A Christmas Eve in Tent City--

"It's Too Cold To Make a Cake"

BY VERA BRADFORD

TENT CITY--You can't live in a big brick house, fully decorated with Christmas lights of a family tree, in order to enjoy Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve in a tent without decorations--the spirit of Christmas--can be just as much fun.

At least, it was for the Scott family, who spent their first Christmas Eve in their tent Friday night. The parents and several other families were living in their tents in Lowndes County after the sheriff ordered them out, to keep out of the Little Rock courthouse square.

"It was just as good as Christmas Eve," said Mrs. Wanda Glover, a Tent City resident, "probably better, because you don't have to fight in the snow.

You don't have to fight in the snow," she added with a laugh, "and you can eat a cake in the center of the tent.

"I made it," said Mr. Glover, "and I made it with a great gum. I did it in the tent.

The tree was a piece of pipe sticking out of the tent with a light bulb on top. To decorate the tree, the Scott family used the stars from the tent and a red ribbon made from a sheet.

And the Scott family wasn't the only family enjoying Christmas in a tent. Other families were also living in the tent city.

But a Giant from Dothan Shuts the Show

BTW of Montgomery Takes First In Holiday Basketball Tourney

By Aslam Carr Jr.

MONTGOMERY--High school teams played in the first BTW Holiday Tournament at Dothan Thursday through Saturday.

In the final game of the tournament, Carver and Booker T. Washington fought to a three-octave tie, 70-70, in the final game Saturday afternoon.

The game was played in the Midway High School in the city.

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Editorial Opinion

Good Riddance

The year 1966 was a terrible one for Southern Negroes. Samuel Young Jr., David Colson, Vernon Dahmer, and Anne Eustie Stotes were blinding, and their assassins all remained free as the year ended. Our civil rights leaders were named the U.S. Congress, and the Alabama legislature cracked up an anti-school-guildines measure, and Mississippian Stotsen was in the same. Caught the flu Siver ridge, Work, G. A. Wilson, Walker county of, and Santa Medal- do summarized men of Stotsen in Georgia.

I hope you don't agree that Negroes are being gross. Samuel Young Jr., was among the worst. Why don't you write an editorial about this discrimination? It's a thought that might comfort people as the new year arrives: Whatever happens in 1967, you will be able to help those who have died on our justice was found wanttng. We're at our service.

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GOD BLESS THE CHILD

Photographs by Jim Peppler
Weekend Visitors Learn What Life Is Like INSIDE GEES BEND

BY VIOLA MADDOX
GEES BEND—Have you ever walked 15 miles to use a telephone, or worked acres and acres of cotton for less than $100 a year, or gone done hunting after sundown with a flashlight in one hand and a shotgun in the other?
There are many people in Dallas and Wilcox counties that have, and still do. Among them are the residents of an all Negro rural community called Gees Bend.
People who had never chopped cotton or grown beans had a chance last weekend to find out what the former’s life in like. The Rev. Francis C. Walker, director of the Selma Interracial Project, and Helen P. Pettway, pastor of the Pleasant Grove Baptist Church in Gees Bend, sponsored a “Rural Workshop.” It could have been called a school for white people, Walker said the weekend workshop was meant to teach people about the Southern Negro’s problems.

People there were Copper Top farmers, lawyers, and tile in the rural area for a couple of days. Despite the relay, root weather and muddy roads, 35 under-50 volunteers came. They came to the Pleasant Grove Baptist Church, which is next to a schoolhouse away from dirt road. The doors were open and a large coal stove in the center of the floor warmed the guests.
There were no street lights in Gees Bend, and that made it nearly dark at the church because the lights in the church were off. The only lights visible were beams from the truck’s headlight and the glow from the stove’s fire. The door opened, and a large voice in the dark asked questions about the workshop, “The way they were registering us, a white man with a flashlight in one hand and a shotgun in the other?”

There were black and white people giving their opinions unexpectedly and answering questions about local problems and living conditions.

“I live in a dark road,” said an eight-year-old girl who was over the conversation. “He said that he was going to put gravedom, but he didn’t.”

“What ails you?” asked a woman. “The white man,” answered the little girl if the woman should have been born.

At one time for the history of the Wilcox County movement, “They had grown up,” said Ben Little Poynter, the first panelist, “Fraiser Poynter had a place, but he didn’t give up, we just didn’t grow up . . . until the Federal government made it possible for the Negro to vote down here in Wilcox County.”

As the audience listened attentively, Eula Poynter took up, “I just heard that Little Poynter left off. ‘We don’t want to take the laws, we just want the privileges he had, that’s all. You didn’t want to grow up . . . until the Federal government made it possible for the Negro to vote down here in Wilcox County.”

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On the question after the talks and discussion was, “Did anybody learn anything?”

A woman said, “Yes, I lived in a town where I was a little girl, but it wasn’t like the ones here.”

After the session ended, integrated groups strolled around in the church, laughing, drinking coffee, and eating, just expressing themselves without being afraid to speak what they really thought.

There was a field trip to the after­noon. People passing by, who were not with the workshop, could see black and white people walking alongside the country roads, examining the well, talking about the land, or stealing about it was cold.

Members of the group saw sights they don’t see often—the black man shopping downtown, or a color line of a man walking in the street.

Everyone didn’t go on the field trip, some went on a bus, others spontaneously. One of the most impressive was a large black and white quilt with squares and one-color figures. “This is called the black power quilt,” one man jokingly, “This is called the black power quilt,” one man joked. “This is called the black power quilt,” one man joked. “This is called the black power quilt,” one man joked. “This is called the black power quilt,” one man joked. “This is called the black power quilt,” one man joked.

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