

Civil Rights Tour - Summer 2003

by Bob Wood (Independent Study) / Geography 309

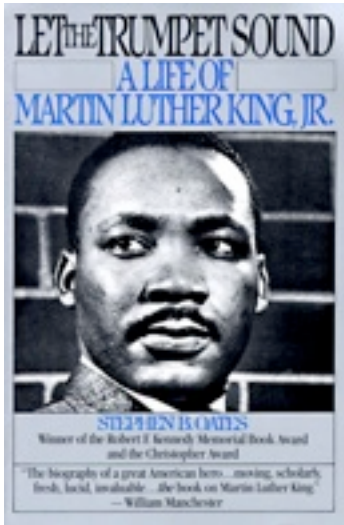
I - Research Concept

I am a high school United States History and Government teacher. The Civil Rights movement is significant in the study of each. It's where the Bill of Rights was utilized as the Founding Fathers would've hoped, persistently and totally, in the face of political and social injustice until truth was served. Jim Crow died for good. A new, and more just, sometimes more contentious world emerged. And amazingly this came about through nonviolent measures. How can United States History through Constitutional government get any better? That being said, I really knew very little about the movement. My high school history classes basically ignored it. I followed suit in college and never took a Civil Rights course. Since then, my Civil Rights schooling has come via The History Channel, occasional magazine articles and the couple of weeks each year I've spent teaching the topic to tenth graders. Like most Americans, prior to this past summer, I was pretty ignorant of the movement. I knew a bit about Dr. King. I'd heard his "I Have a Dream" speech. I'd watched a segment or two of "Eyes on the Prize" and was familiar with Montgomery, with Rosa Parks and the boycott, and with the hoses and dogs in Birmingham. As for Selma, Alabama in 1965, I knew the name of the bridge. That's it. For me, for a lot of Americans, the Civil Rights movement was and is some 1960's mirage that briefly comes to into focus once a year on PBS to celebrate Dr. King's birthday. Needless to say, I needed to take this trip.

Also, thanks to our president's brilliant and as of yet unfunded No Child Left Behind Act, I had to pick up a Social Studies minor. Part of that minor includes two more geography classes. Having taught global studies for eight years previous, I didn't want a basic study of geography. I needed an idea, a way to fuse geography with a Civil Rights sojourn. And so I met with Professor Joseph Stoltman in the WMU Geography department.

Professor Stoltman was open to any idea that I had concerning an independent study course. We talked. He came up with a thought that fascinated me. Repeat photography, Professor Stoltman noted, is a practice used regularly in the geography field. Scientists study old photos. They go back to the very spot in which an original photograph was taken, and they repeat the exact same shot. Then they compare. The differences can be historical, sometimes environmental, maybe social or cultural, always debatable. It sounded like a cool way to jump-start my trip south. I would dig up old photos of the Civil Rights movement, and then I would head south to repeat shoot every single photo I could find. Professor Stoltman also offered up a suggestion, which at the time, I really didn't pay much attention to. He said, "try to concentrate on one place in particular. You'll do a better job." He didn't realize that I could cover the whole south in three weeks. I didn't figure out that he was right...until I got there. And while I would take over 1000 photos, 25 movies, and dig up hundreds of AP black and whites from the 60's, I did land

someplace. I stopped for a week in Selma, Alabama. With repeat photography as my main tool, I found the soul of Selma, and with it the heart of the Civil Rights movement. Or at least a little corner of it all.



II - Planning

My Text

First things first, I need grounding in the movement. Before I could plan this trip I needed to be smarter about it. So, I found a book to read. I've always admired Dr King - but knew so little about his specifics. I got ahold of three King biographies. I read a bit in each, and landed on Stephen Oates, "Let the Trumpet Sound." I like the way he writes. I needed to read an author who loved King. And he does.

In the prologue, Oates writes, "Each morning of the composition, I would play civil-rights music, and tapes of Kings speeches in order to transport myself back into his world... When I left my study after a day's writing in his world, with the lyrics of "We Shall Overcome" singing in my head." I liked that idea

When Martin died, Oates lamented, "I was stricken with an overwhelming sense of loss, as though a member of my family had been killed. After I sent him home to Atlanta to be buried, I left my typewriter and staggered into my living room, unable to believe or to bear what had happened. And I grieved." I liked that too.

That's the kind of book I wanted to learn from. One in which the author grieved for the death of his subject. I wanted to know why he loved King so. As for sex, in the prologue Oates addressed that as well. King's sex life is storied. Oates realized this and had to decide whether or not to go there in his biography. He didn't deny the infidelities, however while certainly available for inspection, they would be explored another time. In another book. By a different author. I had found my text.

Speeches

And then I went about creating the proper environment. "A Call to Conscience - Great speeches of Martin Luther King" catalogs over seven hours of his most memorable speeches. So now, I would know more than just "I Have a Dream." I began to walk and listen - hours and hours of Martin Luther King Jr. "Birth of a New Nation" 1958 King's speech on the newly created country of Ghana became my favorite. I think I listened to it five or six times. And it's an hour long. Others, the one following the march to Selma from the steps of the Alabama State Capitol

was an inspiration. “I’ve Been to the Mountaintop” given the night before he died was almost surreal. I began, bit by bit, to get to know King’s great oratorical skills, while walking the summer streets of Grand Haven.

Music

Like Oates, I went out and bought the store. Five CD’s over 50 songs Voices of the Civil Rights Movement.” I began to feel it. And began to realize the significance that music played in the movement. I was inspired.

So, in preparation I walked and listened to Martin. I drove to the melody of SNCC Freedom singers. I watched documentaries of the sixties. And I read. Meanwhile I took notes. 65 pages of notes from the Oates book. I learned a lot in the early summer of 03. My trip began to take shape.

I outlined my road trip. Memphis would be stop one. I had heard the museum at the Lorraine Motel was a good one. Plus, I could look in on Elvis. From there I could head east to Atlanta to the King Center. Ebenezer Baptist Church was a must if I was going to get to know my subject. Birmingham and Montgomery would take me into the heart of the movement. The hoses and the dogs and the busses. Little Rock would be nice if I could squeeze it in. The High School where those nine kids broke the color barrier seemed to be calling. I wouldn’t make it to Arkansas. But I would land in Selma for nearly a week. And it was in Selma that I really came the closest to touching the movement. I met good people. I felt history. I used my repeat photography to the fullest - searching and finding the location of 25 archived photos. And it was because of repeat photography, more than anything else, that on my last day when I followed in footsteps of the marchers on Bloody Sunday, I could anticipate the tension (just a tiny fraction) of what happened on those streets some 38 years ago.

Before I could go though, I had to dig up those old photos. Western Michigan University has a wonderful internet accessible data bank of thousands of AP photos. I began to search. Actually, I concentrated my efforts on Montgomery, Birmingham, and Selma. And as I learned the ins and outs of my new MAC laptop, I began to assemble slideshows on each. I took music of the period and matched it to my burgeoning photo albums - Montgomery (“Get on Board Children”), Birmingham (“Been in the Storm so Long”), and Selma (“I’m on My Way”). While the guts of each of these presentations was well started by the time I headed south, I edited and still change the photograph selections as I come across new shots. I also added in a few specific photos from my trip into the Birmingham and Selma presentations. All three are effective at capturing some of the emotion of their specific movements. I have used them in my Government classes and intend to clear out a month for Civil Rights study this spring in United States History

III - The Journey

My trip itinerary finalized as follows:

on the road	Aug 1	
Memphis	Aug 2 - 3	
Atlanta	Aug 4 - 6	
Montgomery	Aug 8 - 9	
Selma	Aug 10 - 14	
Montgomery	Aug 15	
Birmingham (and Marion)		Aug 16 - 18
on the road		Aug 19 (back on Aug 20)

I've included with this summary of my findings a 12 page diary of my trip. It includes the people who I met and their phone numbers and addresses. Also, is a brief outline of each day.

What the diary doesn't include is a real accounting of the people who I met. And I met so many good folks. I think in the end that's where I learned the most. I interviewed a lot of them with a digital tape deck. In listening to their stories, foot soldier accounts of the movement, I got a glimpse into deep south of the 1960's. People really took me in and talked with me. I think there were a couple of factors at work. One I was a school teacher - and I told each and all I was doing this for my students. They liked that. Secondly, I had done my homework. After a month of SNCC singers and Martin King's speeches ringing in my head, and a thorough note taking of "Let the Trumpets Sound", my timeline was down pretty good. I could actually do more than just nod. Because I had done my homework, I think my questions were good ones. Ones that maybe got these folks thinking a bit. They respected me for that. And finally, I was taken in, because the people doing the talkin have a story that still needs tellin. They just glow. All of them. There's no bitterness - they know what they've done. They know they won. The battle is still present and the future generations need to be taught. Plus, I bought a lot of Budwieser.

I think what I'll do here is summarize maybe a paragraph about each of the cities and some of the people who I spent time with.

Memphis

was more of a museum experience. The National Civil Rights museum is maybe the best overall. You add to that, the Lorraine Motel, in which the museum is located, stands just as it did 35 years ago today. Also, my two days in Memphis coincided with the SCLC's national convention. An opening night ceremony was held at the Masonic Temple where Dr. King spoke his final night on earth. As for specific individuals, I didn't meet anybody special. I needed to head deeper south.

Atlanta

I spent my three days specifically in Sweet Auburn - back and forth between that and my hotel. Sweet Auburn is the neighborhood where Martin grew up. It is where Ebenezer Baptist church and the King Center stands. It is also the final resting place of Martin Luther King Jr. Now Sweet Auburn ain't so sweet. But it was safe enough to walk through and only about three miles from my hotel. I made the walk four times. I met some interesting people at the King Center

CT Vivian

I was lucky. My first night in Atlanta, on the grounds of the King Center, a candle light vigil marking the anniversary of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings was held. I went. C.T. Vivian was one of the speakers. Vivian is an extremely intelligent man. He was a pivotal King Lieutenant back in the days, and is still active in all sorts of liberal compassionate causes. I read a lot about him. Outside near the pool where Martin's body is entombed in a crypt, Vivian blasted the state of the US government in the world today. Afterwards, we talked for about a half hour. He is fascinating.

Reverend Williams

Reverend Williams headed up King's middle Georgia organization during the movement. He's about 80 and still a practicing minister. He has a deep booming voice. I met Reverend Williams at the Ebenezer Church, King's home church. The King Center shares the grounds of Ebenezer with the National Parks Department. Reverend Williams gives tours through the church. He tells stories. I sat in on the reverend for about an hour as he told the story of Martin King and Ebenezer. Then we went downstairs and talked for a half hour. His stories would be the first of many that I would hear in the next three weeks, about life on the front lines in the 1960's. And he told me, among so many other things, what I would learn soon, "Dr. King was a great man. But this movement was about so much more than Dr. King. There were so many people who put their lives on the line everyday." Reverend Williams was one of them. He is still on the front lines, still informing the world.

Montgomery

The thing that hits you big time when you drive down main street in the Alabama Capitol is the location of the Dexter Street Church. If you had a good arm you could throw a pass and hit that dome, from the sidewalk leading up to the Church. His very first assignment, King knew exactly what he was doing; every sermon, every mass meeting, every single prayer that came from the pulpit of Dexter rang out to Governor Wallace and that Confederate flag flying from the flagpole across the street. I hung out at the Church. There's a wonderful mural in the basement. Painted by the late pastor and an Alabama State student artist, it covers the Civil Rights movement beginning with Rosa Parks refusal to stand up and move. The mural tells the story of the life and death of Dr. King. Montgomery also provided me maybe the most captivating museum moment I've ever had.



Rosa Parks Museum

The Rosa Parks museum, erected on the corner of her memorable refusal, covers the entire Civil Rights era, with a Montgomery focus. The introduction is fascinating. You go into a small comfortable holding room. Seats are against the wall. There's a reproduction of a bus shell from the 50's in front of you. Nothing is in the bus. The lights go off, the room darkens and your 1956 experience begins. Initially it starts with rotating news reports and TV footage up on the wall in varying locations. You become acquainted in moments with 1956 Montgomery. And then the bus in front comes to life. I don't know how they do it but it is cool. For about 15 minutes with the use of video and computer generated images, complete with crisp sound, the events of December 5,

1956 unfold. The bus is full of activity. People get on, board people get off. A typical day on the Montgomery city line. It's crowded - with white and black patrons. Private conversations pass back and forth. Street sounds and bus sounds all mix together to take you back. About five minutes into the story Rosa and two other negroes are told to give up their seats in the middle section of the bus, to deserving white passengers. Rosa calmly says no thank you. And the South is never the same. The driver stops and gets out and phones the police. You even hear a reproduction of that phone call. They come and arrest Rosa Parks. Meanwhile, you watch the reaction of all the others on that bus. The experience is truly memorable. And then, a garage door goes up and you walk into the Civil Rights museum.

Civil Rights Memorial

Mia Lynn's striking memorial honors those slain in the fight for Civil Rights. Water and names mix in a fitting encore to her Vietnam Veterans memorial in D.C. Like the Washington memorial this must be seen at night.

Selma

Selma, Alabama. I love Selma, Alabama. This is it isn't it? This was the soul of the Civil Rights movement. The passion, the politics, the theatrics, the violence and persistence and ultimate victory of good over evil. It happened here. All of it in the Spring of 1965. The puny, underfunded, private Voting Rights museum, two blocks from the bridge, keeps it all alive. There is a soul of goodness in Selma in that museum. They still fight the battle of segregation of acceptance with a ignorant local Chamber of Commerce. A Chamber that continues to refuse to accept the truth of 1965; they have their own spin as I heard from the public relations director...they still think Mayor Joe Smitherman was a man of peace and restraint. It's a Chamber of Commerce that a few years ago wasted a six figure grant commemorating the events of 1965 by spending it all on a red brick (Freedom Trail) path from Brown Chapel through the projects to the Edmund Pettis Bridge. Problem is, the bricklaying, contracted out to political cronies in the city government, didn't follow any of the three routes marchers took. Nope, instead the path diverts off course, so to pass by the Old Depot museum, Selma's prized Confederate History museum, and brings tourists to Chamber's version of history. It's a Chamber of Commerce that saw nothing wrong with the 2000 placement of a statue of Nathaniel Bedford Forest, founder of the Klan, two blocks from the Voting Rights Museum. Under the etching of a big fat confederate flag a proclamation, "Defender of Selma. Wizard of the horse. Untutored genius." At the base - "Deo Vindice" - God will vindicate. These people think the civil war was just. More just than the Civil Rights movement. All this makes the Voting Rights Museum on Water Avenue a necessity.

Joanne Bland and the Voters Rights museum

On Water Street, just around the corner from the Edmund Pettis Bridge, it's like walking into your grandma's living room and finding a museum that your grandma would've made. It doesn't follow any of the museum rules...like number one being neutral or at least politically correct when it comes to things of a sensitive nature. This is not the National Parks Service. And that's good. It's privately funded and on a shoestring at that. There's plenty of volunteers, and regulars working for waitress wages minus tips. There's Joanne Bland who IS the Voting Rights museum. They all, especially Joanne, despise the Chamber of Commerce. And they are determined to counter the information laid forth by the official government of Selma, that the Civil Rights protests and beatings and marches that happened in Selma Alabama in 1965 aren't products of the Twilight Zone.

First, the place itself is just so cool. Later in this report I'll explain the "I was there" Wall. It captures the soul of the Voting Rights museum. That and the plaster footprints of soldiers who made the 54 mile trek to Montgomery. There's the annual "Bridge Walk" that they sponsor the first weekend of every March. The tiny rooms, at times

disorganized, it seems like sometimes that you're rummaging through an attic. And then you just come across these treasures... like the memorial candles to those who died along the way to voting rights. The whole place just wants to be your friend. My whole five days was spent in and out of that museum, in the back with the workers, on tour with Joanne, watching videos with anybody who would watch em with me...and then going out to drink a beer with the staff.



I got to know Joanne pretty well. Joanne was just an eleven year old kid when the events of 65 occurred. She remembers Bloody Sunday. She remembers cool Stokely Carmichael making his way throughout the projects for a month or two. Andrew Young was good looking. James Bevel was crazy. CT Vivian was just so damned smart. And James Orange - He was "The Leader." Joanne still talks to lots of these guys some of them, every day. She fights every battle that is there to be fought in Selma. She spearheaded the 2000 "Joe's gotta go" campaign. And Joe he done went. When Joe, as a parting gift, allowed the Sons of the Confederate Veterans to drop Nathan B Forest smack in the mid town, Joanne grabbed the museum's stuffed Klansman dummy out of the glass case and carried him over to protest the press conference. She doesn't win all her battles. They are always trying to buy that little place out. And the budget is meager. But the Voting Rights Museum is Selma's Bailey Building and Loan and Joanne Bland, bless her heart, is George Bailey. She'll never leave Bedford Falls.

Birmingham

Birmingham embraces its past at Kelly Ingram Park. I liked that a lot. Especially after watching the Selma Chamber of Commerce look the other way. Everything in Birmingham comes down to that intersection on Sixteenth and Sixth. The Park, where the dogs and hoses and arrests played center stage in the Spring and early Summer of 63, is a monument to the movement. A Freedom Walk circles the park, and features a series of four sculptures to that summer. One deals with the hoses. A tripod water cannon aims at two black children hiding against a wall. Two more black kids stand behind bars in a second, with "I ain't afraid of your jails" engraved on the metal sculpture. A third monument captures the infamous photograph of the cop and dog and black youth being attacked. It's pretty real. But the best sculpture in the park, maybe in the entire South, features three viscous police dog heads emerging from their shoulders out of walls on each side of the walk. You half expect the dogs to leap out and attack! They are so angry and alive you have to duck and swing around that sidewalk to weave your way through them. Katty corner from the park, stands the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. It was in the basement of that church where racist white resistance reared its ugliest head. Four little girls putting on their choir robes on Sunday September 15, 1963 were murdered. Across the street from the church and the park stands the Birmingham Civil Rights museum. As good as the one in Memphis, this museum covers the entire movement. Birmingham embraces its Civil Rights past with pride and honesty.

James Armstrong

If you're looking for a real patriot, stop right here. This is one brave man. James Armstrong stormed the beaches at Normandy. He came home to rabid segregation in Birmingham. And then he dedicated everything, and everybody, his family included, to make sure that segregation died. Mr. Armstrong is a barber. He's owned his shop for 50 years now. I had met him at the Birmingham Civil Rights Museum. He volunteers every Sunday, all day long, the free day at the museum, to take people through and tell his stories. He invited me on Monday to the barbershop to hear more stories...and they are memorable. James Armstrong was the right hand of Fred Shuttlesworth in the 1960's. Shuttlesworth was a firebrand minister, as



inspirational as King. He was King's main man in Birmingham. Shuttlesworth was beaten. His home was bombed. He was arrested by Bull Connor dozens of times. All the while, James Armstrong was right there at his side. It was James's two boys who broke the Birmingham Public School segregation barrier in 1963. James marched from Selma to Montgomery in 1965, and has made the trek four times since. He was and still is a Civil Rights icon. His barbershop is a time a machine of the movement, and a Civil Rights museum in itself.

Kelly Ingram Park - Juan

Not every person I sat and talked with told a happy story. One night near dusk I was taking photos in Kelly Ingram Park. A guy walked up to me, he told me "those windows - get those windows they were the ones blown out when the girls were killed." And so we talked. His name was Juan. He's a sad case. A 17 year old when the movement hit full force in Birmingham, Juan has faced all kinds of discrimination in his life. He served a tour in Vietnam. Today he's homeless. Still he was proud, and he was concerned I got the right idea about his hometown. After visiting for a bit, I decided I wanted to interview him, but I'd left my tape deck back at the hotel. I wondered if he'd meet me at a park bench in about an hour. He said he could use something to eat. So I gave him ten bucks and an hour later at Kelly Ingram park in the shadows of the statues, as the handful of homeless men began to arrive for the night, I talked with Juan. His story was a sad one. He talked about his dad. How he had wanted him to be more violent...but he just wasn't. Juan called his dad a tom. It bothered him that his dad was a tom and it saddened him to say so. Juan had a good heart. He was intriguing. He was college educated. Stationed in Vietnam for four years in the middle of it all, he came back and got married. He had been an accountant who got caught up in the fast lane. He was convicted of embezzlement. He lost his wife, his job, his social standing. And for three years he's been stuck on this homeless treadmill. It was a sad - not bitter story. He didn't blame anybody for his woes, but they were there. I felt for him. I believed him. I think about often.

Restaurant

LaVase Restaurant - Two blocks from the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church, it's the best soul food in the world. Just a hole in the wall, maybe fifty seats max, on Sunday morning after church there is always a line. Its Reuban's, "America's Idol's" Reuban home restaurant. It says so all over the walls and in the front window. It's was mine too. I ate there three times.

Marion

Marion, Alabama was calling me from the moment I read of the death of Jimmie Lee Jackson. Jackson, a 25 year black man, was murdered by state troopers in Marion in February of 1965. Marion is a tiny town of 3,500 in the middle of nowhere really. 75 miles from Birmingham, 25 from Selma, it serves as the Perry County seat. It became pivotal in the Civil Rights movement in the Winter of 1965. Local black citizens had been pushing hard for voting rights. By February they were scheduling daily marches from the church on the town square, across the street to the



County Courthouse or a block away to the jail. There were marches a couple miles outside of town to the public school as well. All of the marches were for the right to vote. Each was met with organized, often times violent police resistance. In February SCLC began sending representatives to Marion. In February, James Orange was jailed across the street from the Courthouse. On February 18 C.T. Vivian spoke before a scheduled night march. The story of what happened afterwards is chilling. All day long people had noticed Al Lingo's state troopers arriving in Marion. The large number of squad cars meant trouble for the marchers. But it was the six and seven uniforms hanging in the back seat of each car that was more puzzling. It was dark and cold that night. After Vivian's rousing send off, the protesters headed out of the church

across the street to the Courthouse. The march turned into mayhem. Outside of the church waited dozens of freshly deputized townspeople complete with uniform and billy clubs, ready for the marchers. Streetlights were shot out and the pack fell on the marchers with bloody abandon. People screamed and scattered. They were cornered and beaten and crumbled to the ground. Bloodied and hurt most fell back to the church where they barricaded themselves inside. Jimmie Lee didn't make it. He scrambled for cover with his mother and grandfather. All three were cornered in the back room of a local bar. The troopers went after his mother. Jimmie Lee covered them. He was unarmed. He got shot in the stomach. He died two days later in Selma. None of the night of February 25, 1965 was photographed. Before the streetlights were shot out, cameramen were beaten and their cameras smashed.



Spencer Houge Jr.

Spencer Houge Jr was at the church that night. He knew Jimmie Lee and Jimmie's mom and grandfather. We sat on a court house bench, the same court house that he was marching to in 1965 and we talked about what happened February 25.. Spencer was the last one out of the church that night. It was late. The beatings, the streetlights shot out, Jimmie Lee's murder, the screaming and running and barricade back in the church was over. Survivors had



slinking out into the dark. Spencer looked out the window, there was still dozens of "police" milling around. He knew he was headed for trouble. "Right before I left I saw a Sprite bottle." He picked it up to defend himself in the parking lot. And Spencer told me, "The Holy Ghost said to me, what are you gonna do with that bottle. Put it back. Put it back." He sat it down, locked up, and walked out into the night. In front of his truck he crossed paths with a gang of deputized townspeople. They started bullying him. They pushed. They blocked his route. They called him names. They wanted to know what he was doing. One asked if he was the nigger who led the march out to the school the other day. Spencer told them it was him. "Somebody said lets get this guy and dump him in the river." A state officer, a guy Spencer had met before, on a different issue another day told the crowd. "No. Let

him go. He's not our guy. " The guy must've had some pull. The crowd grumbled, but they parted. Spencer got into his truck and drove home. He lived. He didn't expect to. I asked if he had an angel on his shoulder that night. He laughed and said "I had two angels and the holy spirit with me that night." And then he laughed again.

Jimmy Lee Jackson grave site

It was Jackson's death that spurred the Selma march. Those residents of Marion who watched one of their own murdered, planned to carry Jackson's body the 75 miles to Montgomery and lay him on Wallace's capitol steps. King convinced them to wait and move the march to Selma. He had to see Jimmie Lee's grave. It was in a slave cemetery a mile outside of town alongside the highway. Jimmie Lee was driven to Selma the night he was shot protecting his mother. He died there two days later. King, his colleagues and hundreds of Marion residents escorted the hearse in a rain soaked march back to Marion for the burial. King gave the eulogy, "Who killed Jimmie Lee Jackson? He was killed by every lawless sheriff, every racist politician from governors down, every indifferent white minister, every passive Negro who "stands on the sidelines in the struggle for justice." And then they buried him. Oates writes, " Under weeping skies, King and hundreds of others buried Jimmie in a hillside cemetery, where pine trees stood dark and still, laying him to final rest beside his father, killed in a car wreck several years before." Bullet holes mark the gravestone.



IV - The Evidence

photos

I took over 700 photos. Along with the WMU databank photos these are separated into ten digital albums and stored on my MAC G-4 laptop. I have burned two CD's for you. One is PC accessible - the format for all but the Repeat Photography folder will be out of sync. I have renumbered those photos so they will be in order. I have also included a Disc for OS X. If you have OS X everything will stay in format. Either way, I will bring my laptop and present to you the slideshows and repeat photography.

Archives Montgomery 1956 Slideshow (to music) of archived photographs
Archives Birmingham 1963 Slideshow (to music) of primarily archived photos
Archives Selma 1965 Slideshow (to music) of primarily archived photos

Memphis & Atlanta (2003) summer trip photos
Montgomery (2003) summer trip photos
Selma & Marion (2003) summer trip photos
Birmingham (2003) summer trip photos

Dexter Church & mural summer photos specifically of mural in Dexter Church
Selma - I was there summer photos of individual "I was there" accounts

Repeat Photography 25 archived photos - supported by current photos
Voter's Right march mix of archives and current - all three marches in 65

Short movies

I took over 25 short movies on my digital camera. Since this is a still camera and not a video camera, the quality of the shots is limited. Still, many of the movies (usually under 1:00 minute in length) help to explain and support the repeat photography.

"I Was There"

I thought maybe this photo album needed a little extra explanation. Mainly because the wall located in the Voting Rights Museum in Selma is so unique. As you walk in the front door, off to you left in this tiny very unassuming room is the "I Was There" wall. On it are posted hundreds of short personal messages. Anybody who was in Selma during the movement, anybody who made a contribution, leaves their story on a three by five form in their own pen. No story is no longer than a paragraph. Sometimes its only a word or two. The moments that they reveal are so personal. The wall, so quaint and homey, but striking in its sincerity and importance, is totally

unlike anything I've seen in a museum. The notes make the place. They are Selma, Alabama to me. Them and the folks that run that little living room.

Repeat photography

This idea had never even occurred to be before I talked with professor Stoltman. And in the end the experience brought Selma to life. It also colored the way I looked at every single Civil Rights site on the trip. I constantly looked through the lens of the archived photos that I had taken. In Birmingham and in Montgomery, even Atlanta and at the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, I found that my archives gave me a more active look to the present. I also got pretty good at noticing telephone poll locations and the rooftops of old buildings. By the time I had finished I really felt like a photography detective.

In Selma, the process provided me an insight I never would have had into the soul of the entire movement. I repeated 25 archived photographs in Selma. For five days I walked and talked and searched those streets digging up my photos pasts. Some were easy...like shots at First Baptist. A couple of times I got lucky and a local just told me. Others I really had to dig for. After five days with Joanne and her friends I had learned a lot about the events of Selma in 1965. And I wanted, really couldn't wait to make the walk from Brown Chapel across the Edmund Pettis Bridge onto HWY 80 where it all happened; Bloody Sunday, Turnaround Tuesday, and the start of the 54 mile hike to Montgomery. First I took all my photos. I purposely stayed off of that Bridge for four days. I walked one side searching my repeats and then I'd drive south over the Bridge and did the same there. My last day, after I had em all, I was ready to walk. And it was surreal. I felt like I knew the place. King and Young and Williams, the cops and mayor, I could almost feel their presence on that walk. I left Brown Chapel, going South on Sylvan. When I turned right onto Alabama, I had so many conflicting feelings. I was trying to monitor what I felt. And it was weird. You see, this was the route on Bloody Sunday, when Americans were walking quietly out to the Highway 80 to be pummeled by their own government. Yet it was also the way taken two weeks later when that same government provided safe passage to the capitol in Montgomery. And my brain was schizophrenic. Heading down Alabama past Lawrence where photo #20 was taken, I could feel a college football fight song in the air. The celebration, the Hawaiian lays, the cameras and the newspaper reporters. They won. We won. You look up ahead towards Broad Street and you just feel a coronation of the movement. We're marching off to Montgomery. Then I'd get these flashes of the solemn procession two weeks before. They had to know they were going to get beat to hell on that first walk. And these two ideas kept vying for attention in my head. I know it was because I'd dug so hard for history. All down Alabama, past the police station where Joe Smitherman and Sheriff Clark stood and yapped in photo #. I anticipated my turn on Broad Street towards the Bridge and something really really weird happened. All thought of the coronation disappeared. Only Bloody Sunday remained. And as I closed in on that Bridge I thought more and more about that day. About those people. About Hosea Williams and John Lewis. About Linda. About 500 foot soldiers following in line. I wondered what terror they must have faced at the hands of their very own government. Up on the Bridge for the first time I thought about Hosea Williams asking John Lewis if he could swim

as they crossed. I looked down at the dirty Alabama River. How many people truly expected to die in its depths that day. I thought so many things on that Bridge. And continued on down to the place where Al Lingo ordered the marchers back to their churches. My procession was solemn. My thoughts were of the foot soldiers. My fears were for them, 38 years after they faced the enemy...and won. Without repeat photography, I wouldn't have really been there with them.

My Selma repeat photographs are listed below. A brief explanation on what I found and how I found it joins the photo. I've also copied a tiny print of each of the archived photographs. A larger 5X 7 of each photograph is copied in appendix A following. My summer 03 photographs which repeat the photography are located on disk.

#1 - Martin Luther King Jr. on Selma and Lauderdale

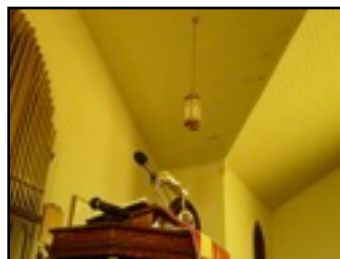
This was one of my first finds and just plain lucky how it happened. I had no idea where this photo was taken. None at all. So I stopped by the new Chamber of Commerce Office located on Selma Avenue, to see if they might know. Tina, a secretary, who desk faces out to Selma Avenue said to me, "You know an old man about 80 was in today and told me that this whole block used to be a car lot." Then she told me to take a look out the front door, across the street, at the old



parking lot roof. Bingo. Perfect match to my photograph. I went outside and started sizing up the old rusted corrugated metal roof (brand spanking new in 65) with telephone poles and nearby buildings. I concluded that King wasn't walking down Selma, actually he was headed north on Lauderdale (the cross street). One block south on Lauderdale from this spot, stands the Dallas County Courthouse. Dr. King must have made many travels from that Court House, past the OK Car Lot. He must have shook a lot of hands right there in front of Tina's window.

#2 - King at the First Baptist

This was easy. Joanne said, "Every time you see the pipes, its First Baptist."



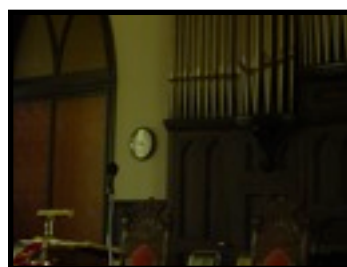
#3 - Andrew Young leading prayer on the B-Ball court behind Brown Chapel



Andrew was popular with the kids. He was good looking and he was smart. And he was a disciple of King. He led many prayers on the basketball court out behind Brown Chapel. This particular prayer may have been on Bloody Sunday. John Lewis and Hosea Williams have on the overcoats they wore on that day. However Joanne said they prayed there all of the time. The city removed the basketball court a few years ago and replaced it with a day care center. Joanne's office had the concrete removed and saved as an artifact. She takes all her tour groups to this location and has them pick up a stone. She tells them think about what happened right there back in 1965.

#4 - Protesters facing police in George Washington Carver projects

For months in the Spring of 65 this was a regular occurrence in the projects. SNCC had groups marching nonviolently to the Court House or the jail or just throughout the projects all the time. When SCLC arrived in January, they made Brown their Headquarters. The projects, which engulf the church, provided safe cover from any potential Klan bombers. Nobody would make it into George Washington Carver, and up to the door of Brown Chapel without notice. Meanwhile organized marchers and organized police officers filled the neighborhood on a daily basis.



#5 - Andrew Young at First Baptist

The pipes again. First Baptist was command center for SNCC. Brown Chapel for SCLC.

#6 - Malcolm X at

Brown Chapel

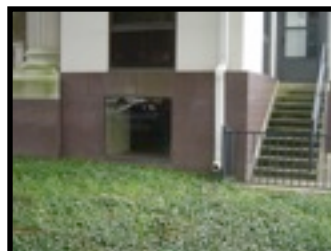
This is maybe my most perfectly captured repeat. I have it framed as close as you can get it. On February 4 Malcolm showed up unannounced, when King was in jail. King didn't want him there. He thought Malcolm was only going to cause trouble. But this was a changed Malcolm. He had been to Mecca. He wasn't there to



wreck the effort. He sent a message to Martin, "If the white people hear an alternative...perhaps they will be more willing to listen to Dr. King." He was only in Selma for the day. He was dead in two weeks.

#7 - Annie Cooper at the colored entrance to Dallas Country Courthouse

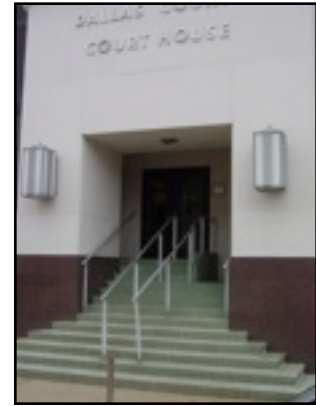
Annie Cooper was a big woman. Joanne knows her. Annie is pretty strong too. Lined up at the Court House registering to vote in January, Annie got pushed by Sheriff Clark. She yelled at him, "Ain't nobody scared around here." She stomped on his foot and slugged him in the stomach. The sheriff got out his billy club and beat the hell out of her. They dragged her to the grass directly in front of the colored entrance to the Court House and cuffed her. King was present. People wanted to step in and stop the cops. King told them, "Don't do it. Hold your peace." The photographs of the incident went around the world.



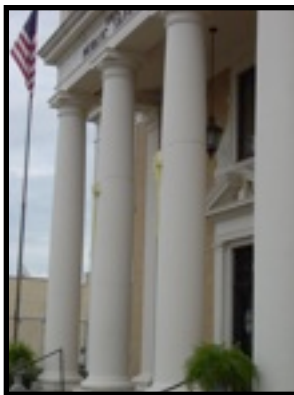
This location, as you can see from the map and from the current photos, is one block south on Lauderdale, from photo #1. It's also just around the corner from the main entrance to the Court House in photo #8.

#8 - CT Vivian & Sheriff Clark at main entrance Dallas County Court House

Many, many, marches ended on these steps. Speeches demanding the right to vote, and equal rights were often the themes. Usually the participants were harassed or arrested, hit or shocked with cattle prods. CT Vivian, who I met in Atlanta, was hit by Sheriff Jim Clark on this spot and knocked unconscious. Clark was maybe the biggest reason for so much violence in Selma. He was a racist and and arrogant and bound and determined to "not let the niggers take over the



whole state of Alabama. And by God nobody is gonna get in my way.” He met every march head on, full force with all means necessary. Like Bull Connor in Birmingham two years earlier, it was this overaggressive reaction to the nonviolent protests in Selma that created what King called the moment of Creative Tension. All hell would break loose and the media would be there to send it around the world.



#9 - Mayor Smitherman and Sheriff Clark at Selma Police Station

Joe Smitherman was an ass. Probably still is. He had just become mayor back in 65. While he wasn't as blatant a racist as Clark and Colonel Al Lingo of the Alabama State troopers, he was bad. Maybe his most eloquent moment is captured on “Eyes on the Prize” when he “mistakenly” refers to Dr. King as



Martin Luther Coon. Actually Smitherman was still mayor of Selma until 2000, when Joanne led his ouster. “Joe’s gotta go” was the chant. And it worked. After 35 years Smitherman was defeated by a black mayor. This photo of Smitherman and Sheriff Clark, takes place on the steps of the Selma Public Safety Building on Alabama Avenue. Each of the three marches (Bloody Sunday, Turnaround Tuesday, March to Montgomery) purposely passed the jail.



3/7/65 -Bloody Sunday (10 thru 15)

#10 - John Lewis and Hosea Williams lead march from Brown Chapel

King was in Atlanta on March 7. Andrew Young and Hosea Williams flipped a coin to see who would lead the marchers for SCLC. I'm not sure who won the toss, but Williams (black coat) was to lead the march. John Lewis (beige coat) led the way for SNCC. They prayed outside the Brown Chapel on the basketball



court. They walked in twos, side by side, about 500 of them away from Brown, out of the projects, south on Sylvan Street (now Martin Luther King Jr.



Street). They turned right on Alabama Avenue. After that I get a little confused as to the route - but they end up heading south on Broad St. up and over the Edmund Pettis Bridge. If you look at this photo, you'll notice the steeple of First Baptist Church down the opposite side of Sylvan Street. On the right side of the

snapshot, behind the photographer, people are congregating at Brown Chapel and falling into line behind Williams and Lewis.

#11 - John Lewis and Hosea Williams lead marchers across Edmund Pettis Bridge

Broad Street turns into Highway 80 once it crosses the Alabama River via the Edmund Pettis Bridge. This photograph is taken on the south side of the bridge. The marchers are now on



Highway 80. Up ahead, maybe three hundred yards or so stands Colonel Al Lingo and the Alabama State Troopers. Lingo was a violent bastard. His Alabama storm troopers met non violent protesters all over the state. They did a lot of government authorized beating and killing. Once over the bridge, the assembly is officially out of Selma jurisdiction. The marchers stopped when they met the troopers. They were given "two minutes to disperse and go back to your churches." Almost immediately the troopers came forward with

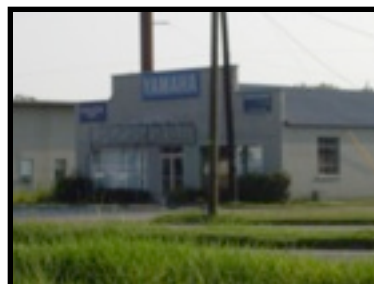
billie clubs drawn. They began swinging - bashing heads, causing a domino effect and widespread panic. Some of the marchers covered up and just got hit. Others ran. Then came the tear gas and the mounted cops. About this time, Linda, Joanne's 14 year old sister (at the time) was on the middle of bridge. She had no idea what was going on down in front. They heard the screams. She thought people were being killed. Before she could get off the bridge horse mounted police were up there. Linda got hit on the head and dragged by her hair, by an officer. She bit him and ran and passed out on the Selma side of the bridge. She still has the knot on her head today and is proud of it. But she is very solemn, even scared when she tells her story.

“The Confrontation”



#12 - Police charge - Lewis is down in front

The beatings have begun. This is right at the start because, as you can see, John Lewis is being hit (tan coat - covering his head) right in front on the median. How I found this sight almost exactly is interesting. Joanne told me about the shape of the building across the street. Notice the sign (Haisten's Mattress and Awning). On the current photos that same shape resides on the (Yamaha) sign. And I nearly have the lamppost lined up correctly. I picked up a stone and saved it from this sight.





#13 - Police charge - Lewis down in front / Hosea Williams running

Seconds after #12 Lewis is still down, although he is getting up. Hosea Williams is running across the street. Everybody at the Voting Rights Museum got a kick out of this photo. They'd never seen it before and they just howled at Hosea running. If you notice in my photo my car is placed approximately in same place as the car in the archived photo.



#14 - Marchers strewn about on the HWY 80 -

This shot is taken from across the highway. I asked around. The packaged liquor store moved in when the gas station moved out in the 70's. The wave of assaults is up in front by the bridge now. This is leftovers from the troopers, who have pretty much passed through.



#15 - Back by the bridge tear gas

Meanwhile, back at the bridge the tear gas is out and fired. The bridge has cleared - Linda and the others



have turned and run back into town, chased by mounted officers and foot patrol. All swinging clubs. Meanwhile these people are trapped on the south side of the bridge. I cannot see, and I didn't ask, but my guess is that they are being prevented from heading back over the bridge and are basically trapped. My car is parked in close to same spot as the trailing car in the archived photo. Actually, I probably could've moved it up a few car lengths to be more accurate. But its close.



3/9/65 Turnaround Tuesday (16 thru 18)

#16 - Selma side of Bridge - King given restraining order

On Tuesday, two days after Bloody Sunday, King was back in Selma. He made an appeal to the conscious of America's clergy to come to Selma and support their cause. America had been shaken by the footage of two days prior. Many came. 1500 marchers met at Brown Chapel that morning. Their plan was to head back out and follow the same route as Sunday. Many wanted to go all the way to Montgomery. But there was a Federal Court order, holding the marchers at bay. Federal Judge Frank Johnson was attempting to work out a legal march to Montgomery. King trusted the Federal Courts. They had won many battles for him. He decided on Tuesday they would march to the spot of the Sunday encounter, kneel and pray, and return to Brown. Thus - Turnaround Tuesday. Lots of SNCC workers were angry at King. Many packed up and called it quits. President John Lewis stayed at King's side. This photograph was taken on the corner of Water and Broad. The marchers are about to cross the Bridge. They are being issued a court order barring the march by a Federal official.



#17 - March across the bridge - led by James Orange

Turnaround Tuesday continues across the Edmund Pettis Bridge. State Troopers stand waiting at the same spot they were on Sunday. You can see reporters in front of the marchers. The big guy in farmer bibs is James Orange. "The Leader" everybody loves James Orange. I don't think I heard more praise for one guy in the whole movement.

added note - Reverend Orange died recently...before that, a couple of years ago. I met him. I walked up to him outside of Brown Chapel before one of the Jubilee marches and I told him that it was honor to meet him and that few people have I met in my life that so many people so many good things about. He was still a BIG guy!



#18 - Hwy 80 in front Selma Curb Market before prayer-

The marchers are on their way to kneel and pray. Orange and



Young lead the way. The Selma Curb Market is still there today. Only the sign has changed. That night James Reeb, a white Unitarian minister from Boston who had come to Selma to support the cause, was out in the Negro



section of town. He ate at a soul food restaurant with friends. He and the two other white ministers made a wrong turn walking back to bed and ended up out in front of the Silver Moon tavern. The Silver Moon was a bad bad place in 1965. A gang of four white thugs came out with clubs and a bat. One of them smacked Reeb in the head with a full swing of the bat. The minister crumpled into a coma from which he never gained consciousness. Two days later he died in Birmingham and the nation was outraged.



The Fatal Assault on Reverend James Reeb



3/21/65 March Selma to Montgomery (54 miles / 5 days)

#19 / day 1 - massing for march to Montgomery at Brown Chapel

On Monday March 15 LBJ made one of the most impassioned speeches of his entire presidency. "Their cause", Johnson drawled on national TV, "must be our cause too. Because it's not just



Negroes, but really its all of us who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice. And we shall overcome." And they did. The courts cleared the way for an escorted 54 mile march from Selma to Montgomery. Wallace said he could not protect the marchers, so President Johnson sent Federal marshals and deputized the Alabama National Guard. On Sunday morning March 21 this was the scene outside of Brown Chapel as 3200 people assembled to march on the state capitol.



#20 / day 1 - Hawaiian lays - Right on Alabama Street

By my fourth day in town I was pretty familiar with the route of the three marches, but this photo took some decent detective work. First of all, the Hawaiian lays say day #1 of the long march. So I know we are somewhere in Selma. I tried for the longest time to make out the business sign in the upper left hand corner of the photo. It looks like a Chiropractor's office but I never found out. So I retraced Sunday's march, from the Chapel to the bridge - looking for that house in the background. I found it on Alabama Avenue. Heading south on Sylvan, the marchers turned right on Alabama. One block in, on the corner of Alabama and Lawrence, the marchers passed right by this home. Lewis, Abernathy, King, Ralph Bunche of the UN, Rabbi Heschel, lead the way in a parade like atmosphere.



#21 / day 1 - Turn left on Broad headed to bridge

Five blocks west on Alabama, past the police department, the marchers turned left on Broad, destination Edmund Pettis Bridge. The atmosphere is celebratory. King's group (you can see the lays) have just turned left on Broad. Rexall Drugs was and still is, located on the corner of Alabama and Broad. One other note here, you see the banner trailing King's group - "Hawaii Knows Integration Works". The Hawaiian delegation supplied the lays and the sign. They knew all too well, the racist segregation of Japanese Americans in World War II. As the sign says...integration works!



#22 / day 1 - Just over the bridge

The marchers have just crossed out of Selma onto Highway 80, over the Bridge. If you notice way in the back, the entire bridge is covered with marchers on their way to Montgomery. Only 300, in orange vests, were cleared to make the entire five day trek. King himself walked the first and last days. Meanwhile, hundreds of unofficial marchers joined in along the way. Linda Bland, went the distance. In fact her 15th birthday occurred the first night on the road. Prior to Bloody Sunday, she said, "There is no way I would've walked all the way to Montgomery. I was just too pretty. But after they hit me on my head on the bridge there was no way I wasn't going." And so, with Hosea Williams at the lead for the distance, the march to Montgomery is under way.





#23 / day 5 - leaving St. Jude Campsite 4

Wednesday March 24, the marchers stayed in a field adjacent to St. Jude's in Montgomery. Entertainers from all over came in. 10,000 people celebrated as Harry Belafonte, Joan Baez, James Baldwin, Leonard Bernstein, Peter Paul and Mary and others performed. King spoke as well. Meanwhile, the Alabama State Legislature by unanimous vote, passed a measure noting "the marchers were conducting wild interracial sex orgies at the camps, exposing themselves, kissing, and copulating."



On Thursday morning King and 25,000 marchers headed for the capitol.

#24 day 5 - In front of Loveless School on way to Capitol



This photograph obsessed me from the moment I first saw it. So many things are happening here. So many questions. My first discovery - as I learned more about the Selma march, they carried American flags on Day 5. This was Day 5. That put the location of this photo someplace in Montgomery, between St Jude and the Capitol. Everybody is in the photograph. Martin and Corretta King. Rosa Parks, Abernathy, Andrew Young, Hosea Williams, this is like the grand entrance to Oz. But I

looked all over around capitol and no way was this downtown. There's other interesting things going on here as well. The whole lot of them are turned to the right and up, and truly happy for what they see. It's almost as though they are surprised by what they are looking at. All are smiling. Many wave. The more I looked at this photograph, the more I had to find out what it was they were looking at. Where did this take place? After leaving Selma and heading back to Montgomery, I began my search. St Jude to the Capitol is about seven miles. Most of the route taken by the marchers on March 25, the final day of the trek, is marked with Historic route markers. These markers weave through a very tired section of Montgomery, to a bright downtown and onto the capitol building. Somewhere along that route this photograph happened.

I drove that route four or five times looking for clues. Along the way, I'd stop my car, get out, hold up the photograph and look - could this be it? Or I'd ask people in the neighborhood. What was it? Where was it? Nothing fit - certainly not the looking right and up and surprised part.

There was one worn stretch of ground on West Jeff Davis Rd that had something about it that brought me back for a second and third look. I parked in front of a brick Elementary school and walked about. The block was pretty much dilapidated. Even so, a couple of buildings seemed a likely fit. Again I asked around. A guy selling



CDs on the side of the road knew nothing. He was way too young to know what happened ten years ago let alone 35. And then I ran into these three black guys sitting in the shade. One was reading. I asked him if this photograph of Martin King in 1965 could've happened here. He looked at my print and then across the street.



“That Cocoa Cola sign in your picture”, he touched a pixelated out sign hidden behind a telephone pole mid right of the photograph, “That was the Moonglow. Was a tavern. And the Service Station (on the left side of the photo) the concrete for those pumps is still in the ground up there.” So this is it, I said. “Yeah this is it. This is it. This neighborhood has gone downhill since then.” I could see.

I'd found my photograph - now I had to see what it was that they all were so happy to see back on that Thursday afternoon in 1965. I went over and stood just about the spot where King was walking, when he turned to his right, with everybody else, looked up and waved. And there it was - the second story of Loveless Elementary. It was kids they were waving at. And the school was blocked by the buildings before it. The second floor of Loveless would've been a big



surprise. I went back to my buddies who I'd the block. The old fella, lived right there in the broken white house across the street from Loveless. He did today. And he did on April 25, 1965. I asked him about the school that day.

“They were hanging out of the windows. The teachers and students. Everybody was cheering.” They were giving Dr.



King his grand entrance into Montgomery. And none of the marchers knew it was coming. That’s why everybody was so happy. I thanked the three, took a few photos, and just kind of walked around when a young kid came running across the street. Derrick, he was 14. Derrick had heard from the guy selling CD’s that I was looking for Dr. King. “I know somebody who marched with Dr. King. I know somebody. She’ll talk to you.” I showed

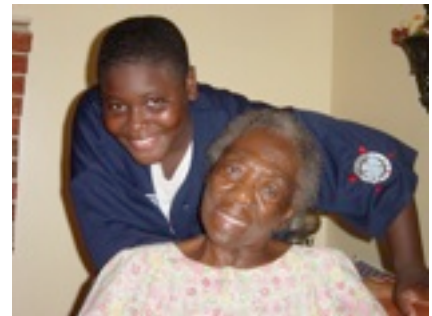
Derrick the photo. I took his picture, with his cousin Ebony, standing right where Dr. King stood when my archived photo was taken. I told Derrick what happened that day. I explained the school and the kids and capitol destination. He said to me, “Mr. Wood, I will never look at history the same way again.” And then he took me home to meet Idessa.



Idessa Redding

Idessa Redding is 90 years old. Idessa loves Dr. King. Still today. She was there that first night of the Montgomery boycott, that first mass meeting at the Holt Street Church. She lives next door to Derrick. She invited me and Derrick inside. We sat down and talked.

I asked her about Dr. King, “That man changed my life. Because I had lived with injustice so long growing up as a child for so long, I couldn’t see myself loving you all.” You all was me, a white guy. She thought back to a night at the First Baptist Church, Reverend Abernathy’s church, the aisles all around the pulpit were filled with photographers and reporters, and she looked at them just got up and left. Didn’t apologize or nothing. She was angry. White people could crowd into her church, but they couldn’t go into the white churches. So she walked out. The next day, Idessa said the secretary at the church told her Martin wanted to see her. “Behind his back we called him Martin. Never to his face.” She went on, “Martin wants you to come to his office. So I went there. He asked me to have a seat. I sat down. He said to me. He said it about seven or eight times - Ms William (I was Ms William then) we’ve got to love our white brothers to win this struggle.” She loved Martin from the start, but he was 26. “He was chastising me. He was a 26 year old chastising me. I said I can’t promise you right now, but I will do my best, my attitude will change. I will do my best. And it did change. I did change because of Dr. King. He was a god sent man.” Derrick and I sat in her living room for a half hour and we listened to Idessa talk about the god sent man. When I left she told me, “If not for Dr. King, I would have never let you in my home. Never.”



#25 day 5 - rally at Dexter Church and Alabama State Capitol

Like the marchers back in 1965, I passed Loveless Elementary School and continued downtown - Past the Jefferson Davis Hotel which had been draped with a huge Confederate flag that day, and today is the Jeff Davis Housing project. Past the Confederate square where Negro slave auctions were a regularity prior to the Civil War. Up Dexter Avenue to the capitol. The same capitol that served home to Jefferson Davis in the early days of the Confederacy. The same where George Wallace governed in April of 65. I went up there and I sat on the steps of that



quiet empty Capitol building. I took out my CD player, and in the twilight I listened one more time to the speech that Dr. King made on April 25, 1965 from in front of that very building. I looked down at the Dexter Street Church. I thought of that day. I thought of Dr. King. Of Idessa and her promise. I thought of Joanne and Linda

Bland. And Linda's lump on her head. I thought of all the people that sacrificed to bring justice to this land. The death of Jimmie Lee Jackson and James Reeb and Viola Liuzzo, the life of James Armstrong, and how the holy spirit protected Spencer Houge Jr. on February 25, 1965



I just sat and I thought and I listened.