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PRIMARY SOURCES

A Foot Soldier in the Civil Rights Movement:
Lynn Goldsmith with SCLC-SCOPE,
Summer 1965

by

Miyuki Kita*

**Excerpts from the Diary of Lynn Goldsmith,
June–August, 1965.¹**

Several Jews involved in the civil rights movement are well known by students of American Jewish history. These include Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, who marched with Martin Luther King, Jr., in the Selma–Montgomery March in 1965, and Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner, who, along with their fellow worker James Chaney, were slain by local Ku Klux Klan members during the Mississippi Freedom Summer in 1964.

On June 12, 1965, three months after the Selma–Montgomery March and one year after the tragedy in Mississippi, Lynn Goldsmith departed from the Port Authority Bus Terminal near her hometown of Princeton, New Jersey. She had turned nineteen years old only two days prior. As one of twenty-three students from Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts, she was planning to spend that summer in South Carolina as a volunteer serving the civil rights movement. The group belonged to the Summer Community Organization and Political Education Project (SCOPE), operating under the auspices of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC). Atlanta, where Goldsmith arrived after a twenty-two-hour bus ride, was the location of the SCOPE orientation.

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Recent studies of the history of the civil rights movement have increasingly emphasized the roles of ordinary, unsung people rather than prominent and vocal leaders.² In this sense, Goldsmith was a typical, ordinary foot soldier of the movement. Unusually, however, for seventy-nine days of noteworthy experiences during her SCOPE project participation, Goldsmith kept a detailed diary. Written in fine handwriting, it extends to more than 240 sheets of paper, presenting an honest perspective of the obstacles and challenges Goldsmith and her fellow workers confronted while canvassing and helping to register African Americans to vote. The diary also presents the realities of civil rights activities and local people's response in St. Matthews, a rural South Carolina town, even though those events never appeared as a mainstream episode of the history of the civil rights movement.³ Through her diary, one comes to understand what a "very Reform" Jewish young woman working for civil rights experienced and thought in relation to social justice.⁴

SCOPE

Launched in 1965, the SCOPE project was intended to help African Americans register to vote. Specifically, it brought eight hundred student volunteers from northern and western colleges to a hundred counties in six southern states: Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia.⁵ It resembled in some respects the Freedom Summer Project of 1964, the first large-scale voter registration drive to mobilize white youths from outside the South. Because Freedom Summer targeted only Mississippi, SCOPE was intended to cover other southern states in which African American voter registration was suppressed and where registration rates remained low because of barriers imposed by white residents. Although literacy tests were prohibited by the Civil Rights Act of 1964, local registration offices often used them to prevent African American citizens from registering to vote.

Recognizing the importance of voting rights, from fall 1964 the SCLC requested that the federal government revise the Voting Rights Act to better ensure everyone's right to vote. At the same time, the SCLC joined the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), which had set voter registration as its main emphasis two years earlier in Selma, Alabama. Selma's registration rate was particularly low: in 1963, only 1 percent of fifteen thousand black residents of Dallas County,

where Selma is located, were registered to vote.⁶ In this situation, another voter registration drive was advocated under the leadership of Hosea Williams, national director of the SCLC Department of Political Education and Voter Registration. The SCLC also offered citizenship education classes to help African Americans form community organizations and vote.⁷

The official recruitment for SCOPE got under way in April 1965. Hosea Williams, however, began to work even before receiving the official approval of the SCLC's executive board. In late January, he sent letters to nationwide civil rights organizations and colleges to explain that SCLC would conduct a large-scale voter registration drive by college students.⁸ Learning from the Freedom Summer experience, SCLC staff tried to organize campus-based units comprised of students who already knew each other and would work together in assigned counties. Consequently, SCOPE was more college-oriented than the Mississippi Freedom Summer. Each college first formed a chapter, which dispatched students to the South after conducting extensive recruiting, selection, and fundraising. By assigning one school to one county, it was expected that it would be easier to build an ongoing connection and provide continuing support of that county's African American community after volunteers had returned to their home school.

Brandeis University's SCOPE chapter was formed soon after the project was officially announced.⁹ Dean Leonard Zion spearheaded the arrangements. Maintaining close contact with SCLC offices in Atlanta, the Brandeis SCOPE chapter selected twenty-three students, including several from neighboring universities. It eventually became the second-largest group among fifty-eight SCOPE chapters, following the University of Minnesota, which sent twenty-five students.¹⁰ The Brandeis chapter was assigned to Richland County, South Carolina. Before the end of the spring semester, and before traveling south, the volunteers held several meetings on campus. They studied the local government and social structure, past issues of local newspapers, and the history of race relations and conflicts within the community to determine whom they should contact and how to work effectively and safely.¹¹

According to Willy Siegel Leventhal, a SCOPE volunteer from UCLA who worked in Macon, Georgia, the SCOPE Project is a lost chapter in the history of the civil rights movement.¹² In fact, among the numerous

studies and stories of the movement, even in studies specifically examining the SCLC or Martin Luther King, Jr., the SCOPE Project has been neglected.¹³ Most textbooks end their accounts of the civil rights movement at the Selma–Montgomery March and subsequent passage of the Voting Rights Act in 1965. Alternatively, some accounts merely jump to August 11, 1965, only five days after the passage of Voting Rights Act, when the Watts riots began in Los Angeles, one of the worst racial uprisings in U.S. history, which eventually resulted in thirty-four deaths.

Although SCOPE has garnered little attention from scholars or the media, it was not without its own drama and danger. In anticipation of the passage of the Voting Rights Act in 1965, the prevailing atmosphere was one of risk and fear for the safety of civil rights workers in the South. One can also argue that southern whites' rage became even fiercer during that period. Although no killings like those in Mississippi occurred, SCOPE volunteers faced danger from several directions.

In collaboration with local activists, leaders, and SCLC field staff, the SCOPE workers of six states had reportedly registered more than forty-nine thousand new African American voters when the project officially ended on August 28, 1965.¹⁴ Among the concrete accomplishments of the Brandeis SCOPE project were the registration of some three thousand voters, the racial integration of two laundromats and a theater, the formation of a boy's club, and the organization of a group of local people to continue voter registration work. According to Brandeis SCOPE leader Bill Kornrich of the class of 1967, some members planned to volunteer again in South Carolina during the winter and the following summer.¹⁵ Consequently, despite receiving little attention, the SCOPE Project is an important part of the civil rights movement and deserving of study as an early effort to fulfill the promise of the 1965 Voting Rights Act.

Lynn Goldsmith in Calhoun County, South Carolina

How and why did Lynn Goldsmith readily and willingly become involved in this most dangerous project? After graduating from Princeton High School in New Jersey, Goldsmith got into Brandeis University in fall 1964. Princeton High School had a few black students and a chapter of the Friends of SNCC, in which Goldsmith was involved. Goldsmith's father, George J. Goldsmith, who taught physics at Princeton University, was deeply involved in campus student activities. He was the enthusiastic

*Lynn Goldsmith
as a student, 1968.
(Brandeis University yearbook,
courtesy of Miyuki Kita.)*

leader of the Princeton Freedom Center, which had a strong connection with Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), whose leaders, Tom Hayden and Howard Zinn, were his friends.¹⁶ With Goldsmith's participation in the SCOPE Project, her father tried to help her and her fellow workers in various ways. In August, Goldsmith's parents drove down to St. Matthews with a truckload of books, toys, and foodstuffs.¹⁷

Goldsmith was very involved in the Jewish Center in Princeton during her high school years. The rabbi, Everett Gendler, was very inspiring, the synagogue conducted numerous activities involving civil rights for young people, and he encouraged Jews to commit to the civil rights movement.¹⁸ These surroundings naturally led Goldsmith to involvement in the SCOPE Project once she matriculated at Brandeis.

Lynn Goldsmith's diary entries started on the day of her departure and ended with her return to college. On June 12, she left home in Princeton, New Jersey. On June 14, she underwent orientation and training in Atlanta, where about three hundred student workers from across the country gathered. On June 19, she left for Columbia, South Carolina, to

start working in Richland County. On that day, each college group departed for its assigned county. The overly large and unwieldy Brandeis contingent was divided into smaller groups after arriving in Columbia. On June 29, Goldsmith and four other students formed an independent group and transferred to Calhoun County to start their own activities.¹⁹ Goldsmith was stationed in St. Matthews, the Calhoun County seat, until August 28. With work finished, she left the county and arrived back home in Princeton on August 29.

During her stay, Goldsmith occasionally left Calhoun County. She, two other local volunteers, and Calhoun County civil rights leader Hope Williams traveled to Birmingham, Alabama, from the evening of August 10 to the morning of August 14 to attend the SCLC annual convention. There Goldsmith listened to the speech by Martin Luther King, Jr., and enjoyed communication with James Bevel, Hosea Williams, and other enthusiastic civil rights activists. In addition, during their stay in Calhoun County, Goldsmith and other workers often visited neighboring

SCOPE orientation in Atlanta, June 14, 1965.

(Lynn Goldsmith Papers, courtesy of the Robert D. Farber University Archives & Special Collections Dept., Brandeis University, Waltham, MA. Used with permission.)

Orangeburg County with SCOPE group volunteers from Columbia University and collaborated in every aspect of their work, including printing flyers, repairing cars, and procuring food.²⁰ On August 3, Goldsmith and other workers were arrested for trespassing into the courthouse, the registration site, and spent a night in the Orangeburg city jail.

The June 28 diary entry describes Calhoun as the most dangerous and difficult of South Carolina's counties.²¹ Of its six thousand residents, slightly over 55 percent were African American. St. Matthews had about one thousand residents. Facilities such as libraries and swimming pools were segregated despite public and legal requirements that they be integrated. Private facilities such as laundromats, gas stations, restaurants, and movie theaters remained segregated as a matter of course. Almost all black residents in rural areas were illiterate tenant farmers. Expansive cotton fields and unpaved roads spread throughout the countryside. Along these unmapped roads were scattered the black tenant farmers' windowless and doorless shacks.

Hope Williams in 1965.
(Lynn Goldsmith Papers, courtesy of
the Robert D. Farber University
Archives & Special Collections Dept.,
Brandeis University, Waltham, MA.
Used with permission.)

On most days, Goldsmith and her fellow workers went out canvassing. They visited black residents and explained how to register to vote. People in St. Matthews were often already registered and were even anxious to help the SCOPE project. Hope Williams had formed the Calhoun County Improvement League in 1964 to promote local African Americans' voter registration. Williams was then a fifty-five-year-old farmer. His like-minded friends included Furman Hart and Ham Federick.²² They often invited students to meals, providing a tableful of food that was too much to consume. Floyd's Grocery Store, where students could help themselves to anything in the store, became the temporary SCOPE office.

In contrast, canvassing in rural areas entailed less pleasant difficulties. Workers sometimes had to walk many miles in the beating sun in temperatures higher than 100°F. In addition to physically harsh conditions, rural black people were suspicious or afraid of white people, including civil rights workers. Workers usually went out canvassing with local high school student volunteers who were able to assuage wariness against whites. Nevertheless, people remained frightened. Even when workers spoke to local people, the people had often been convinced or coerced into thinking that they were ineligible to register.

In addition to weekday canvassing, SCOPE workers went to local black churches on Sundays and sometimes on weekday evenings to give speeches encouraging people to register. Registration days were usually held every two weeks and were July 12 and August 2 in Calhoun County. The workers drove people from rural areas to the registration venue, the St. Matthews courthouse. They helped people fill out application blanks, teaching them what to write sometimes letter by letter. When the line moved slowly, they passed out cold drinks and candy bars to the prospective voters, who waited for hours in sweltering heat. Goldsmith remained busy arranging car pools and making phone calls. She stayed up as late as 4:00 A.M. before the registration days.²³

Civil rights workers were often arrested. Goldsmith spent one night at a local jailhouse with fifty-two other workers. The arrest occurred on August 3, when Calhoun workers were helping with registration day in Orangeburg County. They had refused to leave the courthouse after 5:00 P.M. in protest of delaying tactics that had stalled the registration. As often happened, people were registered only very slowly by reluctant registrars.

TOP: Lines of people waiting to register to vote at the Calhoun County Courthouse, 1965.

BOTTOM: Orangeburg City Jail, the "Pink Palace," where Goldsmith and other workers spent a night. (Lynn Goldsmith Papers, courtesy of the Robert D. Farber University Archives & Special Collections Dept., Brandeis University, Waltham, MA.

Used with permission.)

Moreover, many were asked to take a literacy test, which usually served as an excuse to reject them.²⁴

The SCOPE workers did an enormous amount of work for two and a half months. Aside from occasional visits to local restaurants and barbecue parties with local civil rights workers, SCOPE workers had vacations only twice on days following registration days. During day trips, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves at a nearby beach in Beaufort.

Local whites, including police and ordinary residents, were for the most part antagonistic toward the civil rights activists. After SCOPE workers began canvassing in Calhoun County on July 1, white residents immediately noticed their presence. The following morning, Carol Sable was stopped and questioned by a deputy sheriff. Terry Parsons was arrested for lacking a car registration, was released on twenty-seven dollars bail, and was asked to appear in court that afternoon.²⁵ Furthermore, SCOPE workers' cars were often reported as "speeding," although they never drove above the speed limit. They often had to switch cars so that their license numbers would not be recognized by local whites. Even at a hamburger restaurant, shop clerks often deliberately took time before they served them because the SCOPE workers and local volunteers visited there as a racially mixed group.

In St. Matthews, the Ku Klux Klan was revived and held a meeting on August 14. Four days after that event, shots were fired through the picture window of the SCOPE house in which Goldsmith and her fellow workers resided. Fortunately no one was in the house, but shattered glass was strewn over every inch of the room.²⁶ Before and after the shooting, workers received threatening phone calls, presumably from local whites, with voices uttering, "You could all be dead tomorrow" or "You nigger lover." On the day after the shooting, the phone calls reached their peak: a worker hanging up the phone would immediately get another call.²⁷

Goldsmith's Encounter with Jews in St. Matthews

Goldsmith's diary describes Calhoun County as rife with harassment and intimidation by local whites. Therefore, Goldsmith and her fellow workers continued with their activities on the assumption that all local whites, including those who "live in poorer houses than colored folk," were hostile to their efforts and the civil rights movement. For example, when Goldsmith knocked on a white person's door by accident

*Damaged window at SCOPE house in St. Matthews, SC, August 18, 1965.
(Lynn Goldsmith Papers, courtesy of the Robert D. Farber University Archives
& Special Collections Dept., Brandeis University, Waltham, MA.
Used with permission.)*

during canvassing, she pretended to be a traveler asking for directions. Then she would “scoot” off after saying “Well, thank you. Good-bye.”²⁸

A few local whites were concerned for the safety of SCOPE workers. Richard Banks, a county clerk, was one of them. After the shooting of the SCOPE house window on August 18, he came by to invite two SCOPE workers, Carol Sable and Terry Parsons, to drive with him. He told them what had been going on and what had been discussed among local whites—“there is quite a stir”—but he hoped SCOPE workers would get together with the whites. It is not clear whether Banks was merely concerned about the uproar and hoped things would settle down or whether he hoped for integration in St. Matthews and was willing to work together with SCOPE. Whichever was true, Goldsmith considered him to be on SCOPE’s side, something she was glad to know. Nevertheless, their encounter with Banks occurred on August 24, too late to establish a

relationship between them that was sufficiently strong to support civil rights efforts.²⁹

Jews in St. Matthews had to contend with local white opposition to the civil rights movement. On July 15, Goldsmith and Mary Ann Efroymsen, another SCOPE worker, visited a Jewish person in St. Matthews, expecting some help. The owner of the Savitz Department Store, Daniel Savitz, was pleased to talk with them, especially after he learned that Goldsmith and Efroymsen were Jewish, but he said he was not brave enough to support their efforts. Although Goldsmith did not give up on him immediately and wrote that "this is a first step," neither she nor other workers visited him again.³⁰

During the 1960s, a few Jewish families resided in St. Matthews, but the Jewish presence there extended to earlier times. In 1878, the town had nineteen Jewish residents among a total population of 524. In 1937, among the thirty-four Jewish residents were the Jarecky, Loryea, Rich, Mortiz, Lewisohn, Wetherhorn, Jacobson, Elosser, Cohen, Yelman, and Pearlstine families. Savitz was among them. How many Jews were in St. Matthews in 1965 is not clear, but the *American Jewish Year Book* did not list it as a community with a Jewish population of one hundred or more in 1965.³¹

*Former location of the Savitz Department Store in St. Matthews, SC,
now the Town and Country Restaurant. (Courtesy of Miyuki Kita.)*

The Savitz family operated a store in St. Matthews from 1908 to 1992, starting with Solomon, a Latvian peddler who arrived in the United States in 1904.³² From a general store, it evolved to selling dry goods only. Solomon and his wife, Ida, had six sons and two daughters. Their sons Maurice and Daniel ran the store after World War II. Being hard workers, the family ensured that every name brand of clothing for children, men, and women could be found in their store, along with a wide variety of shoes.³³ More importantly for SCOPE workers who shopped only at stores serving African Americans, the store catered to both African Americans and whites. Goldsmith bought a birthday present for her younger brother at the Savitz Department Store and sent it to her parents.³⁴

The Pearlstine family owned a wholesale grocery store, founded in 1912 by Sheppard "Shep" Pearlstine, who was active in the community and who was known as "the good shepherd of St. Matthews." The local shoe store was run by Mr. Goldinger. Goldingers and Cohens ran stores as well. These four families could possibly be the only Jews residing in St. Matthews in 1965.³⁵

Because the Jewish population in St. Matthews was so small, they did not establish a synagogue there. Most members of the Savitz family belonged to Temple Sinai in Orangeburg County, which had 105 Jews in 1965.³⁶ Temple Sinai, dedicated in 1956, offered Sunday school and Friday night services but never had a regular rabbi. The congregation brought in student rabbis for High Holiday services, and Rabbi David Gruber of Columbia's Tree of Life Synagogue came once a month to conduct worship services.³⁷

The ease of access to Jewish worship in Columbia notwithstanding, one of the owners of the Savitz Department Store, Daniel, with whom Goldsmith talked on July 15, converted to Episcopalianism. All the Jewish-owned stores observed the same business days and hours as other stores in St. Matthews. They kept to the Christian calendar, opening on Saturdays and closing on Sundays.³⁸ Thus Jews in St. Matthews were well accepted as business people in the white community, while their presence as a religious group was quite invisible and almost nonexistent.

Historically, many southern Jews took a cautious attitude against desegregation. Especially in light of the Leo Frank case of 1913 to 1915, they remained acutely aware that they held a delicate position and could readily be targeted for discrimination, although they felt sympathy for African

Americans. When the civil rights movement became vigorous at the street level, attacks against Jews increased. From the late 1950s through the early 1960s, synagogues and Jewish community centers throughout the South, from Jackson, Mississippi, to Atlanta, Georgia, were bombed or were found rigged with dynamite.³⁹

Rabbi P. Allen Krause described the three stances southern Jewry took on segregation: fighting friends, frightened friends, and foes of the Negroes. He argued that some 75 percent of southern Jews held the position of frightened friends, being ambivalent about discrimination issues but tending toward sympathy for African Americans. Fear of repercussions such as economic ruin and social ostracism silenced their sympathies.⁴⁰ In small towns such as St. Matthews or rural districts, human relations were narrow and awkward but important. Because their businesses had done well, Jews in St. Matthews hoped to avoid antisemitism and other difficulties, and they tended to be more "frightened friends" than Jews in large cities.

After SCOPE

Although Goldsmith did not commit herself in specific civil rights causes after coming back from the SCOPE project, she and her family continued communicating with people in Calhoun County. From the end of summer 1965, one of the local volunteers, Harold McKenzie, lived with Goldsmith's parents in Princeton for a year to get a better high school education. Goldsmith has also continued to exchange letters and, in recent years, e-mails with Furman Hart, the SCOPE contact person in St. Matthews, and his family.⁴¹

Upon graduating from Brandeis in 1968, Goldsmith married Larry Goldberg, whom she had been dating. Although many student volunteers took jobs related to civil rights such as teachers, union organizers, social workers, and lawyers, she worked at a department store in Boston for a few years and then helped in her husband's business while raising their children. Meanwhile, she has been pursuing basketry because, she argues, as an anthropology major she became interested in diverse people and their cultures in the world. In 2011, when there was an international exhibition of sweet grass baskets in Charleston, she had a chance to visit St. Matthews for the first time in forty-six years. In the same year, she lost her father, who exerted a great influence on her involvement in the civil rights

movement. Though her diary had been stored in her desk drawer until then, Goldsmith decided to donate it to the archives of her alma mater so that students and scholars could study this moment in history when Jewish students attending a secular university identified with its Jewish roots made a small but significant impact.⁴² Currently the diary is in the Brandeis University archives as a part of the alumni collections, along with some pictures, maps, the program of the 1965 SCLC Annual Convention, and other documents.⁴³

Although Goldsmith did not continue her civil rights work, Calhoun County became the scene of some progress. In October, after SCOPE workers left, the Calhoun-Orangeburg Community Development Association, an organization whose mission was to promote the civil rights of Calhoun residents, was established through the efforts of local civil rights leaders. Mary Ann Efroymsen, who had graduated in 1965 and remained in St. Matthews after the summer, and Earl Coblyn, an NAACP lawyer in Orangeburg, played central roles.⁴⁴ After some time, Beach Party, the bathing suit factory that had not hired any black workers, began hiring them. Similarly, the library that had not allowed African Americans to visit began admitting them.⁴⁵ Above all, one thousand more people had been newly registered to vote. The registration rate of black residents of Calhoun reached 50 percent by the end of 1965.⁴⁶

The Significance of Lynn Goldsmith's Diary

Lynn Goldsmith's diary is significant for several reasons. It faithfully and diligently recorded her two-and-a-half month experience in the South. Written on letter-sized paper and sometimes on the reverse side of a flyer, her diary extends to 242 pages and 66,000 words. Although some volunteers tried to keep diaries during their participation in the civil rights movement, and although university officials told Brandeis University student workers to keep journals during their stay in the South, their diaries usually ended within one or two weeks and are two to three pages in total. In contrast, Goldsmith never skipped a day, and her diary meticulously documents her entire experiences in the SCOPE Project.

As previously indicated, Goldsmith's diary reveals details of voter registration drives in a rural county, a typical grassroots effort by foot soldiers of the civil rights movement. Through its pages, the reader learns about student workers who resided in a black community,

Lynn Goldsmith's diary. (Courtesy of Miyuki Kita.)

established face-to-face relationships with local people, and worked together to help African Americans register to vote. They visited houses of local black residents one by one, sometimes in unmapped cotton fields, preached the importance and necessity of participating in politics, and persuaded them to register. These tasks could not have been accomplished by mass meetings, marches, or speeches by renowned civil rights leaders because many local black people were unable to listen to King's "I Have a Dream" speech on TV or radio or could not read that news because of illiteracy. In this sense, the voter registration drive was an example of what ordinary, unsung foot soldiers were able to accomplish for social justice. By reading Goldsmith's diary, we can learn about the nature of their important work.

Goldsmith began writing the diary at the suggestion of her father, George J. Goldsmith, who was also a civil rights supporter. She sometimes mailed her diary entries to her father, who typed them out and distributed them as a part of the newsletters of the Princeton Freedom Center, of which he was the leader, presumably partly for fundraising.⁴⁷ Because she

knew her diary would be read, she precisely described her activities, daily experiences, and even what food students were offered by local African Americans.

Goldsmith's diary has remained untouched and unrevised. This enables readers and historians to capture vividly the bravery, sincerity, and idealism of the young civil rights workers, as well as their everyday experiences and concerns. The reflections of former civil rights activists, sometimes those of ordinary unsung workers in the form of diaries, have been increasingly published recently.⁴⁸ But such accounts often include some glorification or idealization, or at least some revision. Goldsmith's diary, although sometimes not well-organized or readily comprehensible, describes her experiences and sentiments as they were at the very time they were written.

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**Excerpts from the Diary of Lynn Goldsmith,
June–August, 1965.**

NOTE ON THE TEXT

Based on additional research and interviews with Goldsmith and other former workers, I have annotated and attached titles to each diary entry so that readers can grasp the outline. Omissions are indicated by ellipses. Upper cases, underlines, dashes, and other punctuation marks are all as Goldsmith recorded them.

Summer 1965

June 12 and 13: The Trip Down and Arrival

The bus to Atlanta was scheduled to leave Port Authority in New York at 3:30 P.M. . . . [We] amused ourselves by singing to Phyllis Greenfield's guitar and digging into the box of food which had been given to us for the 22 hour trip. In Baltimore we had a dinner stop and we picked up one more member from our group. . . .

Our second stop was Richmond, Va., and we had entered the South. It was ten o'clock at night, so we went to get something to eat. None of us

had eaten any kind of a substantial meal since noon time, making do with occasional snacks. Integration had come, yes, but what met the eye was not. The Restaurant (Negro) and the cafeteria stood side by side. The former was a dimly lit, tiny room with only a counter. Its customers were all Negro. Our entrance, although it evoked some stares, was quietly accepted. The other room, in contrast, was large light, airy, and modern, and no Negroes are there. The bathroom had two doors, but only one is used and stands out, while the other is hidden away. It is strange in the South to note that one may not use the bathroom without paying a dime – rather hazardous.

We stopped again at Raleigh, N.C. at two in the morning and at Charlotte, N.C. at 6:30 (5:30 EST)⁴⁹ for breakfast. . . . The only visible evidence of real prejudice occurred in S. Carolina. The bus was entirely full except for one seat next to an elderly Negro woman. A white man got on and when he found there were “no” seats, he stood for the 30 or 40 miles of his journey.

There is something distinctly different about the South, although I have not been able to put my finger on it. The trees and other vegetation are very large, and the houses with their big front porches are nearly buried in it. The part of S. Carolina that we passed through was distinctly poorer than those parts of N. Carolina and Georgia. It was, in fact, quite ugly. The bare red soil (which is amazingly red all over these sections of the country) is eroded into mountains and valleys of waste. The billboards advertising Dixie names line the highways and numerous old cars lie in broken and dying states. . . .

We arrived at the meeting early, but the singing was in full force. Many of the songs were new to most of us, but they can be picked up in no time, and we sang so we were hoarse and clapped our hands. . . . The whole “family” of workers is a wonderful bunch of people. Their spirit is released when they lash into the songs and when they speak. Hosea Williams has gained my confidence as a truly great man. Our meeting was only to introduce the staff and resource people. Bayard Rustin did much to liven up the evening as we sat for hours sweltering in our chairs. He is an amazing man with quite a humor. Our meeting ended the usual way – freedom songs ‘til you can’t sing any more. Hosea Williams led us in many of the songs in his rich, deep voice. We closed by standing in a circle singing “We Shall Overcome” and with a prayer.

June 21: Goldsmith's Separation from Brandeis Group Becomes Decisive, and She Contemplates the Fate of the Three Slain Workers in Mississippi

Tonight was, I believe, the most significant night of this project. May I confess, dear diary, as you might be called, that I am very high, and our TV is distracting me. We attended a meeting of the Richland County Citizen's Committee. Near the end of the meeting two ministers walked in. They were welcomed (as all visitors, especially ministers, are) and (if I may prophesize) they will make the summer for six of us workers. . . .

We made arrangements for our big move to a rural county that needed real work. What excited us most was that someone had come to us and asked us for work. They want us and need us, and we want to go.

The two ministers got really hot, but we got some real good talk done. Our group (I may honestly say) is losing the three prettiest girls, and the six best and most willing workers. We are going to make a really worthwhile program. We were sooooo!!! Excited, we were all popping. Our voices got louder and louder, and we acted wilder and wilder. We will be working with three real men. We were very happy to have found a place. Most of all, we will each have our "own" family, and will live as part of it. . . .

This might be dangerous, but we felt our dedication tonight. We knew, at last, what we wanted. These men were our friends. Our effort will make a significant and visible difference.

This is the anniversary of the death of the three civil rights workers in Philadelphia, Miss. I feel that this is fitting for such a day. We have taken up where they were headed, and we will do what they wanted to do. The election, lost last year by just over 200 votes, will be won, and those people will see a change.

In the language of this country, may I say, "Amen."

June 29: The Trip to St. Matthews

We are now our own group; only slightly dependent on Brandeis SCOPE. At last I feel a part of the Civil Rights Movement, and not a part of a Brandeis (rah, rah!) project. We will be more in contact with other SCOPE groups, and most of all, we can make our own decisions.

We got to the county. It seems to be one enormous cotton field. I almost wondered if any people existed there at all. We saw Spanish moss

Diary of Lynn Goldsmith, first page, June 12 & 13, 1965.
(Lynn Goldsmith Papers, courtesy of the Robert D. Farber University Archives & Special Collections Dept., Brandeis University, Waltham, MA. Used with permission.)

hanging from the trees, and knew we were really in the South. Our first stop was at the house of our leader, Hope Williams. Hope is the most wonderful man one could ever meet. He had had no more than a second grade education, and though it is hard to tell his age, he is by no means young. He works in the fields himself, but has found time to register people in his county. Everyone knows him and respects him. They really love him, and he has done an enormous amount of work. He also runs citizenship classes. . . .

[We] went to the “town” where we would be centered. St. Matthews, the county seat has about 1,000 inhabitants. The whole county has about 6,000 people, and is 55+ percent Negro. The three of us girls are living quite comfortably in the house of an ancient minister, Rev. Howell. There is no running water inside the house, and there is only a couple of wood stoves—one for cooking on. We will have to cook for ourselves. The boys did not have housing ready for them, so they will spend one night with Hope. They will be living near us, though, and we will have an office nearby, too. While they were investigating housing, we went to meet the neighbors. We stopped in some of the numerous tiny grocery stores and introduced ourselves. The people do not come up to us, but when we approach them, they quickly trust us, and are extremely friendly. It is hard for them to know how to react to whites, because they have little contact with them, and when they do, they often get in trouble for it.

. . .

Everyone is so anxious to help us—it seems as though they are competing to see who can give us the most. We had not eaten, so before Pat left us,⁵⁰ the Floyds brought our spoons and bowls, set up a table and told us to help ourselves to anything in the store. They sliced up baloney and cheese in thick slabs, and we made enormous sandwiches right in the store. They gave us sodas all day long.

Pat left us waiting for Hope Williams to come. Mary Ann, Carol and I walked up the street to the school to see if anyone from the Head Start Project there, was still around.⁵¹ . . .

Two boys were at the store when we returned. They are NAACP workers in Orangeburg County. They have also been around in Calhoun County. Some work has already been done here, but we are the first civil rights people to be white. Time will tell what the reaction will be. Mike and Joe really know what is going on.

Later Hope appeared. He is a wonderful man. I can see why everyone likes him so much! I am proud to be helping this man who has so courageously been struggling on his own. We decided our first action was to drive around and see the countryside, and to get to know the county. We must get some cars immediately, and one will not be enough. Canvassing will have to be done by car. We will also need to increase our number with Negro helpers.

We three girls went in the car with Mike and Joe, and we followed the boys in Hope's powder blue pick-up truck. The county is very nice, but so spread out. One big problem will be the fear of the tenant farmers of their white bosses. We can almost always tell whether a man is a tenant farmer or not by observing if he drives a tractor, or walks behind a mule in the field.

Mike and Joe are very well educated. It seems that they were able to get quite a bit out of the Negro colleges. We talked about a lot of things during the drive. I hope they will be able to help us.

We returned to our headquarters in the store, and stood around discussing what we would be doing in the near future. It's really great how everyone gathers in the store, and sits around on upended soda cartons gossiping.

Mr. Floyd invited us into his house to sit down while we talked. All the houses are open to us to use whenever we want—relaxing, eating, bathrooms, etc. . . . [We] were brought heaping plates of food from a woman's café. An amazing assortment of side dishes came with our fried chicken.

July 8: Car Breaks Down and Evening Meeting

Today was adventure day for me and Mary Ann. . . . She met us all at Harts, to start out on the morning canvass. I stayed with her in the car to cover some scattered areas we had missed canvassing before. Looking for a small road, we turned up a dirt path through some fields where we spied houses. The houses turned out to be deserted, so we went on around the soybeans and cotton. I had just suggested turning around when we came to a huge section of the path that was pure ooze. Mary Ann drove straight into it, and we stopped in the middle. Ugh! We took off our shoes, and stepped out calf-deep in mud. We dug the wheels out with our hands, and rocked the car. Nothing worked. After about half an hour and [using]

two of our posters, we managed to get the car out of the mire and into another. At last we got out of that too. We parked in the cotton, the only dry place. Mary Ann stepped out of the car, and suddenly, horrible noises issued out of the car. We had run out of water.

We hid the SCOPE material. With shoes in hand, we walked the half mile or so out to the road. What a sight! There was mud caked all over us. As it dried it cracked and fell off. When we reached the road no one was in sight. We started walking. Fortunately, Mary Ann had a white handkerchief and we flagged a car down after a while. The car was driven by a large white man with only one arm. Next to him was a huge shotgun. "You never know what you might find on these country roads." Mary Ann's answer was, "like a couple of stranded girls?" We played visiting vacationers, and he brought us to Creston, another booming town with all of one store. They were very nice (little did they know—I'm glad we were not a mixed group.) We were given a can of water. . . .

It took us a long time to get ready for the afternoon's canvassing. It is impossible to organize things except at the last minute. . . . Some of the kids are excellent canvassers—better than we are—because they know the people and can talk to them. They know how to reach the people. We canvassed a new area to the west of St. Matthews. . . .

The Andersons across from the Harts gave us dinner. It was another enormous meal with 15 vegetables to go with the fried chicken. We had to rush off to our first mass meeting in Calhoun County—what a success!! It started out with freedom songs. Then we explained SCOPE and voter registration. The meeting ran like a clock. People stood up and said wonderful things on our behalf. Our plea for support (especially cars for canvassing and registration) was answered by the community. The leaders and others pleaded with us. They asked for the people to take care of us while we do our work. Some really great speeches were made, and we know everyone was behind us. We were thrilled!

July 11: Preparing for Voter Registration Day

Sunday—the day of rest as I've said before—Ha! We split up, and covered nine churches in groups of two or three. We took turns giving a fiery speech to get the people to register and to urge their neighbors to do the same. God has unlocked the door—you must open it. Register! . . .

At about 9:00, Carol, Butch and I went to the Jacket to pick up some fried chicken. What a riot! The people were so shocked at seeing us with a colored boy. We brought Butch home and returned to get our order. The lady took an incredibly long time. She stopped in the middle to make some phone calls, and made all kinds of excuses. Meanwhile we bothered her even more by talking to all the colored people who came up. We know almost everyone.

Carol and I made phone calls until after 1:30. We got home—Terry had come to pick us up because he was worried—and worked until quarter to four while everyone slept. We made signs for the car and played with Hope and Scope.⁵² They are so much fun to have around, and quite a panic—always falling all over themselves.

July 12: Voter Registration Day

It was raining when we woke up at 7—damn! . . . I drove our “Registration” covered Chevy out to Mack Hill with Carol and Harold. They went into the houses to get the people out. The pouring rain turned the unpaved roads (these people need to register!) into mires. The red clay is slippery and the road slopes into deep ditches along the sides. It was not too hard to get stuck—the car slid right into the side. The boys along in the car got covered with mud as they pushed me out. I’m glad they were there; they knew how to get the car out. . . .

We got to the courthouse and . . . I couldn’t believe it . . . a line of people wound down the stairway to the registration room. Such elation I felt I can’t describe. Wowee!! At least 30 people were already there.

Harold and I went out again to pick up some people out towards Cameron. Each car as it went out received a map and cards. The cards were marked as the houses were contracted. I picked up three people and brought them to St. Matthews. All dirt roads had to be forgotten about.

Panic prevailed at the courthouse. Many more people were needed to stay there. Sample forms were filled out again with most people. I went out to get gas in the car, and on the way stopped at Hart’s. Oh no! Two FBI agents were there—to interview us of all things. They could not have chosen a better time—ha! Agent Friday brought me out to his car to talk in private. . . . This took an hour each of our precious working time. . . .

I drove John back to the Harts' and picked up some pens. Then Dick Miles suggested I contact the U.S. District Attorney about the slow-up.⁵³ Back to the Harts' again. I told Terrell Glenn about the situation—only five people registered in the first hour. All sorts of illegal things were going on—even interpretation of the Constitution. Earl tried to stop it, but as soon as his back was turned they started again.⁵⁴ . . .

Terry and I went back to our house to get a camera to take pictures at the courthouse—the line was incredible; it wound down the stairs and down a hallway. The people stood all day or sat on the stairs. It is interesting to note that almost all of the people are older. An entire generation is missing—those in their 20's and 30's.

Goldsmith's sketch of the interior of the Calhoun County Courthouse, indicating the crowds gathered there. Diary of Lynn Goldsmith, July 12, 1965. (Lynn Goldsmith Papers, courtesy of the Robert D. Farber University Archives & Special Collections Dept., Brandeis University, Waltham, MA. Used with permission.)

At one point we brought Kool Aid down in large jars and passed it out, and another time we brought hundreds of candy bars. The workers had sandwiches on the job prepared by some of the women.

At two o'clock I began helping inside the registration room. The registrars found we were more help than bother, and we began the exhausting job of laboring with the people over the ridiculous form. Many people could barely write, and labored over each blank as we told them

what to write; sometimes letter by letter. It was sweltering in the room as the sun came out. I was about to faint as five o'clock approached. The registrars were nice enough to finish with all the people who were in the room at five. Anyhow, about sixty people were turned away at the end. The last people who go through at quarter to six had come at about noon. People waited about six hours and were not registered. I felt very distressed as these brave people, most of them hardly knowing what was going on, standing in that heat so patiently. I could not believe them. They want so little, and no one will give it to them. I wanted to cry. What poor, poor people.

I have never been so pooped!! After three hours of sleep the night before, and running all day long – whew, what a time! We said goodbye to all our helpers and went home.

July 15: Visiting a Jewish Person in St. Matthews

It is fortunate St. Matthews is small – places can be walked to in 15 or 20 min. I walked to the Harts' to pick up some of our remaining material. It is so nice to walk through this area, and have everyone call out your name and wave. These people are so nice. It is hard to walk by without stopping to chat for a while.

Peanut butter and jelly sufficed for lunch. One car was at our disposal for the afternoon. Some people went out canvassing. Our new area – Caw-Caw township – has many white people who often live in poorer houses than the colored folk. That presents many problems. It's quite a shock to knock on a white person's door. "Where is route 19?" – "Well, thank you – good-bye," and then we scoot.

While they were out Mary Ann and I went up town. First stop was the telephone company. We will soon have a phone, thank goodness. Then we stopped to talk to Mr. Savitz, a Jew who owns the largest department store (if you can call it that). We were hoping to find some sympathetic whites. Well, Mr. Savitz was very nice, especially after he found out we were Jews. Actually, he is now an Episcopalian, which I suspect is not strange. He was willing to talk to us, which in itself is hazardous, as everyone is bound to know about it ten minutes later. He admitted, frankly, that he wasn't brave enough to take any stand supporting us. Well, what could we expect. We spent quite a while with him, and parted friends. This is a first step.

**July 16: Learning the Actual Circumstances about Anti-Interracial
Marriage Laws**

Mr. Federick began talking about Southern sex codes. Amazing! It's such a shame he never had much education, but even without it, he is a match for any of us in an intellectual discussion – even politics. He told us much about the South. He blames the Negro women who have children by white men. I find it hard to believe that this still is going on, and right here in St. Matthews. A woman across the street has a child who has been over to our house. The baby is very light skinned and has light hair, but is Negro even so. What a beautiful child! These white man's children have an even worse place in society than the Negroes. They are slapped by their own father, and ignored by the Negroes. I can't understand what kind of a father this is. Apparently, the more educated Negroes find the women who lower themselves to the white man in this way are intolerable. White man can take a Negro girl, but Negro man and white girl are forbidden. Another thing I can't comprehend is that often white men live with colored women just as if they were married, and yet such a circumstance is forbidden by law in marriage. The Southern white man is sure strange.

The conversation turned to white harassment of colored people. Mr. Federick has been standing up for years for his rights. He and the other people laughed at the ridiculous behavior of the whites. The biggest source of annoying arrests is, of course, connected with cars. There is always a little something which can be jumped on.

This turned out to be a very edifying evening. We learned a lot about the South we are staying in.

**Tuesday, August 3: Calhoun Workers and Orangeburg Workers
Are Arrested. Jailhouse Notes from the "Pink Palace" –
Orangeburg City Jail**

We were arrested today. I was not scared. I cried when a two ton policeman stood on Al Ziegler's neck⁵⁵ while hauling another limp body (Lenni's). I am hoarse from singing and yelling. Why were we arrested – no charge. We were pulled from the courthouse. . . .

Today was another registration day. Mary Ann and Alan went down to help since we did not have extra days. At three the rest of us got a call –

come down by four. There had been only two registrars, and one left because he did not want to register any more niggers. People were being asked to read. Those bastards!! No—we won't put up with it. At five we would stay. Calhoun was asked to support the sit-in—of course we would.

We talked to the people, telling them to stay. We sang songs and marched around the courtroom when the officials left. We opened the windows and let the city hear us. There were posters with slogans—they went up on the windows. All the adults left except three because they could not be arrested.

Our decision meeting was short—we would stay 'til 9 tomorrow, or be arrested. The arrest was our own decision. Earl was there, and told us everything.

Sheriff Dukes came in. Suddenly, on both sides of the room, husky men in uniform poured in. They stood on each side as we announced our decision. They rushed on us as we sat and sang, jumping over the seats. We were 53, they must have been more.

I was picked up and thrown. Then I was grabbed and dragged outside. As I passed Earl he encouraged me to try to walk. In front of me John Babin and Al Ziegler were dragged by the hands down the stairs and thrown into the car in a heap. My picture was taken. Al's hands were bent 'til they almost broke. Dozens of cars pulled up to the courthouse, with all of us singing. We were piled, pushed and thrown into the jail. Then we were split, and some of us were led around another way. We stood and sang songs while we waited for them to get our names.

Fifteen girls are together in a revoltingly dirty cell with three beds. There is a toilet in the room that is disgusting. Also a sink and bathtub. We were finger printed and photographed. Juveniles were let out if they wanted.⁵⁶ Butch was arrested with us.

August 10: Trip to Birmingham, Alabama, and Harassment by Police

At last we took off. Eliza and I sat in back, and Hope and Butch in front—good strategy, but we later found out—not good enough—you will hear. . . . [A]s we got to Douglasville we suddenly saw a flashing red light on our tail. Butch had been driving for about two miles. He stopped the car, and a large policeman pulled open the car door. He first asked to see license and registration. He began to shine the light in everyone's eyes. When he saw me—!! Keeping the light in my face he asked me who I was.

I could not see him, of course, and I could not understand him, so I did not answer. He went back to his car, talked in his little walkie talkie, and soon two more men drove up. The car was surrounded. Eliza, who had been sleeping all this time, woke up to find a light in her eyes and cops all around her. She said nothing.

A policeman yanked the door open next to me. "Do your parents know you're here?" "Yes, I just talked to them." "Did you run away from home?" "No." "Are you married to him?" (pointing to Butch—they immediately assumed I was, although we were not sitting together.) "No." "Are you dating him?" "No, I've never dated him in my life." He called over his shoulder to another cop, "She says she's not married to him, and has never dated him." At the same time they had taken Butch out of the car, and asked him questions about me, such as what nationality I was—I could not be American.

Next we were all taken from the car. They clearly wanted to arrest me. If I had not been there, there would have been no trouble. One cop began to lecture me, most likely so I would answer and talk back—certainly grounds for arrest. I did not say a word; I just stood there and quaked—I really shook. He gave me the same old shit about how I was a trouble-maker, and should be home minding my own business. The colored folk did not want me here—They're doing fine themselves. He threatened me—if I were his daughter, he'd shoot me through the face.

They could not create grounds to arrest me, so one of them said, "Well, you were speeding back there," to Butch. He had not been speeding—we had been careful to go five miles under the speed limit which is lowered, anyhow, to a ridiculous point. They took Butch, and told Hope to follow. They zoomed off, hoping Hope would follow, so he could be caught for speeding too. Our car crept into town. Naturally, we had lost the police cars. We had not the faintest idea where to go. We went up and down the main street, and finally stopped. Not much later a police car approached. "You were supposed to follow." We were led to the station, where Butch was already locked up. The fine was paid, and Butch was released. I thanked the police pleasantly, and we walked out.

Five minutes later, we were in the next town, crawling cautiously to Birmingham. Hope was driving this time. The first police were not kidding when they said they had called ahead to warn the towns of our approach. Hope did all the talking—boy, he knows how to talk to these

guys! He was charged with speeding – we were not! Hope got us off saying that the policeman had been going over the speed limit because he was catching up to us. He had not followed us. All the policeman could do was agree. The charge was dropped, and we went ahead. All of us except Hope fell asleep and woke up in Alabama, as the sky grew light. Hope does not plan his gas buying well – at this early hour of the morning he was about to run out of gas. It was fortunate we found a station that served us without incident.

August 11: Ninth SCLC Annual Convention

I dozed again until Birmingham. It was not difficult to find the convention – after asking a few people, we found our way. Headquarters were in the 16th Street Baptist Church – yes – the church where the four little girls were killed in the bombing.⁵⁷ When we arrived it was 8:00, or so we thought, having ignored the change of time zones. So at 7:00, we had a couple of hours before we could register. We stopped in a shop for a cup of coffee. There were signs everywhere welcoming SCLC. . . .

Rev. Martin Luther King gave the annual President's Address. This is the 9th annual convention, and it is significant that it was the 10th anniversary of the Montgomery boycott. King spoke of all the present programs being carried out by SCLC-SCOPE, political education (citizenship schools + writing clinics), operation breadbasket (economic boycotts), Dialogue (to awaken the people and get them talking and thinking) and Vision (to prepare kids for college).

The word has changed – now it is “march.” March and demonstrate until more registration days are granted. It was stated that we must really struggle, and not relent until we have won. At the end of the speech the audience was asked to stand in support of what King had said, and in an endorsement of his policy.

A white man then got up and belted out a beautiful song. “I told Jesus it would be all right if he changed my name.”⁵⁸ Afterwards King introduced Rev. Andy Young for the keynote address. Andy is a very good speaker. He seems to talk to every person individually. He touched on many things. The convention was very concerned about the situation in Vietnam. As Andy put it, “There is no sense in integrating a society that is in danger of being blown out from under us.” This whole situation can be alleviated by an enlightened electorate.

Andy brought up the sense of the movement as SCLC now sees it. We need more than non-violence, as the blatant wrongs of the segregationists subside. Our own short comings will be more visible, and we must search even more for the truth. Nothing has turned us around – we have overcome the physical test of our convictions, we must now overcome the spiritual test. This will be more difficult. I really felt the transition we are in, as one phase of the civil rights movement is nearing the end. This speech was also endorsed by the gathering.

Butch and I went to get SCOPE meal cards, but it was so late, so we went to the restaurant where Hope and others were eating. I sat down across from Rosa Parks (!) and Septima Clark (!) They are both so nice. . . .

There were some unusual highlights though. A most impressive thing happened – Jimmie Lee Jackson’s family was honored – that isn’t the word – exalted.⁵⁹ First the sad and frightening story of the boy’s death was related as the pathetic old grandfather stood before us. He is a tiny, skinny man, with no teeth. I was horrified to think that this man had been attacked, and that his grandson had been killed trying to save him. The mother and sister were then brought up to the front. These poor people have been through so much. Everyone is trying to make martyrs of them.

SCLC is giving \$4000 to a fund being established to give the Jackson family a house and also to give the mother and grandfather \$70 a month for the next ten years. The sister also received a scholarship to continue her education however she wanted. As a final touch they were handed a check for \$1000 “so they could eat tomorrow.” I cried as everyone stood up to sing “We Shall Overcome,” the tragic family all holding hands with King in the middle. It was a good meeting.

August 18: The Shooting of SCOPE House’s Window

Just as we were driving out Earl drove in with Mary Ann. So we waited for her to have dinner. I called up St. Matthews to tell them we would be about another ¾ hour. Shocking news!!!! Sometime between 8:00 and 9:00, when no one was home – our house had been shot at with a shotgun. Ulp! I was suddenly nervous. I ran back to the other SCOPE house and told Earl.⁶⁰ He did not believe it had been a shotgun. However, he hurried and offered to accompany us home. Three cars went to St. Matthews, filled with people. What a sight! A hole about a foot in diameter

was in the front picture window. The whole glass was cracked in all directions. The shade was drawn, and splattered with shot holes. But that was nothing — the inside was utterly unbelievable. Shattered glass was strewn over every inch of the room. Not a place was left uncovered. The back wall was dotted with holes. The whole place was a shambles. Everyone stood around — amazed.

The police had been by and looked things over. They said they would return with the Sheriff in the morning. FBI was contacted, and also UPI. We called Chief Strom for protection during the night. Matthew Perry was also informed of everything.⁶¹ It was still scary. Earl and the Orangeburg kids left us making precautions for the night. Our beds were moved and windows blocked. Pleasant dreams!

August 23: Doubt Arises among African Americans on King's Non-Violence Policy

The party was to say good-bye to Shelly and Lenni, who are leaving now. Dr. Thomas kindly donated his house, and the party was held in his car-port.⁶² We had music and drinks, but we mostly just talked in small groups. I listened to a few conversations, and then Larry and I sat in one of the dozen or more cars around, and discussed non-violence. Larry is very upset at the destruction of Negro manhood which the system promotes. He can't feel a Negro is being a man if he sits and lets others abuse him and his loved ones. I wonder what kind of a civil rights worker he is.

August 28: Leaves St. Matthews. Farewell Party by Local People

My last day, and a hard one! I got up at 9:00 — oh, exhaustion!! . . .

When we got to St. Matthews, everybody was cleaning up the house. What a chore! We certainly had not taken any pains to keep the place neat! It seemed like a hopeless task, but we did make some headway. The car, when we got around to loading it, was quite burdened with five people's baggage and other various belongings. It was a real rush to get finished in time for our last luncheon invitation. We did it, though.

Lunch was at the Floyds' house on Pou St. near Mack Hill, and very wild. Saturday is a big day, and every person is very high and in good spirits (excuse pun). The house was jammed with friends and relatives. The music was blaring so we could hardly speak. People pranced around, slapping each other and talking too loudly, like you do when you've had too much to drink.

Diary of Lynn Goldsmith, final page, August 29, 1965.
(Lynn Goldsmith Papers, courtesy of the Robert D. Farber University Archives & Special Collections Dept., Brandeis University, Waltham, MA. Used with permission.)

We were seated in the living room and offered beers. Dinner was late—but not surprising!—a spread to beat all meals we had had all summer. The team of women had gone all out to provide the most sumptuous meal ever prepared. Chicken, turkey, pig pieces, rice, noodles, beans, and endless other things. All we could do is taste some of the things. It was difficult to leave, because the people kept hanging on to us. The men wanted to dance and the women found lots they had to [say].

I was a wreck. One of the things I dislike most about this world is saying goodbye. I can't tolerate it. The only way I can remain sane is to say goodbye and leave. At this point I was hardly alive, and the worst was yet to come. I thought I would pass from the added commotion to our leave-taking.

August 29: Arriving Home in Princeton

The last push! It was quite a push, too. Being me, I did not hear either alarm clock. Lesley got me up, and first I had to fight the freezing cold. That was quite a shock! Then I had to wake the others. That was not very easy.

Mrs. Straley was so nice to get up and make us hot pancakes for breakfast.⁶³ We struggled very hard, and were off by 6:30, with me driving. It was a long haul, and we were all anxious to get back to the North. A civil rights trip would not be complete without a flat tire—and we had one! It was certainly good we had stopped to get a spare which was usable. When we stopped it was COLD! The wind blew, and for the first time all summer we needed sweaters and coats. We continued on our way, stopping only for gas and food.

The first time I felt really out of the South was when we approached Washington—familiar territory—home of friends. I almost felt as though I knew everybody—people even looked different. I still had a feeling of comradeship with the Negroes, but the natural feeling of hostility towards all whites was growing less. . . .

I was very excited on the drive through New Jersey to good old home in Princeton. I did not have to worry about the fact that I was ready to drop from exhaustion—I could not relax.

At last I was home. Now to unwind and think, and to wish I were back again.

NOTES

¹ The diary (hereafter cited as Goldsmith Diary) is included in the Lynn Goldsmith Papers, Robert D. Farber University Archives and Special Collections, Brandeis University, Waltham, MA (hereafter cited as Lynn Goldsmith Papers). The author encountered Lynn Goldsmith's diary in 2012 when undertaking a visiting scholarship at the Near Eastern and Judaic Studies Department of Brandeis University. Maggie McNeely and Sarah Shoemaker of the university archives generously informed me that Lynn Goldberg, née Lynn Goldsmith, had donated her diary to the library the previous year. I greatly appreciate their assistance.

² For stories similar to Goldsmith's, see Debra L. Schultz, *Going South: Jewish Women in the Civil Rights Movement* (New York, 2001).

³ What happened in South Carolina during the civil rights era has often been neglected or glossed over in favor of more widely publicized occurrences in Alabama, Mississippi, and other states. Winfred B. Moore, Jr., and Orville Vernon Burton, ed., *Toward the Meeting of the Waters: Currents in the Civil Rights Movement of South Carolina during the Twentieth Century* (Columbia, SC, 2008), xxi-xxii.

⁴ Lynn Goldsmith Goldberg, interview conducted by Miyuki Kita, June 19, 2013.

⁵ *New York Times*, April 2, 1965. When Martin Luther King, Jr., officially announced the project on April 1, 1965, Louisiana was included as a prospective target. SCOPE was supposed to be developed in seven states.

⁶ Juan Williams, *Eyes on the Prize: America's Civil Rights Years, 1954-1965* (New York, 1987), 252; David J. Garrow, *Protest at Selma: Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Voting Rights Act of 1965* (New Haven, CT, 1978), 31.

⁷ SCOPE materials can be viewed on a website, "Civil Rights Movement Veterans," run by Bruce Hartford, former SCLC staff member. "Civil Rights Movement Documents: SCLC's SCOPE Project, June 1965-March 1966," accessed February 26, 2019, <https://www.crmvet.org/docs/scopdocs.htm#scopelists>.

⁸ "SCOPE Student Volunteer Recruitment," January 27, 1965, Records of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, 1954-1970, box 168, folder 15, microform edition (hereafter cited as SCLC Records).

⁹ Brandeis University was established in 1948 as the first Jewish-sponsored, secular university in the United States. It not only provided opportunities for higher education to Jewish students who had been rejected by other universities because of anti-Jewish quotas, but also became a model of a nondiscriminatory university by adopting a nonquota admission policy, i.e., by never asking its applicants about their race or religion. Since its early days, it has accepted African American faculty and students. Encouraged by the university's uncompromising manner of nondiscrimination, Brandeis students have been involved in political and social activism. These circumstances are described in Miyuki Kita, "Seeking Justice: The Civil Rights Movement, Black Nationalism and Jews at Brandeis University," *Nanzan Review of American Studies, Journal of the Center for American Studies*, 31 (2009): 101-120.

¹⁰ "Orientation Material," SCLC Records, box 169, folders 7-8; "Recruiting," no date, SCLC Records, box 169, folder 14. From April through May 1965, the list of students' names and the counties where they were going to work seem to have been revised a few times. In the SCLC records, one can find several versions of the list. Because these lists lack dates and are missing pages, the actual number of students involved and the number of counties in which they served cannot be accurately determined.

¹¹ "SCLC Voter Project Asks Campus Aid," *The Justice*, March 9, 1965; "Civil Rights and Welfare Groups Prepare for Summer Field Work," *The Justice*, April 13, 1965.

¹² Willy Siegel Leventhal, *The SCOPE of Freedom: The Leadership of Hosea Williams with Dr. King's Summer '65 Student Volunteers* (Montgomery, AL, 2005), 35.

¹³ *Ibid.*, 41-46. Leventhal's *SCOPE of Freedom* is, however, a compilation of historical documents rather than a study of SCOPE. Even in the most comprehensive studies below, the fact that the SCLC started it in 1965 is the only thing that is mentioned about SCOPE. Taylor Branch, *At Canaan's Edge: America in the King Years, 1965-1968* (New York, 2006); David J. Garrow, *Bearing the Cross: Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference* (New York, 1986).

¹⁴ Leventhal, *SCOPE of Freedom*, 43; Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., to Hosea Williams, Memorandum: Quarterly Report, November 6, 1965, SCLC Records, box 145, folder 29.

¹⁵ "SCOPE Registers Successes in South: Civil Rights Group Campaigns in Boston," *The Justice*, October 5, 1965.

¹⁶ Goldberg interview, June 19, 2013.

¹⁷ Goldsmith Diary, August 14, 1965.

¹⁸ Lynn Goldsmith Goldberg, e-mail interview conducted by Miyuki Kita, May 12, 2019.

¹⁹ The other four members were John Babin, Mary Ann Efrogmson, Arthur "Terry" Parsons, III, and Carol Sable. On July 14, Alan Venable joined the Calhoun County activities. Additionally, another five students moved to Kershaw County, South Carolina, on July 12. Alan Venable, "Brandeis SCOPE in Richland, Kershaw, and Calhoun Counties, South Carolina," unpublished personal memorandum, September 16, 2015, 6, 10. Courtesy of Alan Venable. Later Venable published *Hope's Kids: A Voting Rights Summer* (San Francisco, 2017), which describes the entire Brandeis group and all three counties in which they worked. While quoting extensively from Goldsmith's diary, Venable was able to contact other volunteers in the Brandeis group. By virtue of communication with them, he captured some accounts of what they had experienced without relying solely on Goldsmith's diary and his memories. He also visited South Carolina to reconnect with the people they worked and lived with. Venable's close examinations have made *Hope's Kids* the most unique and extensive research of a SCOPE group.

²⁰ The names of Mickey Shur, Lenni Brody, Shelly Rosen, Pat Ryan, Steve Press, and Marie Guillemain often appear in Goldsmith's diary.

²¹ Goldsmith Diary, June 28, 1965.

²² Venable, "Brandeis SCOPE," 10.

²³ Goldsmith Diary, July 11, 1965.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, August 3, 1965.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, July 2, 1965.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, August 18, 1965.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, August 19, 1965.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, July 15, 1965.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, August 24, 1965.

³⁰ Venable, *Hope's Kids*, 176.

³¹ Ernest L. Marcus, "The Good Sheppards of St. Matthews," *Jewish Historical Society of South Carolina* 20 (Fall 2015): 17; Jacob Rader Marcus, *To Count a People: American Jewish Population Data, 1585–1984* (Lanham, MD, 1990), 206; Jack D. Diamond, "Jewish Population in the United States, 1965," *American Jewish Year Book* 67 (1966): 90.

³² E. L. Marcus, "Good Sheppards of St. Matthews," 18.

³³ "Jewish Families Contributed to Calhoun County's History," *Times and Democrat* (Orangeburg, SC), accessed April 16, 2019, https://thetandd.com/news/jewish-families-contributed-to-calhoun-county-s-history/article_66774c47-73c5-55ea-b587-8eb2888cef64.html.

³⁴ Goldberg interview, June 19, 2013.

³⁵ Venable, *Hope's Kids*, 176; E. L. Marcus, "Good Sheppards of St. Matthews," 17; Martin Banks, e-mail interview conducted by Miyuki Kita, May 4, 2019. Martin Banks is a cousin of Richard Banks.

³⁶ Diamond, "Jewish Population in the United States, 1965," 90.

³⁷ "Orangeburg, South Carolina," Institute of Southern Jewish Life (ISJL), *Encyclopedia of Southern Jewish Communities*, accessed April 15, 2019, <https://www.isjl.org/south-carolina-orangeburg-encyclopedia.html>.

³⁸ Banks interview; Alan Venable, e-mail interview conducted by Miyuki Kita, May 4, 2019.

³⁹ See Clive Webb, *Fight Against Fear: Southern Jews and the Civil Rights Movement* (Athens, GA, 2001).

⁴⁰ P. Allen Krause, "Rabbis and Negro Rights in the South, 1954–1967," in *Jews in the South*, ed. Leonard Dinnerstein and Mary Dale Palsson (Baton Rouge, 1973), 362–63.

⁴¹ Lynn Goldsmith Goldberg, "St. Matthews, SC and Fifty-one Years," July 23, 2016, *Civil Rights Movement Veterans*, accessed May 3, 2019, <https://www.crmvet.org/comm/scope16.pdf>.

⁴² Goldberg interview, June 19, 2013; Lynn Goldsmith Goldberg, interviews conducted by Miyuki Kita, October 1–3, 2015.

⁴³ Brandeis University's Robert D. Farber University Archives and Special Collections exhibits some portions of Lynn Goldsmith's diary online. "Lynn Goldsmith Papers: The Diary and Papers of a Young Civil Rights Worker," accessed February 23, 2019, <https://lts.brandeis.edu/research/archives-speccoll/exhibits/scope/index.html>.

⁴⁴ "Progress Report: Orangeburg and Calhoun Counties' Community Action Program," n.d., 3, Lynn Goldsmith Papers.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, 4

⁴⁶ Venable, "Brandeis SCOPE," 16.

⁴⁷ Newsletters of Princeton Freedom Center, July 8, 1965, and August, 2, 1965, Lynn Goldsmith Papers.

⁴⁸ For examples of published reflections by former civil rights workers see Maria Gitin, *This Bright Light of Ours: Stories from the Voting Rights Fight* (Tuscaloosa, 2014); Sherie

Holbrook Labedis, *You Came Here to Die, Didn't You: Registering Black Voters One Soul at a Time, South Carolina, 1965* (Roseville, CA, 2011); Mary Swope, *My Summer Vacation, 1965* (n.p., 2011); and Edward K. Kaplan, "Two Civil Rights Testimonies," *Southern Jewish History* 17 (2014): 181–215.

⁴⁹ Until 1966, states and cities were free to choose whether or not to observe Daylight Savings Time.

⁵⁰ Pat Gandy was a twenty-eight-year-old white man and a field director for SCLC in charge of Richland County, South Carolina. Venable, "Brandeis SCOPE," 2.

⁵¹ Head Start is a program of the Department of Health and Human Services providing comprehensive early childhood education, health, nutrition, and parent involvement services to low-income children and their families. Launched in 1965, it was originally conceived as a catch-up summer school program that would teach low-income children in a few weeks what they needed to know to start elementary school.

⁵² Stray puppies they adopted.

⁵³ Richard Miles, a white man who was then twenty-seven years old, served as the field director of the South Carolina Voter Education Project from 1964 to 1967. He entered the Foreign Service in 1967 and served as U.S. ambassador to Azerbaijan, Bulgaria, Georgia, Turkmenistan, and Kyrgyzstan.

⁵⁴ Earl Coblyn was an African American native Bostonian who had brought his family south around 1960 to practice law. He immersed himself in civil rights in Orangeburg and neighboring counties in South Carolina. Venable, "Brandeis SCOPE," 12.

⁵⁵ Al Ziegler was a Canadian and civil rights activist dispatched by the American Friends Service Committee working in Orangeburg County.

⁵⁶ High school students or those who were let out for delinquency because they were not old enough.

⁵⁷ The 16th Street Baptist Church was used as the strongpoint of the Birmingham Civil Rights Movement Project C (for *Confrontation*) in 1963. The bombing happened on the morning of September 15, 1963.

⁵⁸ Lyric from Nina Simone, "If He Changed My Name," released in 1962.

⁵⁹ Jimmie Lee Jackson was an African American civil rights activist in Marion, Alabama. On February 18, 1965, while participating in a voting rights march, he was beaten and shot by an Alabama state trooper. Jackson died eight days later. His death was part of the inspiration for the Selma–Montgomery march.

⁶⁰ When she heard the news of the shooting, Goldsmith was at Orangeburg's SCOPE office. Orangeburg SCOPE used two houses next to each other as its offices.

⁶¹ Matthew James Perry, Jr., was an NAACP lawyer from Columbia. In 1979, he was appointed as the first African American United States district judge in South Carolina.

⁶² Charles H. Thomas was a professor at South Carolina State University, South Carolina's historically black university, and the head of the Orangeburg NAACP.

⁶³ She was the mother of Lesley Straley, a Brandeis SCOPE worker stationed in Richland County. On the way from South Carolina back north, Calhoun workers were allowed to stay at her parents' house in Chapel Hill, North Carolina.