

30 June 1965
[Washington, DC]

Dear Dad,

Things have been pretty wild here. Last night we got little sleep. The police came by (one allegedly a plainclothesman) and antagonized one of the guys, and then accused him of having a big mouth, though he restrained himself admirably. Later that night, the plainclothesman drove by several times, once throwing a firecracker through the window and scorching the shirt of one of the guys sleeping on the window bench. We got his license number, but little sleep.

We should be leaving on a chartered bus Friday at 10 A.M. for Jackson (provided I passed the screening, which has unofficially been going on for the last week). Unless they have already placed me on the basis of an earlier application, I may get a chance to go to work for the Greenwood Project (reported to be a good one) at the offer of one of the guys who thought I was a “good worker” (I think referring to the KP help).

The lobbying is going fairly well (we could win if only we could get the challenge to the floor, but the chance of committee tieup looms large. Among others (10), we went to see Fulton and Corbett. Corbett talked garbage, but at least seemed fairly unequivocally against us. Fulton sneaked (I mean it) out of his office while his legislative assistant was showing his art collection to us. I was watching for him and literally chased him down the hall. He flatly refused to talk until we pointed out that one of us was a voting constituent of his. But there are a lot of good guys here, like Holland and Dent. Clark has surprised us by saying he will vote on the Coleman appointment as it comes referred by the committee. (Coleman is an outspoken segregationist who Johnson has appointed to the federal Court of Appeals covering Mississippi, shifting the balance against us.) That isn't like the Clark, I thought I knew... We also sat in on a rip-roaring session of the House concerning the housing bill.

I'll be working, I am told, for the MFDP [*Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party*] in Mississippi. That's about all for now. Good luck, and I'll write tomorrow.

P.S. I won't send a list of what to ship until I get to where I'll be staying, since we may be arrested in Jackson.

[For the complete set of my Mississippi 1964-65 letters, see
<http://dickatlee.com/issues/mississippi>]