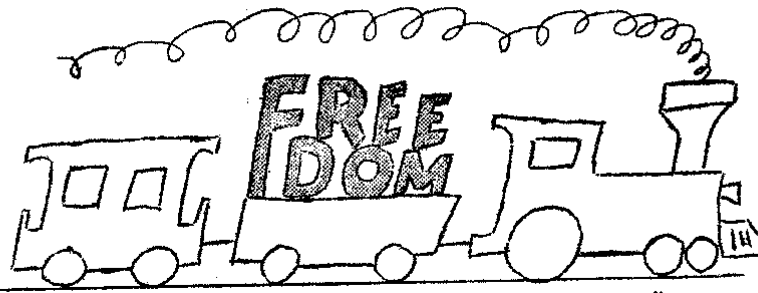
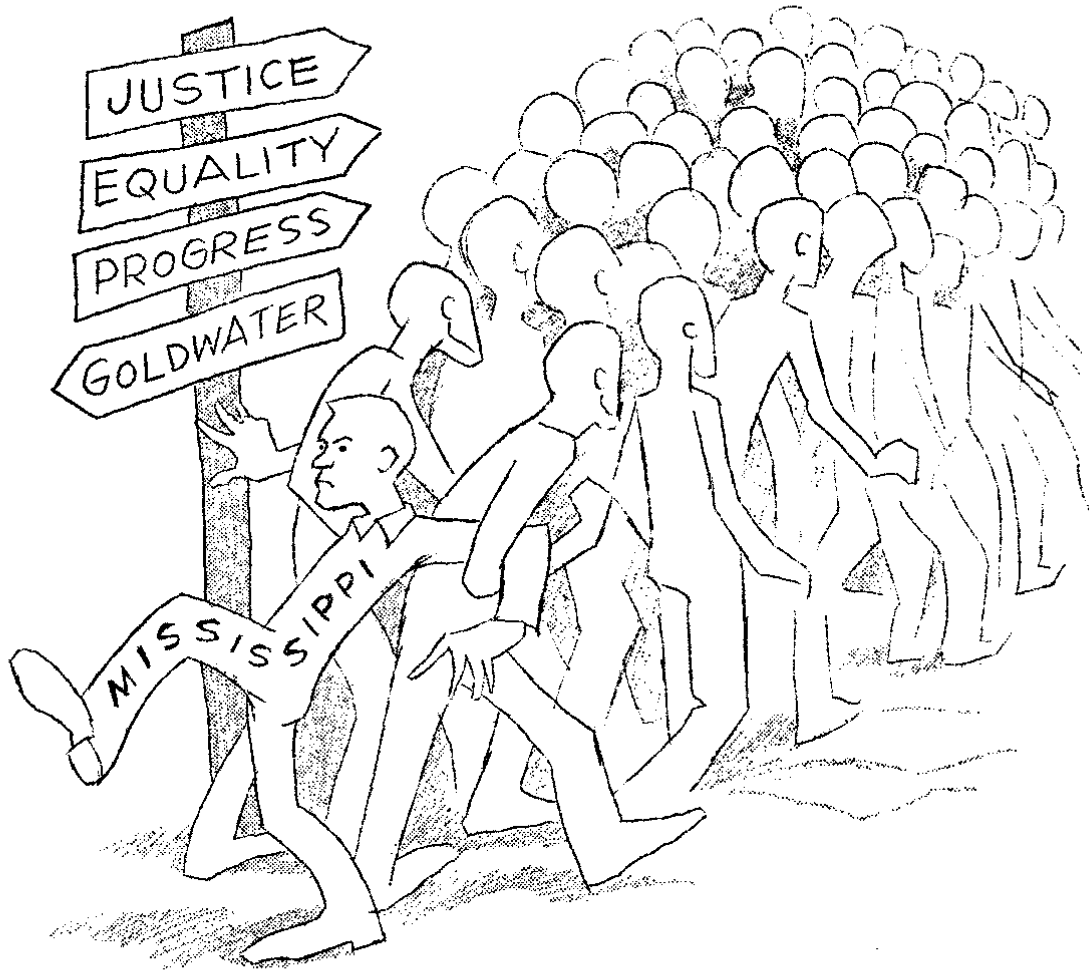


BENTON  
COUNTY



"It's that Freedom Train 'aomin'; get on board, get on board."  
VOLUME II, NUMBER 5 NOVEMBER 8, 1964  
Published by the citizens of Benton County, Mississippi Beulah Mae Ayers,  
Editor



"COME, GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND"

## JOHNSON WINS IN BOTH ELECTIONS!

### General Election

by Beulah Mae Ayers

How do the Negroes of Mississippi feel after the election? Great! Just great, because we, along with the president, have won a victory ourselves.

What are we going to do about it?

1. Go down to the courthouse and try to register. Try and try again. If you don't succeed at first, you may at ten.

2. After you have registered, put your name in the book, because they won't know if you are a registered voter if your name isn't on the book.

3. Then, when you are a registered, MAKE SURE YOU VOTE.

### *A.S.C.S. Election News*

Petitions from the 2nd and 3rd districts nominating community committeemen have already been filed at the A.S.C.S. office and have been cordially received by Mr. Gordon Stone, Benton county ASCS manager.

The nominees include Mr. Walter Weber and Mr. Loyal Thompson from the 3rd district, and Mr. L.B. Paige, Mr. Clabon Jackson, and Mr. Jake McAfee from the 2nd district.

All eligible voters should have already received letters from the ASCS office announcing the elections. In order to be eligible, a man has only to make a crop-- either as a sharecropper, tenant, or owner.

Mr. Stone explained to representatives of the Citizens Club that he probably forgot to put some names on the list by error, and that all a person has to do in order to be able to vote is to go to the office and request that his name be put on the voters list.

SO, IF YOU HAVE NOT RECEIVED A LETTER, GO TO THE ASCS OFFICE NOW!!

### Freedom Election

The Freedom Election, sponsored by the predominantly Negro Freedom Democratic Party, resulted in an overwhelming victory for Lyndon Johnson, and demonstrated to the nation that Mississippi Negroes, if given an opportunity to vote, would vote in large numbers and would NOT vote for the candidates generally supported by the power structure of the state.

Out of more than 63,000 votes cast, only 14 went to Senator Goldwater. Similarly, Dr. Aaron Henry won an overwhelming victory over John Stennis for U.S. Senator, and, in the Second Congressional District, Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer won an easy victory over Jamie Whitten for the U.S. House of Representatives.

In Benton County, over 755 people turned out to vote, which is over half the eligible voters, even though the election occurred during the heaviest part of the cotton picking season, and the polling places were scattered and not known to everyone.

It has been said that if Mississippi Negroes had been allowed to vote in the general election held on Tuesday, November 3, they would have turned the tide in favor of Johnson and thus saved Mississippi from the disgrace and scorn it received in the eyes of the rest of the nation.

Figures on the Benton County Freedom Election were:

Johnson--755	Goldwater--0
Henry----747	Stennis----5
Hamer----748	Whitten----5

The polling place that had the greatest turnout of voters was Mount Bethel (Hardaway on Sunday).

## Looking on Laughing

by Edith White

I am a cadet Girl Scout and one of our laws is to be friendly to all people. But let me tell you a story about something.

One day I was going to the store, and there beside the road were some white girls and a little boy. As I walked close to them, one of the larger girls saw me and stood there looking and laughing at me.

Then I said good evening to one of them and she acted like she would die laughing. So I went on.

When I came back, they were still looking on laughing. Then I said to myself, "I am a girl scout and am friendly."

But how can you be friendly to someone like that? All you can do is act like they do.

Am I right?

(Editor's note: We would like to hear from other readers on this question. Do you agree with Edith? How would you act in such a situation?)

## FREEDOM, I WANT FREEDOM

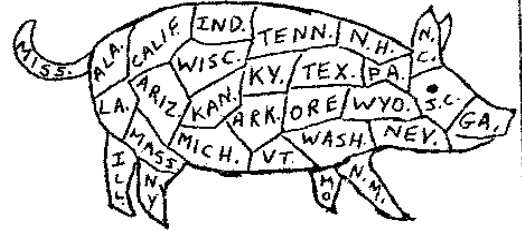
by Mary Hullom

We Negroes ought to stand up for our rights because now is the time.

If we don't stand up for our rights now, it will be too late. We need to work together and fight together.

But some of the Negroes are afraid to speak up for their rights. I am not afraid to stand up for my rights. When I first attended meetings, I was telling my friends about the freedom movement. I asked, "Why don't you all come to the meetings?" They said they would come, but they have not showed up. I believe they are afraid. I am not afraid to go. I will fight for my rights because I want my freedom.

If the U.S. were a pig,



Mississippi would be its tail.

by: Gloria Jean Winston,  
artist  
and Mr. Andrew Harris, idea

## A Few Riddles

by Walter Rooks

1. What has 6 legs and 2 heads?
2. What runs around all day and sleeps at night?
3. What has one eye and can't see?  
(Answers in next week's paper)

## BENTON COUNTY CALENDAR

\* NOVEMBER 17--all-county meeting of the Citizens Club, Hardaway Chapel, 7:30 P.M.

\*November 11, Mt. Zion Voters League, Mt. Zion Chapel, 7:30 PM.

\*November 10, Sims Voters League, Sims Chapel, 7:30 PM.

\*NEXT RAINY DAY--Rainy Day Freedom Day, Hardaway Chapel 10 AM - 4PM. Voter registration classes followed by trips to the courthouse in Ashland to register to vote. EVERYONE INVITED.

\*November 24--Receive ballots in the mail for the A.S.C.S. community committeemen elections.

WE SHALL OVERCOME!

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# NEGRO POETRY SECTION

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## LET AMERICA BE AMERICA AGAIN

by Langston Hughes

Let America be America again  
Let it be the dream it used to be.  
Let it be the pioneer on the plain  
Seeking a home where he himself is free.

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed--  
Let it be that great strong land of love  
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme  
That any man be crushed by one above.  
(It never was America to me.)

O, Let my land be a land where Liberty  
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,  
But opportunity is real, and life is free,  
Equality is in the air we breathe.  
(There's never been equality for me,  
Nor freedom in this "Homeland of the free.")

Say who are you that mumbles in the dark?  
And who are you that draws you veil across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,  
I am the Negro, bearing slavery's scars.  
I am the red man driven from the land,  
I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek--  
And finding only the same old stupid plan,  
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,  
Tangled in that ancient endless chain  
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!  
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying needs!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.  
I am the worker sold to the machine.  
I am the Negro, servant to you all.  
I am the people, humble, hungry, mean--  
Hungry yet today--despite the dream.  
Beaten yet today--O, Pioneers  
I am the man who never got ahead,  
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream  
In that Old World while still a serf of kings,  
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,  
That even yet its might daring sings  
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned  
That's made America the land it has become.  
O I'm the one who sailed those early seas  
In search of what I meant to be my home--  
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,  
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,

And torn from Black Africa's strand I came  
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?  
Surely not me? The millions on relief today?  
The millions shot down when we strike?  
The millions who have nothing for our pay?  
For all the dreams we've dreamed  
And all the songs we've sung  
And all the hopes we've held  
And all the flags we've hung,  
The millions who have nothing for our pay--  
Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, Let America be America again--  
The Land that never has been yet--  
The yet must be--the land where every man is free.  
The land that's mine--the poor man's, the Indian's, Negro's, ME  
Who made America.  
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,  
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,  
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose  
The steel of freedom does not stain.  
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,  
We must take back our land again.  
America!

O, Yes.  
I say it plain.  
America never was America to me,  
And yet I swear this oath--  
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,  
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,  
We, the people, must redeem  
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers,  
The mountains and the endless plain--  
All, all the stretch of these great green states--  
And make America again!

\* \* \* \*

(Editor's note: all contributions are invited. Readers are urged to send in stories, poems, news articles, anything they'd like to see printed. Give your articles to an officer of the Citizens Club, to Beulah Mae Ayers, editor, or mail them to Benton County Freedom Train, c/o COFO, 100 Rust Avenue, Holly Springs, Mississippi).