

benton
county



"It's that freedom train a comin'; get on board, get on board."

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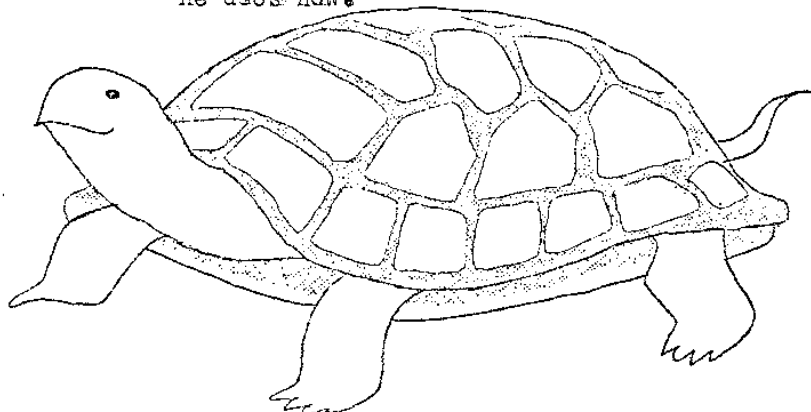
The Emancipation of George-Hector
(a colored turtle)

by Mari Evans

George-Hector

• • • is
sprawled.
formerly he stayed
well up in his
shells . . . but now
he hangs arms and legs sprawlingly
in a most languorous fashion . . .
head reared back
to
be
admired.

He didn't use to
talk . . .
but
he does now.



Boycott postponed until Wednesday

The school boycott has been put off until this coming Wednesday as a result of the School Committee's visit to the Board of Education last Monday. There are still a few matters which need to be cleared up, and the committee will be meeting again with the Board this coming Monday (tomorrow).

On Tuesday night, March 9, a special all-county meeting of the Citizens Club will be held at Samuels Chapel. At this meeting the committee will report on its visit to the Board of Education, and it will be decided whether or not to boycott Old Salem School. If the Board refuses to take steps which the Negro citizens consider necessary to improve Old Salem, it may be necessary to keep our children out of school as the only way of getting the Board to give us what we want.

The following is a report on the last meeting between the School Committee and the Board of Education:

SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPORT

by Sarah Robinson

On Monday March 1, the School Committee of the Citizens Club met with the School Board in Ashland. We went to receive an answer from the petition which had been put before them a month prior to March 1.

We did receive some consideration which sounded much better than it did the times we went prior to this time. This time we were given seats. There were about six Negroes present and about the same number of whites.

Mr. Autrey opened the discussion with a report on his visit to the school the previous Monday to investigate. He said he went to all parts of the school without

the knowledge of the teachers or the principal and found everything in tip top shape. Mrs. Dorse then pointed out that those teachers are well aware that the "heat is on" and it's quite natural they'll straighten up. Anybody will do that, not knowing when the boss will drop in.

Mr. Autrey asked just why out of all those 40 teachers did we pick out these particular 5 teachers to fire. Mrs. Dorse replied by asking just why out of that same number of teachers had someone picked only one--Mrs. Reaves--to fire. There followed a few seconds of silence.

The Board claimed it was illegal to use the school for events that had nothing to do with school business (even though a few days afterwards a basketball game was held at Old Salem for the benefit of the Red Cross).

The meeting was lengthy. Many matters were discussed but not settled. We will meet the Board again on March 8.

Integration goes on

Last Monday, Mr. Autrey's cafe was again visited, this time by Sarah Robinson, Rebecca Dorse, Idince Davis, Earl Price, and Loyal Thompson. They were treated courteously and had good meals.

Also, Jesse Jones and Aubery Bean ate at J.K. Percell's cafe without any trouble. Mr. Bean ate at the Cotton Patch cafe the previous Saturday--he had a good meal but may have been overcharged (two white COFO workers were charged \$2.00 for a hamburger and coke there last autumn).

No one has gone into the third cafe in Ashland because it does not appear to be a proper place for ladies and gentlemen to go.

More on integration

by JoAnn Dorse

On Wednesday, March 3, I went to the Ashland Cafe with Emma Crawford and Francis Dortch. We sat at the counter. The waitress was very nice.

We enjoyed our little snack. If more and more Negroes would go into the cafes instead of standing on the streets in the bad weather, eating cold bologna and crackers, things would be better for the whole Negro race. Eat hot lunches, stand up and don't be afraid!

Do you hate white people?

by Ernice Elliott

No, I don't hate white people as such. When we pass a white school bus, they will make faces at us, and when we go to town they will pick at us. That is what I hate about white people.

I know I am black. I was born black and black I will always be. But that is no reason for them to step on us as if we were rugs, and to stare at us so hard.

We are just as human as they are.

Train Time

by Sonny Reaves

Speed up and let's ride. The train's a comin' and I'm on board. All my friends are on board. If it takes riding this train to get freedom, oh, we got to ride and ride. If it takes fighting, oh, we will do that. But we want peace. So let us all pray for peace, sweet peace, oh let us live together and love one another.

So let us speed up this train. Our business is too far apart. Let's get together and run the train fast.

Thoughts on whites

by Jacqueline Richard

Some white people think they are king of the world. But others think differently. They don't think about color because they don't want to try to be king of the world. Some are very nice. I can name a few who I think are nice.

Various thoughts on freedom

If we had our freedom

We wouldn't have to ask the white man for anything.

We would be able to stand up and fight.

Then we would be able to get equal rights.

by Rebecca P. Dorse

* * *

I am not afraid to stand up and fight for my freedom. This is the time that all Negroes should stand up and say, "We want freedom." But we can get it only if we are organized and working together.

by Freddie M. Washington

* * *

We need freedom. I think God is for it and God is in the front of Freedom and nobody can stop it. That is why Mississippi is mad.

by Andy Mason, Jr.

* * *

Negroes inherited freedom, but we must claim it--take hold and clutch it with our hands. We are flesh and blood. No one would like to be put up and sold for money. No one wants to be a doormat for someone else to tramp on. We must fight slavery for freedom.

by Carmen Webber

NEWS IN BRIEF

*Several Benton Countians left for Jackson, Mississippi today to attend a COFO convention where plans will be discussed for next summer.

*Do you need a job at the shirt factory? as a cotton measurer for the ASCS? Apply now!

Negro Poetry Section

FOR MY PEOPLE

by Margaret Walker

- For my people everywhere singing their slave songs repeatedly:
their dinges and their ditties and their blues and jubilees,
praying their prayers nightly to an unknown god,
bending their knees humbly to an unseen power;
- For my people lending their strength to the years: to the gone
years and the now years and the maybe years, washing
ironing cooking scrubbing sewing mending hoeing plowing
digging planting pruning patching dragging along never
gaining never reaping never knowing and never understanding;
- For my playmates in the clay and dust and sand of Mississippi
backyards playing baptizing and preaching, and doctor and
jail and soldier and school and mama and cooking and play-
house and concert and store and Miss Choomby and hair and
company;
- For the cramped bewildered years we went to school to learn to
know the reasons why and the answers to and the people who
and the places where and the days when, in memory of the
bitter hours when we discovered we were black and poor and
small and different and nobody wondered and nobody under-
stood;
- For the boys and girls who grew in spite of these things to be
Man and Woman, to laugh and dance and sing and play and
drink their wine and religion and success, to marry their
playmates and bear children and then die of consumption
and anemia and lynching;
- For my people thronging 47th Street in Chicago and Lenox Ave-
nue in New York and Rampart Street in New Orleans, lost
disinherited dispossessed and HAPPY people filling the
cabarets and taverns and other people's pockets needing
bread and shoes and milk and land and money and Something--
Something all our own;
- For my people, walking blindly, spreading joy, losing time
being lazy, slopping when hungry, shouting when burdened,
drinking when hopeless, tied and shackled and tangled
among ourselves by the unseen creatures who tower over us
omnisciently and laugh;
- For my people blundering and groping and floundering in the
dark of churches and schools and clubs and societies,
associations and councils and committees and conventions,
distressed and disturbed and deceived and devoured by
money-hungry glory-craving leeches, preyed on by facile
force of state and fad and novelty by false prophet and
holy believer;
- For my people standing standing trying to fashion a better way
from the confusion from hypocrisy and misunderstanding,
trying to fashion a world that will hold all the people
all the faces all the Adams and Eves and their countless
generations;

Negro Poetry Section

FOR MY PEOPLE

by Margaret Walker

- For my people everywhere singing their slave songs repeatedly:
their dirges and their ditties and their blues and jubilees,
praying their prayers nightly to an unknown god,
bending their knees humbly to an unseen power;
- For my people lending their strength to the years: to the gone
years and the now years and the maybe years, washing
ironing cooking scrubbing sawing mending hoeing plowing
digging planting pruning patching dragging along never
gaining never reaping never knowing and never understanding;
- For my playmates in the clay and dust and sand of Mississippi
backyards playing baptizing and preaching, and doctor and
jail and soldier and school and mama and cooking and play-
house and concert and store and Miss Choomby and hair and
company;
- For the cramped bewildered years we went to school to learn to
know the reasons why and the answers to and the people who
and the places where and the days when, in memory of the
bitter hours when we discovered we were black and poor and
small and different and nobody wondered and nobody under-
stood;
- For the boys and girls who grew in spite of these things to be
Man and Woman, to laugh and dance and sing and play and
drink their wine and religion and success, to marry their
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and anemia and lynching;
- For my people thronging 47th Street in Chicago and Lenox Ave-
nue in New York and Rampart Street in New Orleans, lost
disinherited dispossessed and HAPPY people filling the
cabarets and taverns and other people's pockets needing
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Something all our own;
- For my people, walking blindly, spreading joy, losing time
being lazy, sleeping when hungry, shouting when burdened,
drinking when hopeless, tied and shackled and tangled
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omnisciently and laugh;
- For my people blundering and groping and floundering in the
dark of churches and schools and clubs and societies,
associations and councils and committees and conventions,
distressed and disturbed and deceived and devoured by
money-hungry glory-craving leeches, preyed on by facile
force of state and fad and novelty by false prophet and
holy believer;
- For my people standing staring trying to fashion a better way
from the confusion from hypocrisy and misunderstanding,
trying to fashion a world that will hold all the people
all the faces all the adams and eves and their countless
generations;

Let a new earth rise. Let another world be born. Let a bloody peace be written in the sky. Let a second generation full of courage issue forth, let a people loving freedom come to growth, let a beauty full of healing and a strength of final clenching be the pulsing in our spirits and our blood. Let the martial songs be written, let the dirges disappear. Let a race of men now rise and take control!

* * * * *

THE REBEL

by Mari E. Evans

When I
die
I'm sure
I will have a
Big Funeral. . .
Curiosity
seekers. . .
coming to see
if I
am really
Dead. . .
or just
trying to make
Trouble. . . .
* * * *

... Benton Poetry:

UPWARD

by Rev. Willie J. Gray

Among the sayings of our race
Suggestive and surprising
That fills the most exalted place
Tells the world that we are rising.

Rising to take our place beside
The noble, the aspiring,
Scaring upward like a lark,
To the best things we are rising.

Right may be upon the scaffold,
Wrong may reign upon the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways a future
Somewhere beyond the dark unknown.

O Lord God our father Known of Old
Lord of many a fought battle line
Beneath his powerful hand he holds
Dominion over palm and pine.

Oh Lord God be with us yet
Let us remind and not forget.