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by thomas gaither

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it will bother you . . .

This story of the Rock Hill jail-ins will bother you. For days I couldn't shake it off. It hung around—as does a ghost story or an important dream. It is something that should not have happened in our country and yet it did happen.

Why? You and I must answer that.

It happened, I think, because we are a confused people; because again and again we put race and color above the human being; because again and again we put law and order above the moral foundations of all law; because too many of us bow down to the idol of racism instead of searching for the meaning of God for man; because too many of us close our imagination against the suffering of the young who want freedom and dignity for their people, and who use nonviolent means to dramatize their longing and their right.

It happened because we, the most free nation on earth, content ourselves with a phrase instead of making it into a living fact. We who pride ourselves on independence are afraid of civil dissent. We have forgot the person's moral right to dissent when Authority does wrong; we have forgot his right to refuse to observe a "law" when that law is a travesty of justice; we fail to understand his grave respect for the *meaning of law* when he willingly goes to jail after having broken an unjust law.

Let us think quietly about these matters. Then let us out of moral anger speak up against this indignity and cruelty to those whose only crime is asking for their rights as American citizens.

—Lillian Smith

introduction

... January 1961—just a year after the start of the sit-in movement—a new word came into our vocabulary: jail-ins. It was coined by newspapermen in reference to the increasing number of southern students who, to emphasize the injustice of being arrested for protesting racial discrimination, chose to remain in jail rather than pay fines or go out on bail. The total number of jail-ins during that month reached almost 100.

The jail-in which sparkplugged this trend is the one described in this pamphlet, written by a young man who participated.

Shortly after the sit-ins started, Martin Luther King declared: "We've got to fill the jails in order to win our equal rights." Patricia Stephens, one of 7 CORE members who participated in the first jail-in in April 1960 in Tallahassee wrote from prison: "We could be out on appeal but we all strongly believe that Martin Luther King was right." In the fall of 1960, King, himself, along with 80 Atlanta sit-inners remained jailed-in for six days rather than accept bail. They were released under a 30-day truce negotiated by the mayor. A solution failed to emerge from the truce and in February 1961 on the heels of the Rock Hill jail-in, 85 Atlanta students were jailed-in. The outcome was an agreement with local variety and department stores to end lunch counter discrimination by fall. Jail-ins on a mass scale constitute perhaps the strongest Gandhian technique for bringing about social change.

—Jim Peck

JAILED-IN *by thomas gaither*

Eight Friendship Junior College students and I served 30 days on the York County road gang for the "crime" of sitting-in at McCrory's lunch counter in Rock Hill, South Carolina. While hundreds of students have been jailed since the start of the sit-in movement, we were the first to be committed to a road gang, which is the present-day version of the dreaded southern chain gang.

We could have paid \$100 fines, or we could have posted \$200 bail each and gone out pending appeal. Instead, we chose to be jailed-in. All nine of us felt that this would strengthen the impact of our protest. Furthermore, instead of the city being \$900 richer for the injustice it had committed, it would have to pay the expense of boarding and feeding us for 30 days.

what happened before

The story behind our case opens on Lincoln's Birthday, 1960. This was the date of the first sit-ins at Rock Hill, which were also the first in the state of South Carolina. Immediately following the original sit-in at Greensboro, North Carolina, on February 1, students at Friendship Junior College in Rock Hill expressed interest in joining the south-wide protest movement. Under the very able leadership of Abe Plummer and Arthur Hamm, they sought advice from Rev. C. A. Ivory and other local civil rights leaders. CORE Field Secretary James T. McCain, who has worked for civil rights in South Carolina for most of his life, was dispatched to Rock Hill to help train the students in sit-ins and other nonviolent techniques. A Student Civic Committee was established for the purpose of planning and coordination. By Lincoln's Birthday, preparations for the first sit-in were complete.

On that date groups of students entered the Woolworth and McCrory stores and sat down at the lunch counters. A gang of whites rapidly gathered, some of them armed with homemade ammonia bombs, which were hurled at the sit-inners. A counterman kept wiping the surfaces with an ammonia-soaked rag. The students remained quietly in their seats.

Violence by whites continued in the days that ensued. Negro adults, who were not involved in sit-ins in any way, were assaulted on the streets. Rev. Ivory received repeated threatening phone calls.

On March 15, Friendship Junior College students joined a mass protest demonstration in Orangeburg in which 350 were arrested and herded into an open-air stockade. Being a student at Claflin College, I was among those jailed on that day. It was on this occasion that Governor Hollings asserted that no such demonstrations would be tolerated, adding: "*They think they can violate any law, especially if they have a Bible in their hands.*"

In Rock Hill, sit-ins and picketing continued throughout the school year. After the college students left for summer vacation, a number of high school students became involved. Arthur Hamm, one of the college student leaders, remained in town to give them direction. On June 7, Hamm was arrested while sitting-in at McCrory's. Arrested with him was Rev. Ivory, who had the courage to engage in this type of action even though he is crippled and confined to a wheelchair. (see photo) The gross indignity of arresting a crippled minister in a wheelchair gave this incident nationwide publicity. Wheeling Rev. Ivory out the rear entrance and

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across the street to the jail, was an awkward task for Police Captain Honeysucker. Shaking-down the minister in his wheelchair for concealed weapons and taking him downstairs for fingerprinting also presented a problem. Finally, after going through all the procedures of being booked, Rev. Ivory was rolled into a cell where he stayed until his attorney got him out on bail. Hamm, too, was released. Next day he was back at his sit-ins and picketing with a group of high school students. Before the end of June, Hamm had to leave Rock Hill for a summer job with the American Friends Service Committee.

During July and August the campaign slowed down. But with September and the reopening of college, sit-ins were resumed. At about this same time, I went to work as a CORE field secretary and one of the first places to which I was dispatched was Rock Hill.

the town of rock hill

This textile manufacturing town of 33,000 people was not new to me. Both my father and mother had attended Friendship Junior College. As a child, I used to come into town often. I even recall visiting the McCrory and Woolworth stores, now the focal points of the struggle for lunch counter integration in Rock Hill. I never bought more than a bag of popcorn or some cashews but it occurred to me even then to wonder why we couldn't ever sit down and get something to eat at the counter. Of course, I didn't realize why.

By the time of the memorable Montgomery bus boycott, I was 17 and I well remember the sympathy action taken by Negroes in Rock Hill. Following the lead of Montgomery, they too decided to stop riding the buses until they were free to sit where they chose. Within a few months

the bus company went out of business. The job of furnishing transportation for Negroes was undertaken by a special committee, initiated by Rev. Ivory. The committee eventually bought two buses, one of which is still running today.

As I walked up the street upon arrival in Rock Hill last fall, a little Negro boy suddenly rushed out in front of me. He was dirty, ragged and suffering from a severe cold. We got to talking. His mother is a domestic worker who in addition brings home wash. His father has worked for years in the bleachery. He has never been promoted and never will be. His wage scale is low: unions have somehow not been able to make inroads at Rock Hill. The total weekly income of both he and his wife is less than \$45. I describe this family because it seems to me so typical of the Negro's lot in a town like Rock Hill.

It is a town of many churches, but the worship of God is on a strictly segregated basis. Rock Hill's first kneel-ins occurred only recently, on the Sunday of the big supporting demonstration on our behalf when we were on the road gang. The Negro kneel-inners were admitted at three of the white churches but barred at two others. Even the Christian so-called liberals in Rock Hill feel that Negroes should be satisfied with second class citizenship. One exception is the Catholic school in town, which desegregated without incident—and without any outcry from the segregationists. In addition to Friendship, the town has another small Negro church-run college, Clinton, and a state-operated white girls' college, Winthrop. The heads of the two Negro colleges were at first fairly neutral in regard to the local sit-ins. They did not come out in public support, but neither did they pressure students against participation, as was the case in Baton Rouge and in some other Negro college communities. However, as the situation developed, James Goudlock, president of Friendship College took a strong position in support of the sit-ins.

As for the public officials, they have been blatantly pro-segregation and opposed to any compromise. Rock Hill's mayor has flatly refused to set up a bi-racial committee of the type which has been established in some southern communities as an outcome of the student protests. Much of the ill-will evidenced by whites when the Rock Hill sit-ins started, was brought on by the segregationist agitation of local and state political leaders.

My familiarity with Rock Hill, coupled with my experience in the student movement in South Carolina, were factors in CORE's dispatching me there soon after I took the field secretary's job. Upon arrival, it didn't take me long to conclude that the most urgent need was for training student leaders. The Friendship students who had become involved in sit-ins and picketing at the start of the 1960-61 school year were mostly freshmen. I suggested that CORE hold an action workshop. This took place on the weekend of Dec. 9-11 at the college from which I had graduated the previous year: Claflin, in Orangeburg. One outcome was a full understanding by the students of the effectiveness of jail-ins, as opposed to

intensified program of sit-ins and picketing got under way in Rock Hill.

As Robert McCullough, one of our jail-inners, later told the press regarding the month of January preceding our arrest: *"City officials pointed out that we had staged 19 demonstrations during January and suddenly we felt sort of ashamed of ourselves that we hadn't staged 31. After all, there are 31 days in January, so what had we been doing the other 12 days?"*

hour of decision

The 26th day of January had been selected as the date for the sit-in, which inevitably would lead to the jail-in. Rev. Diggs, the college chaplain had suggested that the students involved should first register for the spring term to make sure of being able to return to classes following release from jail. To facilitate this the sit-in date was changed to the 31st. From Sumter, where I had been working with students at Morris College, I returned to Rock Hill on January 25.

On the 29th we held a meeting in an attempt to enroll more students in the action. Two members of the basketball team, Mack Workman and David "Scoop" Williamson signed up. The way some of the original members of our group felt was summarized by John Gaines when he said: *"I will go to jail and stay there, even if no one else does."*

Making a decision to go to jail for the first time was not easy. In some cases, it meant leaving a girl friend; in others, antagonizing parents who had little understanding of nonviolent action and much fear for their children's safety. There was also the danger that parents might be fired from their jobs as a result of their children's action.

On the night before the scheduled sit-in . . . in fact at about one in the morning . . . Clarence Graham, who had been considering the matter for some days, reached his final decision and got out of bed to write a letter of explanation to his mother and father.

"Try to understand that what I'm doing is right," the letter said. *"It isn't like going to jail for a crime like stealing or killing, but we are going for the betterment of all Negroes."*

Came January 31, the nine of us committed to be jailed-in and one who was to come out on appeal as a legal test, assembled in the college lounge. Willie McCleod was prepared to the extent of carrying his toothbrush in his pocket. Surprised to see Willy Massey, a student with a goatee and dressed like a typical cool cat, I asked why he had come to the meeting. *"Man, I'm going to jail!"* was his reply. An atmosphere of parting sorrow filled the room. Girlfriends were there to say goodbye and, in some cases, to ask their boyfriends to reconsider.

At the end of the meeting we headed uptown for McCrory's and Woolworth's. Woolworth's lunch counter had been discontinued in the course of the month-long intensive campaign and had been replaced with



a slower counter, but picketing continued. McCrory's lunch counter was still open. It closed down the day after our demonstration. As we walked uptown, some of us wondered whether any of our group would change his decision on the way and withdraw. None did.

As we approached the stores we were stopped briefly by Police Captain Honeysucker and an official of the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division, who advised us to return to the campus, and avoid "getting in trouble." Instead, we established picket lines at the two stores. (see photo) Fifteen minutes later, our group entered McCrory's and took seats at the lunch counter.

arrest and trial

The manager, who was perspiring and obviously jittery, told us "We can't serve you here." Hardly were the words out of his mouth when city and state police who were standing by roughly pushed us off our stools and hauled us out the back door onto a parking lot area and across the street to jail. We were first searched and then locked in cells. We started singing freedom songs and spirituals. An hour or so later we were joined by another Negro prisoner named NuNu, who had been picked up for being drunk. At 5:30 we were fed a piece of cold barbecued chicken and cold coffee without sugar. Then we received a visit from Rev. Ivory and Rev. Diggs. We slept on bare steel bunks, which bruised our bones but not our morale. At dawn we were awakened by a prisoner on the white side asking for a cigaret. He kept yelling and banging on the walls.

It was February 1 and, as I noted mentally, the first anniversary of the south-wide sit-in movement. We were taken into the courtroom for trial. The charge was trespassing.

On direct examination, Lieutenant Thomas admitted that he had given us only between 3 and 15 *seconds* to leave the store. However, he changed this to between 3 and 15 *minutes* when cross-examined by our attorney,

... requested and obtained permission to rest a little before proceeding. Finally, even Judge Billy Hayes stated that according to the evidence, we had not been given sufficient time to leave the store, even if we had wanted to take the opportunity of doing so. Police Captain Honey-sucker, who was seated to the judge's right, looked dejected. An atmosphere of indecision prevailed. Were we finally going to win a legal case in a lower court in the deep south? We were called upon to enter our pleas. We pleaded not guilty. Hardly were the words out of our mouths, when the judge pronounced us guilty and sentenced us to 30 days hard labor on the road gang or \$100 fines. Surprise and shock filled the courtroom when it became known that we had chosen to be jailed-in. The only thing they had to beat us over the head with was a threat of sending us to jail. So we disarmed them by using the only weapon we had left . . . jail without bail. It was the only practical thing we could do. It upset them considerably.

"you're on the chain gang now"

From the courtroom we were taken to the York County road gang stockade. We got there about four in the afternoon. It consisted of two large dormitories, one for whites the other for Negroes. It was like a barracks except for the bars and mesh-wire which made it unmistakably like a jail.

First, we were taken to the clothing room to get our prison clothes. In charge was Captain Dagler, who, as we learned later, was one of the toughest guards in the camp. "Boy, cut that thing from under your chin and pull off that jitterbug hat," he said to Willy Massey. "You're on the chain gang now!" Meanwhile, "Scoop" Williamson was trying to scoop a pair of shoes out of the huge pile on the middle of the floor. He finally found a pair that fitted.

Inside the prison, our initial feeling was one of uncertainty. As we entered the Negro dormitory, we were met with curious stares from the other prisoners. Some already knew, via the grapevine, why we were there; others didn't.

"the stuff is on"

One prisoner commented "The stuff is on, now!" Others echoed the slogan. By the "stuff" they meant anti-Negro hatred. They explained that the "stuff" had been "on" only recently in the white dormitory, following the much-publicized marriage of the Negro singer-actor, Sammy Davis, Jr. and the white screen star, May Britt.

"If anybody bothers you, let us know; we can handle them," volunteered one of the prisoners in talking to James Wells. The latter explained that all in our group believe in nonviolence. Our would-be protector seemed surprised.

As it turned out, the Negro prisoners' fears regarding our effect on the white prisoners, proved unfounded. Most of us worked in integrated gangs (until after we were put in solitary) without incident. In fact, when we were in solitary, a white prisoner took the initiative of writing the FBI that he considered this unjust. Another white prisoner volunteered to assert that it was wrong to single-out Negro prisoners only—including us students—to go out on Lincoln's Birthday, a Sunday, and erect a barbed wire fence in anticipation of the crowds expected to visit us on that occasion. By the end of our stretch, some of the white prisoners would actually request us to sing one of the freedom hymns which we had sung at our morning devotional services.

The only "stuff" which did occur was a single incident in which a white prisoner serving life, upon coming in from work one day, started cursing at Clarence Graham and Robert McCullough and finally drew a knife on them. The two simply looked at him and walked on. When the Negro prisoners heard about it, some of them were ready to fight. Again, we had to try to explain our adherence to nonviolence.

"a prison — not a damned school"

As to the Negro prisoners, they held us in high esteem. We were called upon repeatedly to serve as final authorities in arguments. Our presence prompted frequent discussions of world problems. We conducted classes in English and Current Events.

But we were barred from keeping up with our studies. On our sixth day in jail, Captain Dagler ordered me to gather up all the college textbooks which the students had brought along and carry them up-front. He said that the books were being taken away from us because the prison did not want to be responsible for them. I assured him that each of us was willing to assume responsibility for his own books. He retorted that he was simply carrying out orders. I then inquired who had given the orders, to which he answered:

"Quit asking questions. This is a prison—not a damned school. If this was a school, we'd have teachers here." (see photo)



Obviously, it was a prison. We got up at 5:30 in the morning, ate a breakfast of grits, fatback with flour gravy and black coffee. Then, we went out for the day's labor. On our first day, the temperature was 24°.

My first job was loading sand onto a truck. There was one white prisoner on my gang; the rest were Negroes. Among them was NuNu, who had been thrown into our cell at the city jail the day we were arrested. NuNu was always the center of attention. He had apparently been involved in numerous petty difficulties with the law.

The guards' attitudes toward us ranged from indifference to hostility. Captain Jim, the guard bossing my work gang was a fat, jovial type who seemed to me surprisingly broad-minded. I discovered he had been raised among Negroes. He frequently recalled how, when he was a youth, he used to play baseball with Negro kids on Sundays and whenever there was spare time. He usually referred to Negroes as "darkies," not seeming to realize that the term is derogatory.

On February 7 we were joined by a student from Charlotte, North Carolina and one from Petersburg, Virginia. Along with two female students from Nashville and Atlanta, Diane Nash and Ruby Smith, they had sat-in at a Rock Hill lunch counter. Like us, all four had been sentenced to 30 days and had refused to pay fines. There being no road gang for women, the two girls were confined to the women's county jail.

With the addition of the two new students—Charles Jones and Charles Sherrod—the jail-inners on our road gang totaled 11. Our original group included John Gaines, Clarence Graham, Willie McCleod, Robert McCullough, Willy Massey, James Wells, David Williamson, Mack Workman and myself.

solitary

February 7 was memorable for us because we spent the entire morning in solitary confinement. The periodic shouting, cursing and other loud noises which emanated from the prisoners' quarters apparently did not bother the officials. However, for several days they had objected to our singing hymns at the morning devotional services which we had initiated.

One line that particularly irritated them was "*Before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave.*" No sooner would we start to sing, than a guard would order us to "*cut out that damned juss!*" Of course, we refused and simply kept on singing. When this happened on February 7, Captain Maloney, the prison superintendent, put us in solitary.

He accused us of "*trying to run the prison.*" I tried to explain that we were simply exercising our right of religious freedom. He replied: "*If y'all are that religious, why ain't y'all preachers?*" I explained that two of us were actually studying for the ministry.

At this point, Charles Jones, as a goodwill gesture, stepped forward and presented the prison superintendent with a box of chocolates which he had received as a present. Maloney slammed it down on a table outside

We found ourselves in a 12-by-12 foot, dark room furnished with a commode, a small sink and one lone drinking cup. Obscuring the window was a metal sheet and steel bars. Lights went on at mealtimes only and meals consisted of bread and water.

But on this occasion we never got a chance to taste this sumptuous food. Shortly after noon, Captain Maloney unlocked our door and asked if we were ready to go back to work. He fully realized that we had no intention of ceasing our morning hymn-singing, but in order to save face, he did not raise the issue.

We were given a meal of beans, cornbread, milk and a peach, and were driven under heavy guard to the city dump, where the county maintains a topsoil pit. We eleven students were now on a separate work gang. It soon became clear that in putting us back to work, rather than keeping us in solitary, the prison officials' strategy was to "*work-the-hell*" out of us. By quitting time we had shoveled 14 loads of topsoil onto the 7-ton dump trucks. It was backbreaking work.

visiting

The parents' difficulty at grasping what we were trying to accomplish did not deter them from coming to the camp on visiting days. I mentioned earlier how Clarence Graham, had been so worried about his parents' reactions, that he drafted an explanatory letter to them at 1 a.m. of the day we were to be arrested. Both his father and mother came to visit. So did John Gaines's 95-year-old great-grandmother, who is in a wheelchair. (*see photo*) She brought \$200 cash just in case John should want to change his mind and accept bail.





"I don't think I ever got it explained completely to my great-grandmother," Gaines explained. "She was afraid they'd work me too hard and that I couldn't stand it. She was still puzzled when I told her that it was a privilege for a Negro to go to jail for his rights."

Regarding his grandmother, who is a cook at the college, Gaines said: *"She told me I was disobedient when I said I had to go to jail. But once I got locked up, she was quite changed. She came to jail and asked me if I was all right or needed anything."*

Gaines's grandmother's attitude was typical of many of the parents who came to visit. In addition to relatives, friends and supporters came from many parts of the country. This gave us great encouragement. On our first Sunday, a caravan of 60 cars and a bus brought more than 300 Negro and white visitors to the isolated road camp.

The following Sunday, Lincoln's Birthday, over 1,000 local citizens and students from other states participated in a pilgrimage to Rock Hill on behalf of our cause. It was early that morning that we were ordered to erect a barbed-wire fence around the compound. From the dormitory window, I could see an endless line of highway patrol cars. Some residents in the vicinity had posted their property in such a way that if Negroes should step on it, they could be accused of trespassing. A few white hoodlums speeded their cars up and down the road in an attempt at intimidation. But the pilgrimage was not deterred. Guards, posted between us and our visitors, started to take notes on what was being said. They failed to dampen our enthusiasm over this significant demonstration of support for our efforts. (*see photo*) We were additionally encouraged to learn that since our arrest, the jail-ins had spread to Atlanta and Lynchburg bringing the total number of students involved—including us—to almost 100.

speed-up

As the days went by, following our return to work from solitary, it became increasingly clear that we were the victims of a speed-up. Starting the second day, we were expected to load 36 trucks of topsoil, or double the workload of other prisoners. I was cited by the captain as an experienced chain gang man—possibly because I was the oldest in the group—and singled out to lead the group.

me to shovel faster. *Come on, niggers,* he would say.

We decided to refuse to go along with the speedup. Two of our gang, Jones and Sherrod had gotten sick, the former with an injured shoulder muscle. On February 13 our work output decreased considerably. The following morning, the prison superintendent warned us that unless we worked faster we would be transferred to the state penitentiary. When we reached the topsoil pit, we found an additional truck had been dispatched for us to load. We worked at a moderate pace and after about an hour and a half, a group of prison officials arrived to inspect us. As they departed, John Gaines waved to them in a joking manner. His wave was misinterpreted as a threatening gesture, and Gaines was ordered into the officials' car.

The rest of us stopped work and planted our shovels in the topsoil. We started toward the officials to inquire where they were taking Gaines. They told us to resume work—or join Gaines. We chose the latter, as a move of solidarity. We were then loaded onto one of the dump trucks, and driven back to camp.

back into solitary

Upon arrival at the stockade, we found ourselves back in solitary confinement for a second time. But before locking us in, a guard came and took Gaines away. Our attempts to inquire where he was being taken proved fruitless. Aware of what might happen to a lone Negro "agitator" in the hands of white southern prison guards, we feared for Gaines's safety. We decided to go on a hunger strike until we learned his whereabouts. This did not constitute too much of a sacrifice, since the only food in solitary was bread—three times a day. But it was at least some demonstration of our concern.

Furthermore it had an impact on the guards. They seemed quite disturbed at the end of the first day to discover there were 24 pieces of corn bread to be removed from our cell. Lying on the floor in this cramped space, with only our jackets on or under us—and with Mack Workman's snoring—we didn't get too much sleep during our first night in solitary. The lack of sleep added to the gnawing of the hunger strike on our stomachs made us feel miserable on the second day. Some of us had stomach aches; others felt as if our bellies had shrunk. Graham described it as "*a turbulent dispute between my backbone and my stomach.*" We kidded ourselves with graphic descriptions of our favorite things to eat.

In the course of the third day, we were finally told what had happened to Gaines. He had been transferred to the county jail and was unharmed. Upon learning this, we decided to end our hunger strike. The superintendent and the guards had become so worried over the hunger strike that when we resumed eating, they were happier than we were. They brought us seconds on everything. We were ordered back to work.

jail term ends — struggle goes on

The labor was not easy, but the speed-up plan prescribed for us earlier was no longer in evidence. During our last few days on the road gang, we worked laying drainage pipes under rural roads. Prison officials were anxious to avoid any publicity or supporting demonstrations on the day of our release. Captain Dagler made this known to us on our final day, March 2. After only a half day's work, he took us back to the stockade. We were given lunch, ordered to change into our regular clothes and loaded aboard a caged truck. The prison superintendent and his assistant escorted us to the Rock Hill city limits.

There we were set free and walked in a group to the Friendship campus. Our 30 days on the road gang were over, but not our struggle to end lunch counter discrimination in Rock Hill.

As Clarence Graham expressed it at our first major press conference after getting out: *"If requesting first class citizenship in the south is to be regarded as a crime, then I will gladly go back to jail again."*

One of our group, Willy Massey, was back in jail again less than two weeks later. He and four other students were arrested March 14 while picketing a drug store with a segregated lunch counter. Like our group, they refused to pay fines. The day before, two other members of our group—John Gaines and Robert McCullough—were assaulted on the picket line by white hoodlums. Gaines was clubbed unconscious and taken to York County hospital. Two hours later, he and McCullough resumed picketing accompanied with three others of our group—Clarence Graham, James Wells and me.

These students are determined to carry on the nonviolent action campaign until Rock Hill's lunch counters desegregate. Our jail-in has strengthened—not weakened—that determination. Unfortunately, I cannot stay with them. CORE field secretaries have to cover considerable territory and I will be dispatched elsewhere. For me, Rock Hill was my second jail-in. My first was in Miami, Florida, in August when seven of us at CORE's Interracial Action Institute remained 10 days in jail rather than accept bail. The Rock Hill experience has fortified my conviction in the effectiveness of jail-ins in cases of unjust arrests.