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Now and then we have stayed in Dawson, the county seat of Terrell, County. One night or two days, you know, now and then. This may be the long range program but it is not yet clear to me. I have an idea that I'm working on in connection with the whole project as we have described it in ideas. It operates on this logic-since the "white" power structure has cooperated in filling the jails of five counties, then it is no more than right for Negroes to cooperate. Initially, the cooperation will consist of people coming from Albany to meetings in Dawson or Sasser, which is located 7 miles away. The Sardis Baptist Church which has Mr. James Green of Atlanta as minister, refused to let us use the auditorium as a meeting place and also the A.M.E. church called ATOC (that's the name of the church whose trustees threatened to file warrants for our arrests. We would have been charged with breaking and entering. This unfortunate situation was avoided by the diplomacy of the presiding Bishop, Mr. Dupree, who was visiting there that Sunday. The minister appears to be sympathetic but he seems to be a bit weak.

We stay at the home of Mrs. Carolyn Daniels, a young woman of 31. She owns her home, a beauty shop, and a car. She has taken 10-15 persons in her car to the courthouse to obtain applications to register. None of these persons have been called to see the board of registrars as yet. For some of them, almost a month has elapsed. I would like to see this looked into.

Also a bit of harassment has been introduced upon the scene. On Tuesday 9, 1962, Mrs. Daniels was accosted by a police officer at another person's home. (she didn't know how he knew where she was) He presented her with a bill of \$22.84. This was supposed to be the amount of taxes she owed on a car bought in 1957. She asked him what make-he could not tell her. She told him that she had not bought a car in 1957 but he was adamant. He made reference to the three possessions that she had and then said that if the \$22.84 was not forthcoming, he would have to levy something. She was afraid and I was not there; the amount was borrowed from the bank and paid. Counsel was advised of this but he brought up the point of retainer fees and expenses in travel, etc.. Increasingly, the same type of case will be coming up; I wonder how would the executive committee be disposed to paying this type of expense. In addition to this, her son, Rochester Patterson was expelled from High School-Carver High School-because at noon, lunch time, he held a meeting on the campus, talking about civil rights and voting. Efforts to get him back into school have been vain. The principal, Mr. E.E. Sykes, is another "Dennis" in all respects-has been in jail for stealing funds from the school and is thought to be still doing it; he is one of the deacons at Sardis who rendered the decision not to permit us to meet at the church.

Another illustrative development of creative genius-HA!-has been a necessarily new method of communication. The largest number of students reside in the rural where communication is zero. We know that the students of the rural ride buses to and from home-TOGETHER. This is the point for on those buses, after school, the boys are working! We have persons picked out to disseminate "info" through each bus to families. One of the ~~bus drivers~~ bus drivers gave one of the kids a bit of trouble. She was "disseminating", you know, so the bus driver looked back at her and became concerned with what was happening. He remonstrated the young lady telling her to stop that talking on the bus. But the young lady was not one to give up on such a breach of "klan" cohesiveness. Forthwith, she wrote the message on a piece of paper in relatively large letters so that her "bus mates" could be educated as to the time and nature of a proposed meeting of the "Terrell County Nonviolent Movement".

Then she strutted up the isle to talk with the driver, while the students read from her back. The stuff is on. When I get some time I'll start on the Terrell County Story and man, I tell you, there is much to say.

Well, Tuesday, we had our second meeting in Terrell, at Sasser, a small place 7 miles from Dawson. Many of the people live in Sasser and ~~##~~ work in Albany; you get it. They are therefore in contact with the movement! Our theory concerning the influence of direct action in Albany on participation in "the movement" in this county or the surrounding counties, is working again. People continue to ask about Albany and what is the situation there. Today we got a request from Colquitt County to come over and set up camp; they understand that they will be "responsible" for us; you know! The boys don't play.

Say, two ladies who were school teachers came to the meeting in Terrell at Mount Olivet Baptist Church. They were scared as Hell. They kept pleading, "please don't nobody tell we're here. I got my job to think about, my child's in school, etc." "Please". On the other hand, you may imagine that meek. If you did, you would be six-feet deep wrong. They were too militant. In fact, one of these teachers, got up and gave an example of how they got rid of an "uncle tom" principle at Fort Gaines. She said that the people took him to the Flint River and whipped him, telling him that if he didn't get out of town, he would be in the waters. She said that he left the next day. Then in a thunder, she bellowed-"What we need is a "Klan" to give that principal a good going over. He would stop that foolishness". She went on to give a slight speech on the need of violence. The kid just listened. The other teacher said that though she need her job, it was just a means to an end, that she was not afraid of loosing a job.

There were 28 people at the meeting, only five of these were students. These older people talked and talked-we used the soul searching method. You sociologists would call it group dynamics or group therapy.. Many fears were set at ease and hopes were built up. They left after singing "We shall Overcome" and dedicating themselves to bringing some more people to the meeting on Friday 11, 1962 at the Mount Olivet Baptist Church in Sasser.

On Friday 11, 1962, I went to the Courthouse in Dawson to see the exact places where people came to get their application to register. One has to go to the County courthouse to register and from thence to the office of R.R. Jones, an Attourney at law, to register for the city. RR told me that one had to register at the Courthouse before he could register for the city.

While there, I picked up an instruction book for driving and a couple of applications for licences. Sheriff Z.T. Mathews fingered through them as I held them in my hand and said, "gitting license, hah?" I told him that I wanted to know the place where people went to register. He pointed in the back so I went in that direction. It was in the tax collector's office. I learned, however, that people only received a card there, an application to appear before th4 board of Registrars. A copy of the card is enclosed. So! As I came out of the Tax office and went into the court room, there was a man with a foreign accent, taking pictures of the pages of a large book. I was looking, so the man invited me to take a closer look, if I wished. I went over and took a peek over his shoulder and started to talk. One of Zeig's bloodhoundss was following me and in a minute, in came Zeig. What you doing over there? Stop bothering that man. I walked toward his man and he backed back as if I were going to smack him. Old Zeig the cat who slapped me, never stopped talking. What is your business here? You better leave this building. We don't know who you are. We can't let just anybody come in here and look anywhere they please. You could be public enemy number one; you could be Al Capone. You haven't identified yourself .

I went out and started to walk on the streets; I saw Rev. Dupree, the presiding Elder of ATOC, AME church, so I talked a while with him. I asked him if he would stay outside of the building until I came out since I was there by myself. I told him that if I did not come out immediately, I would be there against my will. I went in again.

I told the men ~~at~~ behind a "Teller like" structure that I would like to see Zeig, Ha! no, Sherriff! ~~At the time I was in the building~~ I told him that I was Charles M. Sherrod, Field Secretary of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and that I would be living in Dawson for a few weeks working on Voter-Registration. He told me that I would have to put it in writing. He also said that I would have to put down where I stayed. He asked for identification; I gave him my Automobile license. One cat said, "What he doing driving a Georgia car with a Virginia license?" "Can't we arrest him for that?" Another cat said, "Don't they need a license for that?" All this time I was back in an open room where I could hear all this. Zeig the Sheriff, hollered, wait! Call Cherry. This was the infamous Captain Cherry of the police force. He gained added status for having a "rep" for shooting Negroes. He was the guy that shot Willie Countryman in the "butt" and made a joke out of it. I think I put it in the Terrell County report. Anyway, Old Cherry, never came. Before I left, Zeig told me that I would have to get a doctor's certificate for a license ~~for~~ and that I still could be anybody, that he had never seen me before, that his men have been watching me, that he might have to fingerprint me and send it to Washington, and that if there were a robbery, I would be the first suspect. Police cars are continually coming by the house and the car is under observation. Well, man I'm tired of typing; see you later.

Good to have JULIAN on the staff.