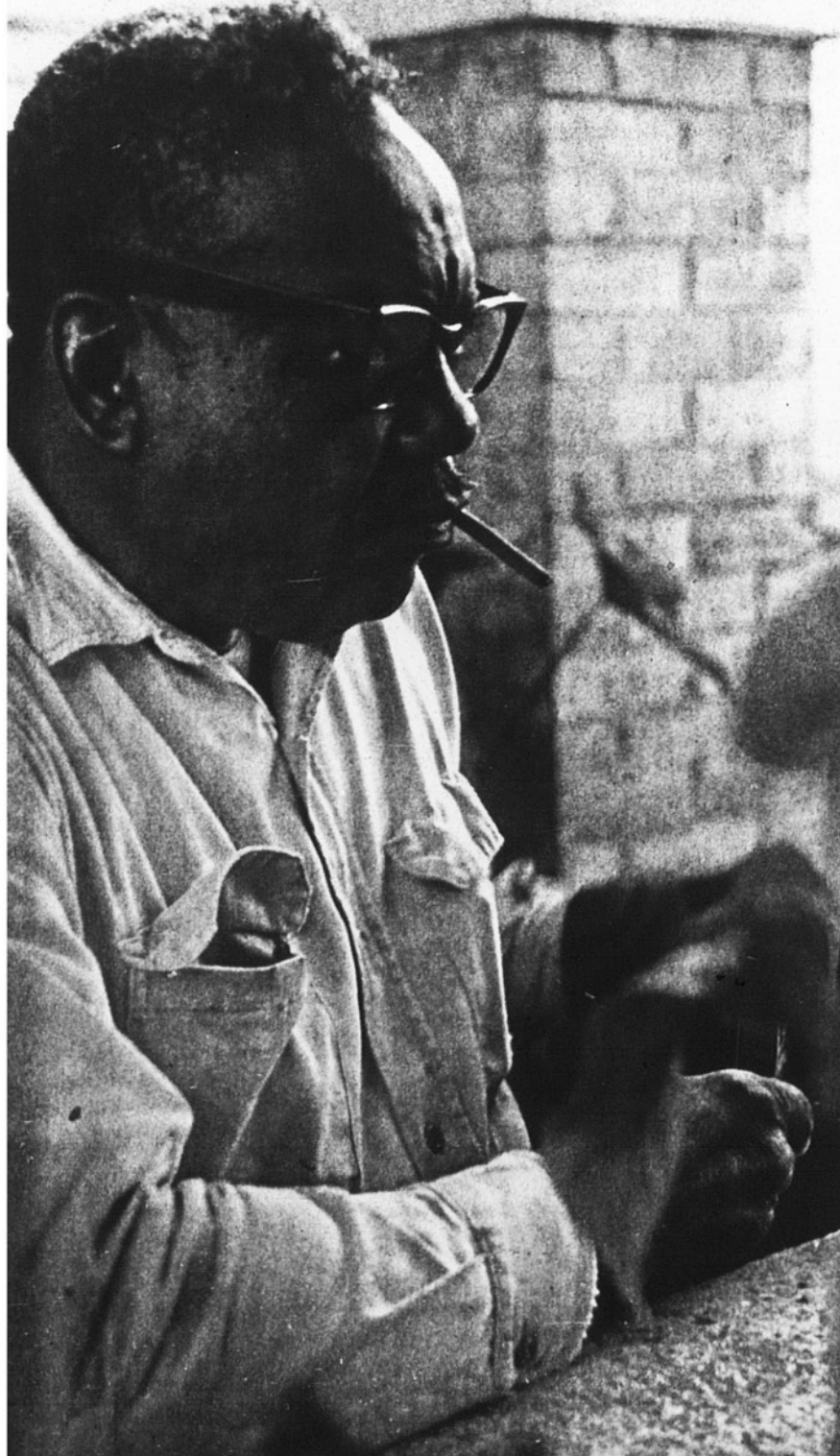
The future of Madison Park may depend on whether Mr. Seay and the community leaders he hopes to develop can find a way to reach people as different as Tommie Fields and Zona Jenkins. It may depend on the emergence of an entirely different type of leadership, militantly committed to civil rights.

Seay thinks the most important change will come when Alabama's new, more moderate politicians are swept into office on a rising tide of Negro votes. He thinks the change in Alabama will produce a new energy and unity among Madison Park's residents.

"As soon as we get through with the stripe of politician like Governor Wallace, we're going to be halfway home," he said. "And I can see the sun setting on his kind."

"I think Madison Park will grow into a real community. I don't know that I'll live to see it really integrated, but when the time comes, it will be."

"The younger people," he said, "if soundly advised, will come through for us."



ELI MADISON, WHOSE FATHER SETTLED THE PARK

"This Baby's Not Goin' to No Segregated School"

BY GREG KANNERSTEIN

BESSEMER--"There's gonna be fighting this fall, inside and out!" said the man in the undershirt.

Most Negroes in this steel town don't agree. But many still don't want to send their children to previously all-white schools this September.

The Bessemer branch of the Jefferson County Committee to Accelerate School Desegregation, headed by the Rev. Joseph Ellwanger, has been going house to house, trying to get Negro parents to send their children to the white schools.

The committee hasn't had much luck. Last year, in the Birmingham area, only eight of 35,176 eligible Negroes at-

tended integrated schools.

In the Jonesboro region here, where neat brick homes alternate with unpainted shacks, and well-kept gardens border unpaved roads, a father of ten told house-to-house canvassers last week:

"I'll take my kids to integrated schools if I have to stay there with them myself." Not many parents had this attitude, however.

"WHY CAUSE MORE TROUBLE?"

"Some whites spit on me and my daughter when I tried to take her to the white first grade last year," a woman said, "Now I meet her every day after school. Why cause more trouble?"

"Her father say she stay at Carver (the

Negro high school)," a plump housewife told Mrs. Mattie Smith, one of the house-to-house canvassers. "Besides, her friends are there."

It didn't convince the housewife when Mrs. Smith said Bessemer High, the white school, had several programs that Carver didn't have, and other extras, like a lunchroom.

Mrs. Smith's partner, W.E. Jenkins, had more success. "You're a church lady, aren't you?" he asked. The woman said yes.

"Well, remember that Jesus chose the hard way to save the rest of mankind," Jenkins said. "We've got to beat this thing right now, and some people will have to make sacrifices."

The woman said she'd think it over. At another house, a shy, teen-aged girl said she wanted to be a secretary, but she wouldn't transfer to Bessemer High, where there was a better secretarial program.

"I can't change her mind," her mother said. "She has to want to do it herself. Maybe if her friends go, she will, but I won't force her."

"IF I'D ONLY HAD THE CHANCE"

And a slim boy next door thought he'd stay at Carver, too. "You're crazy," said his friend, who left school last year. "If I'd only had the chance, nothing would have stopped me."

In one front yard, where seven children

scuffled with a hungry-looking hound, a mother who had children in each of the four open grades -- first, second, 11 and 12th--thought she'd send the younger ones, but not the high-schoolers.

"They're already set in their ways," she said. "And they're in the band. Could they be in the band at Bessemer?" Mrs. Smith didn't know.

A woman of 70, sparse white hair in curlers, cried, "Why didn't you come last week? I just sent my grandson back to his mother in Ohio."

"He sure liked it here, and I liked having him around. I'm all alone now. But he was 11 last month, and I told him he had to start bein' educated. And you can't get

educated at Carver."

At this point, a police car, red dome-light revolving, pulled up ahead of the canvassers. "What're you selling?" the policeman wanted to know.

When told of the group's mission, he said, "Okay--but I don't wish you any luck. I went to Bessemer High myself."

At the final stop of the hot morning, a two-room house, a pretty young woman nursing a year-old baby said:

"You come back, hear. This baby's all I've got, but when he's ready to go to school, he's not goin' to no segregated school."

The canvassers took her name and address and said they'd be back in four years.

The Scene After Wild Los Angeles Rioting: Dead Dogs, Burnt Furniture in the Streets

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

Dead dogs, burning furniture and torn telephone lines littered the street.

National Guardsmen with rifles and fixed bayonets patrolled the area. One Negro trooper commented, "Man, it's too much. They're even shooting at me."

Three white troopers from Modesto, Calif., were sympathetic with the people of Watts. One of them remarked, "The people in this area are very friendly towards us, but they hate the police."

"I've never seen anything like this... The people were just hurting themselves by rioting...I hope somebody does something about the conditions down here."

Many Negroes in the area smiled and said "Hello, blood-brother," when they saw me. They looked as though they had just won a fight and were proud of their victory.

Some Negroes tried to explain why it happened. Said Edmund Scott, who works for a tobacco company:

"Police brutality, lack of jobs, segregated schools are some of the reasons."

"I don't condone violence, for this reason: more Negroes are dying than white people. The white police are using this as an excuse to shoot down people..."

A teen age girl said bitterly, "My girlfriend has a diploma and look what she's doing -- working at a hotel making up beds for \$10 a day."

"I hated to see it all happen, but maybe now the whites will do something."



Photo by Lou Jacobs--Black Star

Heat, Slow Police Work Contribute to Chicago Riot

BY ROBERT CORDELL

CHICAGO--It was Friday the 13th, and it was hot on Chicago's West Side.

The night before, a 23-year-old Negro woman had been killed in a freak accident, when a Chicago hook-and-ladder fire engine had roared out of a firehouse with no tillerman aboard at its rear steering wheel.

A crowd of about 200 had gathered immediately after the accident and pelted the firehouse with empty pop bottles and bricks.

But even with this advance warning of trouble, Chicago police were not prepared for the violent night of Friday the 13th.

Even before 8 p.m., when a demonstration protesting the woman's death was scheduled, a crowd began forming outside the firehouse.

Two brief speeches stirred up the buzzing hundreds outside the firehouse, and they surged down Pulaski Road, which runs by the fire station.

They overturned trash baskets and hurled bricks and bottles through the windows of the many small stores that line Pulaski Road.

It was not yet dark, but Chicago's riot had begun.

By the time order was restored again to the Fillmore community of the West Side, more than 47 people were injured (none seriously) and arrests totaled 105.

The yelling and chanting mob, mostly Negro youngsters from about ten to 20 years of age, marched down Pulaski, breaking windows and looting as they went.

The demonstrators were protesting what they called police brutality. They said the brutality occurred when policemen arrested 17 Negroes outside a night club last month.

Leaders said the sit-in was staged because the night-club incident had not been investigated and the policemen had not been taken off their beats.

Police arrested the sit-in demonstrators Friday evening -- four days after the protest began.

Later that night, a Negro mob gathered and roamed through the Negro section of town. Gasoline bombs were thrown into white-owned stores.

By morning, order was restored, by a combination of police activity and a driving rain.

On Sunday, 250 people joined the singing and clapping at a CORE rally in the Negro section. After the rally 25 more people were arrested.

ing, answered more than a dozen false alarms during the long night.

How do you police an area where shadows throw bottles and rocks at any policeman who moves within range? The Chicago police that Friday night had very little idea.

They were so unprepared for what confronted them that for the first 2 1/2 hours they did not have protective riot helmets.

As bottles smashed all around them, police simply grabbed their soft caps with both hands and ducked.

More than one policeman, in total exasperation, hurled a rock or bottle back in the direction it came from.

Finally about 50 policemen were ordered to move down Pulaski and clear out and shut down all shops and taverns still open.

By the time the police had advanced two blocks, most of them were holding a wrist or an elbow, or rubbing their neck or leg.

As their frustration grew and their tempers flared, the treatment of the Negroes they arrested got worse.

At one point, four policemen, almost in a frenzy, bashed down a glass barbershop door with their billy clubs and arrested all five people inside, including the barber and one customer in a chair in the middle of a shampoo.

The outraged customer strode into the police wagon, his hair still soapy and the white barber's sheet still around his neck.

One young Negro was dragged by two policemen more than 20 yards on his bare back over the carpet of broken glass and rocks that covered the concrete roadway.

Two policemen held another Negro down on the sidewalk while a third stood on the Negro's leg and jumped up and down on it, hitting the prone man with his billy club.

By 11 p.m. the worst was over, and by 2 a.m. it was all over. And as the tension relaxed, the humor of the police improved.

As a group of about eight policemen rode off to answer a report of a new disturbance at 1:39 a.m., they began singing "We Shall Overcome."

In retrospect, the disturbance was less a real, open riot than a guerilla war between police and hot, mad, tired people hiding in shadows and throwing bricks at the symbols of the society that had refused them jobs, decent housing and a good education.

900 Register; Negroes Want More Springfield Trouble

BY ELLEN LAKE

TRONING some 75 Negroes sat on the floor just inside the entrance of the Pike County courthouse Tuesday. One woman still wore her apron. Another had curlers in her hair. An old man hobbled in, leaning on his cane.

They carried no signs. Nor did they announce why they were there. They just sat.

"Them nigras are probably all out there trying to get driver's licenses," said Sheriff Presley W. Davis. "We always have a crowd on Tuesday getting driver's licenses."

"Probably no one told them it ain't registration day," said a deputy sheriff, slapping his black-jack against the palm of his hand.

Both the sheriff and his deputy were off the mark.

Nine of the past 15 days had been registration days in Pike County, and the Negroes were coming back for more.

"We decided if we had some people down here, that would pressure them to try harder to get some more days," said Frchetti-

tia Ford, a SCOPE worker.

She said Tuesday's sit-in was to protest the fact that only 155 Negroes were registered on the ninth day, after the registrar had promised 200.

Nearly 900 Negroes were registered during the nine-day stretch. Only 500 had been on the books before. But the Negroes weren't satisfied yet.

Miss Ford said county officials had been cooperative during the first eight days.

The literacy test was dropped, two extra registrars were hired, and the SCOPE workers were allowed to conduct coaching sessions for Negroes waiting to register.

M.W. Gilchrist, head of the Pike County board of registrars, said he had called the state board to ask for more registration days, but had been refused.

He said he had worked "at great personal sacrifice" to get the extra days "just to help get the nigras on the poll list. We couldn't get them all in our regular days."

"We've just gone way down the road for them," he said.

Finally, the Negroes went home without registering.

In Springfield, Mass., last week, 23 people staged a sit-in at the entrance to the city hall.

The demonstrators were protesting what they called police brutality. They said the brutality occurred when policemen arrested 17 Negroes outside a night club last month.

Leaders said the sit-in was staged because the night-club incident had not been investigated and the policemen had not been taken off their beats.

Police arrested the sit-in demonstrators Friday evening -- four days after the protest began.

Later that night, a Negro mob gathered and roamed through the Negro section of town. Gasoline bombs were thrown into white-owned stores.

By morning, order was restored, by a combination of police activity and a driving rain.

On Sunday, 250 people joined the singing and clapping at a CORE rally in the Negro section. After the rally 25 more people were arrested.

Jury Suit Reply

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO)

states).

In their brief filed a month ago, the Negroes' lawyer said only one Negro had served on a grand jury in the county's Bessemer Division in the past 17 years.

The jury board's brief answered this by saying:

"There is nothing in the Constitution and Laws of the State of Alabama or in the Constitution and Laws of the United States which requires that a jury roll and a jury box be compiled in the exact ratio of the eligible White males to the eligible Negro males."

The jury board's brief noted that the four Negroes, besides advancing "certain socialistic theories" in their brief, also complained that one witness used the term "nair" when speaking to a Negro lawyer.

This "may seem somewhat of a vulgarity," said the jury board brief, but "we can no more stamp it out than we can sin, motherhood, or sex."

Six Left in Mobile Race; Rev. Sumbry Loses

BY HARRY L. WITTE

MOBILE--Six of the original 21 candidates are left in the Mobile city commission race as a result of last Tuesday's balloting.

Run-offs for all three positions on the commission are scheduled for Sept. 7.

Commissioner Joseph Langan, who had four opponents Tuesday, fell only 289 votes short of a clear majority of the 37,545 ballots cast in Place 1.

A run-off is held when no candidate for a Place gets a clear majority--that is, more than half the votes.

Langan ran up the highest vote total of the 21.

As expected, he scored very heavily in the Negro wards. Slightly higher voter turnouts in these districts probably would have resulted in his election on the first ballot.

As it stands, though, he is up against businessman Joe Bailey, in the first run-off election he has had to face in his 12 years on the commission.

Despite the fact that Langan polled more than twice the votes Bailey got in the primary, Bailey's backers say they now have history on their side.

They say that the man who receives the Negro bloc vote in the primary is usually beaten in the run-off.

The only man who campaigned on a segregationist platform W.C. Boykin, got 745 votes in his try for Place 1.

Few people took his candidacy seriously, and he did not even get an endorsement from the Mobile County Citizens Council.

Such support would probably have helped him little, since none of the Council-backed candidates survived the primary.

Ann Cargile, the first woman candidate for a city commission post in many years, polled 6,063 votes in Place 1, running third in the field.

In Place 2, Arthur Outlaw scored more than twice as many votes as any of the other eight candidates. Outlaw is given a good chance of defeating his run-off opponent, Commissioner George McNally.

McNally had the endorsement of most of the Negro leadership, though Outlaw also found some Negro support.

Charles Trimmier was rejected in his bid for a second term in Place 3, and will leave office Oct. 3.

Henry Luscher, Jr., has the lead over Lambert Mims in the Place 3 run-off.

Trimmier was the Place 3 choice of most of the Negro leaders, though again there was some conflict, since Luscher also had some support.

In Phenix City Tuesday, the Rev. Austin Sumbry, first Negro to run for office since Reconstruction days, finished a well-beaten fifth in the race for city commissioner.

The present commissioner, J. D.

Haynes, won re-election with 1,212 votes. Sumbry polled 305.

In Tuscaloosa, there will be a run-off election for mayor next Tuesday between the present mayor George N. Van Tassel and State Representative William Campbell.

Van Tassel got 2,205 votes in last Tuesday's election, and Campbell polled 1,601. Charles A. Wilson, considered the most liberal candidate ever to run for office in the city, was third with 1,378.

Wilson actively courted Negro votes during the campaign.

The present commissioner, J. D.

RED BELL CAFE AND POOLROOM
Entertainment as you like it.
138 Monroe St.
Montgomery, Ala.

SNOWDEN'S GARAGE
and
SHELL SERVICE STATION
"complete auto service"
call 727-0740 Tuskegee Institute

Space Stamps

Are you interested in space-philately? The next 7-plus covers, cacheted, commemorating only the major U.S. space achievements for \$5.00 deposit. Includes subscription to the EXPLORER, space-philatelic newsheet issued monthly. Separate 11-issue subscription \$3.00 mailed anywhere in the world. SPACE CRAFT COVERS, P.O. Box 2296, Huntington, W. Va., 25724.

HOLLAND RADIO Sales & Service

Philco

- TELEVISION • RADIOS
- REFRIGERATORS • PARTS
- AIR CONDITIONERS
- RECORDS • WASHERS
- RANGES • TUBES

727-1130

"Since 1935--We Service EVERYTHING WE SELL"
525 MONTGOMERY RD.

HOW TO ENJOY

Full Scale

BANKING SERVICE

UNDER ONE ROOF

Take advantage of all-around convenience in handling your everyday money matters. Here--at a single location--you can:

- Enjoy checking account service
- Build up your savings
- Borrow at low cost
- Safeguard your valuables

... and make use of the many special facilities --and the varied financial experience--available only at a FULL-SCALE BANK such as ours.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR FINANCIAL HEADQUARTERS!

ALABAMA EXCHANGE BANK

Member
Federal Reserve System and
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

P.O. Box 728 Tuskegee, Alabama

Community Reports

Auburn

BY KITTY PAYNE

AUBURN--Six people left the Orange Bowl--Cafe Aug. 9 without being served. One of the five Negro teen-agers was Doris Torbert, president of the Auburn Freedom League.

I was the sixth person. The proprietor, Roy Hancock, told me I would not be served with the group of young people, even though, as he put it, I was not a "nigra".

The students left after informing him that the word was "Negro."

Last Friday two people were escorted from the Orange Bowl Cafe by a police officer. The two white college students, Tom Millican and myself, had entered the cafe with 12 Negro members of the Freedom League.

The Negro teenagers were served but the two white students were given two minutes to leave.

Hancock said he did not have to serve "troublemakers," as he angrily jerked away the ash tray being used by Millican.

When Doris Torbert gave me the second Coke she had ordered, Hancock seized the Coke and indignantly returned the dime.

When the summoned policeman arrived, Hancock asked him to arrest the two white students, and agreed to sign a warrant. Although not yet under arrest, the couple agreed to accompany the officer to the station.

After a short wait at police headquarters, the sergeant suggested that these groups be of a reasonable size, about five or six.

During the discussion, Hancock declared that although he would serve integrated groups, he didn't have to like them.

He said the Ku Klux Klan would have both of the white students' names and the Klan was already after Millican in his home county.

The police sergeant said there would be no violence tolerated in Auburn.

The white students left police headquarters after the warrants for their arrest had been torn up.

Millican is a student at Auburn University and is vice-president of the Auburn Freedom League. I am a student at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, and I am working with the Freedom League this summer.

ASCS Meeting Held in Mobile

MOBILE--Talk of cotton and patriotism filled the main ballroom of the Admiral Semmes Hotel here for the first three days of the week.

The speakers included Senator John Sparkman and J. Ed Livingston, chief justice of the Alabama Supreme Court.

The listeners were the farmers and administrators in charge of the federal farm subsidy programs throughout the state.

No Negroes were among them, although a very large percentage of the state's farmers are Negroes.

At least five Negroes were invited to the state conference of the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service (ASCS), but none of them attended.

These five are the members of a new advisory committee formed under orders from Washington to speed up the integration of the ASCS.

Several men at the convention claimed that Negroes hold no important posts in the ASCS because most Negro farmers prefer to have whites running the ASCS.



Subscribe to THE SOUTHERN COURIER:

A donation of \$5 to the Southern Educational Conference entitles you to a one-year subscription to the Southern Courier, if you live in the 11 Southern states.

A donation of \$10 will bring you a year's subscription if you live elsewhere in the U.S. A \$25 donation entitles you to a one-year patron subscription.

Order your subscription by filling in this coupon, and mailing it with a check or money order to:

The Southern Courier
68 Electric Ave, NW
Atlanta, Georgia 30314

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Type of subscription _____

Registration in Greenville, Eufaula

BY HENRY CLAY MOORER

GREENVILLE--Last week the Greenville W.W.F. (We Want Freedom) Club sent 16 people to the ninth annual SCLC convention in Birmingham.

With R.B. Cottonreader out of town in Birmingham, Janet Wolfe and Pam Mauer, both SCOPE workers, and James Clemons, a local worker, had to carry on the work of canvassing for the great registration day on Monday.

In an interview with R.B. Cottonreader last Friday, I asked him how many people he expected to register on Monday.

Cottonreader said, "I want 1,000 Negroes there at the courthouse. I want to make those registrars earn their money."

He said that if everyone wasn't registered on Monday, the Negroes would return on Tuesday, and would sit there until they were either registered or arrested.

On Monday, the registrars registered 107 people out of 425 Negroes who went up. Late Monday after the registration office was closed, Albert Turner, an executive for SCLC over Alabama, arrived in Greenville.

Early Tuesday morning, Mr. Turner went to see about opening the registrars' office. He said he was forced from the office at pistol-point.

But at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, the registrars opened the office again and began registering more Negroes.

Policemen told Cottonreader and Turner and other civil rights workers not to say anything to the people who wanted to register, and ordered them out of the courthouse.

The courthouse was surrounded by policemen, the sheriff and his deputies, and state troopers.

Turner said that if the policemen kept walking around the courthouse and on the inside, Negroes would get afraid and wouldn't come to register.

But the people continued to come to the courthouse on their own, by carloads. Some were carried up by cars furnished by the SCOPE office.

Problems With Integration Plague Head Start Center

BY ELLEN LAKE

MONTGOMERY--Mrs. Carrie Robinson, director of one of Montgomery's Head Start programs, watched the 45 Negro children in the Cleveland Avenue YMCA gulp down their morning cup of orange juice.

"It's pretty sad for Washington to call this way at the end of six weeks and talk about closing our center," she said.

Two of the four Montgomery Head Start programs have been warned by the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington, D.C., that they may be closed down if they do not hire more white teachers.

Mrs. Robinson's center has no white instructors, and the other program that was warned has one.

Only seven of the 83 teachers and two of the nearly 1,500 children in the Montgomery programs are white. Six of the white teachers come from the two Air Force bases in Montgomery.

"A man from Washington called and said that if we don't get at least two full-time white workers in the next few days, he may close our center and take back the money they've given us," Mrs. Robinson said.

That would be nearly \$20,000 for the two centers.

"I tried all weekend to get some white teachers," Mrs. Robinson said. "But people just seem to be afraid to identify with us."

She finally found two white teenagers who volunteered to help out several days a week.

Mrs. Robinson said that last week was the first time she was told that she had to have white teachers. But a spokesman for the OEO said that all Head Start projects had already been warned several times, both by phone and in person.

A psychologist from OEO who visited the YMCA Head Start center last week "didn't say a word about integration," another Head Start teacher said. "In fact, he seemed quite pleased."

The Head Start contract requires only that the project not discriminate.

Both Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Bernice King, who directs the other threatened center, said they have tried very hard from the beginning to find white teachers.

A number of whites answered an advertisement in the local newspaper, Mrs. King said, "but the minute they found out I was colored, they just weren't interested."

Officials of the Office of Equal Opportunity were not convinced.

"There are very few areas, especially in cities, where they can't get white staff if they really want to," said Jack Gonzalez of the OEO inspection office.

"If they did it right, they should have an integrated staff, if they didn't they shouldn't be asking us to pay."

Birmingham

BIRMINGHAM--A new home will be built in Marion for the family of slain civil rights worker Jimmy Lee Jackson, the Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy told the SCLC convention here last week.

The family will also receive \$70 a month for the next ten years, said Abernathy, SCLC vice-president and treasurer. And, he said, SCLC will finance a college education for Jackson's sister.

The family was also given a gift check of \$1,000.

Abernathy said the home will be built with funds from SCLC, the American Friends Service Committee and the Unitarian Church.

BY LOLITA JONES

EUFaula--Over 400 people attempted to register at the Eufaula Courthouse last Monday. About 200 people were registered.

The Board of Registrars began late, and the number of registrars varied from two to six. The board was slated to close at 4 p.m., but about 50 people waited until about 6 p.m. in a vain attempt to register.

SCOPE volunteers tried to meet with the chairman of the Board of Registrars, Mrs. Alice Hudson, but she said, "They have nothing to say to me."

An attempt was made to speak with Eufaula Mayor E.H. Graves Jr., but the SCOPE volunteers were ordered from the office.

The United Barbour County Voters League is trying to gain two full weeks of registration days, with two open nights each week.

The voters league met Monday night, and the decision was made to demonstrate, David Dennis and Mrs. Mary Marshall, co-chairmen of the voters league, spoke at the meeting, along with Barbour County SCOPE director Larry Butler.

On Tuesday at 9:30 a.m., approximately 12 people picketed the Eufaula courthouse with signs bearing slogans such as: "Eufaula Alabama--a fine, quiet Southern community--if you're white," and "For equality and humanity--give us more registration days."

"Remember Willie? Sure, I remember Willie," said a neighbor, Guy Pickett. "He was always laughing and playing ball. He was a great football player, but more than anything he loved to get a group of boys together and play baseball."

"Some men change when they make it big, but not Willie. He's still the same friend of mine he always was. And when he comes back here, it's like he's never been away."

"Willie Mays was always breakin' down my bushes," recalled Joe Johnston, a custodian at Miles College. "Always playin' ball too. I told him to stop breakin' down my bushes, but he wouldn't do it. Byt he never meant any harm, he was so good-natured."

"That boy was born to play ball. That's when he was happiest," Mrs. Bernice Washington said.

Willie Mays' life since Fairfield hasn't been all home runs and great catches, and they say he doesn't smile much any more. But his friends say he still likes to come back to Fairfield.

There were other boys who loved to play ball with Willie in Fairfield. Most of them are still here, and when Mays comes to Fairfield, he takes them over to the Steelworkers' cafe or up to the high school gym.

Mrs. Minner Tolliver, Willie's neighbor when he lived on 57th Street, remembers him as a quiet youth, not the noisy, happy kid he seemed to be in his first years in the major leagues.

"Willie was basically a pretty quiet boy," she said, "and he felt things pretty deeply. When his Aunt Sarah (who raised him) was funeralized, he felt so bad, he wouldn't attend. He just sat in a back room at the church."

Another generation now sprints through the streets where Willie Mays grew up, and there are other heroes. Ask anyone under 14 about Willie Mays, and the answer is a blank stare.

But mention Willie Mays to people over 30 in Fairfield, and their eyes grow misty. They always begin by saying, "Sure, I remember Willie..."

Greensboro

BY O.B. GREEN

GREENSBORO--Tuesday night at 8 p.m. a white man in a passing car fired a shot into the home of the Rev. Arthur Days, head of the civil rights movement in Hale County.

The slug went over the front porch, through the hall and into the ceiling of the bathroom.

Mr. Days, his wife and baby, and several friends were in the house at the time of the shooting. No one was hurt.

People Discuss Minimum-Wage Laws

Hamner Cobbs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

to pick because it's a kind of social gathering.

"I feel an obligation to take care of them, and I guess one way would be to pay them better wages."

"SO MANY OUT OF JOBS"

"Labor has been easier to get this year than in any time since the Depression. So many have been driven out of other jobs..."

"Some days I ask for about 20 pickers and about 40 show up. That just means I have to pay all 40 and the scale is low..."

"Our economy will not support this heavy load of unskilled labor. I don't think the minimum wage is the greatest problem. The problem is the freezing of the racial patterns."

"The Negroes should be bused to other parts of the country. If they could get a minimum wage there, it would be helpful in equalizing the problem. It will help us avoid keeping them all nailed down here."

"I myself know, and many more know, that the federal government will have to give us the help we don't get from 'round here."

"I'd rather get good wages for the hours I work than get my own land to farm. Maybe the federal government could give us nothing but some money. That's what it takes for farming. I won't stay where I am if I can help it."

"Some of us have been thinking about some kind of strike. I have been, too. Been thinking about it for a year or so."

"Now I got to do some work at the packing-house to keep getting something to eat. I got to stay out there for pretty long hours. And then try to farm too, it'd be better if I could make my money at just farming. That'd be all right."

"I wished I could talk to President Johnson."

"All the dry-cleaners pay the same. They have an association and they get together to plan it. It looks like the white man does just what he wants to. But the federal government can step in, some kind of way."

"I wished I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

Old Neighbors in Fairfield Remember Mays as a Boy

BY GREG KANNERSTEIN

FAIRFIELD--It's half a continent from a small white house on Avenue G in Fairfield to Candlestick Park in San Francisco--and an even longer way to fame and riches.

Almost 20 years have passed since Willie Mays left Fairfield on the first step of a journey that is sure to end in baseball's Hall of Fame.

The great San Francisco Giant center-fielder now gets the highest salary in the National League -- more than \$100,000 a year.

But there's more of Willie Mays left in Fairfield than the "W.H. Mays" engraved in the concrete outside of 5507 Avenue G.

"Remember Willie? Sure, I remember Willie," said a neighbor, Guy Pickett. "He was always laughing and playing ball. He was a great football player, but more than anything he loved to get a group of boys together and play baseball."

"Some men change when they make it big, but not Willie. He's still the same friend of mine he always was. And when he comes back here, it's like he's never been away."

"Willie Mays was always breakin' down my bushes," recalled Joe Johnston, a custodian at Miles College. "Always playin' ball too. I told him to stop breakin' down my bushes, but he wouldn't do it. Byt he never meant any harm, he was so good-natured."

"That boy was born to play ball. That's when he was happiest," Mrs. Bernice Washington said.

Willie Mays' life since Fairfield hasn't been all home runs and great catches, and they say he doesn't smile much any more. But his friends say he still likes to come back to Fairfield.

There were other boys who loved to play ball with Willie in Fairfield. Most of them are still here, and when Mays comes to Fairfield, he takes them over to the Steelworkers' cafe or up to the high school gym.

Mrs. Minner Tolliver, Willie's neighbor when he lived on 57th Street, remembers him as a quiet youth, not the noisy, happy kid he seemed to be in his first years in the major leagues.

"Willie was basically a pretty quiet boy," she said, "and he felt things pretty deeply. When his Aunt Sarah (who raised him) was funeralized, he felt so bad, he wouldn't attend. He just sat in a back room at the church."

Another generation now sprints through the streets where Willie Mays grew up, and there are other heroes. Ask anyone under 14 about Willie Mays, and the answer is a blank stare.

But mention Willie Mays to people over 30 in Fairfield, and their eyes grow misty. They always begin by saying, "Sure, I remember Willie..."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."



Willie Mays, San Francisco Giant center-fielder, is remembered in Fairfield, Ga., where he was born.

"Remember Willie? Sure, I remember Willie," said a neighbor, Guy Pickett. "He was always laughing and playing ball. He was a great football player, but more than anything he loved to get a group of boys together and play baseball."

"Some men change when they make it big, but not Willie. He's still the same friend of mine he always was. And when he comes back here, it's like he's never been away."

"Willie Mays was always breakin' down my bushes," recalled Joe Johnston, a custodian at Miles College. "Always playin' ball too. I told him to stop breakin' down my bushes, but he wouldn't do it. Byt he never meant any harm, he was so good-natured."

"That boy was born to play ball. That's when he was happiest," Mrs. Bernice Washington said.

Willie Mays' life since Fairfield hasn't been all home runs and great catches, and they say he doesn't smile much any more. But his friends say he still likes to come back to Fairfield.

There were other boys who loved to play ball with Willie in Fairfield. Most of them are still here, and when Mays comes to Fairfield, he takes them over to the Steelworkers' cafe or up to the high school gym.

Mrs. Minner Tolliver, Willie's neighbor when he lived on 57th Street, remembers him as a quiet youth, not the noisy, happy kid he seemed to be in his first years in the major leagues.

"Willie was basically a pretty quiet boy," she said, "and he felt things pretty deeply. When his Aunt Sarah (who raised him) was funeralized, he felt so bad, he wouldn't attend. He just sat in a back room at the church."

Another generation now sprints through the streets where Willie Mays grew up, and there are other heroes. Ask anyone under 14 about Willie Mays, and the answer is a blank stare.

But mention Willie Mays to people over 30 in Fairfield, and their eyes grow misty. They always begin by saying, "Sure, I remember Willie..."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."

"I wish I could talk to President Johnson."