

John Strand  
Sat. June 20 '64  
11 P.M. Yawn!

Dear gang,

In typical SNCC fashion things were changed at the last minute and I'm scribbling this between bumps on a Kentucky highway on the way to Mississippi, specifically Batesville, where about 10 of us will work temporarily until the rest of the staff arrives & we meet with the other kids who are at Holly Springs. (Both can be found on Map of Mississippi in the north central) We have a huge district which includes 8 counties to cover so we will have to find quickly strong local leadership which can carry on voter registration programs without assistance. The huge task will be further complicated by the fact that most of our 20 volunteers are completely green and have never even been in Mississippi. We'll have to spend a lot of time just listening and learning and meeting people.

So far several cars have arrived in Mississippi & if we can get two charted buses in without trouble & get a foothold in communities they'll never stop us.

Let me give you some important instructions. First, about a possible jailing: if you should receive notice that I'm in jail somewhere, it would be wise for you to call that jail directly and inquire about my welfare & mention that you have talked to your congressman & he is ready to pressure the federal Gov't.. This scares them to death. In addition I need about \$30 in money order by the end of the week. Don't send a check, I can't get it cashed.

Also SNCC is bleeding financially & the expense of the whole project have not been met. If you want to make this summer a family affair maybe you could send them a nice check to SNCC 6 Raymond St. NW, Atlanta, Ga. Maybe you even have a rich liberal friend or two. The fact is that the SNCC field secretaries haven't been paid a cent for two months.

More about the precise program in a later letter. The challenge of the seating of the Mississippi delegation at the Democratic <sup>Adm</sup> Convention could prove to be one of the real political strokes of genius for the summer.

So long for now, Love, John