

JUDY UPHAM

June 6, 1966

Cambridge

Judy: Where we are is--well, actually, I guess we're at Thursday morning because the street vigil was Wednesday night. And Thursday morning, again, nobody knew what quite was going on. We were all sticking around to see. About noon on Thursday, the chartered bus arrived to take people back to Montgomery to catch the plane. And Priscilla wasn't going to go because she just didn't feel that she could leave yet. We hadn't gotten anyplace; we hadn't done anything and there were too many white people who had just come in and were pulling out. And there was a real danger, we felt, at that time of police reprisals. So--

S: Were there any of the white citizenry of Selma participating in this at all?

Judy: As far as I know, absolutely none. I never met any. Well--I take that back. There was Father Oeulette and I think Reverend Ellwanger. He's a Lutheran and a very good man. I'm not sure he was there for the demonstrations. I never met him and I wouldn't recognize him if I saw him. But I think other than that--you know--the white citizens of Selma who participated were all on the other side of the line....Yes, very definitely. If the outside whites left, that was it. There were no other white people there. And Father Oeulette was under orders from the Archbishop not to participate in demonstrations. He just came down for the vigil because he felt he had to. Have you talked to him about that?

S: I'm going down to talk to him hopefully next week.

Judy: Great, because he spent one evening with us, and he told us about how he reacted to it. It was very good. I don't know whether you can use it for the book, but it's^a/lovely story. So I was debating. I didn't really want to go home, but I wasn't about to stay just by myself, just with Priscilla. And Jon was

debating whether or not he was ready to go then or not. And he and Priscilla were kind of talking it over, and she said, "Go look at the line of people standing out there. Count the white faces you see and then come back." So Jon went to look, and I sort of sat around the house because I was tired of standing around. He came back and said, "Well, yea, I'm going to stay. I can't go either." And everybody else at this point was getting ready to leave because the bus was already arriving. So I stopped and asked Jon if it would make any difference to him whether I stayed or not. I don't know--I'm not sure quite why I asked him, but I did. And he said he didn't care one way or the other. So I decided I wasn't going to go yet either because I could get out of Field Work easily enough. And we were hoping something would happen before then and we could go home Friday or Saturday anyway. So everybody else left, and we went back out into the line. And by this time it was getting very cloudy and everybody else had been gone maybe half-an-hour when it started to rain which was not too great, but we got a bunch of plastic tarps--mostly sheets of--heavier than polyethelene plastic and started digging up umbrellas and anything else you can name to try and hold them up to provide some kind of covering. It was at this point we met--I think it was at this point anyway--we met Morry Samuels from LA whose tape you've already got. We spent a fair amount of time talking to him and running back and forth from the church with coffee and sandwiches. At one point the police told us we had to take the thing down; we couldn't erect a permanent structure because--oh I don't know--it was a barrier to traffic or some crazy thing like that--against the building code or something. So we put down some of the permanent supports we had and I guess went back to umbrellas...

So, again, we were with the same bunch of high school kids mostly during all of this demonstration. We had supper at Augusta's because I guess we'd gone up there just because a bunch of other kids were--wanted something else to do. We all stood around and danced for awhile. Jon was a very lousy dancer, incredibly clumsy. And I just kind of watched. The kids were great. So we stayed for supper, and when we got back we discovered that Mrs. Scott was really very hurt because

she'd been expecting us, and it hadn't even occurred to us that she would be even though we'd been sleeping there for a couple of nights. [And we were becoming more and more aware of the kinds of things you have to watch out for and people's feelings you have to be careful not to hurt and how you manage to live in six places at once when one person thinks you're living exclusively with them--this kind of stuff. But there was another mass meeting that night and we debated a long time about going and finally decided that practically everybody else who was an outsider was going to the meeting. People were having trouble keeping the tarp up. because /We'd sort of put it together. We felt a little bit responsible for being sure it was maintained. So we stayed outside most of the time. At one point somebody threw a chunk of metal, I guess, into the kind of vague enclosure and it hit some kid on the head and cut a gash that wasn't too serious but was a little bit frightening...because you could still see the police lines out there, and you knew that whoever threw that thing had been in the project which was not a very good feeling either. And there were rumors of people wandering around with guns. The police were really pretty good. They came along and went through the project to see if they could find the guy who did it and clear him out. They were doing something anyway to keep it from being too dangerous, keeping people from getting too hurt. Sometime during the night, I'm not sure when, they erected first the rope barricade across the front and the, later on, sawhorse things kept getting higher and higher as the days went by. It was another night of mostly just standing around, being there and not doing much of anything, wondering what was going to happen. Occasionally you'd go into a house because you wanted to get warm or dry or you want some coffee or they'd bring coffee out or you'd wander in to see if anything's happening at the mass meeting. Nothing really was particularly.

Sometime about 11:00 or 12:00 we walked Emogene home--Emogene being the sophomore. She lived about three blocks over. This was kind of exciting because it meant going through the police barricade to do it and back. We

figured it might not be too good an idea for Jon to walk her over by himself and come back. So I kind of went along for the ride. Somewhere in the middle of the night it stopped raining, and I can remember being up about 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning with six or eight people standing around. There was not much of a demonstration left at that point, but we were singing freedom songs and occasionally we'd stop and somebody would say some prayers and go on.

The next day the rain had luckily stopped. It wasn't too bad. And we did things like go to the grocery store and buy scads of groceries for the Scotts because they'd been feeding us and we thought that it would be nice for them to have something to eat as well, and obviously the cupboard was getting pretty bare. Again it was going through the police barricade which was a bit difficult because by this time they'd lined police cars all down the one side of the project so people were pretty well closed in, but you could get out and get back without too much trouble. Um--what else happened Friday. Not much, it was sort of another day of demonstrating and standing around and talking to people. We met Kitty Jones whose husband is president, I guess, of the Chicago ESCRU--really sharp. And had several kind of interesting conversations. At this point we started planning going to church on Sunday. And I'll bet I forgot the meeting with Frank, didn't I?

Yes, Wednesday afternoon, it must have been, all the Episcopalians--well, at the morning mass meeting it had been suggested that we might call on the clergy of our local denomination. So a bunch of Episcopalians--there were about twenty-two people all together including Kitty Jones, Priscilla (I guess) and me. And then a bunch of clergy and a couple of seminarians and a couple of lay people, one of whom was a newspaper reporter for a Texas paper, who Frank Matthews was ^{later} much displeased with because he said he'd been misquoted. As a matter of fact, I don't think he had. But anyway we all went and jumped into this big truck and went riding down to the Episcopal Church, really a very lovely church, and we started a conversation with Frank. He received us quite politely. He was particularly

particularly polite to me because the rector of my home parish had phoned him up to see if he knew anything about me and how I was doing and all this. So, I was a sort of vaguely familiar name. And he had to have something to tell Perry who had been a classmate of his at Virginia. And we didn't get much of anyplace in the conversation. The most memorable things are: Someone raised the question what would happen if a mixed group came to church on Sunday, assuming, you know, that any of us are still here to do so. Frank said, well his first reaction was, "Well, what would you do if somebody with a group of measles walked into your church?" We pointed out to him that this was not catching. But he went on to say that it was basically the ushers responsibility and it depended almost entirely on who was ushering that Sunday whether or not the group would be admitted with the implication that most of his ushers probably would not admit us. There might be a few who would but he didn't know who was on the ushering schedule and wasn't going to find out and he wasn't going to take any responsibility. He didn't see it as a matter of its being his parish and he was the priest in charge, but, you know, it's the ushers that pass the buck where you can. At one point he said he thought it was a bit unfair that it was twenty-two against one. And I sort of popped up one of the few things I said all day that I was sorry he felt it was twenty-two against one because we weren't really trying to be against him. We felt we'd kind of like to get his side of the picture as well as ours. To see if we couldn't find some place to meet in the middle since at least we all were Christians and had some kind of basis for conversation. He got in sort of an argument with Earl Neal who was the only negro priest in the group. Frank said he could accept him as a brother ~~Christian~~ priest but certainly not as a negro or as a person--very weird. Earl didn't like that much. Nobody else did either. Anyway the conversation got, as we rather expected, noplac, partly because there were too many people I think to really get along. And at points it was very heated. There were real theological disagreements as well as just race. But he told us to go the hell home; thought that would be much more help than anything else. And we were setting race relations back twenty years, etc. The old line. But anyway, we decided since it looked like we were going to be there on Sunday the kids kind of wanted to go to church with us. We'd

been saying morning prayer and evening prayer with the Scots, and any of the teenagers that happened to be around and sometimes Mrs. Scot as well, would join us. And they kind of wanted to go to church with us. And we figured well that's okay; if they want to go. We want to go to church. There's no reason why we shouldn't, so we'll go. And on Saturday a bunch of clergy from Chicago arrived and goofed the whole thing up incredibly which was too bad. I remember being particularly nasty about one lady who arrived in high heels to demonstrate and did some incredibly stupid things, you know. Of course, being old experts at that point, we made all sorts of nasty comments about who does she think she is. Of course, it turned out later that her husband was one of the original freedom riders, and that she's really a very good sort. But at the time it didn't quite strike us. I think suffering from lack of sleep as well as other things at that point.

This is confusing because.....we really chronologically ought to go back. On I think it was Saturday morning we again decided to make a real push for our march to the court house.

S: This is the Saturday before the Sunday that you went to Church?

Judy: Yes. This is also something you may have part of on the tape from Morris Samuels. Because there were groups of clergy. The clergy was all having--they spent most of the day in a meeting down at The First Baptist Church which was at the very end of the street the project was on instead of Brown Chapel which is in the middle. And they were meeting and discussing about this, that and the other thing. And I gather they were having some fights about who was in charge of what. And we thought the whole thing was rather dumb because they really should have come and sort of done what they were told to. The real problem with a lot of them at least was that they were used to being in charge of their churches and by golly, you know, they weren't about to let anybody else be in charge of anything they were doing. But they decided, well, we'll have a real push. And

one of King's right-hand men , C. T. Vivian was kind of in charge of leading it.

S: What's his name?

Judy: V-i-v-i-a-n, yea, who is another really cool customer. But anyway, Vivian was kind of leading a clergy group and there were a bunch of the rest of us outside in line because they told us to get in line, we're going to march, so we stayed in line pretty well. And we were on the main part of Silvan Street. And the clergy were marching out of Brown Chapel where they'd moved. And they said we weren't going to get through going straight. They'd taken down the barriers all of a sudden. We couldn't really get through going straight. So they made a kind of flanking movement to the right between the first and second set of project houses. And were going to get through there. And Vivian was stopped by Wilson Baker and a whole long line of policemen. Morry Samuels at this point was with Vivian, and Baker threatened to arrest Vivian and almost grabbed him out of the line. And Morry linked arms with him so that they couldn't take just Vivian. They'd have to take a whole bunch of other people too, and got a few more people to hang on to him. But while this diversion was going on over there, the group on Silvan Street started to push forward and, you know, they moved all the way up the street which was maybe twenty yards, great step forward. So I think it was Jon or Morry commented, you know, this symbolizes the progress of the negro race in the last hundred years. You stand around and wait and then you move forward an inch or two. But it had been raining again, and this is one of the stories that Jon tells in his theology paper, I guess, dragging Imogene through a mud puddle, confrontation of the policeman up there. But Morry then, who when they decided they weren't getting--Morry decided^{-ing} that the right flank group wasn't going to get anyplace, came dashing over to where we were because we were moving sort of consistently forward at a very slow pace because the policemen were falling back kind of a step behind us so that we never actually were shoving them, but it was awfully close to it. And we found one place we could move around

ON THE left behind the line of policemen and did this, so that Jon and some of the teenagers and I and Morry too were ahead of the regular group. The line was kind of on a diagonal with almost a break because we had practically a right-angle turn, and were up on this left-hand corner. And then, you know, evidently the police got the word to hold the line and push everybody back so that they started shoving and Morry at this point was in the very front line and I was right behind him, and then Jon and Imogene were right behind us. And Ronny I guess was on my other side. And there was another clergyman, I've forgotten who it was. It was one of the Chicago contingent who was right on the other side of me, and we all sort of had our arms linked, and I was kind of shoving Morry in the back so that he wouldn't get shoved back too fast and stepping back very slowly to be sure that we weren't going to step on somebody else and that nobody was going to trip, you know. And the policeman, who happened to be directly in front of us came along--well, they all had their billy clubs straight in front of them, and one of them sort of started at Morry's waist shoving on him like this. And he grabbed him and just sort of slid the billy club up 'till it caught him right in the throat. There's a gorgeous picture, I think in Time Magazine of the cop like that. And Morry just sort of stood there and gritted his teeth thinking, I'm sure, all sorts of nasty things. And we got back to the point where they decided to draw the line and just stood there, occasionally singing freedom songs or, you know, exchanging comments with each other. And one of the reporters came along with (this big thing) and Morry gave a brief interview and among...things, the reporter said well, you know, "How did you feel when the cop hit you in the throat?" And Morry said, "He was just doing his duty." Which sounds very nice and prim, but the kind of voice he said it in wasn't quite so nice. But, we held them on there for a long time really until it got dark and then people started drifting away again and we kind of circled back up and down the lines to see what was going on. Add a little bit of ~~support~~ ^{support} here and start another song there. This kind of thing, and, you know, again we'd stop for prayer. Various and assorted people would lead them. By the middle of the night it was getting kind of dragged

out. They had another mass meeting. I don't remember what went on at that. Probably something vaguely interesting, where they all sort of merged together. It's hard to keep it straight...flopping out of bed. By this time the Scots must have had about fifteen or twenty people sleeping in their house. One really good guy whose name I can't remember at the moment who was a senior working--or maybe he was working on a PHD thesis, but he was one of the very much involved with the fellowship of reconciliation--Ron something-or-other--and we had several long talks with him about the peace movement in general and race in particular and non-violence--this kind of thing. Because there's a growing question of whether or not non-violence is really the way to get anything done. But as a Christian did one have any choice? Could you even be violent? Do you have any right to go around beating up on other people or even hurting them if you can avoid it? Settle it peaceably instead. Um, somewhere-- along here we had a couple of very long conversations with Morry Samuels who is also a very cool guy about the same kind of things as well as talking about wife, and kids in school and all this kind of stuff. The new bunch of clergy came in--another new bunch--on Saturday, and when they found out we were planning to go to church they decided aha! You know, this is great. We'll have a meeting to discuss how we will integrate the Episcopal Church on Saturday. And we ^{said} ~~decided~~, well, you know, planning on going to the early service in a very small group with a couple of kids, and there was one boy, Ivanhoe Donaldson, who is I think SNCC staff, maybe SCLC, who is an anglican. We thought particularly Ivanhoe ought to go because we were very wary about trying to integrate the church with anyone other than Episcopalians, you know. Because the canons don't really say you have to let anybody in, but any member of the church. And, you know, one of the ladies wanted to bring her Jewish friend along. We didn't go for that at all. We sort of said, you know, if we're in charge, absolutely not, but as a matter of fact, it turned out we weren't in charge, because we were going to go to the early service which we assumed was at 8:00, discovered--somebody during the night discovered it was at 7:30, and decided they'd

go to the late service at 11:00 instead. Only nobody bothered to tell us. So Jon and Priscilla and I dutifully got up Sunday morning at 7:00 and got vaguely ready. I didn't really have anything to do to get ready. I didn't have any clothes except the ones I wore. You sort of brush off and brush your hair and, a little bit presentable. Staggered over to Brown's Chapel, and very few people were out in the street at this point, you know. Some of the people who were keeping the demonstration going were in a very small line. And we had breakfast, such as it was, sat around and waited and waited. And it got to be 7:15, & 7:20, nobody was there. At 7:30 still nobody had appeared so we started looking and we vaguely remembered where Morry Samuels lived. Jon went to call him. Priscilla and I just sort of sat around. And pretty soon somebody else arrived, and it was Father Powers, tall with a beard, looks kind of like a Russian cossack only much funkier than that. And he said, "Oh! Why didn't anybody tell you? We decided to go to the late service." And we sort of thought what do you mean we decided to go to the late service. Thanks a lot. And we were obviously very annoyed with everybody which made us feel good, but I don't think they did feel very good, but they probably didn't care that much one way or the other. By 10:30 there was a huge bunch of people in the demonstration lines. About half the street was filled with them. And the question of integrating the churches came up or the question of being allowed to go to church. Wilson Baker said, "Well, if you want to go to church, you can go ahead. I mean you're not to make a parade out of it." I think it was Mike Peabody who asked if it would be all right because he'd arrived about then--I think he came on Saturday, I'm not quite sure. So we said fine. Priscilla and I were up in front and we sort of took off through the police line and got stopped of course by the first cop who said, "Where the hell do you think you're going?" And we said, Well, sir, Wilson Baker told us we could go to church if we wanted to." And he said "ha! We'll see about that." So he went off and Wilson Baker had a big conference and Baker told them well, yes, he had said that they could go to church. And some bright soul yelled "All Episcopalians who want to go to church come on." So we ended up with

a great huge parade down the town because somebody gave the word to the press or maybe they just picked it up and came along. We were marching along followed by t.v. cameras, movie cameras, newsreel cameras, you know, regular press cameras. Sound equipment, everything. It was really a mess. Priscilla and I were kind of first in line and trudging along as quickly as we could because we thought, you know, we might as well do something. We finally all got to the church and actually there may not have been more than about thirty people there, but some of them were SNCC kids dressed in filthy bluejeans and tennis shoes. And I didn't really appreciate that because the thing was obviously a demonstration, and, you know, you really can't blame the ushers for turning us away. I mean it was really a motley crew and terribly discouraging because, you know, it wasn't what we thought was going to happen at all, and yet there we were. There was nothing we could do about it. So Mike talked to the ushers--Mike Peabody--and among them was Judge Reynolds who's a slimy creep, judge of the probate court, the juvenile court, sent all sorts of our kids to jail. I'll tell you later about an interview we had with him. But they absolutely, of course, would not let us into their church. And they finally compromised and said, you know, clergy, black and white, could come if they wanted to, but nobody else could. Of course, nobody was going to buy that. You know, sort of all or nothing. And, well, there were a couple of interchanges. I remember Jon and one of the ushers--I think it wasn't Judge Reynolds--exchanged some words and I forget exactly what ~~they were about~~ ^{--they're around, I think} in something he's written. I'm not sure. The of it was that we ended up starting off saying the General Confession, kneeling on the sidewalk there. And then we moved over to the edge so the people who were coming into the church could go in. And then the really cool thing was there were I think three members of the congregation who said, "Well, if those people can't go to church, we're not going to go to church either." One of them was the daughter of the former rector and evidently is a very good sort. I think she's also the church secretary, I'm not quite sure about that. We never did really get to talk to her. And then a couple of people I don't know--knew. That was kind of the one heartening thing about it. The

SNCC kids wanted to stage a sit-in or a kneel-in or something, and they were muttering around. I finally turned to one of them and said, 'Look. Are you an Episcopalian?' And he said, "Don't use those labels on me, as a matter of fact I'm not. I'm Unitarian if anything." And I said, "All right then, you don't know what you're talking about. Just shut up.' Because I obviously had lost my cool at this point. But, you know, they were really kind of wrecking the whole thing. So we waited half-an-hour, I guess, for church to get started and well under way. And we said morning prayer on the sidewalk. Frank Mathews had skipped out of town...He'd gone away for a vacation, for a rest...He wasn't even there to say anything about it. So one of the ushers suggested that if we wanted to send five or six people back at the time for coffee hour, that would be fine. They might be able to talk. So Jon and a few other people, Mike Peabody and Carvel Taylor, who was a Southerner herself, which was nice, and three or four other people went back to talk to them and got absolutely noplacé. A few people listened vaguely sympathetically. Most people just, if they talked to them at all, turned them off completely. Oh, that's right--the rest of Sunday was really very pleasant because instead of demonstrating, some of the Chicago people had to take a train back to Montgomery so we drove into Montgomery with Morry and a couple of other people and had dinner at Holiday Inn, you know, for a change something good to eat. And came back. We sort of fiddled around, and did some more demonstrating. The middle of the evening, well, I guess it was Mike Peabody had asked at the church if we could at least have some bread and wine to celebrate ourselves. The answer he got was that it was all locked up in the safe and Frank Mathews had the key to the safe so they couldn't give us any. My. But the Roman Catholics offered to provide the elements if we wanted to come get them and use them to celebrate. It was really great of them. Later on Father Oulette also offered to celebrate for us at one point if we couldn't find an Episcopal Priest who would do it who was there. And I think

it was highly illegal and I'm not quite sure how seriously he meant it. We never received at the Roman Church even though we went to mass every Sunday from about the middle of April on. But things got very confused because nobody could decide what time they wanted to have mass. And so finally I guess late evening Jon walked over to Morry's and asked if anybody wouldn't like to celebrate and somebody came up with the brilliant idea--aha! It was the 13th anniversary of Father Powers' ordination. They could celebrate in a circle around him. Jon just sort of looked at them. "All I wanted was just a simple communion. It's the Lord's Day." He turned around and left. So we never really had any that day. But the next day was great because about noon--I guess it was late afternoon the word came from up on high they jolly well had better let us march. So we all went finally trekking down to the court house. And this was really pretty impressive. It was as big a march fully as the one down to the bridge and back. It completely filled the street for about a block, all the way around the court house. And there were several nice speeches and somebody ~~later~~ laid a wreath which didn't last very long at all. You could look up in the court house building and see these faces staring down at you, glaring, most of them, and some of them just curious--but most of them very, very unhappy about what was going on. We all finally turned around and marched back. By this time it was getting to be practically dark. It was getting a bit uncomfortable. (End of Side One)

Coming back, particularly, as well as going down, there were just all sorts of white people lining the streets and some of them had shotguns and rifles, and a lot of them had very nasty comments to make. And we were marching two by two and I think ten feet apart, something like that. One felt more than a little bit exposed. But there were no incidents. We got back and sort of went over to the Soots again to kind of clean up and get ready to get out ~~today~~ the next day. Maybe--I guess we were planning even on leaving Monday night. We went back and had supper and kind of in the middle of supper the teenagers walked in, with the funniest expression on their face, kind of amazement and awe as much as anything, and holding their hands kind of out saying Wilson Baker shook my hand. They'd

stopped to thank the police chief, Baker, for protecting the march and for doing the things he'd done. And he'd shaken hands with them. And for most of these kids, except for the outsiders, this is the first white someone who had ever done as dignified a thing--a sort of treating them as people. And they were kind of in a state of shock. I'm not going to wash my hand, Wilson Baker shook it, gee. It was just the greatest thing to watch, and terrible, because it was so new to them, something they'd never expect, and you know, it's kind of a common part of most people's lives. Well, you know, you meet the police chief, you shake his hand. For these kids it was something so new and a very strange mixture of reactions that we had to---that was the night President Johnson gave his great civil rights speech to Congress, and the whole place was just in an uproar especially when he said "We Shall Overcome." You know, the whole place just broke up. We had about fifteen people in there watching tv, I guess. You know, 'hip hip hooray.' Shouting, and clap each other on the back and danced around and it was really cool. But at the same time at least on my part and on Jon's too, he sort of knew what I was talking about when I expressed it--was the feeling that we've marched to the court house, so what? What difference does it really make? And the president's made a nice speech. Does it mean anything at all? For the week we've been here, have we really done anything? Has anything been accomplished? And, you know, at the same time, obviously we had done something, but to have to stand out in the street from Wednesday until Monday to do as simple a thing as walk down to the court house, this indescribable feeling of well, maybe a little bit of accomplishment but mostly incredible discouragement and amazement that this kind of thing can/happen, that you really don't believe it, because it's such a simple thing, and demonstrating is kind of stupid. I mean I don't really like it all that well and Jon didn't really like it all that well, and you know it was the only way you could get to do something like that was by standing around in the street making a point of it. And, you know, hopefully other people will see the stupidity of it at the same time. And maybe

things change and maybe they don't. But we kind of got our gear collected, and there was a--well, I guess several volkswagon buses that were available...were leaving for the airport in Montgomery and we decided--well, we got all our stuff ready, and we'd go ahead and catch one and go on home. But we didn't really want to leave, but, you know, we had school to get back to, and there was stuff that just had to be done, and Priscilla had to get back because Father was giving her all sorts of hell for not being in field work--I mean not being in church on Sunday--sort of his right-hand person. He wanted her to get back. So we kind of collected things and sort of said our goodbyes, and then we were standing around kind of waiting for the bus, and they'd already loaded a couple and they'd left. Priscilla got on one, and Jon had gone down to the store to buy a pack of cigarettes or a couple of packs so I could have some too. And, you know, everybody was ready to go, and the bus was practically loaded. So, I figured, well, you know, we'll go tomorrow or something, so the bus left without us. Jon came back and went, well, you know, are we ready to go? And I said, no I guess we're not ready to go. It seems like everybody who was going has already gone so we'll have to wait and go tomorrow or something. He said 'fine.' So we went back to the Scots and sat around with Mrs. Scot drinking beer for awhile, and Jon went out to hunt for Morry, and Mrs. Scot was talking to me about how much she was going to miss us and how frightened she was of all the white people pulling out. And at this point Jon came back, and we sat and listened to her tell us just all sorts of horror stories about the night their block of, you know, their house block (there are four houses in a block) and they had been surrounded by cops. And one of the girls, I'm still not sure whether it was Johnny, Mary (?) or Helen (?) had been next door and couldn't get out to come home, and the only way that she could ~~get~~^{keep} in touch with her mother was by telephoning and Mrs. Scot would telephone and say "Are you still there?" And the girl would sort of cry and say, "Yes, Mama, I'm still here. Are you all right?" And they told us about the kid after one of the marches, one kid had been forced to jump through a stained

glass window, at the church just to get away. It took twenty stitches to sew up the gash in his head. You know, and just story after story after story. The nights the kids spent in jail or out at Camp Selma on concrete floors with the water pipes broken and freezing cold, soaking wet, getting tossed out of jail at 4:00 in the morning to walk home, back dark country roads. You know, finally I guess Mrs. Scot finally decided to go to bed, and we sort of walked outside, and I sort of had the feeling, well, you know, I really can't stand to sit and listen to any more of these horror stories. You know, and at the same time feeling ashamed, you know, 'well, who do you think you are, kiddo? If these people can live through it, you can jolly well sit and listen for an hour or so. It will do you all sorts of good.' And well Mrs. Scot either went off to bed or Morry came in before she went to bed--I'm not sure which--but anyway, Morry had a six-pack of beer, so we sat around with Morry drinking beer and talking about you know, the real problems of possible police brutalities and reprisals after the white people left and, you know, what was going to happen now. Morry finally went home about 12:30 or 1:00 and about the last thing he said to us was--we'd been speculating about how much we really didn't want to go and thought there was so much to be done, and the work was just beginning, that even if the voting rights bill got passed, there would be just all sorts of education to be done and that it was in a way kind of ridiculous ~~to~~ after saying in effect to someone 'we're willing to commit our lives to you because we think this is so important,' and after a week or so say, 'well, I've got more important things to do now, so long and good luck.' It just didn't seem right. About the last thing Morry said to us was [Well, you know, I really can't tell you what to do. And if I were in the position the one thing I would say is how dare you leave now.' So Morry walked out, and Jon and I just sort of sat there and looked at each other. I said, "Well, you know, I've got a ~~four~~ car. Supposing we pack^{-ed} our books and drove back, and we'd have a way to get back, and we'd have to get permission, and we'd spend sort of an hour and a half trying to figure out what we'd do (#1) if there really was anything that we could do. We decided to call Earl Neal

first thing in the morning to see what he thought about it. (#2) Could we keep up with studies? Would we have to drop out of school, this kind of thing? And (#3) Could we get permission to leave for--just all sorts of logistical details? We were getting more and more excited. Jon would come up with something and I'd come up with something and then Jon would come up with something, and pretty soon we had our whole scheme well planned out. We finally decided we'd better stagger off to bed or we'd never get anything done the next day. The next morning Jon called up Earl Neal and Earl he'd really be very glad to have us. He was sure that there were things that we could do. And he checked with SCLC and SNCC who again said, 'Yea, anybody who wants to help, we'd be glad to have their help.' So we caught a plane--well, somebody--there were a bunch of people going into Montgomery, so we drove in with them with all our gear and told Mrs. Scot we'd back which pleased her no end. I guess the other consideration was that we had a real 'in' with the teenagers at this point. Practically every kid in town knew who Jon and I were even if they didn't really know us. And there were some of them we really liked and got along with very well. And there were obviously things we could do to help out there, just tutoring or being around. They'd ask us about colleges and about this that and the other thing. So, we drove back into Montgomery with a bunch of people one of whom was a reporter for the Chicago Daily Reporter?--one of the Chicago negro newspapers, who was very interested in what we were planning on doing and made all sorts of notes. We exchanged addresses and all this. I ran into somebody in the airport while Jon was getting tickets or something who had just come back who'd been there earlier in the week and had to go home and had come back and decided to stay because there was just too much to do. And she was very excited that we might be coming back too. And most of the time on the plane we kind of planned out strategy for how does one go about getting faculty permission to do this because

we had a sneaky feeling it wouldn't be terribly easy.

I guess we had a lay-over in Atlanta for about an hour. Jon got a haircut. It was the most awful haircut I've ever seen. They scalped him. When we got back here, I don't know, about 8:00^{or 9:00}/in the evening, and Jon's mother had driven down with Terry Roberts, I guess, to meet him. And so we dropped off our stuff and cleaned up a little bit, and then Mrs. Daniels and Terry and Harv and I and Jon went out to have a drink. And we sat around and talked about it. Mrs. Daniels wasn't at all pleased about the idea, but kind of accepted it--well, you know, 'if you think that's what you have to do, that's the way it goes.' And Harv was extremely upset. And I still haven't quite figured that out. We came back and --I guess before that even, I called my parents to see what they thought of the idea, and Daddy wasn't terribly happy. I mean he saw problems, but he thought they could be arranged. Then we went to see Joe Fletcher because we thought he was an obvious first person to see, and he was enthusiastic which was nice. We got a lot of support from him. He gave us, for instance, who to go to see first, and said he'd talk to a couple of people he thought might be difficult for us when it came up for faculty vote. I guess somewhere in the middle there my father called so I ended up talking to him part of the time. And Dr. Fletcher of course, was very pleased that Daddy didn't object. I guess then we went out for drinks, and then started making phone calls like to Bishops, except it was really late that night to call Bishops, but kind of getting things organized and figuring out what to pack, this kind of thing. And Wednesday was much more of the same. Going to see all sorts of faculty, you know, kind of talking to people we hadn't seen for a week, finding out the latest on what was going on in the school, getting permission from field work supervisors to leave, getting permission from Bishops, which was a bit more difficult, for met at least. And Wednesday night was the S.J.S. meeting, the tape of which has unfortunately been lost because I gather I gave a brilliant talk. Were you there? Oh, okay. You remember. I haven't the foggiest idea what I was saying.

S: I have an almost verbatim note account of it.

Judy: Do you? Great, because somebody erased the tape, and I'm really crushed about that. I remember what I said in answer to Carl Edwards question about what is freedom. I'm not sure that was on the tape, but I thought that was a masterpiece. The rest of it I don't really--because Jon was going to give the talk, and he was just so incredibly sick.

S: Yes, I remember he was up in bed at one point during that period. I went to pay a call on him.

Judy: Yes, he I think slept through supper.

S: He had had me out politicing, and then I was to report in, and I was reporting in there and he was flat on his back.

Judy: Yea, he was really sick most--until we got back to Selma. But Jon was going to make the talk, and somewhere in the middle of--whoever came before us, I saw him leave, going off to the men's room or something. And he didn't come back when it was our turn, so I figured it was up to me. He came back somewhere near the end of it, I guess when they started answering questions. I guess we spent more time politicing that night. Bishop Lichtenberger offered to find us any money we needed which I appreciated no end. And they were very good about that. By Wednesday night I guess permissions from everybody we had to have permissions from were in. Thursday morning we went to talk to Dean Shires, and Jon was very very open. He did most of the talking. And Dean Shires was very impressed and said he thought it seemed obvious to him that we knew what we were doing, and it was something that ^{we} ~~he~~ felt so strongly that we should be doing that he thought we were probably very right about it. He talked about the action of the Holy Spirit particularly. ...Specific definite call, that here was something that had to be met then and not later and

that somehow we seemed to be the ones that were to do it. So I guess Thursday afternoon we ran errands like going and buying boots and things. Jon's mother came back Thursday, sometime. Then we got word of faculty permission. It was great. And I haven't the foggiest idea what we did Thursday night. I think I was packing and Jon was out with his mother or something like that. And it was about 3:00 in the afternoon probably by the time we finally started because we had to make another trip here and another trip there and go to the bank and do this, that and the other thing, talked to people who did or didn't want us to go and did or didn't have words of advice and all this kind of stuff. I guess the drive back was relatively uneventful. We spent a fair amount of time talking about the kinds of things we wanted to do. It turned out a lot of the things we talked about never got done simply because things were too disorganized. They never really started a freedom school or a citizenship training class or anything like that. One of the things we were most concerned about was how do we get through the Episcopal Church there because that was one of the things we felt we had a real mission and a definite commitment to try and stick with Frank and see if we couldn't, you know, at least (#1) give him some support if he really wanted to change because there were times even in the first conversation when he sounded like he might be with us and just scared. And see what we could do about hunting up the liberals in the congregation particularly the three people who had not gone into the church, you know, and then we were kind of flexible for the rest of it. Let's see...

Yea, the beginning of the article tells a lot about the trip back. We got to Selma just as the line of march was coming across the bridge. It was incredibly impressive sight. Coming through Montgomery we'd gone by a meeting of the Klan; as you come off the bridge into Montgomery from the west there's a big huge parking lot which was filled with cars. Nobody had on their Klan robes, but they had big Confederate Flags and all sorts of nasty signs. And, you know, you kind of knew at a glance who it was, mothers, fathers, grandmothers, little kiddies, just

amazing, and really pretty sickening. We looked and looked for the kids as they marched by and didn't really see any we recognized. There were just too many people. Once we got back we unloaded the car first of all and then went hunting for Pat Smith who is one of the teenagers we knew. And we knew their parents had a garage, and so we drove over there to see if we could keep the car there so that nobody would recognize it because it had Massachusetts plates on it and we decided that was not too good. So we left the car there. It only stayed there a couple of days because we hadn't really planned to use the car once we got there. My father was fairly insistent on that. He thought it was much too dangerous to drive around in (#1) a foreign Volkswagon and (#2) with northern plates. But we discovered we desperately needed to have it, so we ^{got Alabama} ~~forgot/all/about/our~~ plates for it. But Sunday and Monday we really didn't do much of anything but rest up from the trip, to try to get in touch with Earl Neal who was completely not available at that point because the march had already started and he was busy doing 60 million things. And kind of feel out what was going on and get settled in, unpacked the books and put them on a bookshelf, this kind of stuff. And then Tuesday it rained a lot, and Ronny, who was one of the 300 who was marching the whole way needed some boots and some other things so three or four of the kids and Jon and I packed into the Volkswagon and drove out to the camp site. We spent a fair amount of time just wandering around talking to people and delivering Ronny's stuff to him and kind of sizing the situation up. We ran into Morry again who came into town just after us. And he needed somebody on security guard for the night, so Jon went off to do security guard. I stayed in town. And the next morning I went off and joined the march because they'd swelled it up again. And Jon came back I guess and spent most of the day sleeping because he'd been awake all night.

S: Now this would have been what date?

22nd or 23rd
Judy: Um, about the 21st/of March. I forget, you know, the big march started about the 20th, whatever that Sunday was. Yea. So I was just a little bit annoyed because I couldn't find Jon anyplace around on the march Wednesday. But it was interesting. I was dead tired by the time we got to St. where we all camped. I ran into several of the other teenagers then. Later Imogene and I spent a long time wandering around paying less attention to the big show than to the people who were watching. It was really kind of interesting. We finally found Jon after it was getting to be dark, who'd run into a friend of his from Providence, Peggy whatever-her-last-name-is, who might be another good person to talk to because she'd spent the summer in Mississippi with the year before, really very good. And so finally Jon and Imogene and I got really bored with the show so that the three of us went wandering down the street to the hamburger joint which turned out to be closed, so we came back and--I don't know, I guess we were drinking coke or something. Plenty of other people in the place were drinking beer, but I wasn't particularly interested at that point. And, you know, we figured with teenagers with us it was better not to. And Jon on security detail most of the night which didn't involve an awful lot, but kind of going around checking, being sure for one thing people kept fairly close to the encampment and (#2) being sure that the security--the National Guard surrounding the place was doing their job. At a couple of points people tossed rocks and things through the fence. Nobody was really hurt, but it was ^{a ticklish} very ~~typical~~ situation with so many people around and everybody knowing full well what was going on and where they were. Then, well you were on the march, weren't you? yea. Because we ran into just practically everybody we knew I think--was there. I discovered I missed a couple of people, but we spent a lot of time there and next day joined up with the ETS group and that was really good, and my brother joined us in Montgomery, standing on the street corner there and we went marching by and waved to him and he waved to us and came dashing over. He'd come down on a bus with a bunch of people from St. Louis. Who else did I run into?

JUDY UPHAM

Then we took one bunch of teenagers back with us to Selma, and as we drove in it was beginning to get dark again, and somebody asked us if we'd go back for some more, and we told them ~~more~~ no, because there wasn't that much room in the Volkswagon to put kids. I mean, you know, you could get maybe three in the back, and we didn't think it was safe for one person to drive a Volkswagon into Montgomery alone so that we didn't see any point, it was such a small car, in trying to run a shuttle service. That, of course, was the night Mrs. _____ was killed. And in a way I guess a lot of people, us included, had the feeling that she was really awfully stupid. That, you know, it would have made so much more sense for either the negro boy who was with her to be driving or for him to be sitting in the back seat and that there's no point in taking unnecessary risks. I always felt kind of funny doing it whenever we drove around town--we tried to drive with us in the front seat and the kids in the back seat simply because, you know, this is much more accepted than in a completely mixed up car load. You know, you could be driving somebody's kids somewhere or you could be driving your maid home from work, something like that. And then, you know, you can't obviously n _____ when you're going to get yourself killed off, and you might as well be killed off for doing something important, not for doing something stupid. And, you know, we kind of thought--I was really glad the march was over, and again it was sort of the feeling of 'well, we still haven't gotten that much accomplished, but it was really a great thing, and there's a certain very definite value in having national publicity. And Martin Luther King's speech was brilliant, I thought. But we were really glad that maybe now we could get down to work and get something really done instead of just sort of fooling around kind of. Well, partly everybody was just dead tired from the march, and we decided nothing was going to get accomplished until Monday anyway so we sort of relaxed. Friday we went over with Peggy, I guess Peggy Jon and I went over to get Alabama plates for the car at the court house. That was really scary. The only time I'd ever been to the court house before, of course,

was in March. And it turned out to be surprisingly simple. In fact it was too simple because we found out three or four days later that the ladies who had taken the money, and you have to go to about five different windows. And they'd really given us the once over at every window and had it sized up pretty well who we were and what we were doing, and we gave them the Scots' address which was a stupid thing to do. We should have given them the SNCC office or a fake address or something. But at the beginning of the next week Mrs. Scot got the word, you know, 'you either move those white people out of your house or else.' We bounce you out of the project.' And we debated about that a long time because we figured it was Mrs. Scot's house. She had a perfect right to have whoever she wanted to as guests. On the other hand, we didn't really want to be responsible for her being kicked out, and we finally decided well, maybe the simplest thing to do is move. So we did. We moved out to East Selma with B. Vaughn and Cheryl Williams.

S: Excuse me. Ah...with some breaks.

Judy: Yea, little chunks. And I can look through my diary and...because the details of what comes where are beginning to fuzz a little bit more now. Let's see. We're--well, this again is chronologically out of order because we didn't move out ...and Cheryl's until the next week. So after we'd gotten the place, we spent--

S: What I wanted to ask you is now who gave Mrs. Scot the word that--

Judy: Who gave Mrs. Scot the word, it was Jerry Montgomery who was the negro project manager, who happened to live right next door to the Scots. And Jerry was just petrified because he had a heck of a lot to lose by having white people stay in the projects, and it was not very popular among the white power structure. What had happened was somebody from the court house had gotten in touch with a white man who was in charge of both projects. He's the head project supervisor, and this man had gotten in touch with Jerry Montgomery, and Jerry Montgomery had told Mrs. Scot, so it's kind of a long chain of command which is one reason

it took it several days rather than things happening immediately. But, you know, once we had the Alabama plates on we felt a little bit safer because there was more places we could go, and we were beginning to discover that a lot of places we wanted to go it was much safer to drive, and if we wanted to go uptown it was much safer to drive uptown than to walk even though it was a short enough distance to walk. And we decided that it was all around a much better idea. As a matter of fact, our plates were spotted before very long and people were following us around because they knew it was an agitator car just from the license number. But there were other red volkswagons in town, and people who didn't know already would be that much less likely to suspect something. It was about this point that we met the Wests who was a good friend of Morry Samuels. Morry I guess had been staying with the Wests as a matter of fact. One night I guess it was either Friday or Saturday--I guess it was Friday night Mr. West's cousin had sort of a small party, you know, and Jon and Peggy and my brother, John, and I and Morry Samuels and a really sharp girl named Kit Havis (sp?) who's done a lot of freedom work in Mississippi and has written some very good things was there. And the Wests, you know, a few other people. We were all sort of sitting around talking when somebody came in and Morry went out again, came back about five minutes later and said, "All right. Everybody over to Brown's Chapel right now, immediately." And so we went over kind of thinking what on earth was this. And then Morry and Jon and my brother John started standing around outside. What had happened was that several cars of white teenagers and older people had been cruising through the project with rifles in the car. And they wanted somebody in Brown's Chapel to keep the people who were there there. At this point it was just cluttered with people sleeping because it was the only handy place to sleep if you didn't have somebody's house to go to, and most of the houses were pretty well filled up with people too. Mrs. Scot at this point had five, six, seven--seven--outsiders and that was really more than there was room for, although they'd packed in a lot more than that even.

So we spent a couple of hours there. And finally they went away and things calmed down. We went back to the party briefly. Then I went home and washed my hair because it was filthy and everybody else came staggering in--well, not staggering--came wandering in sometime or another, I don't really know when. There-s not, well some--Saturday was another of these kind of wander around talk to people days. Sunday again we went to church, and this time there were more people because some people from Los Angeles had come, including Morry Samuels' then boss, Father Nikclosos- or something like that, they never could pronounce his last name. And so there was a group of about fifteen or twenty who went to church. Some people who lived across the street from the Wests, Corinne Bell and Helen and Johnny-May Scot. And I think Willie-James went that one time. He never went again. And, you know, there were four or five negro kids and the bunch of us, and this time we'd already heard that the church had been given the word by the Bishop that they had to admit us because of the canons