

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN



**“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY**



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

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1912

March 17, Sunday: [Bayard Rustin](#) was born out of wedlock in West Chester, Pennsylvania, to Florence Rustin and Archie Hopkins.

(In this year the Reverend [A.J. Muste](#), with whom the infant would later be associating, was casting his ballot for Eugene Victor Debs and Emil Seidel, the Socialist candidates respectively for President and Vice-President of the United States of America.)

The infant would be reared by his grandparents Julia and Janifer Rustin, as their son, in a [Quaker](#) community. This couple's religious principles would be impressed upon their children: equality of humans before God, imperative to seek the light in every person, and the Peace Testimony. During High School, at an out-of-town football game, Bayard¹ would experience being refused food service because of his race. He would continue his education at Wilberforce University, Cheney State Teachers College, the City College of New York, and the London School of Economics, earning his tuition at odd jobs. With a fine baritone voice, he would sing professionally with Josh White's Carolinians and with Leadbelly.

THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY

At a Convocation at Earlham College, [Friend Elbert Russell](#) spoke on "the race question" on behalf of equal rights, stressing how difficult a struggle this would be and how necessary it was for Christians to engage in it (at the time the institution, which drew most of its students from Indiana, was gripped in a careful policy of white supremacy). In this year his "The House of Omri" appeared in [The American Friend](#). There was a new edition of his 1909 THE PARABLES OF JESUS (Philadelphia: Walter Jenkins).

NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT



1. Just so you'll know: he would pronounce his name "Buy-yard."



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1936

While a student at City College of New York and a member of the 15th Street Monthly Meeting of the [Religious Society of Friends](#), Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) organized for the school's Young Communist League. He would begin to be disillusioned in 1941 in the wake of the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union, when his Commie sympathizer colleagues did an abrupt about-face on the issue of segregation in the American military.



At this point a strange transformation was taking place in the life of the Marxist-Leninist [A.J. Muste](#). Troubled in his spirit with certain questions regarding revolutionary activity, he sailed to Europe and, in Norway, met with Leon Trotsky. Revolution was not for him, and he returned from this encounter a Christian pacifist. As the head of the 14th-Street Presbyterian Labor Temple on Manhattan Island, he would remain active in the labor movement.





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

NO-ONE'S LIFE IS EVER NOT DRIVEN PRIMARILY BY HAPPENSTANCE





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1941

[Elbert Russell](#) retired as dean of the Duke School of Religion in [Durham, North Carolina](#) (he would continue to offer classes until 1945). The Divinity School Alumni Association established the Elbert Russell Scholarship in his honor.²

[Dr. David Tillerson Smith](#)'s DISEASES DUE TO FUNGI. He would serve as consultant to the Secretary of War (until 1945). [Susan Gower Smith](#), David Tillerson Smith, and Jasper Lamar Callaway's DYSFUNCTION OF THE SEBACEOUS GLANDS ASSOCIATED WITH PELLAGRA.

When, in the wake of the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union, [Friend Bayard Rustin](#)'s co-workers in the Young Communist League did an abrupt about-face on the issue of segregation in the American military, the young black man became aware that their antiracism was merely a ploy, that what mattered to them was their theology, and he broke ranks with them. Soon he would become involved with A. Philip Randolph, head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and would head up the youth wing of a projected march on Washington that Randolph was envisioning. When Randolph cancelled that demonstration because [President Franklin Delano Roosevelt](#) had issued Executive Order #8802 forbidding racial discrimination in the employment of workers in defense industries, Rustin transferred his organizing efforts to the peace movement, at first as Race Relations Secretary with the Fellowship of Reconciliation and later as the first field secretary of CORE, the Congress of Racial Equality, with the [American Friends Service Committee](#), with the Socialist Party, and with the [War Resisters League](#).



The 18th Anniversary dinner of the [War Resisters League](#).

After release with a felony record from the federal prison in Danbury, Connecticut, [George Mills Houser](#) found himself unwelcome back at the Union Theological Seminary (administrators at that Christian institution considered that he had by his principled stand against war and against draft registration brought discredit upon them). To complete ministerial training, this student would need to transfer to the Theological Seminary in Chicago.

2. At this point he was editing a diary written by his aunt Rebecca Russell, who had been a schoolteacher in their home neighborhood of West Newton south of Indianapolis, Indiana.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1942

[Lyndon LaRouche, Jr.](#) dropped out of Northeastern University in Boston.

[George Mills Houser](#) completed ministerial training at the Chicago Theological Seminary and was ordained as a Methodist elder, deacon, and minister. He married there in Chicago. He and his wife would produce a son, Steven Houser. He became Youth Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and would work closely with the Reverend [A.J. Muste](#), the leader of the organization. He, James Farmer, and [Friend Bayard Rustin](#) established the Congress on Racial Equality (members of this “CORE” had been deeply influenced by the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi and the nonviolent [civil disobedience](#) campaign that he used successfully against British rule in India and had convinced themselves that the same confrontational methods of nonviolent civil disobedience could be employed by African Americans to obtain civil rights in America).

[German](#) students from the White Rose resistance movement against the [Hitler](#) regime distributed thousands of leaflets exposing the nature of the Nazis and their treatment of Jews. They urged “obstruction of the war machine by passive resistance, including sabotage.” Several of its leaders would in 1943 be tortured to death, and several [guillotined](#).

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

**LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?
— NO, THAT’S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN’S STORIES.
LIFE ISN’T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.**

[HDT](#)[WHAT?](#)[INDEX](#)

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

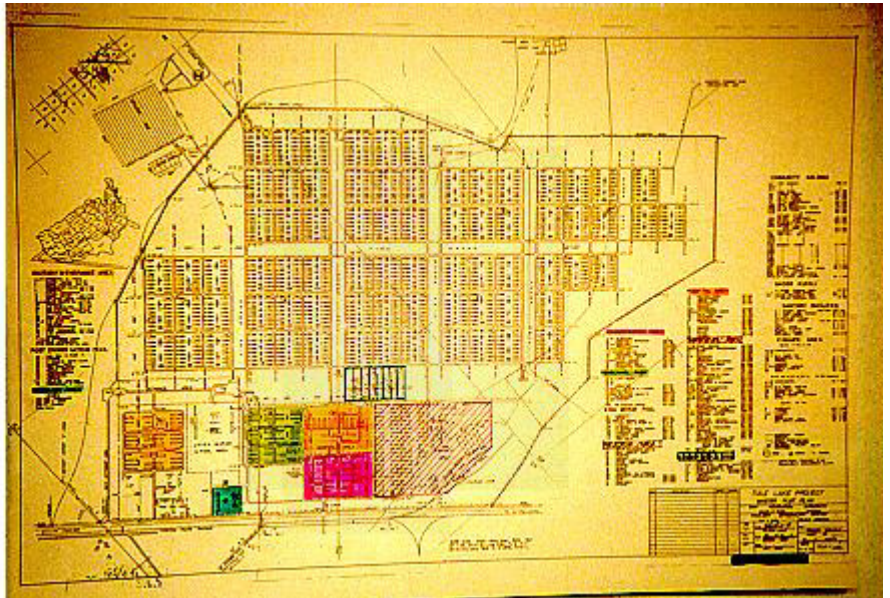
The [Japanese](#) invaded the Dutch East Indies (Indonesia) and British [India](#).

The Tuskegee Airmen all-black 99th Fighter Squadron was formed.

[Friend Bayard Rustin](#) was dispatched to [California](#) by the Fellowship of Reconciliation of the [American Friends Service Committee](#), to help protect the property of Japanese-Americans while they were being held in camps in the inland deserts.



[Friend Floyd Schmoe](#) attempted to prevent the internment of Japanese-Americans who were being removed from their [Seattle WA](#) homes and shipped off to internment camps in Idaho. When attempts to prevent the internments failed, he gave up the teaching of forest ecology at the University of Washington in order to do what he could to help make this internment less harsh. He would help to preserve the businesses that the [Japanese](#) citizens had been forced to leave behind. Before the end of [World War II](#) the daughter Esther Schmoe would get married with Gordon K. Hirabayashi.



DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.

Friend Bayard Rustin

"Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

August 15, Saturday: The [Friends](#) monthly meeting in Manhattan was considering the possibility that it might begin to provide hospitality and services to American service men in “USO” style.

WORLD WAR II

Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) therefore wrote to his monthly meeting to advise them that:

The primary social function of a religious society is to “speak the truth to power.” The truth is that war is wrong. It is then our duty to make war impossible first in us and then in society. To cooperate with the government in building morale seems inconsistent with all we profess to believe.... The greatest service that we can render the men in the armed forces is to maintain our peace testimony.



(This phrase that Friend Bayard put within quotation marks in his letter as an attribution from some unspecified source, “speak the truth to power,” actually is from Islamic sources, being a condensation of one of the *hadith* or “sayings” of [Mohammed](#), and would come back to us a dozen years later, in 1954, in declarative form, in the title of a famous Quaker peace pamphlet, SPEAK TRUTH TO POWER: A QUAKER SEARCH FOR AN ALTERNATIVE TO VIOLENCE.)



Patrol Wing 11 was commissioned at San Juan, Puerto Rico for operations in Caribbean Sea Frontier. Naval Air Station, Whidbey Island, Washington was established. United State Naval Auxiliary Air Facility, Jamaica, British West Indies, was established. Marine Aircraft Wings, Pacific, was established at San Diego, [California](#).

The *Gloucester Castle*, an 8,006-ton liner of the Union Castle Line, was sunk by the German commerce raider *Michel* some 600 miles northeast of [St. Helena](#). This ship had left Liverpool on its way to Table Bay on June

[HDT](#)

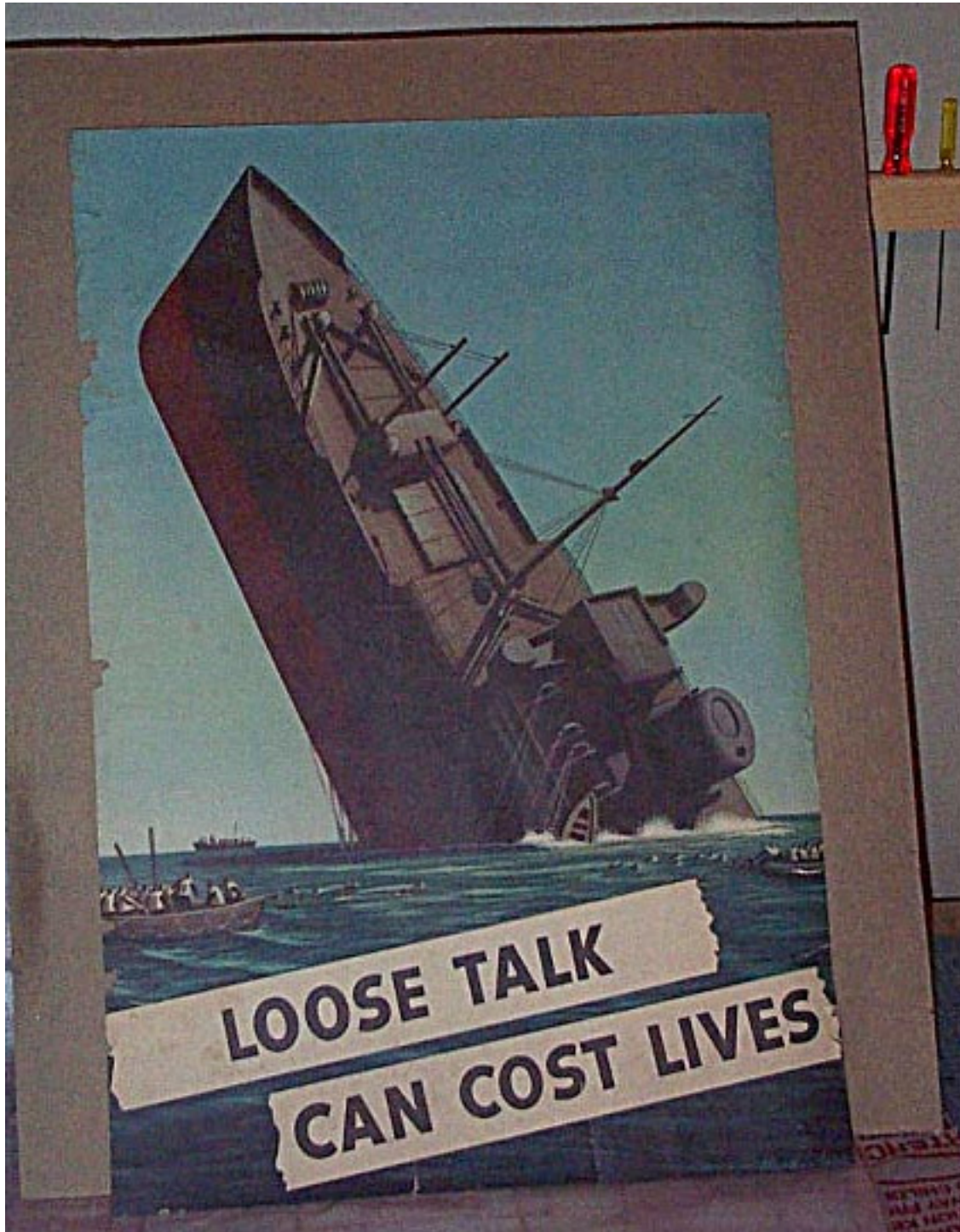
[WHAT?](#)

[INDEX](#)

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

21st.



92 passengers and crewmen died. The 61 survivors retrieved from two lifeboats were transferred to the



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

Michel's supply ship based in [Osaka](#) and would become POWs in [Japan](#) and be obliged to work in a steel factory and a cement factory. Two of the survivors would die in captivity.

The SS *Baependy*, a Brazilian passenger and cargo ship (4,801 tons) serving as a troop transport, was sunk by Korvette-Kapitän Harro Schacht's U507 off the mouth of the Real River between Rio de Janeiro and Manaus. There were over 700 troops on board of which 270 died. On the following day this U-boat would likewise sink the *Annibal Benevolo*, another Brazilian passenger ship, with 150 deaths, and the *Araraquara*, with 131 deaths. (The sinking of these passenger ships would cause Brazil to declare war on Germany on August 22nd. U507's entire crew of 54 would die in the South Atlantic on January 13, 1943 when their U-boat would come under attack with depth charges dropped from a US Catalina flying boat.)

WORLD WAR II

THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1943

November 16, Tuesday: Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) posted a letter of refusal to register to local [draft board](#) #63. As a recognized [Quaker](#) with religious scruples against war he was entitled to exemption as a [conscientious objector](#), but refusing to register would be construed as tantamount to refusing to accept alternative service and he would be sentenced to three years in the federal Lewisburg Penitentiary.



A flight from Britain of 160 American bombers struck a hydro-electric power facility at Vermork in Norway that included a facility for the creation of [heavy water](#). The raid had been at the insistence of General Leslie Groves, head of the Allied atomic bomb project at Los Alamos. The bombers hit the plant with but two of their bombs, killing 22 civilians. The Germans, however, shut down heavy water production and determined to relocate the project inside Germany, where it could be better defended. (The project would never get underway again, as the development of V-rockets and jet fighters would soak up all the German development funds.)

Invading [Germans](#) completed their conquest of Leros, capturing 8,850 British and Italians.

US Submarine *Corvina*, on the surface, was sunk near Truk by a Japanese submarine.

[Japanese](#) Minelayer *Ukishima* was sunk by submarine torpedo off Japan.

WORLD WAR II

THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT



“Stack of the Artist of Kouroo” Project

Friend Bayard Rustin



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1944

March: Although Friend [Bayard Rustin](#), as an accredited member of the [Religious Society of Friends](#) and adherent of the Society's peace testimony, was entitled to do alternative service as a [conscientious objector](#) rather than serve in the uniformed armed services, he found himself unable to accept alternative service because so many young men, not members of a recognized peace church, were receiving harsh prison sentences for refusing to be drafted. He was therefore found guilty of violating the Selective Service Act and sentenced to three years in the federal penitentiary at Ashland, Kentucky.

MILITARY CONSCRIPTION



(While under incarceration, he would of course set about to resist the culture of prison racial segregation.)

WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1945

To champion India's struggle for independence from Great Britain, [Bayard Rustin](#) organized the Fellowship of Reconciliation's Free [India](#) Committee.



CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1946

Spring: The [Conscientious Objectors](#) serving as orderlies at various mental hospitals created a National Mental Health Foundation. [Eleanor Roosevelt](#), a sponsor, would be active in inspiring many prominent citizens to join her in advancing this new organization's objectives. The American Friends Service Committee withdrew from the Civilian Public Service program.



CPS Camp No. 41, a mental hospital unit of [Conscientious Objectors](#) at Eastern State Mental Hospital in Williamsburg, Virginia, would be operated instead by the Selective Service System until it would close during July.

WORLD WAR II



Dangerous war prisoner [John R. Kellam](#), on account of his [Quaker conscientious objection](#) to all warfare, was transferred from the Milan, Michigan minimum-security prison to the maximum-security Lewisburg Penitentiary in Pennsylvania, at which the warden was Mr. William H. Hiatt. What an unsettling, unpatriotic belief to hold during wartime, when other people are dying for their country! A deep thinker who also was present at that time was Robert M. Lindner, the prison psychologist, author of the 1944 book REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE which would be made into a film in 1955, scripted first for pouty Marlon Brando but finally recast for pouty James Dean. This coffee-table pseudopsychology book of Dr. Lindner's purported to be his objective scientific account of how he had successfully "regressed" a "criminal psychopath" to the age of six months, and gotten the man to "remember" that he had been traumatized by witnessing his parents in an act of sexual congress.³

I was in the back seat of a car with leg irons on, from Milan, Michigan to half-way across Pennsylvania – it was almost five hundred miles, whatever it is, and it took all of a long day. There were no freeways then so we slogged through the middle of every city and town. They only took one break and that was for

3. Nowadays, of course, any mental health professional having any pretense to respectability would distance himself or herself from such claims made on behalf of their profession. While in the prison, Friend John would have opportunity to observe the loose manner in which Dr. Lindner conducted his profession, and considered it to be particularly revealing when the psychologist took an opportunity to characterize the historical Jesus as having been a epileptic "simpering pseudo-mystic."



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

lunch. And they asked me if I'd like to go in and have a good lunch with them. They were allowed to treat me at government expense for a lunch that I'd be otherwise missing. I said, "Well I'll be willing to consider it, maybe."



They said, "We'd have to have your assurance that without any leg or hand restraints you would not try to escape. We don't want to chase you or shoot you or have an escape attempt on our hands. But we know what you're in for. We know that whatever the prison authorities have had by way of inconvenience, it hasn't been by any means, a bad or perfidious action on your part. So if you give us your word, we'll take you in. You are not wearing prison garb so you will not stand out in a crowd. As far as they're aware, we're just three guys coming in to have some lunch. We'll get back in the car and resume our trip afterward. We'd be able and we are authorized to trust you that far. Would you agree?"

"Well," I said, "I don't think that I belong under your authority as your captive. I have never acknowledged the validity of the system that has kidnapped me and is still holding me. I don't think that I should give you any such word, because if I did, I'd have to live up to it. But if I saw an opportunity to run



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

back to my family, I would feel morally free to take it."



"Well," they said, "All right, we're going to have to leave you in the car with the leg irons on and we'll have to handcuff you too. We'll have to lock the car in a way that you could not get out of even with hobbling. One of us is going to have to go in to lunch and bring a lunch out to the other because you're far more likely to escape from one of us than from two. But we don't particularly like it that we can't go in to enjoy a lunch together, the two of us, if not the three."

"Well, I'm sorry about that but that's the way I feel."

Eventually we got to Lewisburg and I was processed in without cooperating in that process either. Ha-ha!



The place where I got put in Lewisburg first was a segregation section where I met [Bayard Rustin](#) and other notable war resisters and other types of COs. From there I was transferred



to what they called the Blue Room, the Psychiatric Ward. There



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

was quite a motley bunch of prisoners in there and some orderlies. One poor guy of maybe eighteen or twenty who was in pretty bad condition, didn't have normal responses to anybody else. The man in charge of that part of Lewisburg was Robert M. Lindner, Ph.D. Do you remember the book, *REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE*? He was the author, a psychologist, not a psychiatrist. But he was running a ward that was supposed to be the nearest thing to a psychiatric ward that the hospital had. But you'd wonder why a psychologist would be in charge of it. He didn't have enough credentials for that. It's like saying that an optometrist is able to do the delicate eye surgery for cataracts! Well, anyway, one day I heard outside of the room I had, the door was ajar, and out in the center space around which were a lot of little rooms, instead of having the beds all in the center space, I heard the noisiest shouting. I thought that young fellow was going berserk, except that his voice was not that low. So I wandered out through the door and looked out and there in the doorway of this poor guy's room was Robert M. Lindner. His shoulders were hunched down and his jaw was jutting out. He was bawling this young guy out and it looked as though Robert M. Lindner was feeling personally insulted.

In the next few days I learned from a prison inmate psychiatrist, a Jewish German refugee who was really qualified but who was in for income tax evasion (ha-ha-ha-ha!), and he was in a white coat, and he had a little rubber triangle inside a stainless steel rod hooked around his neck so he looked like a doctor equipped to examine reflexes. From him I learned that Lindner had taken offense at this kid who had been grossly mistreated sexually as a child by his mother. He was psychologically, thoroughly, all messed up. Well, Lindner had caught him masturbating. But why Lindner had to take offense at that, you wouldn't expect a professional to have it grate on his nerves at all. He should have seen everything. I had watched Lindner after he halfway calmed down and went out. As he went through the outer door of the "Blue Room" into the hospital general hallway, I could hear Lindner muttering some awfully angry things under his breath. So he was really personally disturbed by this young kid. So I wondered, how does he get off writing such a book that was supposed to be so authentic? And the public sees it as a best seller.

He came in one time and tried to convince me that Jesus was a simpering pseudo-mystic, an epileptic, and he gave a number of quick diagnostic terms that were supposed to mean that Jesus was not the kind of a person you'd trust with any veracity at all, that he was a completely addled person of no consequence.

I asked him from what source came his knowledge of the historic Jesus. I said, "Did you get it through your own religious affiliations, if you have any?" And he said, "I'm Jewish, but that's not a part of Judaism."

"Well," I said, "any real knowledge of Jesus should have a lot of Judaism in it because Jesus was a Jew. He came to help all Jews be better Jews."



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

Lindner decided he didn't want to go on with that conversation. About a month or two after I was transferred to Lewisburg, I was out of the private room and out of the "Blue Room" of the regular hospital and in the ward, in one of the rows of beds, I became aware that one of the inmates in a private room was middle-aged, or perhaps even elderly, a black man who had a very heavy torso and very spindly legs, showing atrophy from disuse. The only way he ever moved out of that room was by wheelchair. It became his turn for me to visit him, as I did, occasionally, visit everybody in sight. I learned what he was willing to volunteer to me. Among those things was the fact that he had been injured at some point in his criminal activities in a way that had almost destroyed the nerves passing through one shoulder. Those nerves were held in place, he said, by metal clips because otherwise they were vulnerable to more injury. He had to be careful how he slept at night and he had to warn people how to move him and how not to move him because he would get terrible spasms as those nerves might be affected by certain motions. While I was getting somewhat acquainted with him, I noticed that his bare arms and lower legs were very scaly with whitish grey scales that seemed to be very loose so I asked him if that was part of the condition.

"Oh," he said, "no, that's because they haven't felt as though they dared to give me a bath. For a long time - I haven't had a bath in months! I'm filthy."

Well we talked about other matters and later on we returned to that.

I said, "Well, it's not healthy for you. You've got to bathe occasionally, but maybe you don't need it as often as the rest of us because you're not as active, but you shouldn't have a lot of dead skin simply floating on the surface of your body and you need to be really clean once in a while!"

He said, "Oh, don't I know it!"

So maybe the second or third time I visited him was when we gravitated to that again. Not only did he appear that way, but he was quite odorous, as you might expect!

I said, "Do you suppose, since nobody else is available, it might be possible for us together to be careful enough so that you could get in and out of the shower. If you have enough strength in your legs to keep standing in there without collapsing, why don't we try it and see if you really can get yourself clean, with or without any help from me."

So that did get attempted and we were successful. The only part he needed me to reach was the middle of his back. He could take care of everything else. We got him very carefully back into his wheelchair and back into his room. We did it again after two or three weeks and that time I had enough presence of mind to get his wheelchair cleaned up so that he wouldn't be sitting in his own dead skin particles! He was very appreciative that he had found somebody who was willing to take that much helpful interest in him, by doing something that even the doctor didn't ask any of the inmate orderlies to help with. He was moved out



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

of the hospital after a while and I don't know whether he was transferred elsewhere and went into the general population, but as an invalid in a wheelchair, I don't see where else they could have put him at Lewisburg. What happened to him is only a matter of speculation because the grapevine wasn't forthcoming.

There was one occasion when I was told that a certain inmate wanted to meet me and had something to talk to me about. I found out which room he was in and it was one of the private rooms in that wing of the hospital. When I went in there, it turned out that he was a tall, wiry black man of maybe thirty-five or forty who had had a pretty rough life outside pursuing whatever crimes he was in and he had noticed me as a young man of somewhere around thirty and it had occurred to him what fun it would be to have sex with me.

"Well," I said, "I don't think that's going to happen!"

He said, "What would you do if I decided to insist on it?"

I said, "Well, I think this meeting is just about over, but I can tell you that I have no idea what I would do or what would happen but I have half an idea that whatever happens is probably not going to be very pleasant for either of us."

I just waited to see what next he would say and he didn't seem to get his thoughts together about that so I said, "O.K, so long. I might see you sometime and maybe not."

I didn't feel I owed anything to the administration of the prison any more than on any other occasion, so I never mentioned that to anybody. Apparently he appreciated my not ratting on him right away. I didn't get him into any trouble. He got whatever he was there for attended to and then went back out into the general population and I never saw him again or heard from him again. So that was that.

I just thought of a very interesting fellow I met in the "Blue Room." He had been a naval petty officer and his work was shoreside. He had been on vessels before but he had a desk job in the Navy Department. One day after I had played chess with him quite a few times – he was very grateful to find someone who would play the game with him – although I had rarely played it and didn't really know much about it except that the knights go two up and one over and the bishop goes on his own color diagonally across the board as far as he wants to or as far as he can and the king and queen have their small motions and that was about as much as I knew about it. But anyway, it seemed to help him that someone even of my meager ability could move pieces because that let him think about the game. That day he said he needed to think about something as interesting as chess because otherwise he was going crazy thinking about the way he got in there. Another navy officer who was a good close friend of his had come to his desk and he said, "I've got a problem at home. My son is not willing to think of a military career. I'm not too happy about that and I would be happy if he would come into the navy but he says he's opposed to war and he's going to register as a conscientious objector. I've tried to talk him out of it but I don't want to be too heavy on him and I'm wondering how



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

he could do what he feels he has to do with the least amount of damage to his future life."

So this navy officer with whom I'd gotten acquainted, hearing that, told his friend, well maybe his son had better get himself copies of all the Selective Service regulations and see what might be in the minds of the Selective Service people he meets. It might tell him what their responsibilities are and he knows what he feels his responsibilities are and maybe he could soften whatever blow is going to come to him because of his attitudes. He said, "Everybody is entitled to this. We don't have to agree with him, in fact I don't, but he had better look things up and make himself as aware as possible."

So his friend got the boy to go over to the government printing office and get himself copies of those regulations. The boy went to his draft board and they found out that he was extremely knowledgeable about their business. He was a bright guy – a quick study! So they asked him, "Who told you this was the way it was supposed to be done?"

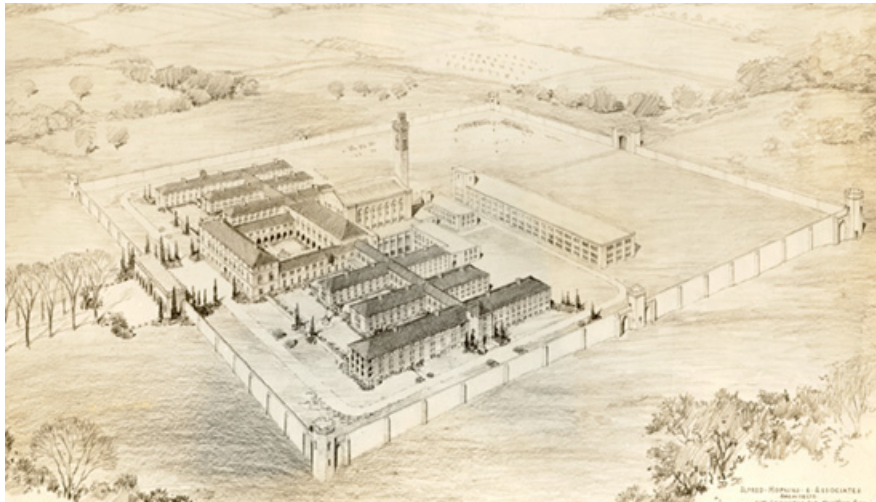
And they got him to blurt out that he'd read it in Book 4 of the regulations, which is correct. Some of them knew enough of their own regulations to verify it. Ha-ha! So they said, "Where'd you get those?"

He said, "Over at the printing office."

"Who told you that they'd be there?"

"My father learned about it from another fellow at the navy department."

Well they looked that all up and they got those two officers and they trumped up charges about their doing illegal kinds of draft counseling. The FBI decided to claim that there was a ring of draft dodger counselors working and these two were the ring leaders. They concocted this big cock and bull story about it and they got these two officers fired by the navy, discredited, their pensions rescinded and cancelled. They were middle aged men, well on their way towards a pension. Besides they charged them in federal court and he was imprisoned in Lewisburg.





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

There was maximum publicity about it so their families felt ruined. And here this guy was. His friend had gone somewhere else. They were far separated and he was left wondering how in the world he'd gone so far astray as to disgrace himself so utterly. He really didn't understand. So in between chess games when we were talking I said, "The war makes victims out of everybody on this side and on the opposite sides. Everybody is forced to do things they wouldn't have chosen. We are pressured by propaganda into professing kinds of patriotism whether we feel them or not and once in a while they need a big scapegoat. By your friend innocently coming to you, that set the cards up so that the [FBI](#) could use you as a handy scapegoat. For the sake of the war, you have been imprisoned, in order to inhibit other people from exercising the freedoms they're used to. The army guys get traumatized by everything they have to go through even when they are not injured. The families of killed veterans are told that their boys were very glorious for what they "gave." Even the Gold Star Mothers are propagandized into accepting their loss with pride. Can you think of any way in which people are not victimized by war? It's just the roll of the dice. If it hadn't been you this guy had gone to, it would have been somebody else. Or it might have been someone else's son who discovered that he was a [conscientious objector](#). I look around at the Bureau of Prisons. They are having to cope with all kinds of COs of every sort. There seems to be no common denominator among us. They can't count on what we can do and what we can't do. We are all different just as people on the outside are different. So you caught a particularly fast foul ball that was batted into your corner, it was just a matter of chance and you just weren't as lucky as everybody else around. It could have hit anybody."

Explaining it that way as just a way that war operates, to hit everybody in various ways, he seemed to understand that kind of an explanation and he calmed down a good deal.



Well, when I finally got out, a year and a half later, Carol said that she had had a letter from a woman somewhere who said that her husband had met me at Lewisburg. We had had some talks



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

that settled him into having enough strength to last the war out and seemed to clear him of all the mystery of how he got in there. And he says that he probably would have killed himself. She credited me with having helped him to cope with his fear. That was amazing. I told Carol I remembered the fellow's personality. I even have a mental picture of his face, but I can't remember his name. I guess I thought I'd never see him again. Now, why isn't it that way with Dr. Lindner or Warden Hiatt or the guard named Steininger? And a lot of others!

My file that has Carol's name on upstairs would still have that letter that she got from that man's wife. There was a lot of time spent in my observing his state of extreme consternation and unjustified guilt – he felt that he had betrayed his whole family by being idiotic in some way. He couldn't quite figure out why it happened. But I think that the military people thought they needed some kind of a *cause célèbre*, somebody who could plausibly have been hung with guilt even though in normal times what he did would be considered perfectly reasonable and not at all disloyal. After all, the Congress had set up the system so that it could be regulated in a way that would work.

That draft board offered me release from prison if I would go into the Civilian Public Service, the CPS. But I explained why I declined to the person who came to me about it, after they had decided to make this offer. I think it was the assistant warden who came to talk to me about it. He was one of the three on the draft board, along with the warden and some senior officer.

I said that I had been a visitor to quite a few Civilian Public Service camps. I saw some of the young men who were satisfied to sit out the war doing whatever they were asked to do. I saw a number of others who were very dissatisfied because the fact that they were there made it possible for those agencies of government, the weather service and other agencies, to discharge some of their regular employees so that the army could draft them. And if those COs weren't there to take their place, those boys might well have stayed in their useful government service but not in war duty. So it was a source of extreme dismay to those COs to feel that they had made it possible for somebody else to be sent out to join the killing. Quite a few of them left the CPS camps and they went to the camps that were run directly by the military, government camps, without the peace churches being in charge. Some of the COs in the other camps run by Quaker, or Brethren, or Mennonite service committees were feeling very bitterly critical of the churches for doing the government's bidding by having charge of concentration camps for slave labor by COs. They didn't even get the tiny army wages because the attitude of the country wouldn't have stood for it. So, it was even worse than military slavery because churches were in between as the delegated slave masters. Boys from the peace churches were conscripted. I used to see Mennonites come through Silver Spring on a bus and they were on the way to draft board offices to get processed and some of them were simply put in spurious classifications and sent home to wait it out. In



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

terms of warfare, the Mennonites were sometimes considered to be more of a lost cause to the Army than young Quakers. The military attitude about the Quakers was that because some of them were willing to go into war, then the rest of them ought to be also willing.

I was approached and asked if I would be interested in applying for parole. I had looked up the practice of paroling prisoners and essentially it seemed like a system where you take the inmate's word as binding that he's going to be a good person and keep out of trouble and you take a chance on him and let him out and see if he can fly right and not do any more crimes but, I thought that certainly didn't fit this present situation. I said, "I got into trouble trying to be a good man, trying not to destroy people or property. And that's why I'm here. It seems ridiculous for me to promise to be a good boy now! We might have another war! It's not up to me! I'll keep on trying to be a good person, regardless! But, as to applying for the privilege of freedom by giving you my word to be good, being good is what got me in here."

All this I was telling the Warden of Lewisburg Penitentiary.

"So, I figure that whenever the political situation is such that the people over you have no more reason to keep me here, they might decide to let me go."

I thought, I haven't heard that we have turned into bad Germans and are destroying useless people, like maybe me, and unless the government does that kind of thing, I'll be free sometime.

One day at Lewisburg, the Catholic Chaplain came into the hospital ward. There were about twenty-two beds, eleven on each side, a large open space in the middle, and he looked around and he asked something of somebody and then he looked at me and he came straight over to me. He introduced himself as the Catholic Chaplain at Lewisburg and revealed his simplified understanding of my status in that place. Then he said that before he was at Lewisburg, he was a chaplain in the army. I felt my interest rising a bit at that. So we talked, generally, and there were some other fellows who sauntered over nearby and stood around. This wasn't a private setting so they were welcome to listen and they didn't seem to make much comment but they listened very carefully to what this priest and I were talking about. And then this priest began to become a little pointed. By degrees he got to his point:

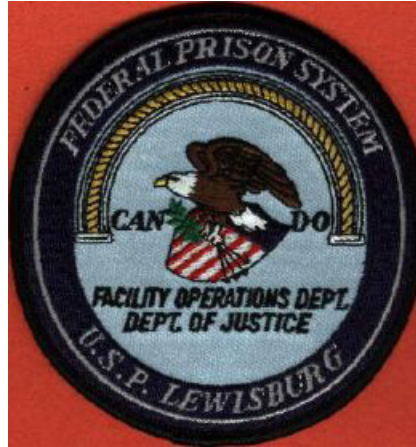
"I understand you're here for refusing military service. You must be missing the importance of putting down those Godless



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

dictators who are threatening the whole Christian world."



I replied to the effect that, "They are succeeding, perhaps, in making most Christians abandon the whole message of Jesus about how to deal with our enemies. We are returning all kinds of evil for evil, as war causes everyone on both sides to resemble each other closely. What do you think Jesus would be telling us, and them, just now?"

So then I asked him, "What is there in Christian ethics that would possibly justify a bunch of priests telling a larger bunch of very young men not to be morally concerned about killing each other wholesale? What was there in Jesus' teachings that would justify that? Don't you suppose that Jesus Christ would be opposed to our doing that to each other?"

We had just a little more give and take before he suddenly decided that his watch told him that he was late, or almost late, to his next appointment, so he got out of there pretty fast. As soon as he was out of hearing, some of these men, convicts all, standing around, were beginning to laugh and oh, they thought that was a great show! They congratulated me for having given this so and so a good argument because he deserves it. I asked, "What's the matter with him? Why were you so glad that maybe he was embarrassed over what we talked about?"

And they told me, "What a devil he is in priest's robes!"

They said that there wasn't an inmate in this whole place that hasn't been warned against confessing anything to him because he'll trot up to the warden and tell him about it. He will violate his own priestly duties doing that. Oh, they called him all kinds of dirty names and they were so pleased that I had apparently sort of put him down, but gently. Ha-ha! I'd asked him questions that he didn't try to answer!

There was one old man who'd been in the Lewisburg prison hospital occasionally for some minor illnesses. He was up in years. He must have been somewhere around sixty or sixty-five and he came in seeming more depressed than I'd seen him before. Each time he came in he seemed more depressed so I asked the former Merchant Marine sea captain, Laurent Brackx, who brought me the



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

books from the library, "What's the matter with this tall, thin fellow? He seems to be down in the dumps more than ever. Every he comes in here he looks worse."

"Oh, he's getting short. His sentence is almost up."

So he would be going out pretty soon. Well, the day came when he went out. We saw him from the hospital windows going out from the front door of the building, the gatehouse in the thirty-foot wall. The way he was trudging looked as if he was on his way to his execution instead of on his way to freedom. But he had spent so much of his life in prisons and jails of all kinds and he'd gotten so old that he didn't know how he was going to cope with the outside world. It scared him and depressed him to think that he was going to be on his own responsibility and he didn't have a sense of responsibility or how to take care of himself on the outside. So out he went and about ten days later in he came! Some marshal was conducting him to the building's front door again and we soon found out, because everybody saw him come in and everyone in the whole place knew through the grapevine that he was back. Well, they all expected him to be a lot happier than he was. He seemed to have a big burden lifted off his back. What had happened was that as soon as he was out, he had a ticket to somewhere, he got off at a city that had a sister city on the other side of a river, in another state, like Kansas City, Missouri and Kansas City, Kansas, across the state line, and as soon as he got there he left the bus station and looked at every car and as soon as he found a car with the keys in the ignition, he got in it. He could remember just enough about driving that he got it to the bridge and went over the river into the other state and if he happened to know where the police station was, he parked that car in front of the police station and sat in it. Pretty soon the theft of that car went out on the wire services and some policeman going out on his beat happened to see the license plate, took out his police sheet and saw that the plates fit. So he went over to the guy and said, "Is this your car?" He said, "No, I stole it!"

"Where'd you steal it from?"

"The other side of the bridge."

He mentioned the name of the state over there. The policeman asked, "Well, why'd you steal it and what's it here for?"

Well, he didn't profess to know why and just let the officer do what he wanted to do and he took him into the station. So some other policeman took the car back. It wasn't damaged, but they charged him with stealing an automobile and taking it across a state line. And that was a federal offense, so they had him up in federal court and he was sentenced. He didn't object and he didn't try to defend himself at all. They looked up his record and learned that he'd just come out of Lewisburg. They considered his age and they said, "Looks like you're going back to Lewisburg."

"O.K."

Well they said that maybe they ought to send him to some other place, and he didn't look as pleased about that! Lewisburg was



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

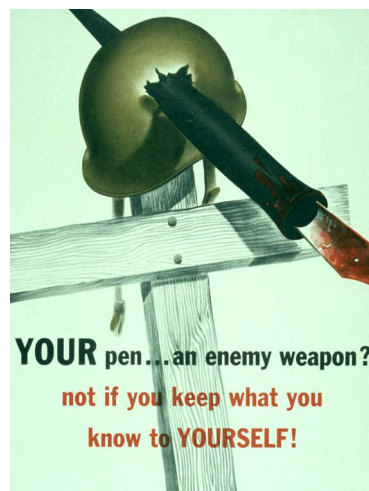
his home and he didn't like to be put out, so they accommodated him again. Poor guy! He just couldn't make it on the outside. There was another prisoner named Gene McCann. He had been called The Boy Wonder of Wall Street in his day. He was some kind of a broker for stocks. He was also some kind of a manipulator and he made an awful lot of money using other people's money without their consent. So, he made quite a pile in a hurry. Back in the thirties it wasn't as easy, maybe, and he got caught for securities and exchange violations. He got put in Lewisburg. He felt that he was only trying to do what the country had permitted all the robber barons to do. To get rich quick was the epitome of American success so why were they bothering him? He felt put upon. It got to be pretty strong paranoia. He began to wonder if all the people in the beds and all the orderlies who came in and the people with the food carts that came in three times a day were really looking for ways of getting him. So he took to the underside of his bed and on the floor he'd keep on writing writs to Judge Learned Hand of the Supreme Court of New York. But he didn't have good handwriting, so before he had retreated into his hole under his bed he'd been socializing some with us, and he'd seen that I had been re-establishing my handwriting. College had been pretty hard on it, taking notes! Ha-ha! So, I had relearned the alphabet and I was writing very neatly. Well, he got the idea that maybe I could go about practicing while copying his scrawls to make his writs legible. At one time some of his writs had been in Judge Learned Hand's court and the Judge said that he wasn't going to wear out his eyes trying to read this awful scrawl. Unless he could learn how to write, or get his manuscripts made legible, he wasn't going to read another thing from him. So I wrote maybe half a dozen in three or four months and they all got into Judge Learned Hand's possession and he denied almost all of them, but he gave partial relief in one or two. So, it felt as if I was getting to be a jailhouse lawyer! Ha-ha! But all I was doing was a copying job, just as if I'd had a typewriter, making things legible. So I didn't know whether Gene McCann had anything really convincing to offer the Judge, but if he had the right to get the Judge to read something, then I shouldn't refuse to help him exercise that right. Carol and I corresponded quite frequently until it was shut off by censorship, when they didn't like what I said about the President. The President's war was still going on and I was sounding to them almost treasonous. Some of the guards, when they didn't have other things to do, would set up a table in a hallway and one of those tables was often in front of our cages. They would go through inmate letters to make sure there wasn't something in them about other inmates or about the prison system, criticizing it, and some of the guards even took offense at political ideas that were contrary to their own. They would report through channels to the warden that so-and-so's correspondence has these things in it. There were five letters that got returned to me at one time and those were letters going on three or four weeks. They were all addressed to my wife and



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

I was writing them as freely as if there was no censorship. I didn't recognize their right to censor what she wrote or what I wrote. I felt that I had been kidnapped from home and family and friends for reasons which were connected with a war which was as rotten as any other war in its effect on people. I didn't want to recognize the validity of my incarceration. Carol and I had talked about the idea that maybe our correspondence might not be agreeable to some people in the official hierarchy in the prison.



I remember seeing one man at Lewisburg. He'd brought in his pocket three or four strawberries. When he got inside, and I guess they trusted him enough not to search him, he distributed these strawberries, one to each of a few other inmate friends in the prison. They were ripe, luscious looking strawberries. They must have tasted wonderfully. But for that, either some guard saw or heard, or some snitch went to a guard and the guy was thrown in the hole. It was a bare cell, sometimes with padding around the walls, a concrete floor with a little hole in the middle of it and not even a toilet in there. The hole would be used for that. There was no light coming through the door at all. That was "the hole," so he spent a while in solitary, supposedly thinking how wrong he'd been to do whatever the officials took offense at. For dealing out a few strawberries to friends, and he was a farmworker on the outside of the walls, but anything he brought in that wasn't officially sanctioned was, by definition, contraband. He was being punished as though he'd brought in a bag full of heroin. Ha-ha-ha-ha! There was one sweet little guy, a virgin and looking very innocent. He was a Jehovah's Witness, I guess upper teens, and he'd gotten into prison somehow. I think he wasn't a CO but I'm not sure. Well, anyway, he'd gotten gang raped by a bunch of old, hardened convicts one day and really injured. He was in the hospital for awhile getting treated for the roughness of that. And then he had the duty to testify against those guys in court. They were still in the population in the prison. So he was really



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

beset with fears. He didn't know who these guys had as confederates in other departments or in the hospital or wherever, so he was extremely vulnerable. It was so worrisome that he became ill from it. I think eventually he was released because he was simply going to pieces in there. If he hadn't really done anything wrong except to claim what his religious leadership said he was, they were punishing the innocent, by any common sense way of looking at it. But he was one of these "pretty boys." These old guys I guess must have pretended that he was female. George Bernard Shaw said that in schools no child was protected from the others as he would have been in prison. But prison protection wasn't always effective either.

There was a band leader named Bratcher⁴ who had the next bed to mine for a while. I don't remember his first name, but he had the nickname of Washie because his band played late at night to entertain people who came to hear his band at the Washington Hotel, just across the street from the Treasury Department.

Well, he was the leader of a little band he had organized. They were entertaining people in the hotel, evenings. These were very late—they went on from nine or ten o'clock to one or two o'clock in the morning—so he slept all the rest of the morning. They would work on their music during the afternoon and get to the hotel in the middle of the evening and start entertaining folks. A lot of government officials would go there, sometimes with their wives and families and it was a kind of a nightclub. He used patriotic themes of one kind or another, but he didn't bore people too much with that. He thought they were doing pretty good music but he had a hard time staying awake sometimes in order to perform adequately in leading his band. So, he took some Benadryl tablets sometimes, under doctor's prescription, and I don't know whether it was always with legitimate access, but there was enough officialdom participating in this entertainment, the audience crowd, so that it was considered to be helping the morale of the government. So, he was given some deferments because they felt that this was an essential occupation.

Anyway, on somebody's representation he came under suspicion. Somebody who knew that he was using "bennies" to keep awake with said that he was taking it in order to show certain symptoms that might make him unacceptable for military duty. So the suspicion was that he was a draft dodger. If you wanted to get a drug addict, anybody had to say that he was doing drugs in order to escape from the draft. He would immediately be under suspicion and anything could happen to him. So, he was brought up on charges and he tried to defend himself. He had a pretty good income so he had a good lawyer, but the lawyer didn't prevail, so he found himself in the federal penitentiary. And he was mad! He was terribly provoked. He had a good thing going and it was earning him a lot of money and now they took it all away. It cost him a lot for legal fees besides. He was extremely angry about that. He came into that hospital with some real

4. Everett Malcolm Bratcher, as later research revealed.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

ailments. I don't know whether he had some withdrawal symptoms or what, but he was almost eating himself up with his own anger. All the other inmates quickly realized that he had this terrible chip on his shoulder and unless they really enjoyed tangling with somebody like that they had best let him alone. He and I tangled only once, but he was tangling repeatedly with some of the others. Others kept out of his way completely. He would get a sudden impulse that he was uncomfortable in some way.

One cold night he got up and flipped around his desk into the little aisle about this wide between the heads of our beds and the little side tables we had between each bed and the next and the window wall. And he went to the window right behind his bed and he threw it up, all the way to the half sash. Well, in streamed the bitter winter weather. This was just about a year before I was released and the weather was already cold at the beginning of that winter. The room cooled down in a hurry. He wasn't saying anything or doing anything in his bed so about fifteen or twenty minutes later people were starting to grouse around the room. I slipped out of bed and went around and put the window halfway down, quietly, thinking that if I slammed it all the way down, Washie might go into a tizzy. I didn't know why he wasn't freezing to death in his own bed! He was that close to the same window. I hadn't even reached my bed again, having gone around the other end of the row, when he bounded out of bed, yelled at me and punched me in the stomach and I went down. All of a sudden two guys came up from the other side of the room and started banging him around, slammed him in his bed and told him to stay there or he'd be beaten up a lot worse. Then they came over to me and got me up and checked me out to see if I was hurt any worse than being out of breath. He was threatened with a whole lot more if he ever did anything like that again. I could see that he was not prison wise at all and he'd better wise up or he might get himself killed in there.

[O]ne night, a couple of weeks later, after things had simmered down and he seemed to get a little more reasonable, I suddenly lost my vision from the center line to the left, both eyes at once. Everything was clear from the center to the right but everything was a blue-grey haze from the center to the left. It was the same in both eyes. I realized that I had had that once before, about two hours before I had a migraine headache. It was bothering me during the evening and when the doctor made his last rounds he came past my bed. Somebody else had told him he'd better see me and mentioned this peculiar vision problem. So he came over and said, "Is something ailing you?"

I said, "I had this loss of vision on the left side of each eye about a half hour or so ago and now I've got this very strong headache and I think it's migraine and if it is I'm going to have a tough time trying to sleep tonight. It's pretty strong and I've had it before."

"Well," he said, "What have you been taking for it?"

I said, "I had some Cafegot."

They were tablets containing caffeine and ergotamine, a tartrate



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

combination in a tablet. "They don't have any of that here, he said, but I know one thing that will let you sleep and by the morning you'll be all over it because migraines are that short. I'll give you one."

The prison doctor substituted [codeine](#) most effectively. It was in a tiny pill, very small, and I said that I didn't know if I should take that. "Isn't that addictive?"

"Oh," he said, "one won't do it. You won't have another migraine for a long time probably. It's only occasional with most people."

It was so with me. I don't think I've had it more than four or five times in my life.

So he gave me this one little tablet and I downed it with some water, being assured by the doctor that it's the repeated taking of this that gets people hooked. He said that I wouldn't have any tendency for that. So I took it and I didn't remember much more before I was out and waking up in the morning. As I woke up I realized that Washie Bratcher was staring at me from his bed and as soon as he saw that I was definitely awake he swung his legs over and he leaned over and he said,

"John, were you pretending to be asleep last night?"

"No!" I said, "I really had a good night's sleep!"

He said, "No, I don't mean that. Right after you had that pill, two minutes later I called your name to see if you were pretending to be asleep and you didn't respond at all! I can't believe it works that fast!"

Well, the result was so swift that Washie was intrigued to the point of exasperation, poor guy! I thought, he must know something about these addictive drugs if he knows that it takes a lot more than that to put you out. I'd never had it before so it would probably hit me a whole lot faster and harder than it would hit him. I think he may have abused himself with illicit drugs to the point that gave him a high tolerance, so he couldn't believe that a tiny narcotic tablet could give anyone such quick relief, into sound sleep, from a fully developed migraine headache. He must have been experimenting with a whole lot more than these bennies. Ha-ha-ha! There was something of a drug culture even that long ago. Ha-ha!

Well, after I left Lewisburg and he had meanwhile gone somewhere else, I'd lost sight of him, somehow he found out where I was. I was in Washington for a while after my release. I lived in a house that our Friends' Meeting owned on Kalorama Road, not far from Florida Avenue. I got some kind of a card from him that had some handwriting on it that was normal but there was just one sentence that sounded like a bit of his old bitterness. He had been trying to get re-established somehow in life and something had bothered him intensely. So I wrote to him and I said, "I've been thinking about you from time to time ever since we were adjacent to each other at Lewisburg some time back. If you sometimes are in the same frame of mind as you seemed to be very strongly while you were there, it might be a very nice idea if you would find somebody you can really trust who has some



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

technical knowledge of these things to help you with whatever is bothering you. If it's circumstances around here that seem to go bad and you react very strongly more than most people would, well that's one thing. Or if you're taking anything that ought to be under prescription you might get some really good help but make sure that it isn't somebody who will rat on you to the authorities. Some people might be able to tell you the name of somebody who is really good along this line. Then once you're sure of who it is and a person of really fine reputation, you might really need to trust that person thoroughly and let him help you to a better life."

I got one letter from him acknowledging mine and saying that it sounded like very wise advice, and he was going to take it. But I never had any other feedback from him later. He was a handy scapegoat but not without possibly some real guilt on his part for being a "druggie."

I met a beekeeper, or a student of beekeeping I should say, at Lewisburg, by the name of Bernard Royals. He had taken advantage of his access through the administration at Lewisburg to a correspondence school. Many prisoners are students through the International Correspondence Schools, ICS. He was in there, having been implicated in a murder. There were two or three other companions. He was from one of the Carolinas, I believe. As he put it to me, he shouldn't have been with these fellows and he had had warnings about their being bad fellows, but he was somewhat younger than they were and he thought they were pretty jolly and adventuresome but he had no idea that they would be stupid enough to commit a murder. Just for the sake of robbing a few things out of a convenience store somewhere on the roadside. Well, they were challenged by the owner and one of them pulled out a gun that nobody else knew he had and shot the owner, who was also a sheriff, and killed him. All four were sent up for murder because they were all involved in this death of the storekeeper. Royals was only the driver of the car. Another one was also horror-struck at what his friend had done. Anyway, he had been studying beekeeping. He was going to be a farmer after he got out. He was going to find some out of the way place that was big enough so that he could have a number of hives and be harvesting honey and selling it. He thought maybe he could make a living doing that if he had enough hives. What he knew about beekeeping, he was glad to have a listener like me to tell his new understandings to, about how they behave, how you use smoke to keep them gentle and do things that you have to do with a hive, even while it's occupied.

There was one fellow who was small and wiry but looked like he had been greatly weakened and I got acquainted with him at the hospital in Lewisburg. He had been broken up in a motorcycle accident. He had flown over the handlebars in a very awkward way and he had lost an eye, had skull concussions, fractures, had broken some of his limbs and had a large damage in his crotch area. So he had had some expert surgery to put various delicate things back together again. Telling me about it, he even offered



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

to let me see the surgeon's handiwork. I told him that I didn't need that and I'd just as well not remember seeing it. I didn't have strong enough clinical interest to be any less than horrified at what I'd probably be seeing! He was having difficulty having the right shape of glass eye put in that side. He was quite a fellow, an interesting fellow of very low intellect and very low education, but struggling along, trying to live as well as he could in spite of being very missing in some departments of his thinking.... He had been put back together in so many different ways all over his frame, but he still had a certain amount of old spunk left in him. He was very grateful really that, in spite of his criminal behavior, the prison system was still handling his medical difficulties in a way that was more fortunate for him than he felt he had ever deserved.

One of the fellows came into the prison hospital having a peculiar kind of alcohol poisoning. There was no alcohol available to inmates and the whole prison system didn't have any alcohol inside it, not even in the warden's own house. So how did this fellow get so drunk? It turned out that while he was in the hospital, the investigation showed that he had been doing some painting work and some surfaces needed to be shellacked. So he had gone into a closet and had been breathing in the fumes from his shellac, which has alcohol as a thinner. He was painting various surfaces in that closet and keeping the door closed because he was really an alcoholic craving that smell. They shouldn't have had him painting with shellac at all! He had passed out before they found him. So he was needing hospital service for a while!

There was one great big fellow, an orderly in the prison hospital. All the inmates called him "Tiny." They had to make his clothes specially for him out of large pieces of cloth. I don't think I ever saw a fellow with that big and long a belt. If he leaned over, his shirt tail would come completely out. I didn't learn until later just how much he weighed when he came into that hospital, but he came in in order to go under medical control for losing weight. He wanted to get down to some reasonable level. So he was there for most of a year. He was on a regimen with controlled diet. His doctor's goal was one pound per day, which is pretty rapid. Finally he came to the point where he was boasting and so was his doctor of his having lost two hundred pounds in exactly two hundred days. He was a tall, big framed fellow and he still weighed about two hundred forty. That meant he was almost too big to walk when he first came in. He had to watch his mental attitude and his emotional instabilities because it was costing him something to lose that. He had a feeling of anxiety all the time. The doctor had warned him about that. So he kept himself right side up and he made it. Another inmate, who grew up in Iceland, impressed me most favorably. His name, Austvaldur Bragi Brynjolffson, was Danish, I would guess. In his late twenties, probably, he was imprisoned as an army combat veteran who got into trouble as a suspected



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

murderer in a Paris hotel after he had been in continuous daily combat for between 45 and 50 days across northern France from the landing onto the Normandy coast almost to Belgium. So exhausted that he was given R&R (rest and recreation) in Paris, he could remember quite a wild time until he got awakened with a terrible hangover by a French gendarme who demanded to know why a dead woman had been found in the adjoining hotel room. He could remember nothing at all about the previous day or two; so he was turned over to army officers for summary court-martial and convicted by circumstantial evidence. He hoped he wasn't guilty, but feared the gendarmes' guesses might be correct. After some time in a very cruel British P.O.W. camp he was transferred into the US to get medical treatment and to do some years in prison at Lewisburg. In our adjoining hospital ward beds, we soon got acquainted. Openly friendly he was, although deeply preoccupied with the possibility that he may have disgraced himself as the only Icелander who ever committed a murder, in their thousand-year history since the island was first settled or its parliament (the "Althing") was formed in 930 AD.⁵

Austvaldur requested a visit by another Icелander who was a religious minister of a church in Cleveland; and that man came to offer counsel and emotional support for him in such desperate circumstances, and perhaps later to help facilitate the young man's eventual repatriation and rehabilitation after the war. I hope his brief visit and friendship with me may have been helpful, and I have often thought of him and wondered whether he ever recovered enough to have a good life again, back home. I have long been interested in Icелand for other reasons, so perhaps opportunity might open to learn what may have become of him.

5. It is a fact that into the 1940s murder was quite rare in Icелand. Only two cases of homicide were registered on the island between 1920 and 1940. Unfortunately, there has been an increase and while Icелand is still considerably behind most Western societies, in the 1990s the murder rate reached 6-7 (one or two such cases per year for the entire island).



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1947

Upon his release from federal penitentiary, [Bayard Rustin](#) began to direct A. Philip Randolph's Committee Against Jim Crow in Military Service, which would be instrumental in securing [President Harry S Truman's](#) July 26, 1948 order eliminating racial segregation in the United States Armed Forces and would then change its name to League for Non-Violent Civil Disobedience. He had also of course gotten involved again with the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The 1946 court decision in the case of Irene Morgan had indicated that American black citizens were within their rights in resisting Jim Crow segregation in interstate travel. Early in this year the Congress of Racial Equality therefore sent out nine black/white male teams for a "Freedom Ride" or "Journey of Reconciliation" by public bus conveyance through the states of the upper south, with the black man sitting in a seat reserved for whites at the front of the bus and the white man sitting in a seat reserved for blacks at the back of the bus. Organized by the [Reverend George Mills Houser](#) and [Friend Bayard](#), this "Journey of Reconciliation" was to be a two-week pilgrimage by Trailways Bus through Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Thurgood Marshall, head of the legal department of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, warned that a Journey of Reconciliation might result in "wholesale slaughter with no good achieved." Walter White of the NAACP therefore opposed any such direct action, although during the campaign he would volunteer the service of its southern attorneys. Toward the end of this year and at the beginning of the next, therefore, [Friend Bayard](#) and other black protestors would spend 22 days on a chain gang. He would report on this in a series "22 Days on a Chain Gang" in [The New York Post](#). Taken off the Trailways bus with him would be Igal Roodenko, his white teammate. [North Carolina](#) Judge Henry Whitfield verified with Roodenko that he was indeed a Jew, and then said:

"Well, it's about time you Jews from New York learned that you can't come down here bringing your nigras with you to upset the customs of the South. Just to teach you a lesson, I gave your

HDT

WHAT?

INDEX

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

black boys thirty days, and I give you ninety."






FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

In the [Durham](#) Monthly Meeting of the [Religious Society of Friends](#):

Clerks of Meeting	
1943-1947	Edward K. Kraybill
 1947-1948	William Van Hoy, Jr.
1949-1949	John de J. Pemberton, Jr.
1950-1951	Harry R. Stevens
1951-1952	John A. Barlow
1952-1957	Susan Gower Smith
1957-1960	Frances C. Jeffers
1960-1961	Cyrus M. Johnson
1961-1965	Peter H. Klopfer
1965-1967	Rebecca W. Fillmore
1967-1968	David Tillerson Smith
1968-1970	Ernest Albert Hartley
1970-1971	John Hunter
1971-1972	John Gamble
1972-1974	Lyle B. Snider (2 terms)
1974-1975	Helen Gardella
1976-1978	Cheryl F. Junk
1978-1980	Alice S. Keighton
1980-1982	John B. Hunter
1982-1984	Edward M. Arnett



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1984-1986	Calhoun D. Geiger
1986-1988	John P. Stratton
1988-1990	J. Robert Passmore
1990-1992	Karen Cole Stewart
1992-1995	Kathleen Davidson March
1995-1998	Nikki Vangsnes
1998-2000	Co-clerks J. Robert Passmore & Karen Cole Stewart
2000-2002	Amy Brannock
2002-2002	Jamie Hysjulien (Acting)
2002-2005	William Thomas O'Connor
2005-2007	Terry Graedon
2007-2009	Anne Akwari
2009-2012	Joe Graedon
2012-2013	Marguerite Dingman
2013-	Co-clerks Cathy Bridge & David Bridge

February 21, Friday: Edwin Herbert Land demonstrated his new camera which would come to be known as the “Polaroid” (this would come to be capable of taking color photographs, in 1963).

Lord Inverchapel, British Ambassador in Washington DC, informed the US Department of State that the United Kingdom would no longer provide financial aid to shore up the governments of Greece and Turkey; further efforts to prevent Soviet shipping from using the Dardanelles would be at the cost of the United States of America. Undersecretary of State Dean Acheson would meet with Congressmen to explain his “domino theory” –that the leg bone was connected to the ankle bone– that if Greece and Turkey were allowed to fall, Communism would spread like cancer into Iran and then India. Not since the days of Rome and Carthage had human civilization experienced such a crisis! –The Congressmen would be greatly impressed at the sophistication of this sort of talk.

The [American Friends Service Committee](#) reported that it had completed a survey of what Friends did during



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

World War II, and had found record of 5,953 Quaker men who had served in the military, of 654 such as [Calhoun D. Geiger](#) who had received 1-O classifications and served in the alternative Civilian Public Service program, of 713 who had received 1-A-O classifications and served within the military in noncombatant positions, and of 57 who had followed the Peace Testimony to the point of being imprisoned as [conscientious objectors](#). In other words, in addition to Friend [John R. Kellam](#) and Friend [Bayard Rustin](#), there had been a grand sum total of 55 others who had refused to assist the federal government in any capacity at all during the period in which that federal government had been engaging in warfare.



And, there had been 5,953 American [Quakers](#) who had disregarded their example while they had been sacrificing themselves to the federal penal system. —An overwhelming majority of American Quakers had been gun-carrying Quakers.

THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY

April: The Journey of Reconciliation, the first freedom ride through the American South, was organized by CORE founders and WWII [conscientious objectors](#) the [Reverend George Mills Houser](#) and Friend [Bayard Rustin](#).



If you are a Negro, sit in a front seat. If you are white, sit in a rear seat.

If the driver asks you to move, tell him calmly and courteously: "As an interstate passenger I have a right to sit anywhere in this bus. This is the law as laid down by the United States Supreme Court."

If the driver summons the police and repeats his order in their presence, tell him exactly what you said when he first asked you to move.

If the police ask you to "come along," without putting you under arrest, tell them you will not go until you are put under arrest.

If the police put you under arrest, go with them peacefully. At the police station, phone the nearest headquarters of the NAACP, or one of your lawyers. They will assist you.

The [Reverend Houser](#) and Friend [Bayard](#) wrote in [Fellowship Magazine](#) that:

On June 3, 1946, the Supreme Court of the United States announced its decision in the case of Irene Morgan versus the Commonwealth of Virginia. State laws demanding segregation of interstate



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

passengers on motor carriers are now unconstitutional for segregation of passengers crossing state lines was declared an "undue burden on interstate commerce." Thus it was decided that state Jim Crow laws do not affect interstate travelers. In a later decision in the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, the Morgan decision was interpreted to apply to interstate train travel as well as bus travel.

The executive committee of the Congress of Racial Equality and the racial-industrial committee of the Fellowship of Reconciliation decided that they should jointly sponsor a "Journey of Reconciliation" through the upper South, in order to determine to how great an extent bus and train companies were recognizing the Morgan decision. They also wished to learn the reaction of bus drivers, passengers, and police to those who nonviolently and persistently challenge Jim Crow in interstate travel.

During the two-week period from April 9 to April 23, 1947, an interracial group of men, traveling as a deputation team, visited fifteen cities in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky. More than thirty speaking engagements were met before church, NAACP, and college groups. The sixteen participants were:

Black

Bayard Rustin, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and part-time worker with the American Friends Service Committee; Wallace Nelson, freelance lecturer; Conrad Lynn, New York attorney; Andrew Johnson, Cincinnati student; Dennis Banks, Chicago musician; William Worthy, of the New York Council for a Permanent FEPC; Eugene Stanley, of A. and T. College, Greensboro, North Carolina; Nathan Wright, church social worker from Cincinnati.

White

George Houser, of the FOR and executive secretary of the Congress of Racial Equality; Ernest Bromley, Methodist minister from North Carolina; James Peck, editor of the Workers Defense League News Bulletin; Igal Roodenko, New York horticulturist; Worth Randle, Cincinnati biologist; Joseph Felmet, of the Southern Workers Defense League; Homer Jack, executive secretary of the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination; Louis Adams, Methodist minister from North Carolina. During the two weeks of the trip, twenty-six tests of company policies were made. Arrests occurred on six occasions, with a total of twelve men arrested.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

April 9, Wednesday: The Freedom Riders of the Journey of Reconciliation, Friend [Bayard Rustin](#), the [Reverend George Mills Houser](#), James Peck, Igal Roodenko, Nathan Wright, Conrad Lynn, Wallace Nelson, Andrew Johnson, Eugene Stanley, Dennis Banks, William Worthy, Louis Adams, Joseph Felmet, Worth Randle, and Homer Jack, put their lives on the line by boarding their initial Trailways Bus, having no real clue of what the outcome of this action was going to be for them personally — whether they were going to be able to complete the trip without being strung up and lynched in one or another southern byway. Jesus hadn't been afraid so why should they be afraid, etc.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1948

At the 24th Anniversary dinner of the [War Resisters League](#) the speakers were Mrs. Alexander Steward and the Reverend Donald Harrington.

[Bayard Rustin](#) directed A. Philip Randolph's Committee Against Discrimination in the Armed Forces, which would eventually press President Harry S Truman to order an end to racial segregation in the United States Armed Forces.



February: The Council Against Intolerance in America gave the [Reverend George Mills Houser](#) and Friend [Bayard Rustin](#), for their attempts to bring an end to segregation in interstate travel, the [Thomas Jefferson Award for the Advancement of Democracy](#).⁶

6. Shouldn't it be a prerequisite, for receiving a "[Thomas Jefferson](#)" award, to have engendered at least one mulatto noncitizen?
—Just asking.





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1953

Having been convicted and imprisoned in Pasadena, California, on a morals charge (homosexual behavior), Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) was expelled by [A.J. Muste](#) from the Fellowship of Reconciliation.



At the age of 68 [A.J. Muste](#) “retired” and became the leader of the Committee for Nonviolent Action, an organization whose members sailed ships into nuclear test zones in the Pacific, hopped barbed wire fences into nuclear installations in this country, and went out in rowboats to try to block the launching of American nuclear submarines.



CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1954

Summer: A [Quaker](#) committee involving Stephen G. Cary, Chairman, James E. Bristol, Amiya Chakravarty, A. Burns Chalmers, William B. Edgerton, Harrop A. Freeman, Robert Gilmore, Cecil E. Hinshaw, [Milton Sanford Mayer](#), the Reverend [A.J. Muste](#), Clarence E. Pickett, Robert Pickus, and Norman J. Whitney, and [Bayard Rustin](#),⁷ was struggling to create a new pamphlet about peace.

THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY

They titled their 71-page tract, which would be immensely influential, SPEAK TRUTH TO POWER: A QUAKER SEARCH FOR AN ALTERNATIVE TO VIOLENCE. It would be the 4th in a series that the American Friends Service Committee was publishing on aspects of US foreign policy.

SPEAK TRUTH TO POWER

THE ABOVE, REDONE NOW

This injunction “Speak truth to power” has since become one on which we Quakers have learned to rely.

ABOUT THE COLD WAR

This document is powerful because it forcefully engaged the American assumptions underlying the Cold War. Its best known section is probably its final one, “An Affirmation.” Here is the first tantalizing paragraph of that final section:

There is a politics of time, but there is also a politics of eternity that man would ignore, but cannot. He plays with the politics of time, sees it, manipulates it, imagines it as of himself alone; but both the politics of time and of eternity are of God. Only the eye of faith perceives the relationship, for it alone glimpses the dimension of eternity. Man sees but dimly, yet enough to know the overarching Power that moves in the affairs of men. Because we are first men of faith, and only secondarily political analysts, we would speak now, finally, of the politics of eternity which has undergirded the whole.

7. Friend Bayard’s name would not appear because, he agreed, as a homosexual who would eventually be convicted of engaging in illicit sexual activities in Los Angeles in 1953, this might well have compromised the work’s acceptance. According to the recollections of the clerk of the committee, Stephen Cary, however, it had been around Rustin and Pickus that the group had coalesced.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

This may be the most powerful statement of pacifism as yet achieved in this country, and it would be well worth your while to give it a read from beginning to end.

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

When after the publication of this pamphlet the committee would be asked, how they had managed to come up with their neat injunction, “Speak truth to power,” they would respond that they weren’t sure except that it must have been found **somewhere** in Quaker tradition. The problem then has been, to figure out from **whence** in the Quaker tradition this injunction had been derived. Over the years since 1954, many yellowing Quaker treatises have been scanned without anyone being able to come up with the expected Quaker precedent. (Someone suggested that, since Friend [Milton](#)’s background was Jewish, the source might have been somewhere in his tradition, so Jewish literature also has been scanned — but to no avail.)⁸

We have noticed a story that when Zilu asked [Confucius](#) how to serve a prince, Confucius advised “Tell him the truth, even if it offends him.” So we have posed for ourselves a question, might Mayer have gotten this from Confucius?

We have noticed that in an 1828 essay on the poet [Robert Burns](#) placed in the [Edinburgh Review](#) by [Thomas Carlyle](#), one of the tropes the poet utilized was “How does the poet speak to men with power, but by being still more a man than they?” So we have posed for ourselves the question, might Mayer have been a fan of Burns, or Carlyle?

Recently this puzzle has, I think, been solved! The phrase this committee had picked up in the summer of 1954 has turned out to have originated as a comment by [Mohammed](#) the prophet of Islam — upon whom be peace.



Our key to the puzzle is the surreptitious committee member, Friend [Bayard](#). We just don’t know, at least as yet, exactly how early, or in what manner, he had been able to access this in the Islamic writings, and translate it into a pithy English-language injunction:



- In the Mishkat collection, BOOK OF RULERSHIP AND JUDGMENT, Chapter 1, Section 2, we learn that a man of Mohammed’s time named Jami’i at-Thirmidhi put it on the record that Mohammed had said (such a record of such a saying is referred to in the Islamic tradition as a *hadith*), “The most

8. For background on this, consult H. Larry Ingle’s “‘Speak Truth to Power’: A Thirty Years’ Retrospective,” [Christian Century](#), CII (April 27, 1985), 383-385, and his “Milton Mayer: A Quaker Hedgehog,” [Quaker Theology](#), V (Spring-Summer 2003), 67-81 (especially page 75).



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

excellent *jihad* is when one speaks a true word in the presence of a tyrannical ruler.” One of the famous classical commentaries, the *RUH AL-BAYAN*, also refers to this particular *hadith*.

- The injunction had been familiar to Friend Bayard before the summer of 1954, when this group was struggling to create this new pamphlet about peace, for, in John D’Emilio’s biography *LOST PROPHET: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BAYARD RUSTIN* (NY: Free Press, 2003) there appears on page 48 a letter from Bayard to his [Friends](#) monthly meeting in Manhattan, written on August 15, 1942 while this group was considering the possibility that it might begin to provide hospitality and services to American service men in “USO” style:

The primary social function of a religious society is to “speak the truth to power.” The truth is that war is wrong. It is then our duty to make war impossible first in us and then in society. To cooperate with the government in building morale seems inconsistent with all we profess to believe.... The greatest service that we can render the men in the armed forces is to maintain our peace testimony.

Since 1942 was years before the use of the injunction in the Quaker pamphlet, clearly, therefore, it would have been Friend Bayard, who already had this injunction “Speak the truth to power,” who would provide it during the summer of 1954 to the primary author, Friend Milton.

This saying of Mohammed, this *hadith*, “The most excellent *jihad* is when one speaks a true word in the presence of a tyrannical ruler,” is in the grammatical form that is described as a Declaration. The phrase in the title of the Quaker pamphlet, “Speak truth to power,” is in the grammatical form that is described as an Injunction. So, how does one go about transforming a Declaration into an Injunction?

Let us practice by permuting the Declaration “The best way to put out a house fire is to throw buckets of water on it.” What would be the Injunction that would correspond to this Declaration? We might think of “To put out a house fire, throw buckets of water on it,” but that’s not short and sharp, so we should shorten and sharpen it. Immediately we think of “Fight fire with water.” That does nicely!

That’s enough practice, now for the real thing. Let’s proceed to transform the Prophet of Islam’s Declaration into a pithy English-language Injunction. Mohammed’s declaration had been translated in full as “The most excellent *jihad* is when one speaks a true word in the presence of a tyrannical ruler.” The injunctive form for that would be “To deal with a tyrannical ruler, say a true word to him or her.” That’s not really catchy, and as we will see below, Friend Bayard slept on it and came up with “speak the truth to power.” To get from Bayard’s “speak the truth to power” to Friend Milton’s “speak truth to power,” all we need to do is drop on the floor an utterly superfluous definite article.

In that letter Friend Bayard had written on August 15, 1942 he had put the phrase within quotation marks, and this of course indicates that he knew very well that the phrase was not original with him. Was there a reason why he might have refrained from providing an attribution? –For sure there was, as he was writing the letter in question to a bunch of Quakers who were mostly in the Christian tradition, who would have been turned off cold had they been informed that “Speak the truth to power” actually derived from the prophet of Islam. I think it is very likely, since when Friend Milton was questioned about “the phrase that he had come up with,” he obfuscated by suggesting that maybe it was to be found somewhere in the Quaker tradition. That, to me, indicates precisely one thing: Milton was aware that he really shouldn’t say any more on such a subject. He could no more admit to any other white Friend “I got this from Friend Bayard Rustin,” who wasn’t even being acknowledged as a member of the committee, than Friend Bayard had been able to admit to the Friends in the



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

Christian tradition “I got this from Mohammed, the prophet of Islam.” There were ample reasons why for the benefit of the peace work in a generally Christian and Jewish context, such a provenance needed to be kept in the dark at the back of the closet.

We may note in this context, that during June 2002 there has been quite a tempest in a teapot at Harvard University. Zayed Yasin, a Harvard senior chosen as one of three student orators for that year’s graduation, decided to urge his fellow students to apply the Islamic concept of *jihad* to their lives. He intended by his oration, which he wanted to entitle “American *Jihad*,” to redeem this word *jihad* for American audiences by informing his Harvard community that within Islam there was a use for this term which was both benevolent and righteous. The “greater *jihad*,” in Islam, is a spiritual struggle within the person, in which the person strives to become the proper and decent sort of person. Only what is known as the “lesser *jihad*” –the external holy war against unbelievers– might be a proper subject for our disapprobation. Those people who are going around with dynamite strapped to their midsections are truly terrifying — but they should not be allowed to hijack such an important word and make it apply only to their own peculiar form of viciousness. The tempest in the teapot at Harvard commencement was over whether or not this senior would be allowed to deliver his commencement oration, with its provocative title “American *Jihad*.” (Now of course the matter is done and over with, without any harm, but the incident has reinforced what a sensitive word this word is.)

The “speak truth to power” injunction in the title of this peace pamphlet seems interestingly ambiguous. If one were to approach it from the perspective of might makes right, which of course is the perspective most commonly useful in the real world, the phrase might indicate that when one is confronted by powerful people, one had better tell them the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth without evasion or distortion, because such folks aren’t forced to and aren’t about to put up with evasions and distortions, and most definitely have the ability to punish one upon their displeasure. If one approaches it from the perspective that power creates its own reality, in such manner that the inheritors get to own the official truth, however, the phrase might indicate that when one is confronted by powerful people, one ought to defy their official truth, and accept whatever consequences follow from having spoken disturbing and irritating words which they desire not to be forced to hear. Thus, unfortunately, it is the sort of phrase with which a number of quite different people could agree, and does not in itself perform a critical discriminative function. –But then, one supposes, most language is subject to such limitations. We need, therefore, when we use this injunction, to make certain that our hearers are not misreceiving our communication.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1955

In [Japan](#), to bring [opiates](#) and [heroin](#) under control, the Awakening Drug Law and police and educational efforts were strengthened. Despite this, use of [heroin](#) and hypnotics would increase during the 1960s.

The US occupation of [Japan](#) ended.

WORLD WAR II

At the Anniversary dinner of the [War Resisters League](#) the speakers were Tom Wardle and Friend [Bayard Rustin](#).

March 2, Wednesday: The text for the pamphlet “Speak Truth to Power: a [Quaker](#) search for an alternative to violence” was submitted to the Executive Board of the American Friends Service Committee and approved for publication. Credit for this would be distributed among Stephen G. Cary, Chairman, James E. Bristol, Amiya Chakravarty, A. Burns Chalmers, William B. Edgerton, Harrop A. Freeman, Robert Gilmore, Cecil E. Hinshaw, [Milton Mayer](#), the Reverend [A.J. Muste](#), Clarence E. Pickett, Robert Pickus, and Norman J. Whitney.

THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY

Queerly, the name of [Bayard Rustin](#) would not be mentioned.

SPEAK TRUTH TO POWER

THE ABOVE, REDONE NOW



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1956

Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) was approached by Lillian Smith, author of *STRANGE FRUIT*, to assist the Reverend Dr. [Martin Luther King, Jr.](#) with practical advice on how to apply Gandhian principles of nonviolence to the boycott of public transportation that was then being organized in Montgomery, Alabama. At A. Philip Randolph's request, Rustin was granted temporary leave from his position as Executive Secretary of the [War Resisters League](#). His extensive background in the theory, strategy, and tactics of nonviolent action would be the foundation of his close association with the Reverend.





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1957

[Bayard Rustin](#) assisted at the birth of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.



May 17, Friday: Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) took part in the Prayer Pilgrimage for Freedom to Washington that urged President Dwight David Eisenhower to enforce the US Supreme Court's 1954 ruling requiring desegregation of the nation's schools.



The pilgrimage culminated with a rally of 20,000 at the Lincoln Memorial.

Groundbreaking for a new science building on the campus of the [Moses Brown School](#) of the [Religious Society of Friends](#) in [Providence, Rhode Island](#).

The wife of André-Marie Tremeaud, the former prefect of Algiers, was killed by a package bomb.

[Egypt](#) declared that it would never allow an Israeli-flagged ship through the [Suez Canal](#).



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1958

[Bayard Rustin](#) helped organize a Youth March for Integrated Schools.





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1959

Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) helped organize another Youth March for Integrated Schools.





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1960

At the 37th Anniversary dinner of the [War Resisters League](#) the featured speaker was Fenner Brockway. Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) spoke on the Sahara.

Senate leader Lyndon Baines Johnson, by some accounts the most powerful man in the world, was alerted that Friend [Bayard](#) was plotting a massive Negro civil rights demonstration at the 1960 Democratic convention. He told House leader Sam Rayburn, “stop this guy Rustin.” Rayburn asked Adam Clayton Powell to destroy Friend Rustin, and Powell, knowing of Rustin’s 1953 imprisonment for being caught in Pasadena in a homosexual act, warned the press of “immoral elements” in the civil rights movement. According to Rustin, Powell also warned the Reverend Dr. [Martin Luther King, Jr.](#) that “if [King] did not withdraw his support from the Rustin-led demonstration in Los Angeles, [Powell] would go to the press and say that there was a sexual affair going on between [Rustin] and King.” The Reverend King would in fact for years afterward, although not permanently, distance himself from Rustin.





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1962

August 28, Tuesday: Due primarily to the organizing skills of Friend [Bayard Rustin](#), more than 200,000 demonstrators gathered at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington DC in a March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom. The Reverend Dr. [Martin Luther King, Jr.](#) delivered his "I Have a Dream" speech:



I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Fivescore years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free; one hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination; one hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity; one hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself in exile in his own land.

So we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition. In



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

a sense we've come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of our Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was the promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note in so far as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check; a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds." We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation.

And so we've come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy; now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice; now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood; now is the time to make justice a reality for all God's children. It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the movement. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality.

Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. And those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content, will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual.

There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds.

Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.

The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny and they have come to realize that their freedom is



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

inextricably bound to our freedom. This offense we share mounted to storm the battlements of injustice must be carried forth by a biracial army. We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?: We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality.

We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one.

We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating "for whites only." We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of excessive trials and tribulation. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi; go back to Alabama; go back to Louisiana; go back to the slums and ghettos of the northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can, and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.

So I say to you, my friends, that even though we must face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed - we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, sons of former slaves and sons of former slave-owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day, even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places shall be made plain, and the crooked places shall be made straight and the glory of the Lord will be revealed and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with.

With this faith we will be able to hear out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood.

With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to go to jail together, knowing that we will be free one day. This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning-"my country 'tis of thee; sweet land of liberty; of thee I sing; land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride; from every mountain side, let freedom ring"-and if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.

Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.

Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.

Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.

But not only that.

Let freedom ring from the Stone Mountain of Georgia.

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi, from every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and hamlet, from every state and city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children - black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants - will be able to join hands and to sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last, free at last; thank God Almighty, we are free at last."



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

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1963

At the request of A. Philip Randolph, [Bayard Rustin](#) served as the Deputy Director and chief organizer of the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, which at that time became the largest demonstration in our nation's history. Thought by many to be the high point of the Civil Rights movement, this event created the political climate for the passage of the major civil rights legislation of the 1960s.



Three weeks before the event, Senator Strom Thurmond took to the Senate floor to denounce Friend Rustin as a homosexual, draft evader, and former member of the Communist Party (the senator neglected to denounce him as a member in good standing of the [Religious Society of Friends](#)). On the evening before the march Malcolm X shouted across a Washington hotel lobby full of reporters, "I bet you think you're here for a real historic event! You've been fooled, like everybody else."

July 6, Saturday: Murray Kempton, in an article in [The New Republic](#), "The Clarity of A. Philip Randolph," quoted [Bayard Rustin](#) and then suggested that Randolph, the mild and persistent old chief of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, was an inheritor of Thoreauvian [civil disobedience](#) tactics:⁹



"Every now and then," says Bayard Rustin, "I think he permits good manners to get in the way and that he even prefers them to sound tactics. Once I complained about that and he answered, 'Bayard, we must with good manners accept everyone. Now is the time for us to learn good manners. We will need them when this is over, because we must show good manners after we have won.'" ... Randolph is alone among these leaders because he neither feels nor incites hostility. He is a pacifist in a native

9. Better press than this would be hard to imagine.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

American tradition; before most members of King's nonviolent army were born, he was reminding the Negro of Thoreau's prescription to cast the total vote with feet and voice along with the ballot.... The porters remain as they have always been, moderate in the particular that involves manners, and radical in the general that involves principle.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION

August 28, Wednesday: Thoreau translator Alireza Taghdarreh was born.

The South Vietnamese government alleged that the recent anti-Buddhist events had been perpetrated by the army.

Concerto for orchestra by Michael Tippett was performed for the initial time, in Usher Hall, Edinburgh.

Friend [Bayard Rustin](#) was chief organizer and logistician for the "March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom."

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

It had been at Rustin's urging that A. Phillip Randolph had called for the march. The death of W.E. Burghardt Du Bois was announced by Roy Wilkins of the NAACP at the beginning of the march. The march culminated on this day in the historic "I Have a Dream" speech before the Washington Memorial by the Reverend Dr. [Martin Luther King, Jr.](#) to an audience of 250,000.



BE IN THE AUDIENCE

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languishing in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. So we have come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we have come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds." But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. So we have come to cash this check - a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quick sands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. Those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. There will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice. In the process of gaining our rightful place we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force. The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people,



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. They have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone.

As we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead. We cannot turn back. There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied, as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the Negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their selfhood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating "For Whites Only". We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. Some of you have come from areas where your quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair.

I say to you today, my friends, so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification; one day right there



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

in Alabama, little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

I have a dream today.

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with a new meaning, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring." And if America is to be a great nation this must become true. So let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire. Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania!

Let freedom ring from the snowcapped Rockies of Colorado!

Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California!

But not only that; let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia!

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee!

Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, when we allow freedom to ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"



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November 15, Friday: "A wiretap was instituted on Bayard Rustin, 340 West 28th St., New York City. Rustin is a prominent adviser to [Martin Luther King, Jr.](#) and a known sexual pervert."

—[FBI](#) field report.



Friend [Bayard Rustin](#)





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1964

To protest the slow pace of racial integration, [Bayard Rustin](#) organized a school boycott in New York City. More than 400,000 pupils stayed away from school on the indicated day. He organized civil rights demonstrations at the Democratic and Republican National Conventions. He helped found the A. Philip Randolph Institute, named for his mentor, the noted labor and civil rights activist, and became its executive director. (The Institute has 200 local affiliates involved in voter registration drives and programs designed to strengthen relations between the black community and the labor movement.)





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1965

At the Anniversary dinner of the [War Resisters League](#) the League Peace Award was presented to [Friend Bayard Rustin](#) by [A.J. Muste](#). There was a speech by [Friend Milton Mayer](#).

During the mid-1960s [Bayard Rustin](#) was participating in the formation of the Recruitment and Training Program (R-T-P) to increase and upgrade minority participation in the construction trades.



Since 1914, local councils had been allowed to segregate African Americans in scouting. The first all-black troop of Girl Scouts had been formed in 1917. As a member of the North Florida Girl Scouts Council, [Calhoun D. Geiger](#) helped racially integrate the Causacian Girl Scouts with the African American Girl Scouts.



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1971

DOWN THE LINE, a collection of [Bayard Rustin](#)'s essays, was published.





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1975

[Bayard Rustin](#) organized BASIC, the Black Americans to Support Israel Committee. He would make numerous fact-finding visits to the Middle East and would author many columns and articles on that troubled area. He would work for the freedom of Soviet Jews and would be an early advocate for the Ethiopian Jews in their struggle to emigrate to Israel.





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1976

[Bayard Rustin](#) delivered the Radner Lecture at Columbia University, which would be published under the title STRATEGIES FOR FREEDOM: THE CHANGING PATTERNS OF BLACK PROTEST.





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FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1977

Walter Naegle became [Bayard Rustin](#)'s lover and partner (he would create Rustin's biography, *BROTHER OUTSIDER*).

[Kenneth L. Carroll](#)'s "[Quaker](#) Attitudes Towards Signs and Wonders" (*Journal of the Friends' Historical Society* 54, pages 70-84).



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1980

[Bayard Rustin](#) took part in an international “March for Survival” on the border between Thailand and Cambodia.





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1982

[Bayard Rustin](#) helped found the National Emergency Coalition for Haitian Refugees, an organization which works to protect the rights of Haitians seeking refuge from the poverty and political chaos of their troubled homeland.





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1983



January: As Chairman of the Executive Committee of Freedom House, an agency which monitors international freedom and human rights, [Bayard Rustin](#) would observe election in Zimbabwe, El Salvador, and Grenada. His last mission abroad, coordinated by Freedom House, was to Haiti where he met with a broad spectrum of individuals in an attempt to determine how Americans could best help them bring democracy to their country.. In this year he and two colleagues made a fact-finding visit to South Africa. Their report, SOUTH AFRICA: IS PEACEFUL CHANGE POSSIBLE? would lead to the formation of Project South Africa, a program which seeks to broaden America's support for groups within South Africa attempting to bring about democracy through peaceful means.





FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1984

A long-time supporter of worker's rights, [Bayard Rustin](#) had participated in many strikes. His last arrest came in this year, while demonstrating in support of the clerical and technical employees of Yale University.





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FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

1987

August 21, Friday: [Bayard Rustin](#) had gone on a human rights expedition to Haiti under the aegis of Freedom House, to study prospects for democratic elections there. Upon his return, when he began to feel unwell, it was hypothesized that he had picked up some sort of intestinal parasite. Finally, admitted to Lenox Hill Hospital, he was found to be suffering from a perforated appendix.



August 24, Monday: Under the effects of massive infection, [Bayard Rustin](#)'s heart failed. At the time of his death he was Co-Chairman of the A. Philip Randolph Institute and President of the A. Philip Randolph Educational Fund, was Chairman of Social Democrats USA, was a member of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, and was a life member of Actors' Equity.



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2002

November: For voicing concerns over homeland security legislation during his election campaign, Vietnam veteran and triple amputee Max Cleland had been being shamelessly and endlessly derogated as “unpatriotic.” Although polls indicating showing him as ahead of Republican candidate Saxby Chambliss turned out to have been in error, a former worker in the Georgia warehouse of the Diebold corporation would report that the company had installed “patches on its machines before the state’s 2002 gubernatorial election that were never certified by independent testing authorities or cleared with Georgia election officials.” During the 2002 midterm elections e-voting would continue to produce such disturbing glitch-induced results, that eventually exit polling would be discontinued.

After a 32-page Homeland Security Bill ballooned to nearly 500 pages overnight and was railroaded through the Senate and Congress, it was immediately signed into law. Representative Ron Paul (Republican, Texas) pointed out that the bill expanded “the federal police state,” while Senator Patrick J. Leahy (Democrat, Vermont) described it as representing “the most severe weakening of the Freedom of Information Act” to have come about in 36 years.

Following months of intensive lobbying by the family members of September 11th victims, an independent commission to investigate the 9/11 attacks was finally formed. Henry Kissinger was initially chosen to head the commission, but would later be replaced by Governor Thomas Kean. “This was not something that had to happen,” Kean would later observe in regard to the 9/11 attacks.

A Reuters news report:

WEST CHESTER, PA – [Bayard Rustin](#), chief organizer of the 1963 march on Washington that culminated with [Martin Luther King](#)’s “I Have a Dream” speech, is one of the most famous figures to emerge from this quaint 203-year-old town near Philadelphia.



But local school officials are not sure the black pacifist credited with introducing [Mahatma Gandhi](#)’s techniques of nonviolent protest to the U.S. civil rights movement would make a good role model for high school students at a time when the United States is pursuing its “war on terrorism.”

The West Chester Area School Board, which oversees public schools in a predominantly white suburban area 25 miles west of Philadelphia in southeastern Pennsylvania, voted in May to name its third high school



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

after Rustin. The new school is scheduled to house 1,300 students, beginning in 2005.

"The process was fair and the choice was appropriate," said school board Vice President Thomas Wolpert, who described Rustin as a "great leader of the civil rights movement."

But some board members later objected, saying they had learned that Rustin was a World War II conscientious objector who spent three years in federal prison rather than serve in the US armed forces or perform alternative civilian service.

"It's a dishonor to all veterans who died in that war," said June Cardosi, a school board member who is pushing to have the new high school named instead after a landmark farm.

Rustin, who died in 1987 at the age of 75, also was a homosexual and belonged to a communist youth organization while a college student in New York City in the 1930s.

That, too, has ruffled feathers in the West Chester area, a largely Republican community whose residents recently hosted President Bush and made national headlines by opposing a federal court order to remove a Ten Commandments plaque from the local county courthouse.

WAR RECORD

But the official bone of contention is his war record, which critics say makes him an unacceptable "convicted felon."

School board members have reported receiving complaints about the plan to name the school after Rustin, saying hundreds of residents have signed petitions against the move. Last month, the board asked a special committee to investigate Rustin's background and make a recommendation within 90 days.

"I knew he was black. I knew he was involved in civil rights stuff," said board member Joseph Green, a Republican Party committeeman who initially voted for Rustin but had second thoughts after hearing about his days in prison.

"One of the things a high school has to do in America in the 21st century is distribute selective service registration cards to high school seniors who are boys," Green said.

"And I don't know if it's appropriate to have as a role model someone who violated the laws on selective service and was incarcerated for that felonious violation."

The West Chester school board could consider its committee's recommendation next month, but has not given any timetable for a decision. A documentary about Rustin's life is due to air on U.S. public television in January.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

The school board's decision outraged Rustin admirers including the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Chester County Democratic Committee, gay rights groups and peace activists, who are all now rallying to support his name.

"You'd think the school board would be honored to have a building named after him," said West Chester NAACP President Doris Bond, who does not believe board opposition to the Rustin name stems from his days in prison as a war resister.

"I believe that's the safest reason," said Bond, who suspects the opposition has more to do with Rustin's race and sexuality. "This is just a prejudiced, small-minded town."

Something all agree on is that Rustin was a civil rights giant, though he was one whose deeds often went unsung because of his sexuality, his communist past and his years in prison.

Raised by his grandmother as a Quaker, Rustin received activist training in the 1930s from the American Friends Service Committee, the US Quaker humanitarian organization that would later share the Nobel Peace Prize with its British counterpart for assisting European war refugees.

In 1956, he advised Martin Luther King on how to use Gandhi-style nonviolent civil disobedience during a bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama. The boycott made King a national figure and King made nonviolence the hallmark of his leadership.

At the time, Rustin already was a seasoned activist who in 1942 co-founded the Congress on Racial Equality, a group that saw the nonviolent resistance methods of Gandhi and [Henry David Thoreau](#) as a vehicle for the U.S. civil rights struggle.

Rustin also helped organize resistance to segregation on interstate buses and trains in the South during the 1940s, spending more than three weeks on a chain gang for defying [North Carolina](#)'s discriminatory Jim Crow



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

laws.



In 1944, Rustin went to prison as a war resister rather than accept the alternative service option provided to Quaker conscientious objectors by the U.S. government. He said his act was in solidarity with unaffiliated war resisters to whom alternative service was not offered. A decade later, he was arrested for being a homosexual.

BIGGEST ACHIEVEMENT

Rustin's biggest achievement was as coordinator of the 1963 March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, which brought 250,000 people to Washington to hear King declare his dream of racial harmony at the defining moment of the civil rights movement.

"If you look at the history of social justice movements in the United States, Bayard Rustin is the most prominent figure of all time to come out of West Chester," said West Chester University history professor William Kashatus.

"There's no greater figure to have come out of West Chester or Chester County or maybe even this part of our state," added Kashatus, himself a Quaker pacifist.

But even among his allies, Rustin often walked a lonely path. He opposed affirmative action, black studies programs and identity politics. Instead, his social-democratic vision was of a broad new alliance of racial minorities, trade unions, liberals and religious groups.

He also weathered criticism from some leftists over his steady support for the state of Israel.

In later life, Rustin became a monitor of human rights in Latin America, the Caribbean, Africa and Eastern Europe.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

"For all of his accomplishments, he touched so many people's lives in so many different areas that we all can lay claim to him as being a leader for our causes," said Jerry Dowdall, director of the Chester County Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Transgender Alliance.

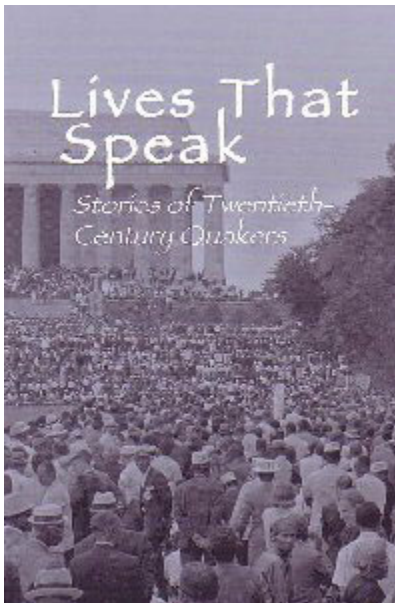


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2004

Marnie Clark edited LIVES THAT SPEAK: STORIES OF TWENTIETH CENTURY [QUAKERS](#) (Quaker Press of Friends General Conference; The Religious Education Committee). This book profiles 8 men and 8 women who responded to problems and challenges of our time with courage and creativity and caring.



The [Quakers](#) recognized are:

- STEVE ANGELL: TRUSTING LEADINGS (by Johanna Anderson)
- ELISE BOULDING: WORLD PEACEMAKER (by Mary Lee Morrison)
- [CALHOUN GEIGER](#): QUIET COURAGE (by Carol Passmore)
- GORDON HIRABAYASHI: IDEALISM IS REALISM (by Marnie Clark)
- FAY HONEY KNOPP: LIGHTING DARK CORNERS (by Liz Yeats)
- BILL KREIDLER: WIN-WIN SOLUTIONS (by Liz Yeats)
- SIGRID LUND: DARING TO SAY “NO” (by Marnie Clark)
- MARLENE AND STEVE PEDIGO: GROWING INTO URBAN MINISTRY (by Marlene Pedigo)
- BARBARA REYNOLDS: FRIEND OF THE HIBAKUSHA (by Beth Parrish)
- DAVID RICHIE AND WORKCAMP: “WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE” (by Carol Passmore)
- [BAYARD RUSTIN](#): NONVIOLENT CRUSADER (by Marnie Clark)
- [FLOYD SCHMOE](#): 105 YEARS OF ZEST AND SERVICE (by Marnie Clark)
- CAROL REILLEY URNER: FIND A NEED AND ACT ON IT (by Barbara Robinson)
- GILBERT WHITE: USING SCIENCE TO HELP PEOPLE (by Gilbert White; adapted by Jeanette Baker)
- SIGNE WILKINSON: CARTOONS WITH A SERIOUS MESSAGE (by Signe Wilkinson and Beth Parrish)
- VIOLET ZARU: HOPE IN A REFUGEE CAMP (by Beth Parrish)

This volume also includes [QUAKER NOBEL PRIZE](#) WINNERS (by Barbara Robinson).

THE QUAKER PEACE TESTIMONY



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

Meanwhile, [Friend Levi Coffin](#) of [North Carolina](#) became a character in a book for children:

Historical Quaker figure inspires children's book

3-29-04

By Jim Schlosser Staff Writer

News & Record

Hallie's father warned her not to meddle in other people's business, especially not the business of slavery. The 12-year-old disobeyed, and later confessed to [Levi Coffin](#), a Quaker in Hallie's Indiana community, "I meddled." "Thank thee, child," Coffin replied, grateful that she had. The incident takes place in 1839 in the new children's book *A GOOD NIGHT FOR FREEDOM*, written by Barbara Olenyik Morrow and published by Holiday House Books in New York.

Hallie is fictional, but the book's other main characters — Coffin; his wife, Catherine; and two runaway [slave](#) children, Margaret and Susan— were real. Morrow, who lives in Auburn, Ind., made a quick trip to Greensboro recently to see where Levi Coffin grew up in a Quaker community, known then as New Garden and now as Guilford College. Coffin and many other Quakers from Guilford County moved to the free state of Indiana in the first three decades of the 19th century. They could no longer tolerate living in [North Carolina](#), where slavery was legal.

Coffin settled in 1826 in Newport, Ind., where he prospered as a dry-goods merchant. Wealth didn't lessen his social activism. His house became a major station on the Underground Railroad, a network of hiding places that runaway [slaves](#), with help from white sympathizers, used to escape to the North and Canada. "He had so much to lose," Morrow says of Coffin. "The slave catchers were always threatening him. You have to admire him. He could have lived a comfortable life."

In writing her book, Morrow took some literary license by placing Susan and Margaret in the Coffin home. No documents indicate they ever sought refuge there. But Morrow's research found the girls really did run away from Tennessee in 1839 and headed for Canada. A reward of \$1,200 was offered for their capture.

Residents of Newport, Morrow says, had long suspected that the Coffin's two-story, red-brick home harbored runaway slaves. Slave hunters came occasionally and threw rocks at the house and threatened Coffin and his wife.

Morrow decided the house —still standing and open for tours in Fountain City, Ind., formerly Newport— was an ideal setting for a children's story about a terrible period in American history. In the book, Hallie discovers the two slave girls in the basement of the Coffins' house when she went there to deliver butter. She



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

doesn't tell her father about the encounter, but quizzes him about a poster she had seen offering a reward for the girls. She asks him: If he had the chance to help them, what would he do? He says he's opposed to slavery, but federal law forbids hiding slaves. The law is the law, he says, and "we're not meddlin." "Later, slave hunters come to the Coffin house, break windows and demand the Coffins produce the slave girls. Hallie, who had been in the house with Margaret and Susan, runs to the rock throwers. She fibs that earlier that day she had seen the runaways go up the road, cross a pasture and enter the woods. The slave hunters take off in pursuit. Coffin, who had been listening to Hallie, breathes easier.

History regards Coffin as the father of the Underground Railroad. In 1819 while still living in Guilford County, Coffin, his cousin, Vestal Coffin, and other Quakers are said to have boarded the first "passenger" on the railroad, a local [slave](#) named John Dimrey. Morrow was curious if Coffin is as underrated in Guilford County as she believes he is in Indiana. The federal government has designated the Coffin house a National Historic Landmark. But, Morrow said, "if you asked the average person in Indiana, only one in 10 would be able to say what the Coffins contributed to American history." The result would probably be the same here, although occasional news stories appear about Levi and Vestal Coffin, and Vestal's son, Addison Coffin.

A state historic marker to Levi Coffin stands on the Guilford College campus. Another marker commemorates the Underground Railroad. When Coffin left for Indiana, Vestal and Addison Coffin remained in New Garden to work the Underground Railroad from the southern end. They were assisted by a courageous [slave](#) named Saul, who gathered intelligence about abused slaves who might need help. The railroad stayed busy. On one night alone, Morrow says, 17 runaways knocked at the Coffin door.

"Can you imagine, you get up from bed and 17 people are at the door?" she says. "You stoke the fire, fix food and set out sleeping pallets. "What an inconvenience! The Coffins also had their own five children to look after, and he had to get up and go to work the next day. I'm just struck by their sense of decency and humanitarianism."

Morrow was an editorial writer for the Fort Wayne Journal Gazette until 1987, when she left to write books. The first was about famous cars made or associated with Auburn, Ind. – the Cord, the Auburn and the Duesenberg. Another was about famous Indiana literary figures, including James Whitcomb Riley, remembered for the poem with the line, "When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

Recently, Morrow decided to try fiction and went looking for a subject. She knew the Underground Railroad had been active in her part of Indiana. Auburn had a house that had been a depot. A local historian gave her a tour of the house. She became fascinated and wanted to know about the Underground Railroad. "I kept coming across Levi and Catherine Coffin," she says.

Her book is doing well in Indiana, she says. Newspapers have



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

interviewed her. She has signings at books stores in Fort Wayne and elsewhere. She would love for "A Good Night for Freedom" to reach a [North Carolina](#) audience. On her trip here, she carried with her "Reminiscences of Levi Coffin," published in 1876 before his death the next year. When Coffin was a 7-year-old in Guilford County, he came upon [slaves](#) in chains.

"That really made an impression on him," says Morrow, who is considering writing a biography about Coffin. "It was in Guilford County, from that horrific experience and from his Quaker training, that made him the person he became."

Morrow believes the dilemma Hallie faced in 1839 –to meddle or not to meddle– speaks to children in 2004. "Maybe an elementary school child sees bullying going on," she says. "The middle school child sees cheating going on. The high school student sees drugs and theft going on." I hope the child asks, "At what point do I meddle and say to myself, 'I have to stand up and do the right thing.'"

"MAGISTERIAL HISTORY" IS FANTASIZING: HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY



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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



Prepared: March 29, 2015



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ARRGH AUTOMATED RESearch REPORT

GENERATION HOTLINE



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.



FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

FRIEND BAYARD RUSTIN

Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.
Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.