

SCOPE IN MACON, GEORGIA

Several professors from UCLA joined the Selma March in 1965. When they returned, an organization was formed in Los Angeles to sponsor people going South to join protesters.

When Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. spoke on campus on April 26, he urged creation of a massive drive to register African-Americans to vote in the South so that they could build some political clout. The plan was simple: If the students could find a way come south, King's organization, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, would provide room and board for them in communities where they would work. The project would be called SCOPE (Summer Community Organization and Political Education).

The UCLA group seized on the project. Response in West L.A. was good from the beginning and several churches and synagogues contributed money. The steering committee made it clear that those of us going south must be clean-cut in image. The popular conception (fostered by Southerners) of Yankees who sided with black people was of bearded, long-haired, sandals-wearing radicals. The UCLA directors would have none of that. We were put through an application and interview process. Jim Simons said he heard that two-thirds of the applicants were turned down.

Sixteen of us, mostly from UCLA, ended up heading south in the project:

The late Joel Siegel, 22, project director; the late Fred Hoffman, 28; Willy Leventhal, 18; Neil Reichline, 19; Beth Pickens, 21; Charles (Chuck) Hammonds, 18; Joseph Goldberg, 19; James Simons, 18; the late Laurence Cloyd, 28; Kenneth Long, 22; Charles (Pat) Kennedy; Betty Schnarr, 21; Diane Hirsch (now Hirsch-Garcia), 18; Elaine Zvonkin (now Joselovitz), 21; Eric Schiller, all from UCLA. Add to those the late Meryl Ruoss, 21, from Pasadena City College and Denny Lienau from Wisconsin. Later in the summer, Merle (Nan) Ohlinger, came from New York, and Carolyn Ann Hazell Widener, 24, joined the group. Eric's wife, Fran, a high school teacher, also came later. In addition, the late Jim Bullock, an avuncular presence for the group, was a SCLC staff member who was housed in Macon but worked largely in nearby Jones County.

Finally, an aviation engineer from Los Angeles, Shelby Jacobs, 30, spent a week in Macon on vacation.

The UCLA group was one of the larger ones to show up in Atlanta in June for a week's orientation at Morris Brown College. Also, one of the richer groups; participants who couldn't afford to go were paid a stipend by Bruin SCOPE.

While a few of these students, such as Fred and Diane, had been involved in political causes previously, most had never picked up a picket sign in their lives. For most of them it was simply the unfairness of the Southern system that stirred them. Beth echoed many of the sentiments expressed when she said, "my decision was basically a moral one . . . a basic belief . . . in the same set of rules for everyone."

Chuck was the only fraternity member. Here's his story:

"Most of the SCOPErs viewed the Greeks as a bunch of Goldwater boosters who were, for the most part, self-centered bigots. They were not far wrong.

"I had joined Delta Tau Delta as a wide-eyed, naïve 17-year-old right out of high school. It was even better than I had imagined life could be now that I was on my own and away from home. Beer and parties, what could be better.

"So how did I get started down the path to political activism? An incident at the fraternity was the turning point. It started when I went to an on campus political rally. I wasn't really sure what this SCOPE thing was but it piqued my curiosity. I met a young woman there and we struck up a friendship. It wasn't a romantic friendship, she was a 21-year-old junior, much more worldly and mature than the younger party boy. But we hit it off and stayed in touch. We enjoyed lively conversations about the Civil Rights movement. She was very much involved and I was interested in learning more about it.

"A few weeks later I invited her to lunch at Delta Tau Delta. Her reaction was the first clue that I missed. She laughed and said "that could be very interesting," and then laughed some more. When the appointed day came, I met her on campus and we walked over to the Delt House. It was customary for the president to call on any member with a guest to make an introduction. Another missed clue, the president did not call for my guest's introduction. Believing it was an oversight I stood up and said 'Brothers, I would like to introduce my friend LaTasha.' Not a single 'welcome LaTasha' was heard. The missed clues continued to mount up. I was so caught up in having a lunch date with this exquisite woman that I totally missed the icy silence in the normally raucous dining hall.

"When lunch was over I escorted her to the door, with the intent of walking with her back to campus but she declined, leaving me with, 'It was just as I suspected it would be. Your friends were not very happy to see me.' So Mr. Clueless walked back into the frat house to find a committee waiting. We met in the library behind a closed door. The first words spoken were 'Don't you ever do that again.' When I asked what they meant, several angry upper classmen yelled 'Don't you ever bring a Nigger in this house again!'

"Stunned, I wandered upstairs to my room to seek solace from my friend and roommate, Bob Philbin. When I told Bob what happened, he just laughed.

" 'What did you expect? We live with a bunch of bigots. Look around here, what do you see? Forget about a Negro ever joining here or any other house. And forget about even being friends with a Negro if you are going to be a Delt. Remember our initiation? Didn't those stupid

robes look just like KKK outfits? That's just the way it is. I don't like it but I can't change it and I'm not even going to try'."

" 'But you are not a bigot, why are you here?' "

" 'Simple, the parties and the beer and I refuse to live in the dorm. Can't afford an apartment so it is Greek life for me. Why are you here?' "

" 'I never really thought about it before but pretty much the same reasons. You are the only friend I have here. I just don't know if I can stay here. Maybe they will kick me out and make my decision for me.' "

"A week later an opportunity arose that seemed to be a perfect solution. The Interfraternity Council was offering a \$1,500 'scholarship' for a selected Greek who joined Bruin SCOPE. The Greek system was under heavy pressure from the student body and administration. There had been numerous scandalous incidents. The lack of diversity was a sore point with many students and faculty. The times were changing but the Greeks were not. They desperately needed some good PR and this seemed like an easy option.

"I applied the next day. I thought the interview was a little strange but seemed to go well. SCOPE accepted me. Later, after finding out I had been chosen by the fraternity council as its representative, I stopped by the IFC office. After I signed the papers and had gotten all the information needed to begin the adventure, a question popped into my mind and out of my mouth, 'Why did you chose me?'

" 'Because you were the only son of a bitch dumb enough to apply' was the angry response. It seems the IFC thought they could get some good PR by offering up the money, believing that no right-minded Greek would ever apply.

"I quit the fraternity soon after returning from Georgia."

The newly selected participants met two or three times in L.A. We were told we would likely be going to Macon . . . Macon County, that is, a small county in south-central Georgia whose two main towns were Oglethorpe and Montezuma. We would be in the heart of the rural South. Certainly the thought of physical harm was a concern for everyone. Those L.A. meetings included handy tips like assuming the fetal position when being beaten and kicked. But most 19-year-olds consider themselves bullet proof..

Four cars carried us to Atlanta, where we joined about 300 students from around the U.S. This was a disappointment for SCLC, which had hoped for thousands. The week's

orientation consisted of speeches from veteran civil rights activists such as Bayard Rustin, Ralph Abernathy, James Bevell and Dr. King himself as well as workshops on how to deal with the people we would be trying to help.

The irreligious nature of the students contrasted with the clergymen running the show. There was considerable socializing after hours. Rustin, who supervised the orientation, cautioned us that he didn't mind if we "burned the candle at both ends, but be sure and keep both ends lit."

Seeing how relatively large our group was, SCLC leadership wanted to change us to a city with a larger population, perhaps Charleston, S.C., or Macon, Ga. A small contingent of Bruin SCOPE members protested, saying that the rural areas were the real center of racism. Joel explained that SCLC felt we could get bigger numbers of people registered in a larger city. They wanted the numbers. A vote was held and the Macon option was chosen.

Macon, Georgia's fifth largest city, had at that time a population of about 125,000, located right in the center of Georgia. Black neighborhoods such as Tindall Heights, Pleasant Hill, Unionville and East Macon were scattered checkerboard fashion around the city. How could you tell when you were in a black area? Easy -- the streets were not paved.

Macon's bus lines, library, swimming pool and most public facilities had been integrated a few years before, following a three-week bus boycott organized by William Randall, the leader of the local NAACP.

Randall was still the putative leader of Macon's black community. It was he who lobbied SCLC for us to come. He was a former contractor, apparently quite successful, who published a newspaper. He had the ear of the white power structure. Previous NAACP registration drives had resulted in 40 percent of black adults registering.

The SCOPE people were placed with host families in several neighborhoods. Joel and Pat were with the Andersons; Neil and Jim Bullock were with the Browns; Ken and Chuck were with the Simmons; Beth, Elaine, Diane and Betty were with the Seals. Elaine's diary records that the women later moved in with the Stones and then the Hobbs families. Fran and Eric lived with the Tigenors. Ken was later housed with Willy with another branch of the Simmons.

We were expecting problems at every turn. Some of the first doses of Southern un-hospitality came that first week. Shelby joined some of the SCOPE women for an ice cream cone. Diane asked what flavor he got and he invited her to try it. So she did. A black man and

white women sharing an ice cream scoop? Unheard of. The woman behind the shop window went ballistic. She began throwing down towels and slamming drawers, Elaine said.

Another day, several of the SCOPE men joined a Seals teenager for some basketball at a local park. Suddenly a policeman appeared, yelling at us. "I don't know how you do it where you're from, but down here, you play with your color and he" pointing to the teen "plays with his."

Chuck went up to the cop with a notepad and pencil in his hand and began to write the man's badge number, something we had been instructed to do when hassled by police. The man grabbed the notepad and tore out the page. "That's OK," Chuck said, "I'll remember." Then we beat a hasty retreat.

Beth reports another incident. "Once when canvassing in the heat with the black girls escorting me, we decided to take a break for some food and an iced drink. We went in the local coffee shop and the waitress took everyone's order but mine. She snarled at me and said "we have to serve THEM but I do not have to serve you." The black girls were surprised and asked me if we should leave. I said no but would someone let me have some of their water. After lunch we reported the incident to Randall who said he would take care of it. A few days later he told us to go back and try again. We had no trouble."

These events point up the rear-guard action that the South was carrying on against integration. In public facilities like restaurants or the park, the interpretation was that blacks could use it and whites could use it -- but not together. Somehow, the basic premise of not denying service or access on the basis of race was parsed in a whole different way down South.

Our presence in Macon was launched with mass meetings and church services that we all attended. Joel described it in his memoir: "We were like a novelty act, and we sensed it: What were these white boys and white girls doing in this church? But once they realized we knew we were white and we knew they were black, the novelty passed and we talked about the serious business of registering to vote, the possibility of reprisals, the hard work ahead we'd all have to do to make a better place."

Neil was chosen by Joel to coordinate the registration effort. An office was set up on Cotton Street above a liquor store and a hamburger joint. Elaine's diary records,

“At one time it was a beauty parlor and at another it was a bar. There is a small room right on the street which the owner uses to store this old bar furniture in. We have one large room and a small, hot room with one window (painted black and with wood bars). In back of these is a sink (salon-style) with a hose for cold water instead of a faucet. In our small room there is a vertical pipe with a faucet which is for hot water, but has no sink but just comes up from a hole in the floor. There is a back stairway entrance to the rooms but this is for the patrons from downstairs who must use the antique toilet, which is also in back of our rooms.

“A group of us girls was given the job of cleaning this place and this wasn’t easy. Everything was thick with dirt. The glass in the windows is very brittle and doesn’t fit the panes. The windows don’t stay up unless they are jammed. We washed the windows and walls. The floor was washed and rinsed 4 times and polished twice. When we were finished, the boys brought up our furniture – two second- (or third-)hand desks and four old wood chairs. We brought many office supplies with us from L.A.”

Neil and a local woman, Willie Mae Randolph, worked the phone to line up registration appointments. SCOPE workers and local volunteers would be dropped off in black neighborhoods and go door-to-door along the dusty streets, talking to residents about registering to vote. The people they lined up would be given an appointment to be picked up by SCOPE drivers and taken to register. Most of the volunteers that we attracted were black teenagers. (Our “shock troops,” Joel called them.)

Registration itself involved going to City Hall for local elections and to the Bibb County Courthouse for regional and state elections. People seeking to register would be handed a paragraph of legalese from the state constitution to read in order to show they were literate. We would look over their shoulders and had soon copied the texts that they would be given. Then, when residents got in the car for their appointment, we’d hand them the copied paragraphs to give them an indication of what they would be facing.

The system was balky. Finding parking at the downtown buildings was often difficult. People were often not ready when the car came to pick them up (or were having second thoughts about going). The schedule could not be maintained. Canvassing crews needing a ride to lunch or dinner were often left for long periods on neighborhood street corners. These crews had to work hard to get through to people the need to register. Elaine tells of spending an hour with an older couple before convincing them to make an appointment.

Elaine’s diary also tells of a harrowing event one day during the canvas:

“This afternoon three of us were working on Craft Street, which is an unpaved and poor area. I was working on one side by myself. As I walked up the steps of one duplex I heard a woman screaming and crying. When I came up the the door she screamed that a baby was dying down the street.

“I came in and found a 10-year-old girl holding the telephone and saying she didn’t know where her mother (also the baby’s mother) worked. By this time I was confused and excited myself. I asked the woman if she had a family doctor and she said yes, Dr. J.C. Anderson. I looked up his number and called him. I gave the phone to the woman and she told him a baby was dying and that she would pay him if only he would come. His answer was, “I don’t treat babies.” The woman became hysterical . I took the phone, gave him hell and asked him if he know of a doctor who treated dying children. He was silent. I then asked him if he could give me the number of a hospital and he gave me the number of Macon Hospital (the only public hospital and therefore the only one that takes Negroes).

“I called the hospital and asked for an ambulance. Before I made the calls I had to get one of the older girls to go stay with the baby. After calling the hospital I ran out into the street and began yelling for Diane and Jim (Simons), my fellow workers. Jim went in to the baby. I was too scared that I would see the baby die. The ambulance arrived in 15 minutes and took the child to the hospital. He was terribly skinny and looked like he had been starving for a long time. The woman told us that he was about 5 years old but had been ill all his life and never able to walk. She told us that many kids have died recently in that area.

“She thanked us for our help and we left. At once, we saw where we should be working and what we should be doing as compared to what we are doing.”

After a few weeks of the neighborhood canvassing, we changed strategy in the registration drive. Our crews moved downtown and asked black passersby if they were registered. If they were not and were willing to be, one of our patrolling cars would pick them and take them to the courthouses. We found we were getting way bigger numbers that way.

The numbers were bigger, but it meant we more visible to the white population. Also, the women were uncomfortable going into bars and pool halls, Elaine noted, to find prospective registrants.

Willy was arrested briefly during this period. Ken tells this story: "I was circling blocks looking for registration candidates. Some of our people signaled to me from in front of a pool hall. After a quick look around for police cars, I pulled into a commercial loading spot. The SCOPE people were trying to cajole two guys into my car to go to the courthouse but they were more interested in being flirtatious with the women. They were trying edge these guys over to the car. But it took too long.

"Suddenly I heard a booming voice next to me, 'Can't you read, boy?' An unpleasant policeman leaned in and lectured me about parking in a yellow zone and demanding to see my driver's licence. After looking at the licence, he told me to get going, which I did.

"While this conversation was going on, Willy and two volunteer women were leaning in the passenger side asking what was going on. Willy said, 'I got his badge number. I'll call it in.' As I understand it, Willy then went into the pool hall to use the wall phone there. The policeman followed him. 'Did you get that badge number?' the cop sneered as Willy phoned. Then the officers grabbed him and dragged him off. A volunteer woman picked up the dangling phone and shouted that Willy was being taken away.

"Mr. Randall's system was in place. A lawyer was sent. Willy was barely put in cell before it was opened again and he was released. No charges were filed."

Joel's role as director included meeting with white leaders, basically to assure them that we weren't radicals. He was interviewed on a local radio program. He dealt with people at Mercer College who were often quite liberal. Professors and students were tutoring 220 black students who would be integrating Macon schools in the upcoming scholastic year. Beth recalls helping in that program.

Joel sought to broaden our "scope" two ways. He reopened the possibility of a group of three SCOPE people going down to little Macon County, where we had first been slotted. Conversations were begun with an African-American men's service club there and Ken, Larry and Willy drove down to meet with them. But that project was later called off because there was no housing available. Oglethorpe or Montezuma had just passed an ordinance requiring indoor plumbing. The result was that people all over the area were having to move in with family

members until they could afford to upgrade from using an outhouse. That's what we were told, anyway.

Macon SCOPE also went down to another nearby city, Warner Robins, to participate in picketing at a shopping center there. But up in Atlanta, SCLC's director of voter registration, Hosea Williams, was angry because we were forbidden from direct action. Elaine's diary recalls that Diane was hit by a stone and that she first heard the yell, "white nigger" there. She would hear it again in Americus.

About this time Joel also okayed dividing the SCOPE workers into teams to work on their own projects in five different neighborhoods. Literacy programs, birth control discussions, citizenship classes and freedom rallies were set in motion. The idea was that there would be committees in each area to help troubleshoot problems after we left. Voter registration would be a part of that, but just a part.

Elaine noted that she, Eric and Denny were given an area called Macon Homes. They found a building they could clean up and use then began meetings with children of the area. Elaine talked of reading to the younger children, while Fran, who had now joined Eric, read to teenagers. Elaine said a L.A. support group collected and sent 2,000 used books. Meanwhile, Willy and others set up a freedom school in East Macon.

Elaine's diary again provides an idea of how things in her area worked:

"Eric briefly told what SCOPE is and what the 3 of us wanted to see happen in Macon Homes and Bartlett Crossing. Then we opened the floor for discussion. We discussed and illustrated what a community organization could do in the areas of registration, getting jobs and better pay, using economic pressure to get fair services and prices in a local grocery store which has been giving them problems. We called another meeting for next Monday."

Then came Americus, a city 75 miles south of Macon. On July 20, four women were arrested there for trying to vote in a special election. Protest marches against the arrests began every day. SCLC decided it wanted in. On July 30, Hosea Williams told Macon to send half its SCOPE people to join the protests. Long interracial lines marched down to city hall and sang freedom songs each evening. Diane quit SCOPE to join SNCC, the other civil rights group in Americus at the time.

After a week back in Macon, another Americus protest was set up. Two interracial groups ventured to two white churches. They were quickly arrested for "interfering with divine

worship.” Elaine, Diane, Willy, Fran, Eric and Chuck were among those carted off to jail. Here’s a little from Chuck’s recollection:

“We were so naïve. I never imagined anything bad would happen to me. When we pulled up to the church, Methodist I think, it just seemed like a big adventure. The first thing I saw when I got out of the car was angry men with weapons standing in front of the church. No visible guns, mostly clubs . . . but there were surely firearms at hand. It was a sobering moment. Like good soldiers we starting walking towards what looked like our doom. Over to the left was a small army of press. As soon as we stepped off the sidewalk and on church property the police arrested us. I never imagined I would be so delighted to be hauled off to jail. The Hoosegow was a lot safer than the House of God.”

Over at the Baptist church, Elaine’s diary records:

“I (as our group’s spokeswoman) said we wanted to worship in the church and (the church deacon, who was also Americus’ fire chief) said no. He explained again that the federal government hadn’t put 5 cents into the building and for us to get off the private property. Also, that the church wasn’t integrated. I said “does that mean that we can’t worship here?” and he said yes. The four of us walked quietly back to the public sidewalk. Mrs. Sexton (an African-American woman from Americus) remained standing and said the prayer; the three of us knelt. She finished her prayer and we continued to kneel silently for about 15-30 seconds. I heard someone yell that we were blocking the sidewalk and then some state troopers walked up and said we were arrested.”

Elaine records that the people arrested at the Methodist church were released the next day because the church dropped charges. Those from the Baptist church were held for three days and had a trial date set. The case was later dropped.

Back in Macon, registration continued. Things were getting simpler. The Voting Rights Act was passed Aug. 6 so the literacy test had been done away with. The city decided to ease tensions with our circling cars so provided a parking place outside the courthouse just for us. And finally, the registration was combined into a single venue.

In the end the numbers we helped add to the voters’ rolls are disputed. In his memoir, Joel said we registered 4,000 but that seems unlikely. Elaine’s diary says about 2,000 and Neil, the registration coordinator, recalls that it was 1,750.

Looking back on our relations with the white people of Macon, we were not too terribly treated -- with some major exceptions. The policeman on the beat certainly despised us. Ken said he received minor traffic tickets for things such as failure to use the turn signal when turning right, and for parking facing the wrong way on a country dirt road. That was typical.

SCOPE members encountered the more radical whites a couple of times. Fred, who had cumbersome 1965 video equipment, wanted to attend and film a KKK rally that he had seen advertised for the park by the river in Macon. He asked Ken to join him and help carry his equipment.

The rally was fairly uneventful. Fred asked permission to film the event and was told it was OK as long he didn't focus on the recruitment desk or anyone who did not want to be filmed. It was essentially a lot of old dudes walking around in colorful robes (they weren't allowed by law to wear masks). Most of the onlookers seemed more curious than avid.

The speakers at the rally kept up the usual racist themes. Joel had also attended with some Mercer friends. He commented in his memoir, "The tone surprised me. The racism was muted, much softer than I expected, the speakers obviously trained to say 'nigra,' maybe trying to improve the Klan's image."

Both Joel and Ken remembered one speaker in particular. He was a guest from Oklahoma, a self-described full-blood Choctaw. "Where'd they find THIS guy," Joel commented.

The worst actual attack from whites came in early August when Eric, Fran and Elaine were traveling late one night with the daughter of a host family, Patricia Tignor, and decided to stop at a "po-boy's" drive-in restaurant.

This interracial foursome parked their VW bug and went inside. Pat's order was taken but the three white people were ignored. After a long fruitless wait they left. Outside they found that three tires on the car had been deflated and large man stood smirking nearby. Elaine's diary goes on:

"Pat and I were locked in the car for safety while Fran and Eric walked over to a gas station to get an air pump. They came back and said the station guy told them they didn't have one. With the 3 women in the locked car, Eric went over to a phone booth. The fat guy went over to the booth; Pat decided to go to the Negro section across the street and use a phone.

"From the car we saw that the fat guy was pushing open the booth door and then striking at Eric. I think a small guy was around the booth also. Fran said we had to do something and got out of the car, yelling to people in the nearby cars to stop the fight and where was their humanity. I got out of the car and walked fast over to the booth. Fran was standing a distance off, I was a few yards away. The fat guy was hitting or kicking Eric who was lying curled up on the ground just outside the booth. In a second he stopped beating Eric and he and the little guy picked him up.

"At that minute, one cop came up behind me. Then another came up. They asked what had happened. The fat guy said it was just an argument and that he was willing to forget it. Eric said it was a fight and explained what had happened. Then the fat guy told the police that we had gone into the restaurant with a colored girl and said that we knew the restaurant was white. Eric said it was a public restaurant. One policeman asked the other if he had seen the fight and he said no, he hadn't seen it either.

“They asked if anyone was going to press charges. The fat guy said no, that if he never saw Eric again he would forget it. He walked away and the police asked about the tires. We walked over to see if the tires were slashed and the police left. We figured that Pat would stay where she was. We couldn’t drive the car to the station, so Eric locked it and because a man was using the pay phone, we went to the station to use that phone. We tried to reach Randall or the Sims but their phones were busy. We had the operator interrupt their call because of emergency – that took her a few minutes.

“In the meantime a car full of tough-looking women drove up and were milling around us, making dirty faces. One bumped into me. We finally reached someone and we went back to the car to wait. By now more unsavory types of whites were hanging around; the guy was still on the payphone. The cops were nearby talking to a gang of hoods, including the fat guy.

“In a few minutes Randall’s car pulled up with four men were in it. They talked to Eric and told him to press charges while both the police and the fat guy were there. Eric did. More SCOPE guys and our local friends showed up. Eric named Fran and I as witnesses. I think the fat guy named the guy who had tied up the public phone as his witness. Pat came back. Randall told his son Billy to take the women home. I got back to the Hobbs’ at 1 a.m.

“We went to Recorders Court (the next morning), Judge Patterson presiding. Eric told what had happened. The fat guy – Lewis, and his witnesses said Eric had started the fight and that Lewis had tried to stop it. When I testified, I tried to explain why Eric hadn’t pressed charges at first, (i.e. he is a Christian and thought maybe he could change Lewis’ heart by not pressing charges). To this the judge asked “Aren’t there any people in California who need Christianizing”? I said yes. Then he said “Why didn’t you stay there to do your work?” I couldn’t believe that a judge would make this kind of statement during a hearing. I mumbled something like “we have our rights.” The judge dismissed the case because of “conflicting evidence” and asked Lewis to “leave them alone.”

The judge’s “Christianizing” remark infuriated Randall. He called for a mass sit-in at the restaurant for that evening. Everyone was come in as many cars as could be mustered and take up the parking slots and order a small coke. Other interracial groups were to go in and take up as many booths and tables as possible and order the same thing.

“For most of the kids this was their first civil rights demonstration and its success filled them with pride that shone on their faces,” Elaine’s diary records. “We stayed from 8 to 9 pm. We then returned to the church where we sang freedom songs wildly for an hour. As we left the church we were told that there was a riot at Po-Boys after we left and that the police now had it under control.”

Things were more cordial in the black parts of town. It must be kept in mind that it was very unusual for these people to see whites living in African-American homes. Elaine remarked that it was “living in a fishbowl.” Any little thing done or said was amplified.

Ken and Chuck were lectured about dating teenage local girls. Fred had struck up a relationship with a Macon black woman. In her diary Elaine notes that at one point Diane and she asked about going to a movie with two local guys but were told they weren't to be seen "in a dating situation." "Funny how the boys can get away with anything and everything," the diary adds.

Joel and Elaine both commented on a black minister who lectured his young female congregants not to date the SCOPE men because after the summer they will be gone and "all you will have is a white baby." It was later found out that the minister himself had been hitting on one of the girls that had been rumored to be dating a SCOPE boy.

So as August wound down, the SCOPE workers went back to their own world. There were a few exceptions. Meryl stayed in Macon and attended Mercer. (He also became engaged to a black woman and attended a formal college dance with her.) Willy went back to Macon repeatedly and even had the distinction of integrating a local black baseball team, playing shortstop for it.

Willie Bowens, one of the teen volunteers, was such an independent guy that he came to back to California in one of the SCOPE cars. He roomed with Ken in a student apartment at UCLA the next year and eventually landed a job as an orderly in the Veterans' Administration hospital in West L.A. When last we heard, he's a nursing supervisor there now.

In the final analysis, our greatest legacy to the black people we came in contact with might be that we showed up. We demonstrated that not every white person discounted them as human beings, that many of us really wanted them to have an opportunity to excel.

A message Chuck received brought this home:

"As (the SCOPE) project wound through my Pleasant Hill neighborhood near Vineville Avenue that summer, I was a rather intense 11-year-old, with one foot planted in my opportunity to do my part to confront oppression and another foot simultaneously seeking opportunities unavailable to my parents, or, to many of my less intense peers.

"I had already decided that my life would be significantly distinct from what had been considered as the norm at that time. . . . Although poor eyesight kept me away from (my dream of becoming an astronaut), I did manage to pursue and obtain a Navy commission during/after college in North Carolina, at Navy expense.

"I have held on to vague recollections of a few first names of Bruins who came through. 'Fred' drove a Citroen DS. I also believe that he developed an interest in a young Macon woman from my neighborhood sometime during that period. 'Nan' was a very cordial blond with whom I accompanied door-to-door for these registrations. 'Meryl' and 'Paul Borgan/Borgen(?)' were other names that came to

mind. . . . If any of these names are familiar to you, rest assured that the impact of your visits reached far beyond your intent. It gave me an impetus for involvement and action that remains to this day.

I sincerely thank you for your support and inspiration.

Reggie Rice

(Information for this chapter was compiled by Ken Long from recollections that Bruin SCOPE people sent along as well audio tapes recorded in 1965 by radio station KZSR in Stanford and Joel Siegel's memoir, "Lessons for Dylan." A special thanks to Elaine Joselovitz for her detailed and vivid diary of that summer.)