

Chicago

In the South they don't mind how close I get, so long as I don't get too big. In the North they don't mind how big I get, so long as I don't get too close.

Dick Gregory, *Ebony*, 1971

When my flight landed I made my way to the Ecumenical Institute at 3444 West Congress Parkway. They gave me a bed in a room with three bunk beds and told me where meals and chapel were held. I knew it was a kind of religious commune, but wasn't too sure what kind. It didn't seem to belong to a denomination. In fact, the staff were members of seven families who had moved from Texas to Chicago in their religious quest. They found that the Church of the Brethren was selling their seminary on Chicago's West Side and bought it. Rooms once occupied by seminarians were filled with bunk beds for students who came from various churches for training sessions. I sat in on a weekend of classes, which seemed to be half theology and half community organizing.

It didn't take me long to figure out that I didn't belong there. For one thing, I wasn't religious and taking their classes didn't change that. I didn't say anything negative, but I doubt I said anything which made them feel like I was one of them. Further, all of the families were white (except for one inter-racial couple) and at that point being surrounded by white folk made me nervous. When I wanted someone to talk to I went to the kitchen where the workers were all middle-aged black women. They weren't part of the commune; they just worked there. Those women reminded me of the women I had worked with in the South. They were the only people at the EI that I was comfortable with.

At some point, I stumbled across the SDS office at 1608 West Madison St. It occupied half of the second floor of a scruffy office building owned by John Rossen, a former member of the CP. He had left the Party in disgust many years previously, but unlike many ex-Communists did not go right-wing or become a professional anti-Communist. Paradoxically, he became a business man who supported left-wing causes with his income from three Spanish-speaking movie houses, a few stores and this office building. Quite a few lefty groups paid token rent for offices in his building. There was also a print shop. SDS ran the print shop and printed Rossen's theater posters. Many years later I would realize that a lot of current and former Communists became capitalists out of necessity. No one would hire them. I learned decades after I left Northridge that the family across the street from my childhood home were members of the CP at that time. They raised chickens, ran a summer camp for children and did many other things to make money. Unlike my mother, they couldn't become teachers in the public schools or hold most salaried jobs.

I met Rossen when I was working in the SDS print shop. SDS had given me a crash pad when I was kicked out of the Ecumenical Institute. I expected the EI to ask me to leave once they realized that I wasn't going to join their cult, but I thought they'd give me a couple days' notice. I was surprised to return to the EI one evening and find my suitcases sitting outside the front door. They wouldn't let me in long enough to make a phone call. So I dragged my suitcases to the SDS office. Someone offered me a crash-pad in an apartment occupied by several SDSers; someone else introduced me to Rossen. I did a little work in the print shop. Rossen was a really nice guy. He had an extra desk in his office complex which he let me use. It had a typewriter!

There was also a couch in the complex. Sometimes I worked late and just slept there. In the SDS apartment I slept in a large chair, or on the floor. The office couch was more comfortable but I left my suitcases in the SDS apartment and used it to bathe.

Initially I had a very favorable impression of SDS; even flirted with becoming a traveling organizer. Over a few weeks of hanging out, I soured on most of the people I met. They had the same purity problem that I had encountered in the Berkeley Free Speech Movement. They were so enamored with SNCC that they had absorbed its disdain for SCLC and “The Lord.” My 16 months of working for SCLC were treated with scorn. When I mentioned SCOPE, the only woman who had heard of it turned up her nose and said “you were just a bunch of wimps.” They also looked down on my “origins.” When asked where I was from, I said California, but that wasn’t what they were looking for. What they meant, I learned, was which European country my ancestors had immigrated from. At that point, all I knew about my ancestry was that my mother was born and raised in Alabama, as was her mother and her mother before her. But when I said Alabama, I found out why my mother had said that Northerners were prejudiced against Southerners. I might as well have been from Hades.

Looking at the City of Chicago on a map reminded me of a moth clinging to a light bulb. The City was well laid out, spreading from the “Loop” or main business district, across the flat alluvial plain. It was roughly five miles wide and 20 miles from north to south. The Loop was named for the elevated trains (the El) that came in from five outlying sections of the city. They looped around the downtown before going back to the neighborhoods. Outside the Loop, streets formed a grid with broad streets. Once you knew the grid, it was easy to find an address. The lakefront was magnificent with a series of beaches, parks, museums, and elegant buildings. There was even a private airport in the lake so those rich enough to own or rent small planes didn’t have to trudge out to the two municipal airports.

In the 1920s, the Social Science Research Committee at the University of Chicago (UC) identified 75 geographic communities in Chicago and gave them precise boundaries. These were retained over the decades even though the demographic composition and the types of buildings changed. This allowed for more explicit comparisons over time than in cities where neighborhood boundaries were somewhat vague and fluid. For the next 18 months I would live in the Near West Side, labeled Community #28 by the SSRC. This was the home of Hull House and the point of origin of the Great Chicago Fire of 1871. Its 1960 population of 126,000 was 53.8 percent Negro and 45.6 percent “other” (mostly Mexican). There were still pockets of whites remaining from the prior populations of Jews and Italians. (<http://www.encyclopedia.chicagohistory.org/pages/878.html>)

In the 1960 Census, Chicago had a population of 3,550,404, of whom 23.6 percent (837,656) were non-white. This was the largest it had ever been. In the late 19th Century a small but steady migration from the South brought the black population to 40,000 by 1910. Almost 80 percent were concentrated in a ghetto on the South Side of the city in neighborhoods where European immigrants were moving out. Negroes developed their own institutions. Several black newspapers emerged, the best known of which was the *Chicago Defender*. Founded in 1905, it developed a national audience among the black population, telling them that jobs were plentiful in Chicago and paid more in a day than they could earn in a week in Mississippi. (Grossman, 1989, 14-15)

The Great War reduced the flow of European immigrants to a trickle and the Immigration Act of 1924 practically stopped it. As industry lost the stream of low-skilled workers from Southern and Eastern Europe, they looked to the native born to fill those jobs. This fueled the Great Migration which had begun several years earlier. Over the next fifty years, half a million Negroes moved to Chicago. Migrants followed the rail lines. The Illinois Central ran from New Orleans to Chicago through Mississippi, so Negroes from Mississippi were the largest number of those who filled the aging apartments in what became Chicago's blackbelt, followed by those from Alabama and Arkansas. (<http://www.encyclopedia.chicagohistory.org/pages/545.html>)

As Negroes arrived, they were packed into ghettos much tighter than the black neighborhoods of the South. Houses were broken up into apartments, and large apartments into small ones. People per room increased significantly. In the 1920s, a few moved into the Near West Side. During and after WWII, Negroes spread further west and their numbers jumped as the current occupants left deteriorating housing. In the early 1960s, entire blocks were turned into rubble as part of urban renewal efforts, making the remaining housing more expensive. (Risen, 2009, 103-4, 145-6) Blockbusting pulled out more whites. While we were fighting for Fair Housing in Berkeley, the Chicago City Council also passed an ordinance prohibiting race discrimination in the sale or rental of housing. The 1963 Berkeley ordinance was repealed by Berkeley voters in a referendum. (Freeman, 2004, 70) The 1963 Chicago ordinance was ignored, as real estate owners and agents continued to rent or sell only to applicants of a particular neighborhood's ethnic group.

Migration brought racial conflict. Chicago was much more turf conscious than any city I'd seen in the South, let alone California. Conflicts were precipitated when blacks crossed into white territory. The Red Summer of 1919 saw a week of arson, shootings and beatings on the South Side, with 23 blacks and 15 whites killed and over 500 injured. Hostility was rampant for weeks, with scattered violence and clashes between white and black youth, triggered when a black teenager crossed an invisible line on a beach separating the races. (Grossman, 1989, 179) Another major conflict occurred in the industrial suburb of Cicero on Chicago's western border when a black family rented an apartment in an Eastern European neighborhood. As they moved in on July 11, 1951, a mob gathered and threw their belongings into the street and set the building on fire. It took the Illinois National Guard three days to quell the riot. The only person indicted was the landlord who had rented to the black couple. (<http://www.encyclopedia.chicagohistory.org/pages/1032.html>)

Chicago was as much a tribal society as the South, but in a different way. In the South there were basically only two tribes: black and white. Tribes differed from communities. These were fluid. One could belong to several communities and even switch among them. Family members could share some communities but not others. Tribes were rigid. You couldn't change tribes; if you tried you were a traitor. White civil rights workers were traitors to their race. Blacks who worked too closely with whites were Uncle Toms or oreos.

Tribal membership was also rigid in Chicago, but those who worked across the lines weren't as readily stigmatized as they were in the South. There were sub-tribes in both the black and white worlds. In Chicago, the white sub-tribes were ethnicities. Jews worked and lived with Jews, Italians with Italians, Irish with Irish, etc. There was some blending over time, but the sense of being part of an ethnic group remained intact. I hadn't encountered this in California. Because foreign immigration had been restricted in the 1920s, Californians generally immigrated

from other states. There was a standing joke that no one was *born* in California; everyone came from someplace else. While that wasn't entirely true, there was a lot of truth to it. Those whites who moved to California didn't move into ethnic enclaves and thus didn't carry their ethnicity as a primary identity. This was less true of blacks because residential segregation was widely practiced but, since blacks came from many different states, there was some blending among them.

In Chicago the black tribe also had subtribes but these were created. Gangs were tribes. Young black men, and some women, joined gangs in order to feel like they belonged to something. Unlike communities, once they joined, they could not leave. White gangs had organized along ethnic lines long before black gangs; indeed gangs of young white men maintained the residential color lines. Black gangs grew in response, engaging in crime and violence in their own territories. When SCLC came to Chicago, it had to deal with these warring tribes and their strong sense of turf. SCLC wanted the gangs to work together non-violently. That was a big task.

I ran into turf and tribalism on election day, November 8. It had been my habit to work on election day since childhood. While I wasn't familiar with the candidates running in Chicago, I still wanted to do it. I walked into what I thought was a Democratic headquarters on election day to offer my services. I was rather shocked to be rejected. That was my introduction to the Chicago Machine. Years later Abner Mikva, who became a Member of Congress and a federal judge, told a better story about a similar experience when he volunteered to work in the election of 1948. "Who sent you?" asked the man behind the desk. "Nobody," Mikva replied. "Well," the ward heeler responded, "We don't want nobody that nobody sent."

November Election 1966

The 1966 general election in Chicago went as predicted: the Democrats won. However, the Republicans did better outside the city. They took 8 out of 12 Cook County offices and recaptured an Illinois seat in Congress that had been lost in 1964. The biggest Republican gain was the defeat of Democratic Senator Paul Douglas, an outspoken supporter of civil rights, to businessman Charles Percy. Many believed that Douglass' seat was a casualty of Negroes marching in white neighborhoods the previous August. The Senator had received many angry letters denouncing his support of the Civil Rights Acts. Democratic voters where the CFM had marched overwhelmingly voted for Republican Percy. (*WP* 12-5-66,A5; North, 1993, 127, 183, 222) Nationally the Democrats only lost three Senate seats and 47 seats in the House. They still retained a substantial majority. (*NYT* 11-9-66, 25) The Republicans gained 8 Governorships, bringing their total to 25, and ten state houses. (*NYT* 11-10-66, 28) Overall the Republicans recouped their losses from 1964 when Barry Goldwater headed their ticket, but not much more than that. Nonetheless there were a few surprises, especially in the South, where the Republicans were making inroads.

Interviewed after the election, John Doar said that Negro voting in the five Deep South states was "just great." In the fifteen months since the VRA became law, the number of Negroes registered to vote in those states went from 687,000 to 1,150,000. Doar said that was 47.8 percent of NVAP, which was a significant increase over the 28.6 percent who were registered in August of 1965. (quote in *NYT* 11-12-66, 16; *Sun* 11-12-66, A5) The CRD had sent 600 observers to 47 counties in five Southern states: 25 in Mississippi, 13 in Alabama, 6 in Louisiana, 2 in South Carolina and one in Georgia. There were some complaints, but they were mostly technical problems, not wholesale attempts to keep Negroes from voting. (*WP* 11-11-19, A7; *Sun* 11-12-66, A5)

The SRC's Voter Education Project did its own analysis, concluding that the Negro vote was "a major factor in elections across the South." Looking at the 11 Confederate states, the VEP found that Negro votes provided the margin of victory for two governors (Arkansas and South Carolina), one Senator (South Carolina), and two Members of Congress (in North Carolina and Tennessee). The number of Negroes in state legislatures went from 11 to 20. The number of Negroes in local offices went up to 159. While only a few Negroes were elected, their votes were making politicians listen. (See also Black, 1976, 83-4, 267, 269-71)

In South Carolina, Negro leaders avoided anything that might provoke a white backlash, but did turn out roughly 100,000 voters out of a registration of 191,000 to vote for the "better" white man. Negro voters were sufficient to give a 12,000 vote margin of victory to former Governor Fritz Hollings to finish another Senator's term. However, they didn't hurt the re-election to another full term of Sen. Strom Thurmond by 100,000 votes, even though he had switched to the Republican Party in 1964. The voters rejected most of the Republican candidates for other offices that Thurmond had chosen in hopes of demolishing the Democratic Party. They re-elected the one Republican Representative, but otherwise elected and re-elected Democrats despite Thurmond's campaign against LBJ's Great Society and for states' rights. (*NYT* 11-9-66, 28; SRC 1966, 2) Three Negroes were elected to the Beaufort Co. Board of Directors and a couple to local offices. (USCCR, 1968, 219)

In Georgia, Negro leaders tried to defeat both the Democratic and Republican candidates with a write-in vote for popular former Governor, Ellis Arnall. As elsewhere, only about half of Georgia's 300,000 registered Negroes voted, splitting their votes between Arnall and the Republican. Since none of the candidates got a majority, determining who would be the next Governor went to the legislature, which chose the Democrat. In effect, the write-in campaign for Arnall made Maddox the winner. (SRC 1966, 3) Georgia added one more Negro to the state legislature, bringing the total to 11, and a few more to local offices. (USCCR, 1968, 216-7)

Only about a third of 170,000 registered Mississippi Negroes voted, despite an MFDP candidate for Senator. Apparently they split their votes between the three possibilities as the MFDP candidate only got 28,000 votes. Eastland won re-election to the Senate overwhelmingly. (SRC 1966, 6) In Grenada, 3,131 Negroes were eligible to vote. The MFDP candidate got 1,302 votes. (https://www.crmvet.org/docs/6608_sclc_elect-rpt.pdf) However, one Mississippi Negro did become a public official when carpenter Robert Lee Williams, 33, was elected to the school board in Jefferson Co. (USCCR, 1968, 218; SRC 1966, 6; *BAA* 12-31-66, 12; *NYT* 11-12-66, 16)

Alabama had the most interesting election in the South. Ten statewide offices were on the ballot in November. Five of the candidates were women, and all five won. At the top of the ticket was Mrs. George Wallace. The other four offices won by women were Secretary of State, Auditor, State Treasurer and one of three Public Service Commissioners. When they were sworn in the following January, women held a greater proportion of statewide offices in Alabama (fifty percent) than any other state in the nation. Lurleen Wallace was only the third woman Governor in the country's history.

The campaign was marked by sexism, even though that word and concept did not yet exist. James D. Martin had switched parties in 1962 to run for Senate as a Republican. He was elected to the House in 1964 on Goldwater's coattails. He forsook re-election in 1966 to run for Governor, believing that Alabama voters would not elect a woman. "We don't want any skirt for governor," he told an open meeting of Republican leaders. He took out an ad which said "The REAL Choice: A MAN OR A WOMAN!" The ad copy described Lurleen Wallace as a "nice wife, trying to do a man's job in Montgomery." Martin lost with 250,000 votes to 538,000 for Mrs. Wallace. (Carter, 1995, 290-91)

Democratic Negro candidates did reasonably well. Alabama still voted Democratic, so the winners of the primary the previous May won in November. That included the first black Sheriff since reconstruction, three Macon County offices, and school board in Greene County. (*Sun*, 11-12-66, A5) In October, the Sumter Co. DEC had named a Negro businessman as its nominee for Coroner. J.R. Weatherly won unopposed. (*BAA* 10-22-66, 3; *CD* 10-22-66, 4)

All third party candidates lost. In Lowndes County all seven LCFO candidates lost with margins from 273 to 677. Black turnout was light, and some Negroes voted for whites. Although black voters outnumbered whites by 2,681 to 2,100, the white incumbent sheriff defeated the black challenger 2,320 to 1,643. In Dallas County, 15,717 Negroes went to the polls; all 8 DCIFVO candidates lost badly. (*NYT* 11-9-66, 25; *WP* 11-12-66, A2)

After the ballots were counted in November, it looked like the civil rights movement had failed in its efforts to translate Negro votes into political power. The VRA had certainly increased the Negro vote considerably, but, contrary to assumptions, those votes had not been a

solid “black bloc” following the directions of Negro leaders. Neither SCLC’s strategy to make Negroes a power within the Democratic Party nor SNCC’s strategy to create independent county level black political parties resulted in demonstrable success. On the contrary, the VRA had stimulated whites to register and vote who had previously ignored elections. In the elections of 1966 Negroes were more willing to vote for whites than whites were willing to vote for Negroes. In Alabama, voters still had a love affair with George Wallace, even when they had to vote for his wife to declare their affections. (Carter, 1995, 287, 291)

From the perspective of fifty years later, it’s clear that the VRA made a revolution possible. When Negroes registered and voted, things began to change. They didn’t change abruptly and they didn’t change all in the same direction or at the same time, but Southern politics would never be the same.

The Chicago Freedom Movement

SCLC started thinking about going North in 1965, believing that its non-violent strategy could be used to tackle the economic problems of the slums. It considered several cities as test cases, but soon focused on the two largest cities: New York and Chicago because both had very large black populations. However, NY Congressman Adam Clayton Powell made it clear that he didn't want SCLC in New York, at least not in Harlem, which was his domain. Chicago had several organizations which were more welcoming and heavy concentrations of blacks in two large ghettos. (*CD* 6-19-65, 9; *WP* 8-7-65, A8)

The most important of these was the Co-ordinating Council of Community Organizations (CCCO), an umbrella group of 44 mostly black organizations. It had formed in 1962 to fight school segregation and the poor quality of black schools. As in the South, Negro children were often taught in overcrowded schools that had limited equipment and were poorly maintained while whites went to schools with smaller classes and more programs. Unlike the South, these Negro schools were in Negro neighborhoods. They were a direct consequence of housing segregation far more rigid than that in the South, augmented by a policy of sending children to schools only in their own neighborhoods. Although the white schools often had empty classrooms, white parents did not want Negro children going to their schools. (Anderson, 1986, 56-7, 99-100; <http://www.encyclopedia.chicagohistory.org/pages/221.html>)

The CCCO organized two massive school boycotts in October 1963 and February 1964 to emphasize its demand that the school superintendent be fired. Instead he was reappointed in May of 1965. In February, the CCCO elected middle-school teacher Albert A. Raby as its head. Raby quit his job to work full time with CCCO, leading daily marches on City Hall during the summer. Raby estimated that a total of 6,000 people marched that summer in addition to the 15,000 who marched with Dr. King on July 26. Bringing Dr. King to Chicago for three days of rallies was part of the CCCO's strategy to go national. It also filed a complaint with the Office of Education, charging that the *de facto* segregated schools violated Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. New York Rep. Adam Clayton Powell held hearings in Washington on Chicago's schools. SCLC decided to start its Northern campaign in Chicago because there was an active coalition of people already marching. (*NYT* 7-25-65, 39; 7-27-65, 18; North, 1993, 35; Raby interview in Finley, 2016, 23; Raby estimate in North, 1993, 27; Anderson, 1986, 118-9, 127-33, 159-62, 166, 174)

Many of the marches were led by comedian Dick Gregory. On August 1, he decided to march the demonstrators from City Hall to the home of Mayor Daley, five miles away at 3536 S. Lowe Ave. in the Bridgeport neighborhood. As they marched around the block, many of Daley's neighbors yelled and threw things at the marchers. When this was repeated on August 2, 65 demonstrators were arrested, including Dick Gregory, for refusing to disperse. Charged with disorderly conduct, they were convicted at trial. In January of 1968, the Illinois Supreme Court unanimously affirmed the convictions. In 1969, the US Supreme Court unanimously reversed. (McKersie, 2012, 112-15, 124-7, 203; *NYT*, 8-8-65, 63; *CD* 8-11-65, 4; *Chicago v. Gregory*)

The Chicago Freedom Movement begins

The Chicago Freedom Movement (CFM) officially began on January 7, 1966 when Dr.

King announced “a full-scale assault” on slums in Chicago. He said that he wanted to see gains in jobs, education and housing. (*NYT* 1-8-66, 22) On January 26, he moved into a four-room flat on the West Side of Chicago at 1550 South Hamlin Ave. in the neighborhood known as North Lawndale. He rarely stayed there more than half a week and his children continued to attend Atlanta schools. Mrs. King brought their kids to Chicago for a few weeks after school ended, but took them back to Atlanta in July when she realized how dangerous it was to live on the West Side. (*NYT* 1-27-66, 37; King, C., 1969, 276-7, 288)

Some things had changed since Dr. King explained “Why Chicago is the Target” in black publications the previous September. At that time, he wrote that our “fight [is] for quality, integrated education, which has been waged in that city for more than five years.” (quote in *NYAN* 9-11-65, 16) By 1966, the main focus had switched to housing.

This change came from several months of preparation under the direction of James Bevel. He had been SCLC’s chief organizer of the Selma project, but SCLC wasn’t sure what to do with him when the march to Montgomery ended. He was used to heading bigger projects than that of a single county. SCLC already had state directors and Hosea Williams was running SCOPE. Bernard Lafayette, now in Chicago working for the AFSC’s Urban Affairs Program, asked Bevel to join him in Chicago. Bernard had worked with Bevel off and on for years and thought he could provide energy and direction. (Lafayette in Finley, 2016, 389-92) He introduced Bevel to the West Side Christian Parish (WSCP) which hired him to be its program director. Founded in 1951 the WSCP was an interdenominational social service agency serving poor people on the West Side. It was funded by the Chicago City Missionary Society (CCMS) whose roots lay in the 1880s as part of the Congregational Church.

The WCPS and the CCMS saw their mission as improving the lives of the poor both through religious ministry and helping people find jobs and housing. Throughout the fall of 1965, Bevel brought various community groups together to talk about their problems. Among them were representatives from several industrial unions. From these meetings the idea emerged to organize unions of tenants with the same landlord as part of a general Union to End Slums. (North, 1993, 40-1; Cornfield, et. al. in Finley, 2015; *NYT* 2-17-66, 18) Staff headquarters was opened in the Warren Avenue Congregational Church at 3101 Warren Ave. in the city’s West Side ghetto. A sign containing the project’s distinctive logo faced the street. (<https://exhibits.stanford.edu/fitch/catalog/ky530hq2683>)

A dozen people who had worked with SCLC in the South joined Bevel in Chicago. Some, like James Orange, J. T. Johnson and Harold Middlebrook were native Southerners. Others – Jimmy Wilson, Susie Hill, Sherie Land, and Claudia King– originally came from Chicago. They had gone to Alabama for the Selma marches and stayed to work over the summer. Lynn Adler, Ralph Bennett and a couple others had been in SCOPE projects. Working with them were staff from the West Side Christian Parish and a few volunteers, giving Bevel a full-time staff of 23, augmented by other SCLC staff who came and went. (North, 1993, 62, 254n7, 261n59; Finley, 2015, 1-2; *NYT* 1-8-66, 22)

They began by testing. Selecting neighborhoods at least a mile from the ghetto with housing prices a black family could afford, they sent couples to a local real estate office to inquire about available apartments. By alternating black and white couples they accumulated data showing that blacks and whites were only shown apartments in neighborhoods occupied by

their own race. Reports were made to the Chicago Commission on Human Relations, which had responsibility for enforcing the Fair Housing ordinance. When nothing happened, the CFM decided to hold an all-night vigil outside the real estate office. (*CD* 7-28-66, 1; Rose in *Chicago Sun-Times*, 8-5-16)

Operation Breadbasket

Jesse Jackson, a student at the Chicago Theological Seminary, hosted weekly discussions in the cafeteria on the social gospel. In the fall of 1965, they talked about how to support the CFM. Having been active in the civil rights movement in his hometown of Greenville, SC and at his undergraduate school in Greensboro, NC, Jesse was already known to key figures in SCLC such as C. T. Vivian and Al Sampson. He had worked with Bernard Lafayette in his AFSC project. He had marched in Selma. Bevel advised Dr. King to appoint him to head the Chicago branch of Operation Breadbasket. (Deppe, 2017, 18; Jackson in Finley, 2015, 239-47) SCLC had started OB in Atlanta, headed by Rev. Fred Bennette. Its purpose was to persuade white businesses to hire Negroes and to purchase goods and services from Negro business owners. I'd heard of it at the Atlanta Freedom House, where I met Rev. Bennette, but it didn't appear to be doing much, at least not in Atlanta. On February 11, 1966 Dr. King announced the formation of the Chicago chapter of Operation Breadbasket to a large group of Chicago ministers as a way to create jobs and economic opportunity. Jesse dropped out of CTS to spend his time heading OB. (Deppe, 2017, 1, 21)

Breadbasket spent the Spring getting organized. It shared space at the CCCO office at 366 E. 47th St. SCLC paid its expenses from money raised at a Freedom Festival held at Chicago's Amphitheater on March 12. Over 13,000 people bought tickets to hear some of the top Negro talent in the country, raising \$80,000 for the CFM. (*BAA* 3-19-66, 11; 3-26-66, 13; Deppe, 2017, 8-9; Collier in Finley, 2015, 336) The Festival's success caught Daley's attention. On March 24, Daley brought 17 of his department heads to meet with Dr. King and 45 civic and religious leaders. City services such as garbage pick-up and rat-patrol in Negro neighborhoods improved. Building inspectors issued hundreds of violations on the West Side. The welfare department suspended rent payments. SCLC was used to the Southern response of massive denial. It wasn't used to the Chicago strategy of co-option. (*NYT* 3-25-66, 37; *WP* 3-27-66, M1; North, 1993, 86; Anderson, 1986, 190-91)

While the CFM was meeting, Breadbasket was boycotting. The steering committee, composed roughly of two dozen local pastors, picked a dairy company as the first target. When it refused to give them employment statistics by race OB began picketing and leafleting stores which carried the brand, urging them to take it off their shelves. Ministers of black churches told their congregations not to buy that brand. It took a month to win that first victory. The dairy agreed to create 44 openings for black applicants and upgrade other jobs. Other dairies soon signed similar agreements. (*CD* 4-11-66, 7; Deppe, 2017, 21, 23, 29-34) Soft-drink companies came next. "In just ten weeks, our agreements with the soft drink companies brought ... a total of 168" new jobs. (*CD* 8-15-66, 8; 9-29-66, 4; Deppe, 2017, 34-7) The CFM also had a victory in late July when it signed a collective bargaining agreement with a rental company which owned 45 buildings, specifying the rights and responsibilities of both landlord and tenants. (North, 1993, 63-4, 262n63; Finley, 2015, 189-90) Operation Breadbasket continued to make demands of the private sector while the CFM made them of public officials.

Violence and Non-violence

As part of his job with the AFSC, Bernard Lafayette had worked with gangs on the West Side in an effort to redirect their energies from crime and violence to using direct action to address community concerns. In November of 1964, he organized a three-day workshop to teach the virtues of non-violence to about one hundred youth. Five months later he brought a dozen gang members to the Selma march. Bevel and his staff continued this effort. Gangs had organization, discipline and leadership, which could be useful in direct action. SCLC needed their youthful energy and bodies for demonstrations. Converting gang members to non-violence wasn't easy. James Orange was beaten up several times before the gangs were persuaded that refusing to retaliate took guts. After quite a bit of outreach, the leaders of some of the gangs began talking to SCLC. Gang members visited Dr. King in his apartment; he walked around the neighborhood and even shot pool with them. SCLC sent a busload to Mississippi during the Meredith March to see non-violence in practice. They came back imbued with black power rhetoric, which wasn't exactly what SCLC had in mind. (Lafayette, 2013, 96, 126; Smith in Finley, 2015, 295-7; Vivian in Finley, 73-4; *CD* 4-5-66, 6)

The Meredith March delayed SCLC's plans for a summer of direct action. SCLC drew up a list of demands which they planned to present to Daley after a major rally on June 26. Instead, Dr. King spoke to 35,000 in Soldier Field on Sunday, July 10 in 98 degree heat. Joined by Floyd McKissick and James Meredith, Dr. King pleaded for unity in the effort to make Chicago an "open city." This was followed by a two-mile march of five thousand people through the Loop to City Hall, where he attached a six-page list of 14 demands to its door. The next day he met with Daley for two hours. When they parted, Dr. King expressed disappointment that the Mayor seemed sympathetic but made no commitments. (*WP* 6-12-66, M13; 7-11-66, A1; *CD* 7-11-66, 3; *Sun* 7-12-66, A5; *NYT* 7-14-66 1; Finley, 2015, 45-8; North, 1993, 105-9)

Tuesday evening the police turned off a fire hydrant on the Near West Side in which kids were playing in the water to stave off the debilitating heat. The kids threw rocks and bottles at the cop cars. The Chicago police called for 30 more cars to come to their aid. CFM staff and those of the West Side Organization (WSO) went into the streets to talk to the people and prevent confrontations with the police. They asked the police to stay out of sight, but that didn't happen. As many as a thousand people continued to throw rocks and bottles and Molotov cocktails at cops, whites, Puerto Ricans and storefronts. Late that night, Dr. King brought the kids into a church to talk, but that didn't deter them. Sporadic violence continued for another 24 hours while staffers kept walking the streets. A sudden cloudburst finally sent people home. (Brown, 1978, 49-55; King, C., 1969, 284-5; Ellis, 196, 89-91; *CD* 7-13-66, 5; 7-18-66, 5; *Sun* 7-13-66, A5; 7-14-66, A6; Anderson, 1986, 210-212)

Thursday night trouble erupted in North Lawndale, a couple miles to the west. Store windows were shattered, buildings were burned and rubble piled up. Friday evening 3,000 National Guardsmen moved into the West Side to curb 5,000 rioters. An uneasy calm returned, but only after two were killed, 30 injured and several hundred arrested. Daley and Dr. King each blamed the other for the violence but met on Friday. Dr. King presented Daley with five demands, mostly related to cooling off. Daley agreed to all but the demand for a civilian review board of the police. Daley did not think police brutality was a problem. (*NYT* 7-15-66, 1; 7-16-66, 8; 7-17-66, 141; 7-18-66, 1; 7-19-66, 19; *WP* 7-16-66, A1; 7-17-66, A8; *Sun* 7-16-77, A5; *BAA* 7-23-66, 1; Lafayette interview in Finley, 2015, 49; North, 1993, 109-12; Anderson,

1986, 212-216)

The Marches Begin

The CFM held its first vigil on Friday, July 29, outside the Halvorsen real estate office at 63rd and Kedzie. While a few dozen demonstrators held placards and sang, they were heckled by two hundred white youths. When time came to leave, no one wanted to walk into that hostile crowd so the police loaded them into squad cars and vans and took them to the Southside Freedom Center in Englewood. They decided to return the next day. On Saturday, Raby, Bevel and Jackson led 250 Negroes and a few whites through a white neighborhood on Chicago's southwest side to emphasize that Negroes should be able to move into any area. Walking two abreast on the sidewalk they were greeted with jeers, rocks and bottles. The hatred and violence by local whites to Negroes marching in their midst was similar to what we were experiencing in Grenada, Mississippi that summer. Whites threw objects at the marchers over the heads of police escorts, broke windows and damaged parked cars. (*NYT* 7-30-66, 11; 7-31-66, 56; *WP* 7-31-66, A6; North, 1993, 120; Rose in *Chicago Sun-Times*, 8-5-16)

This was repeated on Sunday. Several hundred marchers were harassed by close to a thousand whites as they visited real estate offices. Police escorts did not prevent violence. Several people were hurt by rocks and firecrackers. The police marched the demonstrators out of the white areas into black blocks before letting them disperse. Most of their cars had been left in a lot in Marquette Park while the CFM marched in nearby neighborhoods; 22 were burned and two pushed into the lagoon. The police had all of the cars towed from the park. The marches were led by Al Raby, but Dr. King issued a statement saying the police were lax in protecting the peaceful marchers. At least in Grenada we had a federal court order compelling the police to protect us, even if they didn't want to. When law enforcement failed to provide protection, the federal judge found them in contempt. In Chicago demonstrators were dependent on the good will of the cops, most likely generated by their desire not to get bad publicity. (*FBI-LBJ*, 8-1-66, 4; 8-2-66, 2; Finley, 2015, 53-54; *NYT* 8-2-66, 12; 8-5-66, 11; *WP* 8-1-66, A3; *CD* 8-3-66, 3; North, 1993, 120-1, 128)

August was a very hot month. The CFM continued to march almost daily in 90 degree heat. As they went into neighborhoods where they were not welcome, the responses were hotter. White teenagers picked fights with marching Negroes. The call of "go home niggers" pierced the air. UFOs flew thick and fast. Sometimes there were as many as three marches in a day. Occasionally there were none. The marchers went to real estate offices in various neighborhoods, as well as to the offices of the Board of Realtors and the Chicago Housing Authority in the Loop. (*FBI-LBJ* 8-11-66, 4-5; *NYT* 8-3-66, 23; 8-4-66, 15; 8-11-66, 23; 8-12-66, 20; 8-14-66, 48; 8-16-66, 16; *CD* 8-4-66, 2, 3; 8-11-66, 3; *WP* 8-11-66, A11; 8-14-66, E3; *Sun* 8-11-66, A6; 8-15-66, A1)

The march to Marquette Park on August 5 was one of the "hottest." As roughly 100 cars drove 500 protestors to the 300 acre park, they were stoned and heckled by white youths. Waiting at the park were about 1,500 whites carrying Confederate flags and racist signs, as well as rocks, cherry bombs and other throwables. The residents of this neighborhood were largely Lithuanians whose ancestors had arrived decades after the Confederates were defeated. One member of a group of white ministers later wrote that "We were quickly surrounded by the local residents, who had worked themselves into a frenzy over this 'invasion' of their quiet

neighborhood.... [W]e paused, knelt and prayed for an open city, justice and calm, while the crowd screamed, heckled and threw stones, cans and trash at us. This was the one time I was seriously grateful for a police presence.” (Deppe, 2017, 12) Dr. King led a separate march later that afternoon. When a rock struck his face, it caused a momentary pause. SCLC staffer John Reynolds later wrote: “As Martin bent over, holding his face, the security detail surrounded him.... As we turned to get Martin back to the car, missiles were still raining down upon us. Those of us closest to Martin tried to protect him from being struck again.” (Reynolds, 2012, 78) The FBI reported that 43 of 2,500 hecklers were arrested and charged with disorderly conduct, 15 protestors and 3 police went to the hospital to be treated for cuts and lacerations. (FBI-LBJ 8-6-66; North, 1993, 123)

Violence waxed and waned. March leaders were popular targets for the UFOs, but they weren't the only ones attacked. A white nun in full habit was cursed and hit by bricks while the crowd cheered. A black priest was pulled from his car and beaten by a white mob after participating in a march. He was rescued by two white cops in plain clothes. Two cars filled with Negroes were attacked in a white south Chicago neighborhood just for driving through. The violence led Daley to call for a moratorium on marches. When the CFM ignored this request, Daley ordered his precinct captains to go door-to-door urging people to stay home during the marches. Occasionally the local Aldermen hit the streets. Some days local businessmen and clergy canvassed their neighborhood. This generally worked to reduce the crowds of harassers, but not all of the violence, and it was labor intensive. (*NYT* 8-13-66, 8; *CD* 8-8-66, 3; 8-9-66, 3,4,5; 8-15-66, 1; 8-17-66, 23; 8-23-66, 3; *WP* 8-1-66, A3; 8-8-66, A6; 8-9-66, A4; 8-10-66, A4; 8-13-66, A4; 8-15-66, A3; *Sun* 8-13-66, A1; North, 1993, 148)

There were some differences between Chicago and Mississippi. In Grenada, the hostile and violent whites who met us in the streets were almost all young men. In Chicago, these youth were joined by many women, children and older white men. Most of the neighborhoods where the CFM marched were ethnic enclaves of first and second generation eastern and southern European immigrants – Lithuanians, Poles, Slavs – who wanted no association at all with blacks. In Mississippi, most whites could trace their ancestry to the War and before. They had worked and played with Negroes all their lives; thought they were fine as long as they stayed in their place. Unlike Grenada, the CFM marches had a lot of whites in them. They might not be from the same neighborhoods the marchers were going through, but they lived and worked in Chicago. The whites in Southern marches were, with very few exceptions, outsiders, and those few exceptions were only in the cities. Any local white who openly supported civil rights would have been tarred and feathered and run out of town. In Chicago, white supporters could go home at night. (North, 1993, 120, 135-6, 279n70, 281n83; *NYT* 8-3-66, 23; 8-4-66, 15; *WP* 8-14-66, E3)

As in Mississippi, civil rights demonstrations attracted extremists. The American Nazi Party (ANP) and the National States Rights Party both came to the marches looking for recruits. They passed out leaflets and signs with swastikas and “White Power” on them, as well as Confederate flags. On August 14, the ANP held a night rally in Marquette Park which attracted 2,000 whites. A week later 2,500 whites came to a similar rally during the day. The only one who succeeded in finishing his speech was ANP Commander George Lincoln Rockwell. He was followed by four men in Ku Klux Klan regalia. When one tried to speak, he was arrested because he didn't have a permit. The same thing happened to an organizer of the National States Rights Party. They tried to march to the closest police station, but were stopped. Several hundred white youths threw rocks and bottles at passing Negro motorists. When several tried to pull a Negro

family from their stopped car, they were arrested. The ANP also picketed CFM rallies in black churches, especially when Dr. King was speaking. (FBI-LBJ 8-22-66, 1-2; *WP* 8-15-66, A3; 8-16-66, A3; 8-22-66, A1; *CD* 8-17-66, 3; *NYT* 8-16-66, 16; 8-17-66, 23; 8-19-66, 19; 8-21-66, 175; 8-23-66, 35; North, 1993, 148-9)

All of this was running the Chicago police ragged, as well as running up the overtime. Several cops simply resigned from their jobs. On August 19, a state judge issued a temporary injunction restricting marches to one a day, with 24-hour notice and no more than 500 participants. This led Dr. King to announce that there would be marches in Chicago's suburbs, as the injunction only applied to the City itself. On August 21, the CFM marched in Chicago and two suburbs. All three marches were greeted with hecklers and flying objects. Dr. King led 450 marchers in a far south neighborhood of Chicago escorted by 700 cops; 17 white youths were arrested for disorderly conduct. In the other marches, state police augmented the suburban police. There were fewer arrests and more injuries. Dr. King said the next march would be in Cicero, a town on Chicago's western border. Its population of almost 70,000 Eastern Europeans were known for their hostility to Negroes. SCLC had been threatening to march in Cicero for some time, knowing that there would be a violent reaction. As if to add emphasis to this threat, a march in Chicago on August 23 saw another violent response; 19 counter protestors were arrested. (*NYT* 8-21-66, 47; 8-22-66, 1; 8-24-66, 34; *CD* 8-22-66, 3; *WP* 8-22-66, A1; *Sun* 8-9-66, A4; 8-19-66, A6; 8-24-66, A9; FBI-LBJ 8-22-66, 1-2; 8-24-66, 1-2)

The injunction wasn't the only legal action. The ACLU filed a class-action lawsuit in federal district court against the Chicago Housing Authority. It claimed that the CHA maintained residential segregation by the way it chose sites for public housing and assigned tenants to those sites. The case wasn't decided until February of 1969, when the court told the CHA to come up with a plan to remedy the effects of past discrimination and preclude future discrimination. (*NYT* 8-13-66, 43; *CD* 8-11-66, 5; *Gautreaux* 1969)

Meetings

As the marches drew attention and ran up police time, several meetings took place between the Mayor or his representatives, envoys of the real estate industry and the CFM. In the South, just getting officials to talk to movement representatives was like pulling teeth. In Chicago, it was more like brushing teeth. The dialog that was scorned by the white power structure in the South was embraced by the same leaders in the North.

What made the difference was that blacks could vote in Chicago. Whereas white elites in the South practiced exclusion, in the North they engaged in co-option. As blacks came north with the Great Migration, political machines used the same strategy they used for European immigrants. They helped them with their problems and registered them to vote, expecting them to vote for their "friends" as identified by the local precinct captain. By and large, that is what happened. In 1914 Oscar De Priest became the first Negro elected to the City Council. In 1928 the Republican machine selected him to replace a Member of Congress who had died. He kept that office for six years until he was replaced by another Negro chosen by the Democratic machine. He was the first black M.C. elected in the 20th Century, and the first outside the South. In 1966 Chicago had one black Representative and six blacks among the fifty members on the City Council. Black voters were a reliable constituency of the Chicago Democratic Machine. Daley's problem with the CFM marches was that it pitted two of his most dependable voting

groups against each other. One Democratic leader told the press “We lose white votes every time there’s an outbreak, and we don’t gain Negro votes.” (CD 8-9-66, 3)

That is why Daley repeatedly offered to meet with Dr. King. Dr. King wanted to end slums; Mayor Daley wanted to end the demonstrations. On August 9 he said “there must be some way of resolving this question without marches.” (NYT 8-10-66, 28) On August 17, the Episcopal Bishop hosted a 10 hour meeting of Dr. King, Al Raby, Mayor Daley, religious leaders, labor unions, real estate executives and city officials. (NYT 8-18-66, 30) CCCO made eleven demands. The city presented a nine-point proposal. (Anderson, 1986, 237-54) Smaller meetings continued over the next week. Pressured by the impending demonstration in Cicero, Dr. King and Mayor Daley finally agreed on ten points, which became known as the “summit agreement.” They included enhanced enforcement of the fair housing ordinance, making mortgages available to black home buyers, and pressure by the Chicago Real Estate Board on its members to show Negro home buyers the same houses as whites. All pledged to help qualified Negroes buy or rent housing wherever they could afford to live. They informally set a specific goal of at least one percent Negro occupancy in all 75 Chicago neighborhoods by April 30, 1967. After they ratified the agreement on August 26, Dr. King said it was a “significant victory in justice, freedom and democracy.” (NYT 8-28-66, 50; quote and description of the ten points in WP 8-29-66, A4; details in Anderson, 1986, 255-69, 272; text of summit agreement <http://cfm40.middlebury.edu/node/48>)

Not everyone was happy. White property owners picketed City Hall to protest the agreement. They accused Daley of “selling-out.” (NYT 8-30-66, 28) Some local Negro leaders denounced the CFM. WSO head Chester Robinson said the agreement was a “betrayal of the poor of the Negro ghettos.” (NYT 8-28-66, 50) Robert Lucas of CORE expressed similar sentiments. When Dr. King called off the Cicero march, Robinson said his group would still march. CORE got a permit to march on Sunday, September 4. Town officials asked Governor Otto Kerner to mobilize the National Guard because there weren’t enough Cicero police to handle the anticipated violence. (Finley, 2015, 64-65; Anderson, 1986, 273-4; NYT 8-28-66, 51; 8-31-66, 32; WP 8-31-66, A5) On the designated day, about 500 state, county and local police were stationed along a 30-block route as 250 CORE members and supporters walked in the middle of the street. National Guard troops were brought in when violence threatened, but weren’t always where they were needed to hold back a howling mob of whites, numbering in the thousands. Former SCOPers Alvin Compaan and Ralph Bennett marched with them. Looking back, Ralph thought “Oh to survive the Rednecks to then get killed by a rock throwing Lithuanian/Latvian when the National Guard was protecting us!” Several people were injured, including marchers, cops, guardsmen and counter-protestors, but only 39 were arrested. (WP 9-6-66, A12; NYT 9-6-66, 27; Bennett e-mail of 2-6-20)

CORE announced that it would march again the following Sunday, but in one of the white neighborhoods in Chicago where the CFM had met violence. When CORE leader Robert Lucas was arrested for numerous unpaid fines from earlier arrests, CORE switched to picketing the House of Corrections where he was being held. The day before, 150 supporters of the American Nazi Party marched from that same neighborhood through the edge of the South Side ghetto encircled by 400 cops. They wore t-shirts blaring swastikas surrounded by WHITE POWER. ANP leader George Lincoln Rockwell was arrested before the march even started; six were hurt before it was over. Few watched from the sidelines, but a block away black youth threw rocks and bottles at passing white motorists. (NYT 9-11-66, 1; 9-12-66,49; Sun 9-11-66, 3;

BAA 9-17-66, 12)

Over the next year, the CFM sputtered into oblivion. By the Spring of 1967 most of the SCLC staff had gone home or someplace else. Bevel went to New York to organize a Spring march against the war in Viet Nam. The CCCO fragmented, dissolving in September. There were some spin-off projects which remained active but the movement dissipated. The summit agreement remained more of an ideal than an actuality. The general consensus was that the CFM was a failure because there were no readily visible changes. (Anderson, 1986, 324-5, 336) SCLC had bit off more than it could chew. "End Slums" was simply too big and too vague as a goal. But, as in the South, there were long-term changes. It just took a few years to see them emerge. (North, 1993, 220-35; McKersie, 2012, 175-84)

Finding my Way in the Second City

The one person I wanted to connect with when I got to Chicago was Cathy Deppe, my roommate from the Birmingham Christmas project the year before. We'd become good friends and kept in touch via the US mail. I'd hitched to her wedding in August. She and husband George were in grad school at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, about 150 miles away. I wrote her as soon as I could find a typewriter. She wanted me to come visit and, after election day, I did.

The date was determined by a talk at UI given by Alvin Poussaint on his paper on the white, female civil rights worker that I'd heard about during the Meredith March. It had been used to legitimate the belief that white women went South only to sleep with Negro men. Did he really believe that, I wanted to know. There were only two dozen people in the seminar he ran so I had plenty of opportunity to ask questions. I also got a copy of the paper. He confirmed what I thought, that his analysis was based on therapy sessions with distraught white women during the 1964 Freedom Summer, not *all* white women. The popular interpretation of his analysis was sort of like saying that every woman has breast cancer after examining the ones who had painful lumps in their breasts. He agreed that it was unfortunate that his theory was treated like it was based on a survey of an entire population and not just intensive talk with the ones with problems. I told him about the difficulties that paper generated for white women on the March. He said that he could do the research and report what he found, but he couldn't control how it was used.

I slowly reconnected with SCLC staff who were in and out of Chicago such as Stoney Cooks and Carl Ferris. Carl told me about the Urban Training Center for Christian Mission (UTC), which had hired C.T. Vivian the year before as its director of fellowships and internships. Founded in 1963 in order to educate ministers about urban problems, the UTC was financed by a five year grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. Although aimed at ministers from a dozen different denominations, it included seminarians and lay people in its training programs. Former civil rights workers were welcome. Its headquarters at 40 N. Ashland Ave. was in the stately First Congregational Church on the edge of the West Side ghetto. Its former congregation of two thousand had fled to the suburbs as Negroes and Hispanics moved in. UTC was committed to working with the new residents on their own terms. Over two dozen UTC staff and participants had been arrested in CFM demonstrations the previous summer. All of this convinced me to apply to be a trainee. Cathy's brother, Rev. Martin Deppe, wrote a letter of recommendation for me. While C.T. Vivian didn't know me personally, he certainly knew Hosea, and knew of SCOPE, so my months with SCLC helped as well. On November 29, my application was accepted to start as a trainee at the beginning of January, sponsored by the United Church of Christ. Now I just had to find a way to survive for the rest of 1966. (Gellman, 2016, 212-3, 220)

Carl also found a solution to that problem. He introduced me to Margie Kinsella, who had a 1.5 bedroom apartment at 2552 N. Southport. Besides going to school full-time and working full-time, she was helping organize a conference to plan a national student strike sometime in the Spring. Part of the growing opposition to the war in Viet Nam, it would be at the University of Chicago at the end of December. Margie was the secretary of the Chicago Peace Council, which was a major conference sponsor. She offered me a place to sleep for the rest of December in exchange for my doing the grunt work for the conference. Bettina Aptheker

Kurzweil, whom I had known during the FSM, flew in from the Bay Area to speak at the conference and also stayed in Margie's apartment. Over 200 students from around the country came for the three day meeting. Bevel was suppose to be the main speaker but didn't show. He had left for New York to organize the Spring mobilization against the war. (<https://www.vietnam.ttu.edu/star/images/215/2150608003b.pdf>)

At SCLC's HQ, I met those of the CFM staff who hadn't left. One of these was Jack Finley, who had become SCLC's photographer in Chicago. Bob Fitch was still SCLC's main photographer, but he had plenty to do in the South. Jack was from Wisconsin, though he had traveled widely. He'd done some civil rights work in Wisconsin, but came to Chicago at Bevel's request after Bevel discovered his skills. He asked Jack to put together an audio-visual slide show that could be sent all over the country. When Bevel left, Jack mostly worked for Operation Breadbasket. He had set up a darkroom in the Warren Ave. church. I wanted him to teach me darkroom techniques. I had helped Bob in the Atlanta darkroom, but hadn't learned the details of how to turn film into prints. Jack was willing to teach me.

Operation Breadbasket continued making deals as the CFM degenerated. Its next target were supermarket chains. In addition to hiring more blacks, OB wanted the markets to put products produced by black businesses on its shelves, and put some of its proceeds into black banks. As with the dairies, there was initial resistance, but the markets gave way more quickly. On November 19, OB signed its first agreement with a supermarket. On December 9, it signed its second. Dr. King hailed these agreements as major victories. He appointed Jesse to be the director of Special Projects and Economic Development – which was a new unit in SCLC. (Deppe, 2017, 38-43; *CD* 11-21-66, 4; *NYT* 11-26-66, 32; 12-1-66, 15; *WP* 11-26-66, A6) Operation Breadbasket succeeded where the CFM did not because it focused on small targets. Unlike SNCC, it put black power into practice.

In early December, the CFM staff let me know that Hosea was in town and looking for me. Dr. King had sent Hosea to Chicago to organize a voter registration project. (*NYT* 12-3-66, 32) Hosea wanted me to go back on staff and do the same kind of research that I had done for the Birmingham project the year before. Hosea had brought some of his staff with him (Big Lester and Leon were two) but they were street workers not researchers. I resisted going back on staff, but said I'd work for him half-time until the end of December. In turn, Hosea said he'd pay me half of a subsistence salary. I balked at that. Half subsistence was half subsisting, I said. How was I going to do that? We compromised. Instead of \$50 for two weeks subsistence up front, he gave me \$30 and said I'd get the rest in two weeks. As I soon discovered, Hosea's idea of half-time was half of a sixteen hour day, only some of which was on the research I had agreed to do.

My first task was to go to the Board of Elections to get ward and precinct maps. Since this wasn't the South, I made the mistake of telling the desk clerk that I wanted the maps for SCLC rather than pretending to be a student doing a term paper. After a long runaround, with many consultations in a back office, the clerk told me that I had to bring a written request on letterhead stationary, signed by the head of my organization. They knew that was Dr. King. I left pissed, but Hosea knew what to do. The next day I plopped the letter in front of the clerk with Dr. King's signature boldly staring up at him. At least ten people read that letter before the chief clerk tried to intimidate me into leaving. Suffice it to say that I got my maps. I didn't get all of the precinct statistics. They said that detailed numbers wouldn't be available until December 30.

It didn't take long to realize that running a voter registration project in Chicago was a waste of time. SCLC did this reflexively, following the pattern it used in the South. There, bringing blacks into the electorate created a potential power block which local black leaders could use to make Negro lives and neighborhoods better. In Chicago, most blacks were already registered, and their votes were controlled, or at least influenced, by the Machine through its precinct workers. The Machine gave blacks token representation; not quite the percentage that they were of the population, but something. Cong. William L. Dawson had represented the First District, encompassing most of the South Side ghetto, since 1943. There were six black members of the City Council, known as the "silent six." They turned out votes for the Machine and got a share of the patronage. None supported the CFM.

There were several problems with doing a voter registration project in Chicago. First of all, SCLC didn't have the troops. A hundred people going door-to-door in Selma or even in Birmingham made a difference. In Chicago, it was a drop in the bucket. Secondly, who would the new voters listen to? Blacks active in politics were part of the Machine. They'd have to do a little work to persuade the new voters to support their candidates, but SCLC didn't have any alternative to offer. There were a few black "independents" but they were generally ex-Machinists who left because they hadn't advanced fast enough. They might use our voters to buy their way back in at a higher level. SCLC didn't even have most of the black churches on the side of change. Some of them had actively opposed the CFM. Marches and rallies and vigils can be held by a large number of people coming from many places. Politics is local.

I never got the rest of the precinct statistics that were supposed to be available on December 30 because I finally parted company with Hosea and SCLC. While my "rent" was paid by working on the student conference, I expected SCLC to give me \$25 a week subsistence to cover my other expenses. In particular, I needed some clothes suitable for Chicago winters and a good pair of snow boots. On December 22, having worked more than the two weeks at half time (hah) that I agreed to work, I asked Hosea for the remaining \$20 he had promised me. At the SCLC office, I saw him dishing out Christmas bonuses to his crew. When I asked him for my \$20 he said SCLC was short of money. I blew up and so did he. That was the end of that.

I didn't get my money but Hosea used my research to make demands on the Chicago Board of Elections. The following week he brought representatives of several CCCO organizations to meet with the Election Commissioners. They wanted the BoE to open registration offices in 20 different Negro neighborhoods from noon to 9:00 p.m., Tuesday through Saturday, through Jan. 28. He said that volunteers would knock on doors to find people qualified to vote and send them to these places where they could register for the February 28 primary. SCLC and CCCO workers would also have them fill out the forms necessary to update their current address. (CD 12-28-66, 1)

Hosea returned to Atlanta often. He didn't like Chicago. He didn't like the cold. He hated snow. He didn't feel welcomed by the CFM (he wasn't). His staff didn't like traipsing through the cold and snow to find unregistered voters to tell them where and how to register; they were Southerners. A particularly snowy winter didn't help. They all soon realized that registering more black voters wouldn't accomplish anything worthwhile; they'd just be gifts to the Machine. (NYT 1-16-67, 22; North, 1993, 205-6, 311n28-31) When the deadline to vote in the primary came, the skimpy voter registration campaign just ended. Al Raby resigned from CCCO a few

months later. That left Operation Breadbasket as SCLC's only viable project in Chicago. Its head, Jesse Jackson, was a good preacher who had garnered a lot of publicity the previous year. I stayed in Chicago for seven years and heard Jesse speak many times. He made good use of that platform.

The Urban Training Center and the West Side Organization

After New Year's I moved my suitcases from Margie's to the Y at 1515 W. Monroe St., where the UTC rented a block of rooms for trainees. I had a place to sleep until March 22. Classes began on Tuesday, January 3 and continued for four weeks. Focused on urban problems, they were something like a practical political science course. For example, one day we learned about federal housing programs. Religion was not heavy handed as it had been at the Ecumenical Institute. After all, most of the trainees were ministers; they'd had plenty of theology.

The seminar I remember best after all these years was given by Saul Alinsky. After several years with the CIO, he had branched out and achieved renown as an organizer of poor communities. In 1941 he founded the Industrial Areas Foundation (IAF), a non-profit which could accept tax-deductible contributions to fund its training of organizers. He gave an all-day session on organizing principles at UTC every year, with plenty of opportunity to ask questions. After my time with SCLC I fancied myself as an organizer and thought it would be good to get some formal training. I raised my hand and asked how one enrolled in the IAF to get that training. Women don't make good organizers he told everyone in the room. We might let you in, but you'll have to pay your own tuition of \$10,000 per year. In those days, \$10,000 was sufficient to purchase a house – a very nice house.

It wasn't the first time I'd been told that women weren't wanted and it wouldn't be the last. I'd become interested in the status of women while at Berkeley. Working in the South, I'd mostly observed and experienced the differences in opportunities and treatment. Now I wanted to know some facts. I'd heard that there was a President's Commission on the Status of Women which had issued a report. Normally you request federal documents from your Member of Congress. However, I was registered to vote in Atlanta and living at a Y in Chicago so that didn't look like a viable route. Instead I wrote Joe Beeman, whom I knew from my days in the California YD's. I had asked him to send me OEO booklets and Census materials when he was working for Cong. Phil Burton and he always came through. I learned from my Bay Area friends that he had been appointed to fill a vacant seat on the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. He replied on letterhead by thanking me for the latest batch of buttons I sent him and saying he had asked Burton's office to send me several copies of the report.

I went to the Loop to visit the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC). I wanted to see if the federal agency which investigated race discrimination in employment had anything on women. There was nothing in that office, but the regional director said he'd have some material sent to me from Washington. He did. I received several publications as well as the *Handbook on Women Workers* put out by the Department of Labor (DoL). I read it all, finding all those statistics just fascinating. Included in the packet was a statement from the National Organization for Women (NOW). There was no contact information, so I wrote the EEOC again. This time I received the name of Dr. Alice Rossi, an instructor at the University of Chicago, with an address! I wrote her, but didn't get a reply.

I found going anyplace in Chicago (even the Loop) that January to be a struggle due to all that snow! The year had begun with a major blizzard – big even for Chicago. Snow continued to pile up on the streets and sidewalks and didn't melt. Growing up in LA and working in the South I had seen snow, but hadn't lived in it. My first serious experience with snow was that blizzard

which put three feet (!) of snow on the ground. Chicago was pretty good at snow removal – which meant creating snow piles on the edge of the sidewalk and part of the street – but it kept coming down. My trench coat, even with a heavy sweater underneath, just wasn't enough. In 1967, women were still expected to wear skirts in public; my legs were always freezing when I was outside.

After sitting through classes, UTC trainees spent several weeks working at a field project. UTC sponsored several projects and also sent workers to other places. I wanted an organizing project but the only one that would accept a woman was in Cicero. I had read about whites in Cicero, whose only difference from the whites shrieking at us in Grenada, Mississippi was their accents. The previous May, four Cicero teenagers had attacked and killed a Negro youth with a baseball bat for simply walking down the street. They were due to be tried soon. (CD 5-28-66, 1; 1-9-67, 12) If I had joined the organizing project in Cicero and that topic had come up – or anything about race, the CFM, Dr. King, or the open housing marches – I would have said something unacceptable and been kicked out. I knew I couldn't fake a response on something I felt strongly about. There's something about being surrounded by hatred, where people scream obscenities and hurl UFOs, that leaves an indelible impression on your mind. It doesn't convert you to their point-of-view, or even convince you to give it some credence. It does generate resistance. I knew I couldn't work in Cicero.

Archie Hargraves, UTC's director of mission development, steered me to working with WSO's newspaper, the *West Side TORCH*. He had been a founder of the WSO in 1964 when it was known as the West Side Organization for Full Employment. Its initial purpose was to use UTC trainees to help unemployed black men deal with the many problems in their lives and to expose the mostly white, middle-class ministers to the experience and perspective of those black men. The WSO never developed a successful way to do this. What those black men needed most were well-paying jobs; the WSO couldn't provide these and the ministers couldn't either. In the meantime, welfare recipients wandered into the WSO office looking for help with the welfare department. As WSO's staff grew, largely paid by UTC and CCMS, they developed an expertise in negotiating the maze of the welfare bureaucracy and achieved acceptance as advocates for those who needed public assistance. (Brown, 1978, 18-21, 35-41; Ellis, 1969, 88, 94-96)

Rev. Hargraves was president of WSO's Board of Directors, which had about 15-20 members. Chester Robinson was its Executive Director and generally the man in charge. At 36, he had already spent several years in prison for selling pot, where he had educated himself through extensive reading. Others in the leadership had done hard time; indeed that appeared to be a source of status. Most were born in the South, coming to Chicago as part of the Great Migration but for different reasons. (Brown, 1978, 14-16; Ellis, 1969, 38-44) Chester (as we all called him) was a large man. He was a preacher without a religion; indeed he wasn't religious even though his salary came from religious institutions. He didn't preach in the traditional whooping style of the black church, but he talked a lot when facing an audience and was rather entertaining. He had a message and he had a lot of stories. He was also somewhat mercurial, switching positions in unexpected ways. He had denounced the CFM's agreement with Daley, publishing a last-minute editorial on the front page of the *TORCH*, then refused to march with CORE in Cicero on Sept. 4 after meeting with Dr. King and others on Sept. 1. (Brown, 1978, 64-73)

I wasn't sure why Rev. Hargraves thought I should work for the *TORCH*. I didn't think of

myself as a writer. In school, I had hated English classes and did my best to avoid them. But in 9th grade I had taken a course called English Journalism which I rather liked. We learned about the inverted pyramid style of writing, how to write a lead, and the importance of including Who, What, When and Where (though not necessarily Why). I tried out for the *Daily Cal* as a freshman at Berkeley but soon dropped it as the topics I was assigned to write about weren't very interesting. I submitted a story to the paper about the vigil at the 1964 Democratic Convention, after hitchhiking to Atlantic City from California to participate in it, but the *DC* didn't print it. There was nothing in my background telling me that I might like writing or that I was any good at it. Perhaps Hargraves liked the two-page essay I attached to my UTC application. Or perhaps he thought my 16 months of living in the black community in the South prepared me for working in Chicago's black community better than any of the other UTC trainees. He was right about that. I might not be able to work in the ethnic white community of Cicero, but I was comfortable in the black community on Chicago's West Side.

I worried about how to turn myself from an organizer into a journalist. Luckily, I spotted an article in a newspaper about a newswriting short course that would be taught over a few days in Urbana. I wrote the Illinois Press Association to ask if those not employed by a newspaper could attend. It said yes and the UTC agreed to pay for it. I looked forward to seeing Cathy again, but I didn't. She was in DC, going to a conference on peace for ministers (her brother) and lay persons (herself). The workshop was very good; both a condensed and an enhanced version of that 9th grade course. I already knew I could take photographs for the *TORCH*; I returned believing I could write stories as well.

The WSO was housed in an 18-foot storefront at 1527 Roosevelt Rd. It was one of a row of stores that looked like they were ready to be torn down. Although narrow, it was about 60 feet deep, with enough folding chairs for a hundred people. These were usually filled at the Wednesday night meetings. Like SCLC, WSO was a black male organization that included a few white men. In SCLC women were scarce; in the WSO, they were scarcer. SCLC resembled the black church in that men were pastors and deacons, but women had important functions. They didn't just pray in the pews. In the WSO, women were only clients. From what I saw and heard women had no voice, let alone any influence.

The closest exception was Pat Stock, a young, white woman who edited the *TORCH*. After graduating in 1965 from Elmhurst College, a private liberal arts school affiliated with the United Church of Christ, Pat wanted to do something interesting and useful. Elmhurst was a community of 40,000 about 20 miles west of Chicago. Pat had been doing journalism since high school. She majored in journalism while working on her college newspaper and also wrote stories for the Elmhurst community paper. All of this taught her how to put out a newspaper. She heard about the WSO from her roommate's sister who volunteered there. Pat offered to put out a newspaper for WSO. The first issue of the *TORCH* was published in September of 1965. It became an 8 to 16 page tabloid that came out biweekly, most of the time. Larry Boyd was the general manager; other black men sold ads and handled the finances. Until I came along, Pat put the paper together by herself. Pat brought a unique skill to the WSO, which allowed her to sit in on WSO leadership meetings in order to report on the *TORCH* and hear recommendations for stories. She didn't participate in decisions. (Ellis, 1969, 54-56; Eggert interview 7-16-19)

UTC initially expected me to learn how to put out a paper in order to duplicate the *TORCH* in East Garfield. However, Pat had other ideas. She wanted to double the area the

TORCH covered to include North Lawndale, East and West Garfield. I quickly became the newspaper's photographer, which required that I sometimes go with Pat to take photos while she was interviewing sources or taking notes for stories. I also wrote my own stories. We researched and wrote stories where ever we found them, including rewriting press releases sent to the *TORCH*. Sometimes the photo was the story, as when Dick Gregory spoke at WSO while campaigning as a write-in candidate for Mayor. The WSO office had a typewriter we could use, but not much else. Things not locked up tended to go missing. I sometimes used the typewriter in Rossen's office complex and chatted with the people hanging out in the SDS office. One night every other week we went to the office of The Woodlawn Organization (TWO) on the South Side to prepare pages for printing. TWO was an Alinsky organization started in 1961 that was heavily financed by the Catholic Church. Its office at 1135 E. 63rd St. was near an El stop and had a typesetting machine. The *TORCH* paid a young man to set type as we handed him stories. We laid out the newspaper with his printed strips, altering the stories and the size of photographs as necessary to fit the space available. We were there all night. In the morning, Pat took the pages to the printer while I returned to the Y to sleep.

The communities we covered on the West Side were heavily populated by welfare recipients. I soon learned that any white woman walking those streets was assumed to be a prostitute or a social worker. When I tried to talk to black folk, the first thing they wanted to know was which one was I. Persuading them that I was a reporter for the *West Side TORCH* was challenging. Some people knew about the *TORCH* and some knew it was run by a young, white woman, especially those who went to WSO meetings or to the office for consultations. Once convinced that I was a *TORCH* reporter, they all called me Pat. No matter how many times I told them that my name was Jo, they never quite figured out that there were two of us. Initially I found always being called by someone else's name irritating; later I realized that there was a benefit to the confusion. Pat's success at putting out the *TORCH* was appreciated and respected. I didn't have to prove myself because some of that rubbed off on me.

As I worked on the West Side among welfare recipients and the unemployed I discerned a way of seeing the world that I would later call an oppressed mind-set. It had three characteristics: fatalism, externalization of blame, and escape into mind-altering substances. These added up to the belief that your problems were caused by others, but there was nothing you could do to improve your chances in life, so you might as well have a good time however you could, including excessive use of drugs and alcohol. I realized that as long as you were lying on the ground, with a heavy foot on your back, this mind-set was a survival strategy. It kept you from thinking bad things about yourself and justified escapism. But when The Man lifted his foot, creating some room to maneuver, that mind-set kept you from trying to get up or crawl out from under. I came to see one role of the community organizer as urging people to get up. The role of the agitator was to see that rising was possible; to push the power structure in various ways to move that foot in order to create some maneuvering room. SCLC was good at the latter; not so good at the former. The reason that SCLC succeeded only in counties where there had been years of organizing activity was that the people had to be ready to rise. Preaching "I am somebody," which Jesse Jackson popularized but didn't originate, was a way of getting people ready. Achieving small successes, that were known to the community if not to others, was another way. This was usually done by local community leaders, not outside agitators. WSO was good at this. Although it had a militant image and espoused black power, agitation wasn't its strength. WSO couldn't do what SCLC could do. But it could get people ready to rise.

On March 25 1967, Dr. King, came to Chicago to lead 5,000 people down State Street to protest the war in Viet Nam. While he had spoken publicly against the war since July of 1965, this was his first anti-war march. It was one more step in his increasingly vocal opposition to the war. While many on the SCLC Board opposed his public opposition, Bevel was pressing him to be the featured speaker at the Spring Mobilization in New York. Dr. King tested the waters in Chicago. Accompanied by Al Raby, Dr. Benjamin Spock and Veterans for Peace, he walked beneath a banner written in Vietnamese. At the Coliseum he spoke to a large crowd. While taking photos, I had to jostle with the other photographers for shooting space because they refused to believe that a woman could be a professional photographer. Professionals shared shooting space; they squeezed out amateurs. My Nikon gave me a little legitimacy – amateurs didn't carry expensive cameras – but only a little. The assumption that all women were amateurs was a problem that I'd encountered since I started shooting. It would haunt me for decades. (*NYT* 3-26-67, 44; *Sun* 3-26-67, 3; <https://www.jofreeman.com/photos/KingAtChicago.html>)

As March 22 approached, I gave some thought as to what to do next. I really needed to go back to California and serve that jail sentence from my participation in the San Francisco civil rights sit-ins in 1964. It had been a year since the appeal was lost so I was technically a fugitive. I wrote my mother and asked if I could stop by and visit her for a couple days before going to jail. I said I'd fly to LA on March 31 or April 1. My youth fare card was still good, so I could just go to the airport and catch the next available seat at half fare – which was cheaper than taking the bus. I had also talked with Pat Stock about staying on at the TORCH. She wanted me to stay, the trick was how to come up with the money for living expenses.

On March 20, Pat Stock wrote the UCC Board for Homeland Ministries in New York, which had sponsored my three month fellowship, and asked for a three to six month extension of my job at \$50 a week. She wrote that in the last three months my work had helped expand the TORCH's circulation from 10,000 to 15,000 and increased its range. I had also developed a "photography studio for local residents." She wanted me to help expand circulation to 20,000 and coverage to the communities further west, as well as continue the photography training program. UTC director Rev. James Morton sent a concurring letter on March 29, but only asked for three months at the standard weekly rate of \$34.50. He also wanted me to work closely with Rev. Richard Luecke, who held the title of Director of Studies. The UCC concurred, but at the lower rate for the shorter stay. By the time it did so, I was in California.