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I know that I havn't written in a long time. I have been all tied up and I havn't had a chance to write.

I was on the Meridith for the last 100 miles or so and it was very interesting and a welcome change of pace (walking). It is interesting that I actually saw more of the country side while driving than while walking. The march was sort of a world unto itself in which time space direction and civilization was strangely isolated, shrunken, and twisted. North South East and West ceased to have meaning in the little world of the march. In our little world their place was taken by "head, and rear right and left.". Time had little meaning, you get up in the morning when you are awakened by something or other, you eat when the food arrives, and then you hit the road, while on the road there is nothing to mark time by except that as noon approaches there is no shade when you rest, aside from that there is nothing to mark time until you make camp. The rest of the world seems to be outside of your span of attention cars go by the countryside flows past but not really seen, not really noticed, just background noise far away on the horizon. Actually the little world of the march is filled with activity (although on a different time scale, the scale of walking speed not auto speed) your attention is taken between the press truck at the head of the line to the water and shit truck at the rear of the line. You notice the person walking next to you, the girl passing out salt pills, that boy with a canteen up ahead this is the some and substance of the little world of the march. Even in Canton where we were tear gassed the real world pressed in for only a day and a half, then it was back to the little world. Well so much for the March.

I am now working in Grenada Miss. Grenada is  $\frac{1}{2}$  way between Jackson and Memphis just on the Eastern edge of the Delta. We are trying to build a movement here, the first in the Delta area since the Greenwood movement of 1962. I got here on a Saturday morning, that day we integrated some white restaurants, this is the first time Negroes have eaten in a white restaurant in the history of Grenada, things went relatively quite, one group was threatened with a pistol, and one group was seated in a segregated area. That night a cracker drove up outside our headquarters and started to shoot a machinegun at two civil rights workers and a Justice Dept. man. Everyone ran like hell and fortunately no one was hurt. He fired about 4 or 5 bursts and shot hell out of one of our cars. The police later caught him and his partner and confiscated his machinegun (a .45 Cal thompson). he was held on a charge of attempted murder. His bail (paid immediately) was \$2,000. Some of our demonstrators are on 1,000\$ which we are still trying to raise. Sunday we continued to test. We were refused entrance at 7 white churches (none let Negroes attend services). That afternoon we tried to have a rally on the Jail house lawn for the demonstrators in jail after much trouble we eventually had a rally. Just after we broke up the rally 30 state troopers in helmets and gas masks and carrying shotguns charged the crowd and beat up several people including an old lady and a man. Myself and the other leaders were trapped in a ~~room~~ second story apartment where we hid for an hour or so while they searched for us and then we escaped over the roofs. Monday we continued to demonstrate and test. Tuesday we tried to picket in the downtown area and were arrested. We were taken to the County jail and put in cells. We were in jail from Tuesday until Friday. It has been over 100° here ever since I have been here. It hovers around 110° or so in the jail and they don't give you much water or food. There are no showers or other running water. It drops to a low of about 80° at night. All day the troopers, Sheriffs, and Police follow us around, we have had numerous harassment arrests. Grenada was always considered by SNCC

and CORE as too tough to crack. Generally speaking Grenada has been hell, especially the heat. We have had marches of 300 people in 103° heat. The streets that we were walking down were sticky because the tar was melting. Well I could go on about Grenada for some time.

Please write as I would like to hear from you. I haven't heard from you in some time at least a month or more. Well that all for now

Bruce