

The *West Side TORCH*

I was back at work with the *TORCH* the next day. The civil rights movement was picking up steam in opposition to the war in Viet Nam. Dr. King was speaking out against it and Mohammad Ali was going to jail for refusing induction. These big names generated big press, though there were a few things a community newspaper like the *TORCH* could cover with detail not found in the dailies. Bevel was organizing blacks to oppose the war on the theme of “Don’t send a black man to fight a white man’s war.” He saw the U.S. presence in Viet Nam as another form of white colonialism against a colored nation. On May 10, he and Ali spoke at the evening session of a day-long conference on “The War in Vietnam” at the University of Chicago. Bevel told an audience of 3,500 to burn their draft cards and commit mass civil disobedience. I got some great shots of both men. SDS later turned one of my Ali shots into a poster. (CD 5-10-67, 8)

Our next big event was a “field trip” to Washington, D.C. Bevel had called for the Spring Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam (aka “the Mobe”) to send a delegation to the White House to try to speak with LBJ. Bevel asked the wife of his friend Bernard Lafayette to organize a women’s march on Mother’s Day. Colia used her connections to bring about 200 women from eastern cities to DC. She had lived in Chicago with Bernard so also reached out to the WSO. I don’t know who paid for the buses, but there were two from Chicago. Pat told me to go with the Chicago women to take photos and report on the trip. The sixteen hour bus trip from Chicago to DC was made longer by a three-hour wait on those hot, stuffy busses before we left. Just as the engines were turned on, one of the WSO men who had done a little bit of organizing stepped on the bus, spotted my pale face, and told me to get off. He said this trip was only for black women. I told him that I wasn’t a participant but was covering the march for the *TORCH*. That didn’t matter; he just ranted on and on that only black women could be on this bus and my refusal to get off showed my disrespect for black people. In fact, there were a handful of black men sitting in those seats, but he said nothing to, or about, them. I said that I would get off only if Chester told me to get off. Chester was nowhere to be found. For a moment I thought he was going to drag me off. My non-violence training kicked in as I just sat there staring straight ahead and let him rant. After about half an hour, he exited and the bus finally left. One of the small ironies was that the guy who wanted my white face off of that bus was living with a white girl.

Some time after noon the next day the bus let us off at the Lincoln Memorial, groggy from lack of sleep. It was a grey day, with a slow drizzle. About half of the 200 black women were from Chicago. There were also about 50 white women, mostly with Women Strike for Peace, from many different places. The white women were told to march behind all the Negro women. Once the organizers thought that everyone had arrived, we marched across the Memorial Bridge to Arlington National Cemetery. Formerly a plantation owned by Confederate general Robert E. Lee, it had been confiscated after the War and turned into the last resting place for the War’s soldiers on both sides. The cemetery later expanded to include all war dead. The first stop was the grave of WWII vet Medgar Edgars, the Mississippi NAACP leader who had been assassinated in 1963. Colia spoke as a jet flew overhead. Next we were supposed to visit President Kennedy’s grave, but a woman who called herself Queen Mother vehemently objected, saying that he was the one who got us into Viet Nam. Instead we went to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. No one carried signs, but some passed out leaflets to bystanders which said

“As American women, we will not stand by idly and permit the American Government to commit genocide against non-white people in any country at any time. We will fight vigorously for peace in Vietnam and for civil rights for all mankind.” (*WP* 5-15-67, A1)

Joined by a few men, the women walked back over the bridge to the White House. Most waited in Lafayette Park while a small delegation – Bevel, Mrs. King, Dr. Benjamin Spock and his wife Jane – tried to deliver a petition to the White House gate. Afterwards, most of the marchers returned to their buses. Five from Chicago chose to stay. For the next three days representatives would go to the White House gate and try to deliver their petition. Some times eggs were thrown at them, along with a few harsh words, but mostly they just stood and waited. (*NYT* 5-18-67, 5; *Sun* 5-18-67, A2; 5-19-67, A2)

I was pleased that Mrs. King still remembered me, since I hadn't seen her personally once I left the South. She didn't have time to talk, but told me to send her my address. Back in Chicago, I didn't know what address to send her since I would soon need a new one. I finally sent her my mother's address, along with clippings of the two articles (including photos) that I had written for the *TORCH* about the march. My mother and I might not be in direct communication, but I knew she'd forward my mail. However, I never heard from Mrs. King. Either my mother didn't forward my mail or Mrs. King just didn't have time to drop me a note.

There was very little news coverage of the Mother's Day march. I wasn't too surprised once I observed how the press were treated by the line marshals. When a white Mobe staffer tried to find out why the press were complaining, she was told to “get to the end of the line with the fucking Caucasians where you belong.” Fortunately, the press ignored this hostility in favor of writing about those who threw eggs.

I took advantage of the fact that I could make a ten-cent phone call from a pay phone to call Aunt Leslie. One of the older Mitchell siblings, I had stayed with her for the summer of 1962 when she arranged for me to get a summer job as a clerk typist in the federal government. I wanted to pay my respects. Leslie answered the phone, but didn't sound eager to talk to me. She asked me how my mother was. She didn't ask me how I was or what I was doing in D.C. She probably knew how my mother was better than I did. While she wasn't overtly hostile, it was obvious that she wanted to have nothing to do with me. If the treatment by Aunts Loy and Ruth in 1965 hadn't convinced me that I was no longer part of the Mitchell family, this did. By working in the civil rights movement I had gone over to the other side; no one wanted me back.

Back in Chicago, I returned to writing local stories. There were two themes that we covered repeatedly. One had to do with violence, mostly against young black men. Three of the four Cicero teenagers who had murdered a Negro youth with a baseball bat in 1966 were found guilty only of voluntary manslaughter a year later. They were sentenced to from nine to twenty years in the state prison. The fourth testified against them in exchange for a dismissal of all charges. CORE and the murdered youth's parents protested the light sentences, particularly when compared to that given some of the 237 Negroes arrested for looting stores and trucks during and after the big blizzard in January. One got five years. (*CD* 1-31-67, 4; 5-11-67, 3; *WP* 5-17-67, A3; (*Sun* 1-30-67, A3; 1-31-67, A3) Cop killings always raised a ruckus. (*CD* 2-21-67, 1; 2-25-67, 1; 3-9-67, 3) The trick was to find a local angle to write about, but when we could, we put it on the front page.

The other theme was urban renewal. Most urban governments wanted to end slums, but not in the same way as the CFM. Under the rubric of urban renewal, they wanted to use federal money to tear down deteriorating buildings, then turn the land over to developers to put up better ones. They were indifferent to the fact that the people paying rent to live in those buildings couldn't afford higher rents; they earned little and welfare agencies paid even less. Those who had enough money to buy a house couldn't get into the "nice" neighborhoods populated with ethnics who didn't want them. While slum clearance sounded good, when combined with a severe housing shortage and segregation it forced those at the lowest end of the economic spectrum into doubling up or homelessness. The city's solution to the problem for the poor was hi-rise public housing. As shown by the *Gautreaux* lawsuit, 99 percent of the residents were Negro. The city didn't have a solution for the black middle-class which could afford better housing but couldn't find it. "Open housing" was still a dream, not a reality. Throughout the time I worked for the *TORCH* various groups tried different ways to make the city listen. Protestors went to city council meetings to demand that no more housing be destroyed until more was built for the residents who would be displaced. The West Side Federation (not the WSO) held a major conference on June 6-7 to find out what the community wanted for Lawndale. Several important experts on housing were there as consultants. The Chicago dailies didn't cover the conference so barely noticed when Mayor Daley himself showed up.

Daley's visit was a surprise. He told the attendees exactly what they wanted to hear – that there would be no urban renewal without their approval – but no one really believed him. Despite all these good intentions, Lawndale continued to decline. There were more riots and more buildings destroyed and more crime. The few industries pulled out. Stores closed. People left. Fifty years after that conference its population was a quarter of what it had been. Lawndale was still full of poor people.

In June, UTC told me that I had to give up my room at the Y as they needed it for the new trainees coming at the end of the month. I could have rented a separate room at the Y, but I really wanted my own apt. with a kitchen and more space. Where could I afford one on my sparse income? Pat shared an apartment with Melody Heaps at 2032 N. Cleveland on the North Side for \$125 a month. That was more than I could afford and I didn't want to share. I opened the newspapers to apartments for rent and looked for the cheapest ones. When someone answered the phone I'd give them my name and ask about the apartment. The usual response was "Freeman, Freeman, what kind of name is that?" It took a few phone conversations for me to figure out that what they were really looking for was my ethnicity. I didn't have an answer, or at least none that evoked a positive response to come look at the apartment. Some asked if I was Jewish. I was used to that. Jews didn't ask because they knew that the Jewish version had a "d" in it. Freeman without the "d" wasn't Jewish. Gentiles might think I was Jewish, but Jews knew I wasn't. Either way, I was in the wrong category.

All this reminded me of my first attempt to find a place to live when I entered UC Berkeley at age 16. In August, my mother had driven me to Berkeley to look for living quarters as all of the dorms and co-ops had filled up before I was admitted. The best she could find was a private rooming house that catered to students at a local business school. Since that school started two weeks later than classes at Cal, I had a bed for two weeks. While starting classes and buying books, I looked at listings for rooms in the housing office and made lots of phone calls. As soon as the prospective landlord or roommate found out my age, they said no. No one wanted to rent to a 16-year-old. Nor did lying work because I sounded young and looked

younger. Some didn't believe that I was as old as 16. Just as I was getting desperate, I found the Berkeley Inn, a geriatric hotel only a few blocks from campus. I was able to rent a room for \$52 a month, with a bathroom down the hall and no kitchen. A room in a private house or in shared housing would have cost roughly \$35 a month, with access to a kitchen. I got an early lesson in the high cost of discrimination. (Freeman, 2004, 3-4)

Six years later, I looked and sounded old enough to rent; I just didn't have the right accent, or name, or ethnicity for Chicago. I didn't really have any ethnicity, as far as I knew, in a city composed of ethnic enclaves. There were a couple neighborhoods for liberal whites, such as the Near North, but they were too expensive. Then I got lucky. Rev. Luecke told me about a building a mile north of the UTC where it rented a couple apartments for trainees who brought spouses and children. He said that the owner had called about a newly available apartment but the UTC didn't have anyone among the incoming trainees who needed it. I practically ran to 1470 W. Erie to talk to the landlady. I found out that it had been occupied by her mother who had recently died. Since I came from UTC and looked like a UTC trainee, they didn't ask about ethnicity. On June 19, I paid \$50 for the first month's rent and moved in. The owner left her mother's furniture and kitchen stuff for me to use; they didn't need it and I did.

The apartment occupied the back half of the second floor – one of eight units in that house. The entrance was down a small alley and up a flight of stairs. The apartment had two very large rooms on the alley side and two very small ones on the other with no hallways. The door to the apartment opened into the first large room, which had a sink, stove and refrigerator in it, as well as a dining table and chairs. A door to the bathroom was on one side. Another opening on that side led to a small room with just enough space for a bed and dresser. A large opening led to the other large room in back which had a couch and a chair in it. A door at the back of it led to another small room. I originally thought I'd use the second small room as an office, but it became a closet and storage room. A very big radiator sat in the kitchen near the table and chairs. Rev. Luecke loaned me a large manual typewriter so I could write *TORCH* stories. I put it on one end of the table, which became my desk. During the winter, I appreciated sitting close to the warm radiator.

About that time, cousin Linda wrote with a request from my mother. FSM Legal had sent a letter to me at her address which she had opened. It said that the appeal had been lost and I needed to send \$276 – \$250 fine plus \$26 in court costs – or return to Berkeley and serve out the fine at \$10 a day. My mother wanted to know what I was going to do. Linda also wrote that my mother had spent \$243 on a breathing machine and wanted to know if I was going to contribute anything toward it. I wrote back that paying the fine was my problem and I would deal with it. I also asked Linda if my mother had received the birthday present I sent her, which was a copy of the secret book of San Bruno that I and other inmates had found so moving. I got no reply to that question. Linda's next letter said that my mother had called her to say that FSM Legal had phoned to say that it was negotiating an extension of time to pay and giving me a phone number to call with my plans. She didn't mention the book. In a P.S. Linda added that my mother had said that my trip to L.A. in April had cost her \$320. I could subtract the FSM fine and only reimburse her the remainder. Linda commented that my mother must be charging me for the air I breathed to run up that big a debt. I had a few more choice things to say, but only in my head.

I spoke to several people about how to raise the money since I only had a little and

couldn't raise that much selling buttons in less than a year. Cathy put an open letter into the UI student newspaper with my new address in it. That resulted in some hate mail, but no checks. Someone in the SDS office gave me a donor list they used when they needed to raise money. It had lots of names and phone numbers. I contemplated it for a long time. My mother had always told me never to ask for money. Earn it, don't ask for it, she said. I wanted to earn it, but how? I finally gritted my teeth and started making phone calls, first to the local numbers that didn't incur a long-distance phone charge. The respondents knew about the FSM though they didn't know that the time had come to pay up. They appreciated the information since they were all involved in left-wing causes. Many offered to send something, usually \$10. I thanked them, spelled my name and gave them my address. Some people were unkind, but only a few. Slowly over a couple weeks I raised the \$276. As soon as I had enough, I quit calling. I really hated begging for money, even to keep from going back to jail. At that time I had an ambition to some day run for elective office. If I had known how much that involved dialing for dollars, I would have put that ambition aside. I really hated asking for money.

Dr. King returned to Chicago July 10-12. The Chicago Theological Seminary hosted a three day conference to turn Operation Breadbasket into a national organization. Dr. King's invitation to ministers all over the country said "the buying power of the American Negro is greater than the gross national product of Canada... and yet we find ourselves with so little influence within the American economy that more than half of our people are struggling on an island of poverty in the midst of this ocean of material wealth. Together we can organize to help remedy this situation.... Your attendance is absolutely essential." (quote in Deppe, 2017, 66) Over 160 ministers from 42 cities came to learn how OB had won 2,200 jobs worth more than \$15 million in annual income for blacks. Dr. King described OB's boycotts and threats of boycotts as a program of self-help achieved through economic pressure. He also said that this would be the focus this summer and not marches. That's just what the Chicago power structure wanted to hear. (Anderson, 1986, 333; *NYT* 7-12-7, 23)

I went to the conference to cover it for the *TORCH*. Jack Finley was there as Breadbasket's photographer. I took a photo of Dr. King making his main speech on July 11. When the day was over, I joined the SCLC staff as it left with Dr. King. Outside, someone handed Dr. King a copy of the early edition of *Chicago Tribune*. The headline said KING PRAISES CHICAGO. Jack was well positioned to catch the look of utter surprise when Dr. King saw that headline. The lead paragraph in the *Tribune* story claimed that Dr. King said "that Chicago has done more than any other city in the nation to create a favorable atmosphere for open housing." The words in quotes were those of the journalist, not Dr. King. The focus of the story was on the few kind words he had said about the "Good Neighbor Project" of the Leadership Council for Metropolitan Open Communities – one of the outcomes of the summit agreement on August 26, 1966. In reality, concrete achievements had been few and hurdles many. Instead, there was a plan to literally tear down Lawndale and rebuild it. (*CT*, 7-12-67)

That headline was fortunate for me. Jack caught the side of my face in one frame, smiling as I looked at Dr. King looking at the newspaper. He made a print of that photo and a few others and gave them to me. In all my time with SCLC, it's the only photo I have where I am in the same print as Dr. King. I don't have one of myself and Mrs. King, even though I knew her, worked for her, and took several photos of her. Such are the consequences of being staff.

The issue that my Breadbasket story appeared in (July 21-Aug. 4) was my last. My UCC subsidy had ended in June. I liked working on the *TORCH* and wanted to stay but WSO wanted to replace me with someone black. Pat was too important to replace, but I wasn't. However Pat also wanted a vacation. She offered me her \$100 per week salary if I would take over for four weeks and put out two issues of the *TORCH*. At a WSO staff meeting in June she had gotten into a dispute with General Manager Larry Boyd and he had slugged her. She had quite a shiner, which I asked her about when I saw her. She thought a month away from the *TORCH* would give every one time to cool off and allow her to spend some quality time with her boyfriend. She left town and I took over her job as well as mine.

Fortunately I was used to movement hours so working sixteen a day didn't phase me. We had a VISTA volunteer assigned to work for WSO who helped out. However, the same black/white tensions that were smoldering in the civil rights movement flamed in WSO. In Pat's absence, I went to the July 17 WSO staff meeting where I observed an emotional discussion about the *TORCH* which I tried to stay out of. Several people thought it wrong to pay whites to put out a black paper. On Thursday, I went to the darkroom in the Warren Ave. church, where Jack also had a rush job. We worked together. Afterwards Jack drove me to the WSO office to pick up the ads for the next issue. Larry Boyd was there and started yelling at me. He ended by telling me that I was fired. (At least I didn't get slugged). But he told me to go ahead and finish up that week's paper. If I had walked out, there would have been no *TORCH* until Pat returned. Jack then drove me to the TWO office on the South Side where I did the layout with our typesetter.

Boyd refused to pay me my last \$100 for the fourth week, which I spent getting stories together for the next issue. Pat would be back in time to put it out. WSO also refused to reimburse me the \$20-\$25 I had spent for film and darkroom supplies. I appealed to UTC's Rev. Hargraves, who was still head of WSO's Board of Directors. He listened, but that was all. He said he did not want to do anything to disrupt his relationship with WSO so would not make any inquiry into whether or why I had been fired. As for the \$125 I was owed, there was nothing he could do about that. In the back of my head, I could hear my mother's voice: "Take care of yourself; no one else will."

That was the end of my work in the civil rights movement. I'd spent almost exactly four years – in California, the South, and Chicago – working with and/or for a civil rights organization of some type. It ended with my being kicked out. While I didn't know it at the time, whites throughout the movement were having similar experiences. Go organize your own, they were told. In fact, I was already doing just that, by trying to organize women into what would become a new feminist movement.

Despite my unpleasant exit, I still look back fondly on my six months with the *TORCH*. I learned how to write newspaper stories and put out a paper. I learned something about the black ghetto. It was very different than the black community in the South, even though most ghetto residents had immigrated from the South. Indeed many ghetto problems came from the difficulties of a rural people adjusting to the very different reality of living in a major metropolis. Working there was a good halfway house for me. It allowed me to transition back into the white world. For six months, I had worked *in* the black world but I wasn't part *of* it. Unlike the Southern black communities I had worked in, white workers were never treated like "one of us." But neither were we "one of them." We were something else. Similarly, when I dealt with

whites, I was no longer viewed as a traitor to my race. Again, I was something else, though exactly what else was never clear and probably varied with the context.

Pat returned to chaos which she somehow turned into a newspaper for another sixteen months. After Dr. King was assassinated, black/white tensions became untenable. At the end of 1968, Pat and the WSO agreed to part ways. In October of 1969, she joined her boyfriend in rural Wisconsin and stayed there for the rest of her life.

Looking for a Job

Even before I was fired, I started looking for a job. Since I was a working reporter, the obvious place to look was another newspaper. There were few paid jobs on community newspapers. They required knowledge of the community and I only knew about the West Side, so I went to the offices of the Chicago daily newspapers. There were five. I knew *The Chicago Defender* wouldn't hire a white woman. I had a friend among its staff photographers and he told me don't even try.

On June 8, I walked into the offices of the *Sun-Times* at 401 N. Wabash as it was reputed to be the most liberal of the four. The managing editor actually talked to me, but only long enough to tell me that the paper had a quota of no more than five percent women and it was always full. That was my best interview – indeed it was my only interview at the dailies. I didn't get that far with the other three. When I asked personnel about becoming a staff photographer, I was practically laughed out of the room. No one even looked at my carefully prepared portfolio of *TORCH* stories and photographs. One told me that women couldn't be newspaper photographers because “women can't cover riots.” He just shrugged at my Southern experience in dangerous situations as though he didn't believe me, or if he did, it didn't matter. If I had known any women's history I would have brought up all the women who were war correspondents, but I didn't know that. I didn't know that women had any history other than the suffrage movement.

The *Sun-Times* editor did make a useful suggestion. He said most reporters went through an apprenticeship at the City News Bureau – a press service for the city that reported on routine news like police and fire actions and news conferences at city hall. He told me to go see Larry Mulay. I waited until September to fill out an application, listing the *Sun-Times* editor as a reference, alone with two other journalists who barely knew me. Then I made an appointment to be interviewed, put on my best suit and walked hopefully into the CNB office. Mulay looked like the stereotype of a Chicago pol. His paunch protruded from between his suspenders, his shirt sleeves were rolled up and a cigar stub poked from his mouth. He walked over and put his arm around me as though he were trying to comfort me. Then he gave me the bad news – without ever looking at my portfolio or asking any questions. “You look like a nice goil,” he said. “I'd like to hire you. But one-third of my reporters are goils.” No one hires them away from me. “If I hire any more goils, pretty soon all my reporters will be goils. And no one will leave.” That, he added, would undermine the purpose of the CNB which was to train reporters and send them on.

I had other strike-outs. From the UTC, I had learned about the Institute for Policy Studies, a left-wing think tank in Washington, D.C. I spoke to some of its fellows when they visited UTC in June where I learned that it had a program for full time students-in-residence who came for three months to a year. Students had to have a research project and an organizing project. After I woke up from putting out my last issue of the *TORCH*, I wrote a letter to Arthur Waskow and Robb Burlage at IPS. In August, I went to Washington to interview and be interviewed. I thought I had a pretty good “in” as my experience with the FSM, the civil rights movement, the UTC and the WSO seemed to fit IPS' interests. When Waskow and Burlage asked me what I wanted to do as an organizing project, I said I wanted to organize women. In Chicago I had become increasingly involved in talking to women about our common problems and possible solutions. Waskow and Burlage weren't impressed. One of them responded

“There’s no future in that” and thanked me for coming to D.C. At the end of August, Burlage sent a nice rejection letter. I followed through a month later with a brief report on my latest efforts to organize women and a request to consider my application as “ongoing” in case a position opened up. I never heard from either man again or from anyone else in IPS. That was the end of that – at least for me. Two years later IPS did accept a woman as a student-in-residence who wanted to work on women’s issues.

My months at WSO had made me aware that the Welfare Department had lots of openings. The only requirement to be a case worker was a college degree. Although I saw the job from the perspective of WSO’s clients, who filed complaints, I knew it was a hard job. Case workers had too many cases and not enough resources. The pressure on them to “close cases” was one reason benefits were denied welfare recipients on flimsy excuses. I had no desire to be a social worker, but I did need a job. One day I walked into the welfare department and asked to fill out an application. The person behind the desk took one look at my resume, with its entries of SCLC, UTC and the *TORCH* and told me to not even bother. She probably thought a mole was trying to get inside to help WSO with its advocacy for welfare recipients. I had the same experience with the Education Department even though there was “a teacher shortage, which has been getting worse over the past six years.” (*Chicago’s AMERICAN*, 9-3-67 1:5) I don’t know if the intake person knew anything about UTC or the *TORCH*, but they certainly knew that SCLC’s marches had torn up the city in 1966, even though I wasn’t in Chicago at the time. They also knew that SCLC’s partner, the CCCO, wanted integrated schools and had marched to get the school superintendent fired. Whatever was going through their heads, it was obvious that I wouldn’t get a job working for any city department.

In between looking for jobs, I took another trip. Allan Solomonow had invited me to take part in a Peace Walk from Champlain, NY to Expo’67 from August 3 to 6. Formally known as the International and Universal Exposition, Expo ‘67 was a World’s Fair. It was held in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, from April 27 to October 29, 1967. Allan had become the co-ordinator for the Workshop in Non-Violence (WIN) of the Committee for Non-Violent Action (CNVA). Groups would drive to Champlain, about 12 miles from the border, and begin the walk on August 3. We expected to enter Expo on Hiroshima Day. August 6 was also Expo’s World Youth Day. There we would walk around and talk about Peace, especially in Viet Nam.

We were a little late because we were detained at the border.

The Canadian border guards could see us coming up the highway. There were about a hundred of us carrying signs saying “Love not Hate” and “Bread Not Bombs.” In those days passports weren’t required to enter Canada; locals went back and forth across the border all the time. Since the border guards didn’t know *who* we were they had us fill out forms, telling us to wait until we could be checked out. We waited all night while our leader, Mark Morris, negotiated with the Canadian authorities. We called our contacts at Expo who had invited us to join them. Sympathetic Canadians brought us food after hearing about us on CBC. They told us that the *Montreal Star* had written a very sympathetic story. We wore raincoats because it was drizzling. We couldn’t lie down in the damp, so no one got any sleep.

I had a series of conversations with one border guard who obviously liked me. I asked him what was behind the delay. He said that they needed to eliminate anyone who was planning to demonstrate. We could demonstrate in our country, he said, but not in theirs. As an example of

an undesirable, he pointed to one young man with a heavy beard and slightly long hair. I had walked and talked with that young man, so I knew that he had already been to Expo several times as a tourist. He had bought a season pass. The next day the authorities read out nine names of people they wanted to question. The border guard I had become friendly with was quite surprised to find that my name was on that list, but the bearded young man was not. With my civil rights record, I wasn't surprised. I had been run out of Mississippi, threatened with investigation in Alabama, named in the 1965 California Senate report on Un-American Activities and jailed in all three states; why shouldn't I be barred from Canada?

Those of us on the list were interviewed. After about three hours word came down to let us all in. Whatever our individual politics, we were all dedicated to non-violence. That should have been obvious from our signs; it's what finally persuaded the Canadian authorities to let us in. On Saturday we walked into Montreal over a two-mile bridge. The police were co-operative. The natives were friendly. The Bread and Puppet Theater joined us in downtown Montreal and gave a performance in the town square. Sunday morning we went to Expo, singing and dancing all the way. We brought our Declaration of Peace to the French, British and Soviet exhibits. Later we met up with such prominent people as Julian Bond, Thich Nhat Hanh, Norman Thomas, Paul Goodman and William Pepper. We all went to the youth rally. When we got home, Allen asked me to send him some of the photos I had taken. He put them on the cover and inside of the WIN magazine. It was nice to be published, but it didn't pay, not even the \$32 I had to spend to repair my camera after dropping it in Expo.

Back in Chicago I decided to concentrate on finding a job before I ran out of money. I opened up the want ads in the four daily newspapers that wouldn't hire me. All the interesting jobs were under "Help Wanted - Men." All the jobs under "Help Wanted - Women" were variations on store sales or clerical work. The most common was for a "Girl Friday." None required a college degree. Those under "Men wanted" ranged from professional to factory work. I tried phoning some of the jobs listed under "Men" which looked like something I could do and had a phone number, but got nowhere.

After a week of futility, my next stop was employment agencies. There I discovered that an entire new field was emerging that was not yet sex-typed: computer programming. By the late 1960s, programming devices were becoming inexpensive enough that businesses could afford them. But there weren't all that many people who knew how to use them. Employment agencies were asked to identify those with aptitude. If hired, the business would pay for training. Obviously, only big businesses could do this, but there were plenty of those in Chicago. When I expressed interest in this possibility, the employment agencies gave me what they called a computer aptitude test. I aced it. It was essentially a mathematical aptitude test and I had always done well on those – much better than on verbal aptitude. Thanks to my high score, I got plenty of interviews. I had the same experience at each one. The interviewer looked at my score, looked at my resume and asked my college major. When I answered "political science," they all said, in some way or other, that they only hired women who had majored in math. They'd hire men based on the score, but only women who had majored in math. In those days, very few women majored in math. Needless to say I didn't get the job. Since I had many of these interviews, my guess is that the employers didn't tell the employment agencies about this double standard. In fact, it was already illegal, a violation of Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. But I didn't know this, and I was better informed than most about the law on civil rights. Larger businesses had legal departments, so probably knew it was illegal as well. That's why they didn't tell the

employment agencies.

The agencies sent me out to interview for other jobs. I only wanted ones which required a college degree, which was limiting. Occasionally, at my insistence, they even sent me to jobs which asked for men. The usual response at one of those was to tell me that they wouldn't hire a young woman because I wouldn't stay; I'd get married, get pregnant and leave. No matter how insistent I was that I wouldn't do that, they still saw me as a walking womb rather than a package of skills. Other potential employers responded negatively when they saw SCLC on my resume. Memories of the open housing marches were still sharp and none of them were favorable. I tried taking it off of my resume, but that just left a gap of a year and a half after graduating from college before going to work for the *TORCH*. It was like a large neon sign which attracted more attention than leaving SCLC in. Not everyone knew what the Southern Christian Leadership Conference was and I didn't tell them that it was Dr. King's organization. When asked, I would say it was a community service organization. If then asked what I did for this community service organization, I fudged a little.

It took over four months of looking, but I was offered a job before I ran out of money.

Organizing Women

The women's liberation movement was the bastard child of the civil rights movement. Unplanned, unwanted, and unloved by its parent, it nonetheless bore its stamp.

Jo Freeman, 1988 conference on Women and the Civil Rights Movement, Atlanta.

My interest in women probably began at Berkeley when I researched a term paper on the abolitionist movement. I discovered that it gave birth to the woman movement, which eventually focused on suffrage though it tackled many other problems. I was initially oblivious to sex discrimination. I spent four years in a state university without ever seeing a woman professor (outside girls' phys ed classes), let alone having one, and I didn't even notice. It just seemed natural that women taught little kids and men taught college students. Throughout the educational system, the higher the grade, the fewer women there were. I accepted this as just the way things were in the same way that my Southern relatives accepted white supremacy as normal.

My term paper research made me wonder if a women's movement would come out of the civil rights movement. Consequently, I observed women, both black and white, and noted sentiments about women and sex discrimination while working for civil rights for Negroes. I put some of these observations into my letters to my friends, and tucked others into the back of my head. My only effort to organize women were the nightly discussions at the Meredith March.

During 1967, I wrote letters to every "name" in the newspapers who seemed to be doing anything about women. I didn't get any replies other than from agencies of the federal government. In the Spring of 1967 I met Barbara Likan, a German immigrant whose son was active in the anti-war movement. Barbara wanted to organize women, but had no idea how to do it. She gathered around her an eclectic group of men and women who met monthly to talk about how women deserved more respect for their role as mother and first educator. I went to many of the meetings but I wasn't impressed. I wanted equal rights, not mother-right. I also spoke with the black women I met in the West Side ghetto. They had no interest in meeting separately as women. Getting more money and raising their kids were their concerns. They wanted their men to get better jobs, not women to get "men's jobs."

On one of my drop-ins at the SDS office I learned that there was a Free School (i.e. non-credit, no tuition) on the University of Chicago campus where Heather Booth and Naomi Weisstein were teaching a course on women. I made the last class. Heather and Naomi were not there, but I heard Jane Addams talk about the forthcoming National Conference for a New Politics (NCNP) to be held at the Palmer House hotel over Labor Day weekend. We should run a workshop on women, I said. Jane liked the idea and organized two meetings of New Left women to talk about it. I couldn't convince them that this was something worth doing. I didn't know it at the time, but many of their husbands and boyfriends were involved in organizing the NCNP. Its primary purpose was to unite blacks and whites into a radical movement that could oust LBJ and force withdrawal from Viet Nam. Even those who went to the Free School class on women didn't see a women's workshop as relevant to that goal. I got a similar response from the women in anti-war organizations in New York that I met before going on the Peace Walk to Expo. They agreed that women had problems, but weren't ready to devote energy to solving them. We were

enmeshed in a horrid war; because men could be drafted, their welfare took priority.

NCNP organizers wanted to run an independent ticket for President of Dr. King and Dr. Spock as a vehicle to talk about the war and what was ailing America. Dr. King had said many times that he wasn't running for President, but he did agree to give the keynote address at the Chicago Coliseum the night before the NCNP began. There he spoke about America's "triple-pronged sickness of racism, materialism and militarism" to an audience of about five thousand. (*CD* 7-12-67, 3; 8-30-67, 8; *Chicago's AMERICAN* 9-1-67, 1; *Sun-Times* 9-1-67, 9)

I went to the NCNP not knowing what to expect and found a women's workshop on the program! Barbara Likan had had the same idea I had but took a more direct route. She convinced the conference organizers to have a women's workshop by offering the services of her good friend Madalyn Murray O'Hair as chair. O'Hair was famous for a Supreme Court ruling removing prayer from the public schools. A devoted atheist, she had never shown much interest in women, but, after all, she was a celebrity; that was enough to entice the men.

At the Palmer House on Friday there were roughly 1,700 whites and 600 blacks in the audience. The front and center seats in the ballroom were marked for blacks only. Inspired by the Black Power conference held in Newark a month before, the black delegates insisted that they get 50 percent of the vote on the steering committee and in the general sessions. Dr. Spock was supposed to speak that morning, but haggles over this and other rules delayed his address until the afternoon. SNCC's Jim Forman spoke on Sunday; he refused to answer questions from whites in the audience. That caused about four dozen whites to walk out. H. Rap Brown, who had replaced Stokely Carmichael as SNCC's head the previous Spring, was supposed to address the entire conference Sunday evening. After keeping the audience waiting for an hour, he said he would only speak to the black caucus. (*CT* 9-2-67, 3; 9-4-67, 1; *NYT* 9-4-67, 1)

Throughout the conference blacks held separate meetings with signs on the doors that said "Blacks Only" and "Whitey Stay Out." Even white reporters and photographers were ejected, some forcibly. Chaired by Carlos Russell, the Black Caucus drafted a 13 point resolution late Friday night and handed it to William Pepper, the NCNP executive director. It was an "all or nothing" demand. Accept it as is, Pepper was told, or the Black Caucus will walk out. There was a lengthy debate the next day before it passed by 3 to 1. The most controversial provision wasn't the one calling for reparations, or for fifty percent black representation on all committees, or even the one calling for "white civilizing committees" to "humanize the savage and beast-like character that runs rampant throughout America." Rather it was the demand to "condemn the imperialistic Israeli government" that evoked the most opposition. (*CT* 9-3-67, 10; 9-4-67,1; *NYT* 9-4-67, 1; Goodman,1967)

As black power took over the conference, fewer and fewer whites came to the general sessions. By Monday, there were only twice as many whites as blacks. By then blacks had been given 50 percent of the votes, so the racial ratio really didn't matter. "One man, one vote," was not the rule, if it ever had been. The closest vote was the decision *not* to run a national slate in the 1968 Presidential election. By then, the only person who really wanted to run was Dick Gregory. (*CD* 9-6-67, 10; *NYT* 9-4-67, 1) Whites appeased blacks at every turn in hopes of achieving unity. This had the opposite effect. Blacks and whites went their separate ways. Unity requires congruence. White radicals might want to work with blacks, but black radicals did not want to work with whites.

All of this reminded me of the South where I had heard about “bottom rail on top.” Whites feared that that is what would happen if they yielded even a little to blacks. Southern whites extolled their “good relations” with “their Negroes” without admitting (or maybe without even knowing) that this was based on blacks doing what they were told to do and staying in their place. At the NCNP, whites got a heavy taste of what it was like to be black in the South. They didn’t like it.

To judge from the press reports, or the lack thereof, no one noticed the women’s workshop or the resolution that came out of it. Following the segregated theme, only women could attend. My best guess is that about a hundred different women came to these meetings, though only thirty or forty at a time. We met every day and hammered out a resolution to put before the plenary. By today’s standards, it wasn’t very radical – equal pay for equal work, an end to sex discrimination, abortion on demand – but in those days it seemed very daring. I didn’t see any of the New Left women I had met earlier in the summer. Ti-Grace Atkinson came from New York to talk about NOW, but no one paid her much attention.

Five of us went to the Resolutions Committee to present our proposal only to be told that just one resolution from women would be accepted and one had already been submitted by Women’s Strike for Peace, whose distinguished representatives had not attended our workshop. The Chair told us to combine them. The fact that the WSP’s was about peace, not women, was not relevant. It began: “We women take our stand on the side of life.” While O’Hair went to talk to them, I took a short nap, thinking she could take care of matters. She returned with a 17-point resolution that was mostly the WSP’s with a few points from ours plopped in the middle. We got into a shouting match. I said she betrayed the women’s workshop. She told me that I was “stupid, pig-headed, an obstructionist and a Trotskyist.” I walked out. There, I ran into Shulamith Firestone, future author of *The Dialectic of Sex: The Case for Feminist Revolution* (1970). Shulie had said little during the four days of debate, but what she did say had stuck in my mind.

Shulie didn’t believe what I told her and went to find out for herself. She returned madder than I was. We decided to submit the original resolution as a minority report and generate a debate. Since O’Hair had conveniently lost the only copy of the workshop resolution, we stayed up all night writing our substitute resolution. Initially we tried to recreate the one passed by the women’s caucus. The more we talked, the more we wrote and the more radical it became. Even the name changed. We called it the Resolution on Women’s Liberation. By the time we were ready to type the stencil for the mimeograph machine we were both exhausted. Fortunately, the nice young man who set type for the *TORCH* came by around 4:00 a.m. and typed it for us.

We waited all day for the women’s resolution to be put on the floor, passing out our resolution, recruiting support, and preparing for a floor fight. When the time came, four of us were standing at the microphones, our hands raised to move our substitute. After reading the WSP resolution, meeting chair William Pepper recognized none of us. “All in favor, all opposed, motion passed,” he said. “Next resolution.” As we stood there in shock, a young man pushed his way in front of us. He was instantly recognized by the chair. Turning to face the crowded room he said, “Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to speak for the forgotten American, the American Indian.” Infuriated, we rushed the podium where the men only laughed at our outrage. When Shulie reached Pepper, he literally patted her on the head. “Cool down, little girl,” he said. “We have more important issues to deal with than women’s rights.”

Shulie didn’t cool down and neither did I. We didn’t have a list of those attending the

NCNP women's workshop, but I had one from the summer meetings. I invited everyone to my apartment on the Near West Side of Chicago where Shulie and I told them what had happened. The other women responded to our rage. At the end of the October, Shulie moved to New York, where Staughton Lynd told her to look up Pam Allen, whom he knew from teaching at freedom schools during the 1964 Freedom Summer. Shulie and Pam went to meetings – anti-war, SDS, anything they could find – looking for recruits. Later that fall they formed New York Radical Women.

In Chicago, women attended weekly meetings in my apartment. Most of the women at these early meetings had some affiliation with SDS. They had been discussing the role of women in the movement for a couple of years. Only the previous summer, they had passed a resolution calling for women's full participation at an SDS national conference. The men ridiculed them for their temerity; nothing else happened. I invited a few black women to our meetings that I knew from working on the *TORCH*. None wanted to meet with a bunch of white women. They saw white women as privileged and protected, who had nothing substantial to complain about. Their concerns were race and economic issues. Sex discrimination was too remote.

What became known as the Westside group continued to meet almost weekly for seven months. We were all white women in our early twenties holding down "straight" jobs to support our political work. Few were students. Two to three dozen women came at least once. The regulars included Heather Booth, Vivian Rothstein, Evelyn Goldfield, Naomi Weisstein, Sue Munaker, Sara Evans, Amy Kesselman, Fran Rominsky and Laya Firestone (Shulie's sister). These women lived in two Chicago neighborhoods, Rogers Park to the north and Hyde Park to the South, both of which had concentrations of white liberals and radicals. By the end of 1967 a women's group had formed in each of these. Sue Munaker and Heather Booth also helped form the undergraduate Women's Radical Action Project (WRAP) at the University of Chicago, where Sue worked and Heather was finishing her M.A.

Most of us had worked in the civil rights movement though only a few had worked in the South and none longer than my sixteen months. Our political backgrounds shaped our thinking; they gave us the framework through which we analyzed the world and the vocabulary to articulate our thoughts. The concept of sexism emerged from the concept of racism. Men were excluded from our meetings just as blacks at the NCNP had excluded whites. Race and class were constant concerns. Even though there were no minority or working class women in the Westside group there was an unspoken assumption that "their" approval was necessary for our legitimation. But there was no way to obtain their approval. Our contacts with minority women were few despite our roots in the civil rights movement and community organizing projects. The message white women got from black activists was to stay away; our presence, our ideas, our whiteness, were oppressive. We accepted the fact that blacks wanted to keep their distance from whites and assumed this applied to other minority women as well.

Ironically, most of us admired black women and saw them as a better model for womanhood than the one we had learned as children. White women, especially middle-class white women were raised to look up to men and depend on them for everything. Those who didn't were seen as unfeminine. Black women were raised to be independent and to take care of themselves and their community. They weren't the "weaker sex." The strong, black woman was a model we wanted to emulate.

The first battles of the Westside group were over who was our constituency. Was our task

to organize women for the New Left or women into an independent movement? Being a *radical* was part of the identity of the New Left women. They debated whether they were women radicals or radical women – a fine distinction not important to me. They denounced the Suffrage Movement for being a single issue reformist effort which had changed nothing, a view I did not share. To them “feminist” was a pejorative term. At the time I didn’t understand this. Once I read more history, I learned that those whose parents were radicals in the 1930s inherited a view of feminists as middle-class women uninterested in the plight of the working class. The terms male chauvinist and male chauvinist pig emerged from these discussions. I’d only heard “chauvinist” once before; at the Meredith March one white, male marcher called me a female chauvinist. I had no idea what that meant. In fact “white chauvinist” was what the CP called whites (including their own members) who acted superior to non-whites. It was readily transferred to men who acted superior to women.

I went to the Chicago public library and found a whole shelf of books on the Suffrage Movement and feminism in general. I checked out a few and devoured them. In the back of each book was a check-out sheet with the due dates stamped showing when other people had checked out the book. Most of those books hadn’t been checked out in years. I tried to share what I was reading with the other women in the Westside group, but no one was interested. They were action oriented. They wanted to *do* something, not *read* something. However, we didn’t have the resources to do the usual political things like call a march, demonstration or even a conference. Instead we talked about what it meant to be a woman in the movement. A common topic was whether capitalism was the enemy, or men.

In November we put our thoughts together into a one-page statement addressed “To the Women of the Left.” It called on women “to organize a movement for women’s liberation.... [because] the liberation of women must be part of the larger revolutionary struggle.”¹

One article we discussed was “Sex and Caste: A Kind of Memo,” which was published in *Liberation* magazine in 1966. Written by two white women, Casey Hayden and Mary King, in 1965, it was based on their experiences as SNCC volunteers in the South. I hadn’t heard of it before Shulie sent me the published version, even though I had been working in the South during the year they were circulating it privately in order to solicit comments. That reflected the communications gap between SNCC and SCLC. Hayden and King wanted to “open up a dialog” about problems which were now dismissed as “private troubles.” That’s exactly what the Westside group, and similar groups in other cities, were now doing. (Hayden and King, 1966)

In 1968, the new women’s movement blossomed. Every medium sized city and university town had a critical mass of people who identified themselves as radicals or movement workers of some sort. News that women were organizing spread through this network like a chain reaction. Almost from the first meeting, members of the Westside group told their friends all over the country that something was happening. After Heather spoke to Marilyn Salzman Webb, a new group quickly formed in Washington, D.C., at the same Institute for Policy Studies that had told me only a few months previously that there was no future in organizing women. Groups formed as far away as Seattle, WA and Gainesville, FL. Probably a couple dozen women

¹ Author’s files. It was reprinted in *New Left Notes*, November 13, 1967, as “Chicago Women Form Liberation Group.”

were primarily responsible for spreading the word through conference workshops, articles, letters, phone calls and personal contacts. The men helped as well. Every time the issue of women was presented in a public forum, they laughed. They put us down for not being political. When the men laughed, the women signed the mailing list. Their experience with radical men prepared them for our message. We didn't have to create a feminist consciousness; we just had to let them know that they were not alone. Male hostility to merely raising the issue helped galvanize women into action.

I proposed that we start a newsletter and offered to produce it if others contributed articles. I spent long hours sitting on my couch typing mimeograph stencils on my manual portable typewriter propped on a chair in front of me to produce the first issue. It came out mid-March. I wrote about "What in the hell is women's liberation anyway?" Naomi Weisstein drew one of her acerbic cartoons. Pam Allen, Sue Muniker and Marilyn Webb contributed articles. We initiated a "Male Chauvinist of the Month" award, giving our first to the publisher of *Ramparts* magazine. It was printed on both sides of three sheets with my name and address as the place to send subscriptions and stories.

I did not know that that address would be out of date within a month of publication. But that is what happened.

Working

While looking for a job I stayed busy doing other things. In mid-September, cousin Linda came to Chicago for her vacation. She figured she might as well take advantage of a free place to stay in order to see a different city. She brought my portable typewriter with her and a few other things that I needed or would need once I got a job. I had had to return the typewriter I borrowed from Rev. Luecke when I was no longer writing stories for the *TORCH*. Although money was tight, I had time to do a few touristy things with Linda. Chicago had a lot of interesting museums. It was a good place to be a tourist when the weather was nice.

In October I went to Washington for another anti-war march. The previous May the Spring Mobilization Against the War in Vietnam had morphed into the National Mobilization Against the War in Vietnam. "The Mobe" planned to hold regular massive marches and rallies against the war until the US pulled out of Viet Nam. Bevel left, but only after announcing that the next major march would be in Washington, D.C. The October 21 March on the Pentagon fused political protest with the counterculture. A rally of 70,000 was held at the Lincoln Monument on the D.C. Mall with Dr. Spock as the lead speaker. This rally was the destination of the Peace Torch. It had left San Francisco on August 27 and was carried in relays to DC. Blacks held a separate rally at Howard University several miles away. Some joined the 50,000 people who walked to the north parking lot of the Pentagon for a still another rally. Nearby a group of hippies chanted in an effort to levitate the Pentagon and exorcize the evil of war. The steps to the building were guarded by 2,500 troops.

The demonstration was supposed to end at 7:00 p.m. I was one of a couple thousand demonstrators who choose to spend the night. No one forced us to leave though many did depart as the temperature went down. The rest lit bonfires made from picket signs and stayed up singing, talking, and confronting the soldiers. Some protestors tried to talk to the troops facing them with sheathed bayonets; some taunted them; some put flowers in their gun barrels; some just stood and stared into their faces. When the sun rose, a few hundred marched to the White House to wake up President Johnson with morning chants. Most of those who spent the night at the Pentagon left on Sunday after a small afternoon demonstration. Right after midnight on Monday, the couple hundred protestors that remained at the Pentagon were arrested. Over the weekend, 681 had been arrested and one hundred were treated for injuries.

The following week I started work at *Modern Hospital*, one of four trade magazines owned by McGraw-Hill Publications, with a monthly take-home pay of \$339.54. The first day I went to the Ashland Ave. stop on the Lake Street El. It was packed with people. The other commuters pushed their way into a car but I couldn't. One of the after-effects of working in the movement was a fear of getting trapped in a crowd. Crowd claustrophobia would stay with me for decades. I finally accepted the obvious and walked to work. It was only two miles. As walks go, it was rather nice when the weather was good. In the winter, my knees froze. Even though I bought a heavy winter coat with my second pay check, women were expected to wear skirts in the office regardless of the weather. That meant wearing skirts *to* the office regardless of the cold. Fortunately I didn't have to spend too many paychecks on clothes for work because a large box full of my mother's good knit suits showed up in November. Linda clearly had told her that I finally had a job. We might not be on speaking terms but my mother was still my mother.

The other three magazines were *Modern Nursing Home*, *College & University Business* and *Nation's Schools*. Their readers were administrators. Their income came from advertising aimed at these administrators, who bought things for their institutions. The four magazines shared office space in Room 1050 of the Merchandise Mart. When it was built in 1931, the Mart was the world's largest building, with over four million square feet of floor space. Located on the north side of the Chicago River it was a little city with lots of stores and offices. A drawbridge led to the Loop. (<http://www.encyclopedia.chicagohistory.org/pages/812.html>)

The four magazines had an overall Publisher and an Editorial Director whose offices weren't in Room 1050. I never met either man, but I did see them occasionally. Within 1050 each magazine had a corner, but only the top dog on each had an office. The rest of the staff had cubicles except for me and one other. Our desks were out in the open. I found out the problem with that arrangement very quickly when I tried to read a newspaper while drinking my morning tea. My boss told me that I could not do that. When I pointed out that everyone else read the newspaper, he said that I couldn't because anyone walking into the room would see that I wasn't working. I soon discovered that I could walk into someone else's cubicle and chitchat with them without recrimination. Apparently it was only appearance that mattered not how you spent your time. Since it was rare for anyone who didn't work in Room 1050, except the Editorial Director, to just walk in, I thought this rule, which applied only to two of us, was ludicrous. There was plenty of space around my desk; if it was better not to be seen, just put in another cubicle.

I could have spent a lot of time reading the newspapers and been better for it. Although I no longer was in touch with SCLC or Breadbasket, I learned from the press that SCLC had reorganized and was looking for ways to pressure the government to get serious about the "war on poverty." When Congress held hearings on a two billion dollar anti-poverty bill, over six hundred poor people, mostly from Brooklyn, took the bus to DC to hold a "poor people's Congressional hearing" at a church several blocks from the Capitol. A dozen went to the House hearing. Although M.C.s were invited to the church hearing, none went. On December 4 Dr. King called a press conference to announce that sometime in the Spring thousands of poor people would descend on Washington to disrupt the government until it did something about poverty. *What* he wanted it to do wasn't discussed. Ten days later Dr. King announced a staff reorganization. Bernard Lafayette was added as SCLC's program administrator. His first project would be the Poor People's Campaign (PPC). (*NYT* 10-17-67, 32; 12-5-67, 1; 12-14-67, 39; *CD* 12-14-67, 8; *WP* 12-5-67, A2; *CT* 12-5-67, A9)

I could get pretty much all of my work done in about fifteen hours a week. That work involved writing a few short pieces for the News section of the magazine and re-writing articles my boss wanted to put into future issues. His official title was Managing Editor. He'd only been at McGraw-Hill for a couple years, but had been doing this kind of work pretty much forever. He decided what went into the magazine, when and where. As far as I could tell, contributors to the magazine weren't paid. They did it for the prestige. In that, it was like a scholarly journal or law review. The authors weren't writers but people who had real jobs relevant to the topic. In that, it wasn't like a scholarly journal. That's why the four magazines needed staffers like me to turn submissions into readable articles. I was paid. I was also edited. The ME went over our re-writes and told us what to change, what to exclude, where to do more, etc.

Even though I already wrote well enough to be hired, rewriting other people's articles was a very good way to learn to write. Some pieces just needed a little work; some needed to be completely rewritten. I wasn't responsible for substance, only for style and structure. When the substance is provided by someone else, you don't read into it what the author knows is there but the reader might not see. You know when something is missing or poorly explained. You also have no ego-involvement. You aren't slashing your magnificent words or your brilliant ideas, but someone else's. The ME's job was a little different. He did copy-edit us, though we didn't need much of that. He also told us what was important enough to emphasize and what wasn't. He had a global view of what each issue should look like and how the different pieces would fit into it. He decided which pieces were suitable for publication. When I edited my own books, I did both jobs and benefitted from having learned them at *Modern Hospital*.

All four magazines had a hierarchy of titles, even though those of us in the lower echelons did pretty much the same work. Of course the salaries differed with the title. At *MH* under the Managing Editor there was a Senior Editor, an Associate Editor, an Assistant Editor and an Editorial Assistant. My title was Assistant Editor. Two of the other magazines had a similar hierarchy, though not always the exact same titles. One had an Editor. *Modern Nursing Home* only had a Senior Editor and an Editorial Assistant. While it was bi-monthly, the two of them did it all. There were five of us putting out *MH* monthly. The Senior Editor of *MNH* was the highest ranking woman. I learned that she had started at McGraw-Hill as a secretary 27 years earlier and worked her way up. She had been with McGraw-Hill longer than anyone, but didn't have the title of Managing Editor, let alone Editor. She was probably paid much less than my boss for doing more.

This group of McGraw-Hill trade magazines was a classic example of institutional sexism. Men at the top made the decisions; women at the bottom did the work. Women could start as secretaries, Editorial Assistants, or Assistant Editors, and top out at Senior Editor. Men started as Associate Editor, Senior Editor or Managing Editor and topped out as Editor. The one women in charge of a magazine (*MNH*) had a lower title than her male equivalents, had been there much longer, and probably made less money. She also had less help. That was a pattern I would see frequently. Men got more helpers; women did more themselves. Another pattern was that a man never worked for a woman; only vice versa. Still another was that men had more say in which of the many tasks they did. Women did what they were told to do which was usually the tasks that the men didn't want to do.

I became friendly with two women at *C&UB* and *NS* and learned their stories. Gaye hadn't been there long. She told me that she had applied for an opening as Associate Editor at *Nation's Schools* only to be told that she didn't have enough experience for that position. She finally accepted the title of Editorial Assistant with the promise that she would be promoted to Assistant Editor if she did well. A couple months later a man was hired for the Associate Editor position. From friendly conversation with him, Gaye learned that he had less experience than she did. Claudia had been at *C&UB* for two years. She started as an Editorial Assistant and was eventually promoted to Assistant Editor. *C&UB* also had a woman as a Senior Editor. She had been there 12 years. There was a male Editor over her. On *MH* the Associate Editor was a woman who had been there five years. The Editorial Assistant at *MH* quit a month after I was hired, apparently angry that she had not been promoted. A new one was hired a couple months later.

It didn't take long to conclude that this was no place for an ambitious young woman. The wait for promotion was long and the ceiling was low. Once I learned the job it no longer engaged my mind and the opportunities for doing more interesting work were skimpy. I didn't really want to return to school just yet, but where else could I go? What kind of advanced degree did I want? The Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University was reputed to be one of the best, but one-third of its students were women. Who was hiring them? I briefly considered law school because I had been impressed with what lawyers had done for the civil rights movement. I thought perhaps I could continue to serve it as well as earn my living as an attorney. I did not then know that law schools had quotas on the admission of women, usually around seven percent. If I had applied then, I would probably not have been admitted, and if I had been, I wouldn't have been able to afford the tuition. I did learn that law school application forms asked about arrests, and that admissions committees in that turbulent year weren't excited about admitting political protestors. That door clicked shut when I heard from my Bay Area friends that Terrance Hallinan, known as Kayo, had been denied admission to the California Bar by its Ethics Committee in 1965. Like me, he had been arrested in the 1964 Bay Area civil rights demonstrations while a student at Hastings Law School. Since California was the closest I had to a home state and was more tolerant than most states, I concluded that it was not worthwhile to invest three years in a legal education only to be denied admission to the bar.

I had developed an interest in urban planning as a result of what I learned in Birmingham and Chicago. I also liked New York. I requested an application from that program at Columbia University. It didn't ask for arrests. I also requested an application for graduate school in Political Science at the University of Chicago. My professors at Berkeley had imbued me with the idea that smart people got Ph.D.s. I liked Political Science. I'd found it interesting and had done well in my courses. The application did not ask about arrests. In December I sent in my applications to those programs in those two schools, and only those two schools. I asked for fellowships, but I knew I needed to work at *MH* as long as possible to save money. I didn't want to work full-time while going to school full-time and had no idea how much money I would need.

One of the submissions I worked on for *MH* was on hospital security at night, written by the director of security for Chicago Wesley Memorial hospital. Since it was in Chicago, my boss sent me there to take photos. I got a one page spread of five photos with a credit line. I was thrilled. The *TORCH* had published lots of my photos, but without any credit lines. I wanted the photo credit to be distinct so I contracted Jo Freeman into Joreen in order to create a professional name as a photographer. I got a second chance in the winter when I was sent to take photos of a new Infant Welfare Station on 3216 W. Roosevelt Rd. in North Lawndale. It was financed by an OEO grant through Mount Sinai Hospital. When the articles and my photographs were published in the May issue of *MH*, I had eight photos on the cover. Of course I didn't get paid extra for the photos, but at that point I didn't care.

After only a few weeks rewriting and editing, I became restless. I wanted to do something new and more demanding, not the same old, same old. That was a problem because *MH* didn't really have anything new for me to do. Fortunately, *C&UB* did. It sent me to a conference in Cleveland the last week in December to write about an experimental attempt to use computers to match conference delegates (mostly students) with common interests. I got my first magazine byline not in *Modern Hospital* but in *College & University Business* for writing

“Students Seek Personalization – By Computer” for the February issue. It also published one of my photographs with a credit line.

Just for fun I spoke to all the women in Room 1050 about wearing something colorful to work on one day instead of the usual drab suits. I called it “flower day.” I made a poster and taped it to one wall. The women loved the idea. The bosses didn’t. They reacted as though we were trying to organize a union or something. Flower day was plucked.

My interest in politics was piqued when Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy announced that he would run for President in order to campaign against LBJ’s policies in Viet Nam. He’d been talking about doing so for some time, but finally made it official on November 30. Although I had no Minnesota connections, I knew who he was because he had nominated Adlai Stevenson at the 1960 Democratic Convention in Los Angeles. My mother and I were big Stevenson fans. First elected to Congress in 1948, this was not the first time McCarthy had defied the party leadership. He was doing so again by speaking out against the war in Viet Nam. Eugene McCarthy was my kind of Democrat. My political interests were stimulated again when Richard Nixon entered the New Hampshire primary. My mother despised Nixon from when he first ran for Senate in California and had raised me to feel likewise.

Chicago’s left had been bubbling ever since the newspaper headlines blared that Chicago had been chosen as the site of the Democratic National Convention. It would be held in late August, but groups were already meeting in the winter to plan strategy. I did not go to any of these meetings, but some of the women in the Westside group were involved and reported the contending views to our weekly meetings. The Mobe and a new group calling itself the Youth International Party, aka the Yippies, were planning – something. The Tet Offensive launched by the Viet Cong in January brought headlines about military action into everyone’s home for several weeks.

McCarthy also generated headlines as he made speeches against the war throughout the country. He racked up a few endorsements, such as the Americans for Democratic Action, even though Robert Kennedy, the champion most Democrats wanted to see run, said he would support LBJ. It wasn’t exactly an endorsement, but it did imply that RFK wasn’t going to run. When the Democratic votes in the March 12 New Hampshire primary were counted, McCarthy had 42.2 percent compared to LBJ’s 49.4 percent. Four days later Kennedy announced his candidacy. Of course this split the anti-Johnson forces, at least those within the Democratic Party. Anti-war leftists didn’t care who the nominee was as they had no use for the Democratic Party. I was still a Democrat, although it was difficult to be active in Chicago if you weren’t part of the Daley Machine, and I still supported McCarthy. The next primary was in Wisconsin on April 2. Milwaukee was a short bus ride from Chicago so I went up on the weekends to work on his campaign.

There was a small anti-war movement within the Republican Party, but it never seriously threatened Nixon as “The One,” to quote one of his campaign buttons. His first serious challenger was Michigan Governor George Romney. He was openly opposed to the war, but couldn’t generate more than 25 percent support in the polls. He withdrew on February 28. Nixon won 78 percent of the vote in the New Hampshire primary. Anti-war Republicans wrote in the name of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller. He got 11 percent of the vote without being on the ballot, which was enough to make him Nixon’s next challenger. That would be his best showing. On March 31, LBJ declared that he wouldn’t run for re-election as President; he

was going to concentrate on winning the war. On April 2 McCarthy got 56 percent of the vote in the Wisconsin primary. LBJ got 35 percent. RFK got 6 percent as a write-in. The race was on.

One of the popular misconceptions about McCarthy's campaign was that he had convinced the bearded beatniks and hippies to go "clean for Gene." That certainly wasn't true in Wisconsin and I doubt it was true anywhere. An overwhelming number of the kids working for McCarthy weren't lefties, let alone hippies. They were against the war in Viet Nam, but they didn't believe in civil disobedience and did not want to go to marches and rallies. Their parents would have disapproved. Working on McCarthy's campaign was a socially acceptable way of opposing the war. Some of them became so strongly attached to the campaign that they drifted out of school and into full-time campaign work. Their parents did not approve. That was as radical as they got. I wanted to do the same, but I knew I couldn't, both out of a sense of duty to my boss and because I wanted to earn and save money to go back to school in the fall.

On February 29 the final *Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders*, otherwise known as the Kerner Commission, was published and quickly became a best seller. Its mandate was to examine over two dozen race riots that had consumed major American cities repeatedly since 1963 and recommend methods of prevention. President Johnson appointed eleven men and one woman to the Commission on July 28, 1967. There were over a dozen riots in that month alone. Illinois Governor Otto Kerner was its chair. Six members were elected officials, including my California Congressman, Jim Corman. When Dr. King testified before the Commission on October 23rd he called for a "gigantic bill of rights for the disadvantaged, of veterans of the long siege of denial." (CT 1-14-68. 14) Although only two members were black, the Commission's *Report* pointed the finger at white racism, which, it said, created black frustration at the lack of opportunity. The most quoted sentence in the press said that "Our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white – separate and unequal." Anyone familiar with the South would have taken the words "moving toward" out of that quote. The South had always been "two societies, one black, one white – separate and unequal." It was the North that was "moving toward." It was moving pretty fast. Chicago, where I lived, felt more segregated than the South.

J. Edgar Hoover wanted to keep it that way. The 1967 riots convinced him to create a new COINTELPRO, known as "Black Nationalist – Hate Groups." In order to counter "violence and civil disorder" it aimed "to expose, disrupt, misdirect, discredit or otherwise neutralize the activities of black-nationalist, hate-type organizations...." Among those listed were SNCC, CORE, and the SCLC. One of its first goals was to sabotage the Poor People's Campaign, code-named POCAM. (Church Committee, Book III; Kotz, 2005, 386-6)

Knowing none of this, SCLC geared up its Poor People's Campaign during the winter of 1968. It would begin with a march on Washington during the first week in April. Staff were sent all over to recruit marchers and supporters. The plan was to bring 3,000 poor people – black, brown, white and Native – to DC to disrupt "business as usual." Starting in Marks, Mississippi, which Dr. King said was in the poorest county in the country, caravans would walk and ride in mule-driven carts to emphasize how impoverished they were. The 1960 Census counted fifty million people as poor, with some variation depending on how poor was defined. Although LBJ had declared a "war on poverty" in his first State of the Union address in 1964, and set up some useful programs, more and more money was being diverted to fight the war in

Viet Nam. The PPC fused opposition to that war with the need for a real war on poverty. As plans were made, they also shifted. The target date moved to April 22. A shanty town set up on the Mall would be moved to the Democratic and Republican Conventions during the summer. June 15 would be a “special day of protest.” Dr. King toured the country, especially the South, drumming up support. (*NYT* 3-15-68, 36; 3-20-68, 18; 3-27-68, 24; 3-31-68, SM30; *CD* 3-23-68, 6; *CT* 1-17-68, A3; 2-6-68, B6; 3-24-68, 23)

As I read about these plans, my life changed drastically. In late March my landlady asked me to move by June. She said her daughter was getting married and wanted to move into my apartment with her new husband. I didn’t want to move before I knew where I was going to go to school and I didn’t want to move twice in a few months. As long as I was working I needed to be within a couple miles of the Merchandise Mart so I could get to work without boarding an overcrowded rush-hour bus or El. Next I got a rejection letter from Columbia U. I wouldn’t be going to New York to study city planning. I got a couple more rejection letters from places where I had applied for fellowships. Maybe I wouldn’t be going back to school at all.

On April 1, I returned home to find a letter admitting me to graduate work in Political Science at the University of Chicago. Furthermore, I was offered a *full* four year fellowship – tuition plus enough extra for living expenses. The letter said this was part of an experimental program designed to lead to a Ph.D. within four or five years. Toward this end, employment was discouraged. I was so excited that I wanted to tell my mother, even though we hadn’t spoken for almost a year. After pacing the floor for a few minutes, I picked up the phone and called, collect of course. She accepted the call! She was as excited as I was. *Finally* I was doing something right.

April 4 seemed like an ordinary day. That evening I was listening to the nightly news when the newscaster announced that Dr. King was dead.

Funeral

I sat there in shock, listening to the news reports. Dr. King had been shot in Memphis, and now he was dead. On one level I felt enormous agony. On another, I felt closure. We all knew that he would not live a long life. He was a moving target and had been for years. It was just a matter of when, who, and how.

I wanted to commiserate with someone, but who? Not my mother. Cathy and George were teaching on the island of Carriacou, part of the British West Indies. I phoned Fuqua. Karen Fuqua had gone to Greene County AL with SCOPE as part of the Illini Alabama Project. After graduating from U.II. in 1966 she ended up in Chicago where Cathy introduced us. We shared our agony over the phone and agreed that we would go to the funeral together, whenever it might be.

Friday, I picked up the newspapers on the way to work. Violence was breaking out across the country. Negroes were throwing rocks and setting fires in several Tennessee cities, New York, Washington, D.C., Detroit and Newark, N.J. Looting proliferated. Not in Chicago; at least not yet. As I left the Merchandise Mart for home that afternoon, I could see smoke wafting up to the west. The nightly news reported that buildings were being set on fire in the West Side. Arson took place primarily along a 28 block stretch of Madison Street in the corridor between Roosevelt Rd. on the south and Chicago Ave. on the north. There was some damage on Kedzie St. further north and south of Madison. Though the looting was started mostly by teenagers and young men, everyone from children to old people was grabbing things out of stores once the doors and heavy metal gates were broken. Empty stores were set on fire. (*CD* 4-6-68, 2; *NYT* 4-6-68, 1; 4-7-68, 63; *CT* 4-6-68, N1, 13; *CDN* reprinted in *WP* 4-7-68, A7; Risen, 2009, 150-1, 163; Chicago Riot Study, 1968, 27)

The next day Mayor Richard J. Daley imposed a curfew on anyone under age 21, closed streets to automobile traffic and banned the sale of guns, ammunition and inflammable materials. About 10,500 police were sent in to protect the fire fighters, soon joined by 6,700 Illinois National Guards. After President Lyndon Johnson ordered 5,000 troops into the city, the General in charge declared that no one, including residents, would be allowed to congregate in riot areas. He ordered his troops to use tear gas against looters. (*WP* 4-8-68, A3; *CT* 4-6-68, N1, 13; Chicago Riot Study, 1968, 18)

While the serious damage was confined to the West Side, there was some looting and a couple fires on Halsted in the Near North. When the fire trucks and police came to put them out, snipers shot at them from hi-rises in the Cabrini-Green projects. There was very little violence in the South Side ghetto and most of that was near Woodlawn. Stores closed but only some were looted. Word was that the two gangs which controlled that ghetto pledged to keep the peace. Their leaders did not want to see their neighborhoods ravaged and ruined. The presence of US Army troops reinforced that view. (*CT* 4-6-68, N1; *CD* 4-8-68, 10; Chicago Riot Study, 1968, 15; Risen, 2009, 152-4, 193)

On Sunday, the front page stories in the newspapers were all about the riots, in Chicago and elsewhere. Most had pretty much ended except for sporadic violence and looting. Some would continue for days. The Army had been sent to Washington, Baltimore and Chicago to

supplement the National Guard and the local police. The Sunday papers contained numerous photos as well as summaries of the deaths, arrests and damage. The final numbers wouldn't be known for some time. (CT 4-7-68, 3, 5, 6,7)

I also read that services for Dr. King were being held in churches all over the city, as worshipers gathered for Palm Sunday. I wanted to go to one of them, but where and how would I get there? My apt. was in a white enclave on the Near West Side, but I couldn't go more than a few blocks without entering a black neighborhood. Normally I walked through these without a thought, but this didn't seem like the right time for a young, white woman to venture out alone on foot. The Lake St. El wasn't running and neither were the buses on the West Side. All public transportation ceased within twelve square miles on the West Side. I stepped outside to buy the Sunday papers, but didn't go very far. (CT 4-6-68, N1) In Atlanta, there was a public viewing of Dr. King's body at Spellman College. Thousands passed at the rate of 1,500 an hour. Afterwards the family held a private viewing. (CT 4-8-68, 7)

Monday was different. The riots were over. The streets were occupied by the National Guard and Army troops. Over 300 square blocks were rubble, all but a few on the West Side. Reports said that as many as 12 had died and 3,000 had been arrested. Hundreds of businesses were gone; thousands of people had lost their homes. The damage was estimated at ten million dollars. Much of the looting were crimes of opportunity. Men's clothing stores were particularly hard hit, followed by liquor, appliances and food. Pawn shops were also popular. In Memphis, Mrs. King led the march of sanitation workers and their supporters that Dr. King had intended to lead. Then she flew back to Atlanta to get ready for the funeral. (Risen, 2009, 194, 199; CD 4-9-68, 3; CT 4-8-68, 3, 7, 8; 4-14-68, 10; Chicago Riot Study, 1968, 10, 19)

I went to work early. A memo from the Publisher was posted saying that whomever wished to take time off to go to services for Dr. King should feel free to do so. I knew that it really meant that any *black* person who wanted to attend *local* services should feel free to do so. I chose to take it literally. When I told my boss that I was going to Atlanta, he told me to go to Lawndale and see if the Infant Welfare Station was still standing. He wanted more photos. I had my camera with me because I was going to take it to Atlanta, so I went outside and hailed several taxis. When I told the drivers where I was going all but one said NO. That one finally said he would take me several blocks south of the riot zone, but not go near it. I had to walk half a dozen blocks to get to Roosevelt Rd.

I walked Roosevelt Rd. between S. Christiana Ave. and S. Sawyer Ave., taking photos along the way. It looked like a war zone. Buildings were smashed and burned on both sides of the street. Cranes were knocking down what was left of buildings before they fell down. There were isolated buildings that had not been demolished. Many of those still standing had "soul brother" written on the windows. Later investigations confirmed that stores known to be owned or operated by Negroes were not touched. Some destruction made no sense. I found the Infant Welfare Station completely destroyed with the sign showing on top of a pile of rubble. I wasn't in any danger. The streets were full of Chicago police and Illinois National Guards. People were walking around as though out to see the sights. There was air of jubilation. Children were playing in the rubble. The young men were proud of what they had done. I had no trouble getting them to pose for photos in front of their handiwork. (Chicago Riot Study, 1968, 14, 15, 73, 7A4)

Back at *MHI* I phoned Fuqua. We had heard that buses were leaving from the Operation Breadbasket office that it had once shared with CCCO. We arranged to meet there around 3:00. Next I phoned my friend at the *Chicago Defender* to see if I could develop my film in its darkroom. He told me to come on. While there, I told him that I was going to Dr. King's funeral. He said he wanted to go, but his boss was sending someone else. Could I take photos for him? Sure, I said. You can make prints from my negatives. No, he didn't want copies from my negatives, he wanted his own. He handed me a camera and several rolls of film so I could take photos for him as well as myself. It didn't take long to go from the *Defender* office at 2400 S. Michigan to the OB office at 366 E. 47th St.

Fuqua and I found each other and got into the line waiting to buy tickets to get on a bus. Someone in charge came along and told us that we probably wouldn't get on any of the busses. Whites would only get leftover seats not filled by blacks and it didn't look there were going to be any. The fact that both of us had worked for Dr. King didn't matter; we were white. We stepped out of line to talk about what to do. One option was to go to the Greyhound or Trailways bus station and catch a commercial bus. It would take at least an hour to get to the station and there might not be any busses leaving soon. Furthermore, we might have to change buses someplace on the way and wait some more. In short, taking an interstate bus could result in our getting to Atlanta after the funeral was over. I wanted to hitchhike. Hitching out of Chicago was easy. There was an entrance to the Chicago Skyway right on Michigan Ave. near 61st St. Cars stopped for the lights. Drivers could easily see someone standing on the corner with their thumb out and easily pull over. There was time to check each other out before deciding whether to ride together. The Skyway became Interstate 94. From there we could work our way to Atlanta. Fuqua was a little queasy about hitching; I wasn't because I had done it so often. I knew you had to be careful, but two young women wouldn't wait long for rides.

While we were talking, we were approached by an older black couple. The man said he had a car but didn't want to drive all the way to Atlanta. If we drove, we could all go together. Fortunately, both Fuqua and I had our driver's licenses with us even though neither of us owned a car. We went to his car and I took the wheel since I knew the way out of Chicago.

It was a really strange trip. The man turned out to be a black Mr. Charlie. He ran the plantation and we were the labor. He didn't like my cautious driving style. I stopped for lights, didn't speed, and didn't pass on curves. He criticized me constantly for not passing every car on the road. His need to dominate showed itself in the way he treated his wife. He told her when to sleep, when to wake, how to lay her head, what to think, say or do. When we stopped for food well into Indiana he insisted that Karen take the wheel because I wasn't driving fast enough. He drove her like a plough mule with a verbal whip. She gave in to his demands for crazy driving, tomming him all the way. He almost put me out of the car near Chattanooga when I objected to his yelling at Karen and making her do all the driving. He relented when Karen said she was staying with me. She was exhausted when we got to Atlanta sometime after dawn. I was in better shape, having dozed a bit when Mr. Charlie wasn't yelling at me.

When we got out, Fuqua and I left together. We didn't say good bye to the couple, but we both knew that we weren't going back with that man. We agreed to meet at the SCLC office after everything was over then went our separate ways. I knew from experience that I couldn't hang out with someone and also take photos. I had to be free to float. Karen went looking for people she knew. I went to Ebenezer Baptist Church, where the funeral was to be held.

Two of the SCOPers who made it to Atlanta were Mickey Shur and Peter Geffen, who had worked in Orangeburg, SC in 1965. They flew in from New York early because they could stay with Peter's grandfather, who was the rabbi of Atlanta's orthodox congregation. They got in touch with Hosea, who sent them back to the airport to pick up Rabbi Abraham Heschel. They knew him from attending the Jewish Theological Seminary where he taught in New York; he knew Rabbi Geffen and had known Dr. King. Tending to his needs and taking him where he needed to go became one of their jobs at the funeral. (Burns, 2011, 132)

On the trip to Atlanta I had some idea that I would be able to walk up to Mrs. King and offer her my personal condolences. I rehearsed the words in my mind. As I made my way through the tens of thousands of people who were already gathered outside of Ebenezer I realized what a fantasy that was. I'd be lucky if I even saw Mrs. King, let alone said something to her. I certainly wasn't going to get inside the church. People filled the streets and the incline across the street. They were standing on anything that could be stood on. I'm pretty good at swimming through people. Despite my crowd claustrophobia, I got close enough to the entrance to the church to take a photo of Mrs. King in a black veil near the doors.

People were wearing their Sunday best, as befitting a funeral, even though they were jostling for viewing space outside. I was wearing the suit I had worn to work on Monday. I wished I had my jeans so I could get down on my knees or sit on the ground. Looking at the faces, I saw a fair scattering of whites, many more than I had ever seen in a Southern civil rights demonstration. In that, it was more like Chicago. Of course this *was* Atlanta, not Birmingham; I hadn't been to any demonstrations in Atlanta so couldn't realistically compare the two cities. It resembled a demonstration in that people pressed, shoved, pushed and yelled. Sometimes they sang. But there were no smiles. It was a solemn demonstration.

The funeral began around 10:30. Those of us on the outside could hear the eulogies over speakers set up outside. I wormed my way closer and closer to the church entrance. When it opened, I snapped a photo of Daddy King and Rev. Abernathy leading the way to the front of what would be a procession. The Rev. A.D. King was behind them. Between all those heads, I even took a photo of the casket carried by the pallbearers. The next stop was Morehouse College, Dr. King's alma mater, where there would be an open air service for the general public. To get there, Dr. King's body would travel in an open cart drawn by two mules, an idea drawn from the preparations for the PPC.

Getting the cart and the mules in place had been no easy task. That morning Peter Geffen and Mickey Shur had ridden in a truck 20 miles out into the countryside to pick up the mules. On the return trip, the farmer drove the truck and they clung to the mules who were standing in the back. The mules were much calmer than Peter and Mickey. Unloaded, the mules were hitched to the cart and brought near the church entrance. The crowds were so thick that they couldn't quite make it all the way. When the casket was brought outside, it was lifted by SCLC staff over the heads of the crowd and into the cart. One of those was John Reynolds, who had flown in that morning from Providence, RI where he had been organizing for the PPC. He joined the other SCLC staff near the wagon as the procession began. (Burns, 2011, 135-6. 152; Reynolds, 127-8)

Once I took the casket shots I moved down the road, taking advantage of the open street as college students working as marshalls pressed people to the side. I stopped at an intersection

where I had a clear view of the crowd coming up the street. First came the flags, with Jesse Jackson carrying the UN flag. I didn't recognize the man who carried the American flag. This was followed by a four foot cross of white chrysanthemums and lilies carried by two people. Soon the mule cart came into sight. Hosea was in front, wearing overalls. To his right was Bernard Lee, wearing a suit. In back of them, Turner led the right mule and Sunshine led the left. Other SCLC staff flanked the cart; some wore overalls; some wore suits. After them came the crowd, walking respectfully behind the cart while filling the street.

Most of Atlanta had shut down for the day. City Hall was draped in black. Mayor Ivan Allen was progressive for a Southerner; he had been elected and re-elected with black votes. That was not true for the State Capitol building. Gov. Maddox was a confirmed segregationist who had shut his restaurant rather than integrate it in accordance with the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The doors to the Capitol were closed but those who worked there didn't get the day off. The flag in front was not even flown at half-mast. (NYT 4-10-68, 33)

It took almost two hours for the procession to walk the four miles from Ebenezer to Morehouse College, arriving around 2:00. The quad was already full. I saw a large stage in front of one building. I worked my way as close as I could get to take a full frame shot of the 30 foot stage. The casket had been placed below in front but I could barely see it. There were only a few white faces among the dozens on the stage and not many in the audience. Several thousand people heard Dr. Benjamin Mays give Dr. King's eulogy – a lot fewer than had heard the Ebenezer service over loudspeakers. At the end, everyone clasped hands and sang "We Shall Overcome." Slowly, mourners passed by the casket. As I did so, I surreptitiously clipped off a tip from the ferns gracing the casket and slipped it into my bra close to my heart. I have it to this day.

After the public viewing, the casket was loaded into a hearse for the trip to South View Cemetery, ten miles to the south. A third service was held there before the casket was lowered into the ground next to Dr. King's maternal grandparents. (Risen, 2009, 213) I didn't know about this service, and probably wouldn't have been able to find a ride if I had. I walked back to Ebenezer, taking photos of signs hanging from overpasses on the way. They said "GONE But NOT Forgotten," "WE SHALL OVERCOME." At the church people were still trying to go inside. Above the entrance a sign said "Our Slain Leader Martin Luther King, Jr." I didn't try to get in. Instead I walked another couple blocks to the SCLC office to meet Karen.

We were talking about how to get back to Chicago when a middle-aged black man walked up to us. He said that he thought Atlanta was going to blow and he didn't want to be in town when it did; he was going to Kentucky and offered to drive us to Louisville. We gladly accepted. There were two others in his car; one was his wife. Our benefactor drove. He said he was a pawnbroker who had worked in the movement years ago. He was black, Jewish and a Republican. His wife was white, Catholic and Democratic. *That* was quite a combination. There was another white passenger who didn't say much about himself. With long hair, he looked like a hippie. Anyone looking at the people in this car would definitely have looked twice.

Our driver let us out at a truck stop in Louisville at 4:00 a.m. I went inside the café to look for a ride. In those days, truck cabs only had two seats, one on each side of the engine block. Some trucks had sleeper cabs with a bed in back of the seats; some didn't. Usually

when I hitched, I avoided trucks with sleeper cabs because it would have been too easy for the driver to go off the road and try to force me into the back bed. This time I went into the café and talked to the drivers to find one with a sleeper cab who was going north. One of us could sleep while the other rode up front and kept the driver company. I found a ride. Karen slept first. She needed sleep more than I did. She had done the work going to Atlanta; it was my turn.

It was almost noon when we got to Chicago. Our last trucker let us out near an El. Karen went home. I went to the *Chicago Defender* to return my friend's camera and the film I had shot for him. I picked up the negatives from the West Side riot damage. Then I went to *Modern Hospital*. My boss said nothing. The next day he called me into his office and told me that I was fired for taking two days of unauthorized leave. I had not worked there long enough to have any earned leave. I didn't argue. It was all I could do to keep from thanking him. Ever since I was offered the full fellowship from the University of Chicago only a sense of duty had kept me from quitting. I no longer needed that job. I left his office with Dr. King's words ringing in my head.

“Free at last. Free at last. Thank God Almighty I'm free at last.”