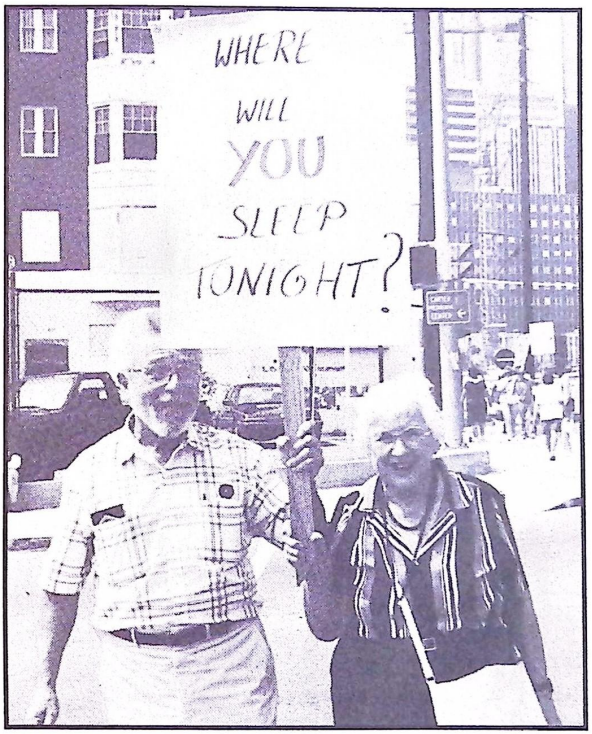
Frances Pauley

Stories of Struggle and Triumph



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Afterword by
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Mary Eastland & Lewis Sinclair
Jim Martin

Frances Pauley
Stories of Struggle and Triumph

Compiled and Edited
with an Introduction by
Murphy Davis

Cover photo by Gladys Rustay:
Lewis Sinclair and Frances Pauley march at the occupation of the Imperial Hotel, June, 1990.

Frances Pauley Stories of Struggle and Triumph

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FOREWORD

It is difficult to write about Frances Pauley—difficult because there's so much to say and small space to say it in, and difficult because words cannot properly convey who she is and what her life has meant to so many who never will know her.

Long before I met her, she was fighting the good fight—steadily, steadfastly, laboring without reward toward the ideal her faith taught her.

Our paths intersected in the early '60's, and she was everywhere there was racial conflict then, but when her name is mentioned today I think of her in one place—the second floor hallways of the Georgia State Capitol, outside one of the legislative chambers, calmly buttonholing legislators one by one, explaining how a proposed amendment to the budget or the budget itself would wreak havoc on Georgia's defenseless poor.

When I arrived there in 1966, she had been haunting those halls for a quarter of a century. Everyone knew Mrs. Pauley.

Sometimes, she won. Sometimes, she convinced a reluctant lawmaker, conditioned by his life's experiences to think poverty was genetic, that the state did bear a responsibility to children and to those who could not care for themselves. She opened eyes and hearts in a place where most were closed to the tragedy of poverty in Georgia.

Frances Pauley has plodded steadily on for most of her 91 years. Working for equality in Georgia in the '40's—even in the '80's—was laborious work. It was great toil; she did real drudgery, work few wanted to do.

The dictionary unattractively says people who "plod" work laboriously; they toil and drudge. Drudgery's definition is wearisome work, but here she defies the dictionary, for if she ever got weary, or disappointed, no one ever knew.

Through it all, she managed to retain a cheerfulness and optimism that must have been her motivation—the sure knowledge that little efforts produce great rewards.

She will indignantly deny it, but she is the best of Southern Ladyhood—that combination of sweetness and steel, magnolias and muscle that melts opposition with a smile and reasoned argument—not a crinnolined Scarlett O'Hara facsimile, but an iron-willed amazon in pants suit and sneakers.

If we'd had more Frances Pauleys, who can dream of where we'd all be now?

Her life stories are an injunction to those who ask, "What can I do?" "How can I possibly change things?"

Frances Pauley asked herself these questions, and provided her own answers. I once said she was "everybody's grandmother and nobody's fool."

As a child, she relates, her favorite song was "Give Your Best to the Master."

She has never stopped giving her best.

Among many books about the Civil Rights Movement, there are two about whites—Outside Agitators and Inside Agitators. The latter makes the point that a small band of committed white Southerners dared to defy convention, and risked life, limb and home to uphold a belief in human decency.

Frances Pauley isn't in that book, but her life is a book waiting to be written. Let this book serve as introduction to a great soul.

—Julian Bond
Washington, DC
August 11, 1996

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Very soon after I met Frances Pauley some twenty years ago I realized that she is a truly gifted storyteller. And out of her own experience, she has an almost endless supply of great stories to tell. Because of my own delight in hearing them, I began to schedule an annual occasion for an evening of storytelling by Frances with the Open Door Community.

The Open Door is a residential Christian community in downtown Atlanta made up of formerly homeless men and women, former prisoners, and families and individuals who are advocates for the homeless and imprisoned. Together we provide meals, shelter, clothing, prison visits, family assistance, and advocacy for the homeless and the imprisoned, especially those sentenced to death in Georgia. And we struggle to build community across the barriers of race, gender, sexual orientation, class, and social experience.

From the beginning of our community life in 1981, Frances has been an encouragement to us, a participant with us, and a teacher and mentor among us. The gift of her stories has always been an important part of the friendship we share. And the stories as rendered here are told in the context of this friendship.

In 1993, concerned to make some of these stories available to a wider audience, I edited a six-part series in the Open Door newspaper, Hospitality. This book is an effort to offer a more complete presentation of the best stories set in a brief account of her life.

In recounting Frances' stories I have taken the editorial liberties of a storyteller. In some cases I have heard Frances tell a story countless times. Some of these accounts are tape recorded and carefully transcribed. Other times I have made hasty notes, recording a particular name or detail, a wording or turn of phrase. In other cases I rely on my own memory. But I have done my best to combine the resources for the best and most detailed version of each story.

Where significant events or time spans are skipped in the collected stories, I make an effort to fill in the narrative. This must be recognized, however, as an effort to preserve the narrative flow and not as any pretense to an exhaustive chronicle.

This is not a scholarly work. There is reason to hope that a scholarly treatment of Frances' life will be available in the coming years. In the meantime, as we prepare to celebrate her ninety-first birthday, may this book serve as a gift of love and celebration of the life of Frances Pauley among us.

* * * *

This book would not have happened without Elizabeth Dede. She has been my sister and colleague since she came to the Open Door Community ten years ago. From the beginning of this project she has spent many hours carefully transcribing the tapes of Frances Pauley's storytelling sessions. And throughout the compilation and editing of this book she has typed and retyped drafts, tracked down facts, offered helpful suggestions, researched details, and laid out the final copy. Elizabeth loves Frances and has shared my passion to make her stories available to a wider circle of readers. I am grateful.

I am also thankful to Julian Bond, Marcia Borowski, Mary Eastland, Lewis Sinclair, Buren Batson, and Jim Martin, who contributed their writing, and to Mary Eastland, Todd Moye (my nephew-historian) and Ed Loring (my beloved husband and partner in life), who encouraged me and carefully read and critiqued the text.

And finally, I thank the members of the Open Door Community—including my daughter Hannah Loring-Davis, who considers herself Frances' grandchild. They provide a wonderful context for hearing and savoring the stories of struggle and triumph.

- Murphy Davis

Rob Nelson, Picture Group

This Newsweek *magazine photograph (7/10/89) shows Frances with members of the Open Door Community, L-R: Hannah Loring-Davis, Harry Beller, Bettina Paul, Ronnie Rude, Peter Stinner, Eulene Kennedy, Frances, Joe Dan Walker, Christina Johnson, and John Howard.*

INTRODUCTION

Frances Freeborn Pauley's life so far has spanned most of the years of the twentieth century. She has been a witness to more social, political and technological change than most of us will ever dream of. She was born only forty-two years after the Emancipation of African slaves in the United States, and she grew up in the Jim Crow South. The term Jim Crow comes from a Black character in a song and came into use in the 1880's to describe the laws, practices and institutions enforcing rigid segregation of Blacks and whites in the South. She learned early on that the Jim Crow system demanded strict loyalty with the force of convention and law. And she learned through painful experience that those who do not cooperate will probably be punished and humiliated and will risk banishment.

But at some point in her early years, Frances Freeborn began to ask questions and cross barriers: the barriers between rich and poor, between Jew and Gentile, between Black and white, and between the roles of women and men.

We need to spend time wondering and thinking about what motivated her to ask questions and venture out and finally to act with such boldness. That analysis is beyond the scope of this work, but it is an important set of questions and issues for those who care about building a just world. And there is plenty of material in these stories for the query.

Sharing the stories of Frances Pauley is important to me because I want with all my heart to find ways to help keep hope alive in these days of cynicism and despair. It is too easy in this latter part of the twentieth century to believe that our problems are so overwhelming and intransigent that it is of no use to be about the work of trying to change anything. Frances' stories help us to believe otherwise.

Frances Pauley has worked over the years to keep hope and human dignity alive. She has believed in people that no one else wanted to believe in. She has believed even in the most difficult circumstances, that people working together with a shared vision could bring about change, and even at points, justice. She has believed always, always, always in the value of collaborative thinking and communal efforts. She has not been interested in promoting herself or her own power or interests, but she has never been shy about using whatever power she

could muster (or even coerce with a little arm-twisting here and there) to move toward the goals of racial justice, economic fairness, and compassionate public policy.

There is hope to be received in these pages. There are stories of creativity and dreams, stories of courage and decisive action, stories of bitter tears and belly laughs, stories of struggle and triumph.

Frances Pauley is as wise as a serpent, as gentle as a dove, and when she needs to be, as tough as nails. She has faced down threatening sheriffs, fuming governors, and racist mobs, and stared down the barrel of more than one gun. She is a friend of the poor and oppressed. She has maintained and honed a remarkable capacity to step outside her own life experience and absorb the life experiences of others. She has made the pain of the oppressed her own. In one of his many descriptions of Frances, Julian Bond once called her "a forceful lamb among the obstinate lions."

Gladys Rustay

Frances joins a 1992 demonstration for homeless people in a church parking lot on Ponce de Leon Avenue, L-R: Moriba Karamoko, Ed Weir, volunteer, volunteer, Paul Weissburg, Ronnie Harley, Frances, Lora Shain, Mary Eastland, Lewis Sinclair, Phillip Williams, John Quentin.

By the time the Black-led Civil Rights Movement was emerging in the 1950's, Frances Pauley was ready to take her place in it. She understood that this movement was not ***just*** about gaining certain access and privileges for African American people, as important as that was and continues to be. This was the beginning of a chapter in the long story of pro-democracy struggles in this and many other lands. It was and is about the important questions and issues of how we live together in a way that affords a decent life and basic human dignity for everyone. It was and is about how we can share life as free and compassionate human beings.

That is why through nine decades she has struggled against every barrier that arbitrarily separates people from each other because of race, gender, class, sexual orientation, religious affiliation, or anything else. She began early to describe what she was doing working to serve as a bridge. She was always dreaming and working at how to make a bridge to help us come to know each other and diminish the fear that comes from our ignorance of each others' lives.

Murphy Davis

Frances with Billy Moore and Hannah Loring-Davis approximately one year after Billy was released from death row, July, 1993.

Frances is, by virtue of some mystery planted deep in her soul, offended by the policy or practice of exclusion. She has steadfastly refused to believe arguments of scarcity or inferiority. And she has maintained an amazing capacity to open her life to the lives and experiences of others. She can, at times, make it sound downright simple: "I just think that as the world gets smaller, it behooves us to know each other better." To build human solidarity we must discover our common ground.

There are stories beneath the stories and between the lines of these stories. Frances laughs deeply and authentically as stories of arrests, death threats and dark, lonely, rural Georgia highways roll off her tongue. But of course we know that at the time there was nothing at all funny about these situations. She had to have known deep fear and even stark terror. Her laughter now in the telling is not a sign of neurotic denial but rather a sign of her persistent, decades-long struggle to triumph over her fear; the rock-solid determination to never let fear take center-stage or dominate her life. She learned again and again, and came to understand that fear dissipates only as long as we remember where we're going—keeping our hands on the plow, our eyes on the prize, and our hearts full of love.

And there were enemies. Of couse there were the racists, the pot-bellied caricatured lawmen, the Eugene Talmadges, the snotty white aristocrats. But more painfully, there were the inevitable enmities and discord ***within*** the Movement.

Though we too rarely discuss it and often don't want to admit it, in any movement that is hard and necessary there are disagreements over strategy, style and substance. We who feel passionately for the work invest ourselves (yes, our egos!) in certain ideological positions, or methods, or personal quirks, and this brings us, again and again, into conflict with each other. Again and again we wish it were not so. Again and again we are faced with the difficult tasks of mending, conflict resolution, and reconciliation. Sometimes there simply is not the time or the energy needed for these tasks when the events are pressing and the need urgent.

So yes, Frances Pauley had her enemies. She never claimed or aspired to be a saint and would know well what Dorothy Day (founder of the Catholic Worker Movement) meant when someone called her a saint and she snorted, "I don't want to be so easily dismissed."

Herein is a lesson for movement people: those who want to live a life free of conflict and enmity will do best to stay home and read a romance novel. Don't ever ***do*** anything and, most especially, don't side with the poor. The minute you ***act*** for justice you will be in conflict. The minute you stand up for justice you will find yourself standing on somebody else's toes. At any particular moment in history the investments in the structures of oppression are deep and personal, as well as politically complex.

The stories of Frances Pauley remind us: Justice is never forged by people who sit and quietly enjoy dreams of peace and harmony. Justice is forged when people join hands to work together with love in their hearts and fire in their bones. It is forged when people respond to particular concrete expressions of oppression and say, "No. No more."

The gains of the Civil Rights era of the 1950's and '60's were accomplished by women, men, and children who stood up against systems, institutions, and people who defended and perpetuated segregation. It was always dangerous work, and it was often violent. Most of this work was done by people in their own communities standing toe to toe with people they knew well. It was a political movement that was ***very*** personal. What we seldom acknowledge is that political change usually ***is*** personal because it is about people and their systems.

When the marchers of the Albany, Georgia, campaign sang the freedom song, "Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me 'Round" ("Gonna keep on walkin', keep on talkin', marchin' to the Freedom Land."), they not only sang, "Ain't gonna let ***segregation*** turn me 'round," but they also sang, "Ain't gonna let ***Chief Pritchett*** turn me 'round." This was, at the time, very bad manners. But in Albany, Police Chief Laurie Pritchett was the ***face*** of segregation, and his was the gun that enforced it. We must account for the fact that for the people of Albany to stand in the churches and the streets of their town and sing this defiant song was to risk the near-certainty of paying a terrible price. Most of these people were poor to begin with, and then many of them lost their jobs. People were beaten and imprisoned in huge numbers. There were bombs and fires, guns and dogs, threats and terror in the night. And so it was in every town and city. Frances shared in paying the price.

It was true in the 1960's, and it is true in the 1990's: Evil is expressed in particular and concrete situations and

personalities. To stand up against it is not easy; nor will the stand go unpunished. There is in any system of oppression a code of manners that demands silence on certain subjects. And nowhere has that been more rigidly enforced than in the Southern United States around the subject of race. If we wait for the occasion to stand up against evil while we maintain decorum, all good manners, and a guarantee not to hurt anybody's feelings, we will never take a stand.

This is to say that one of the things Frances did to stay in the Movement for more than sixty years (so far) was to learn to take the heat.

She, on countless occasions, has been called everything but a child of God. She has been slammed with the Ultimate Judgment of Southern Culture as a person of bad manners. It seems odd if you know her because her gracious manner is legendary. But for decades she has dared to offend Polite Society by learning and telling the truth about the way things are and what we need to do to change it.

After Frances endured decades of criticism, recent years have brought a curious turnaround. Once she moved into her 80's and 90's, Frances began to receive countless awards and endless recognition. Most of the time she laughs about her trunk full of plaques, and she proclaims, "I just don't know how to act now that I've become so damned respectable." But on a few occasions she has said, "I do have to wonder—where ***were*** they through all those hard years?"

And then she recalls her friend Mr. W.W. Law of Savannah who was asked in recent years, "How do you account for the honors and accolades you are receiving these days? Why, only a few years ago lots of people wanted to kill you." "Simple," said Mr. Law, "I've just outlived my enemies."

Implicit in Frances Pauley's life story is her important role as a woman who has been and continues to be a leader and role-model through nine decades. She has managed somehow to be at the same time a woman of her times and a woman far ahead of her times. She maintained a long and happy marriage, a thriving family life that included her husband and daughters, her father and her brother, and many rich and varied friendships.

But again and again in one context after another, she challenged, stretched, and even stepped over the narrowly defined limits of a "woman's place." In another era she would have run for public office and would surely have created another sort

of legend. But given that her time and circumstances did not allow that, she did what she could where she found herself. She did not mope around and use the limitations of her day as an excuse not to do things. She found what she could do and did it wholeheartedly and magnificently. In the process she stretched the limits and thus (very self-consciously) made space for those coming behind her. Her life and teaching remind us: in the movement for a better world there are so many roles and tasks. And everybody can do ***something***.

As Frances Pauley has had to become less mobile and physically active, she continues an important work as storyteller and keeper of the vision for a wide circle of friends, family, students, and researchers. Her stories serve the double purpose of teaching and encouragement. She teaches about the nature of the Movement. The Movement in her stories is not some set of events that "happened" in the 1950's and '60's. The Movement is a way of life: a life of seeking each day to put our lives on the line for truth and justice; a life of trying to drown hate and fear with love; a life of struggle and triumph.

The movement for justice is also a crucible for personal freedom. We learn in these stories of how one woman struggled to become a free human being. She knew that we cannot be who we are to be, or accomplish what we are to accomplish, unless we are free. She learned that the struggle for freedom and justice for every child of God is a rich and fertile context in which to struggle for our personal freedom. In other words, it is from within the Liberation Movement that each of us is best able to begin the vital but difficult task of discovering and nurturing personal liberation.

Frances could have gone through all of these experiences and all of these years as just an individual star and a remarkable person, but she always did her work in a way that brought other people along. She modeled and taught other people how to be their own advocates, in their own communities. She showed them how to be leaders. You can find people all the way across the State of Georgia—elected representatives, town and city councilors, or those who run their own businesses—whose leadership was awakened and nurtured by Frances Pauley. Again and again and again you find poor people who have moved out of ordinary lives and found that they can do something for themselves and for their communities because of what Frances taught them in the Movement.

She has always been able to teach and lead in a way that empowered the leadership capacity of others. We have to believe in each other—in this is healing and empowerment.

Just in the past month a woman called Frances from Philadelphia. "Years ago," she said, "I had a new baby and you helped me get the AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children—welfare) support I needed. I wanted to tell you that tomorrow 'the baby' will graduate from the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. And I wanted to thank you for believing and helping us."

As we hear the stories of Frances Pauley, her courage, laughter, hope, faith, and love ring through the years. May these gifts throw us a life-line if ever we struggle with the possibility of losing heart or losing hope. This is a sister who has lived through difficult days, and she has done it with grace and courage. She reminds us that we can do it too. As we take her hand and enjoy her companionship we bind ourselves to the ongoing Movement for justice and liberation that will some day prevail.

—Murphy Davis
The Open Door Community
Atlanta, Georgia
September 5, 1996

I. IF ANYBODY ASKS YOU WHO I AM JUST TELL 'EM I'M A CHILD OF GOD

In the New Testament First John says, "Let's put love into action and make it real" (Cotton Patch Version).

When I was a little girl I used to love fairy stories. But when I'd heard a few I would turn to my mother and say, "I want a really truly story now." I used to like the "really truly stories" best. And I guess I still like the real things best, the true things, the things we know are happening. With whatever love we have we can see the real things—the hard and painful and bad things—and make them a little bit better.

I've always had a simple faith. I went to Sunday School as a child and wanted to be like Jesus. I liked the song, "Give of Your Best to the Master," which meant to me: don't give your old rags to poor people. Give your best dress—the one you love. I've always been grateful for those things that I learned.

I was born in 1905, in the little town of Wadsworth, Ohio, south of Cleveland, where both my mother's and father's families had been early settlers. In fact, I have a letter that one cousin wrote describing the walk from Connecticut to Ohio. They had two covered wagons, and they tied the cow behind the wagons. This cousin was 14 years old at the time, and it was his job to walk behind the wagons with the cows to keep them happy all the way from Connecticut to Ohio. That was the beginning of my family's time in Ohio.

Frances Freeborn at about the time her family moved to Georgia.

When my father married Mama, he built a house back of the cow pasture where my grandfather had given him a little parcel. I was the second baby, and I was greatly cherished because there were lots and lots of boys in my family, but I was the first girl in a long, long time. So I know I had more hair ribbons, and cared for them the least, of any little girl that ever was born.

My father had a clothing store in this little town, and one Saturday night when I was about two and a half, it burned down. About that same time my uncle was starting a business, the H.G. Hastings Seed Company, here in Atlanta, so he persuaded my father to come to Georgia to help. (Uncle Harry was a Southern Ruralist. He believed that the key to improving agriculture in Georgia and for relieving poverty was in getting better seed to the farmers.) So down we came. My mother was quite, quite homesick. This was only about forty years after the end of the Civil War, and as you might imagine, there was quite a bit of feeling about these Yankees moving into Decatur.

One of my earliest remembrances, and I treasure this, came from my mother. I talked a lot then just like I do now, and she said, "Now, when they call you a damn Yankee, you're to smile and do not answer them back." I think that was good, because early on I had to learn at least that little bit about discrimination. One set of neighbors was so upset to have Yankees move into the neighborhood that they actually moved their house so that the back of their house was closest to us instead of side-by-side. Can you believe it? But you know, that family became good friends. That's just the kind of person my mother was.

She was unusually sweet, kind, and caring. She loved the church, and she and Papa both sang in the choir. She was president of the Women's Missionary Society and was the first woman to be appointed to the Board of Stewards in the Decatur Methodist Church.

When there was first talk of unifying the Northern and Southern branches of the Methodist Church, our pastor and Bishop Candler fought it tooth and toenail. Mama was in favor of uniting the church, but she kept quiet about it.

But then one Sunday the pastor announced in church that certain people had not been supportive of the church, and he publicly removed my mother from the Board of Stewards.

We couldn't believe it. He never even discussed it with her ahead of time, but then publicly humiliated her like that. My brother never went back to church. I kept going 'til Mama died in 1928; but I kept my membership until 1954.

For all of my growing up—and until 1954—we lived at 418 Clairmont Road. When Bill and I got married he just moved in there with us. Mama had died by then. In 1954 the Baptist Church wanted to expand its parking lot. They bought the two houses on either side of us, so we had to move.

My grandfather came to visit with us every winter, and it was his habit to go to church early every Sunday morning. He would meet old Mr. Hammond under the tree in the front of the churchyard before Sunday School. Both of them had fought in the Civil War, Grandpa for the Union and Mr. Hammond for the Confederacy; so they would sit out there and fight the battles all over again under that tree. Then when it was time, they would go arm-in-arm up the steps into the church for Sunday School. They were fast friends. That taught me a lot.

Decatur was from its beginnings a ***very*** Presbyterian town. When the covered wagons came through, seeking higher land, and particularly to get away from malaria in Savannah, some stopped in Decatur. They said, "Are you a Presbyterian?" If the answer was yes, they'd say, "Light." If the answer was no, they'd say, "Go on." I'll have you to know that's why Atlanta grew up without any Presbyterians. But that was the beginning of Atlanta: with people who were rejected!

We had no public schools, and we had two private schools: they were both Presbyterian. One was Donald Frasier, the male boarding school; Agnes Scott was also a boarding school for women, starting with kindergarten. Later Donald Frasier moved to Gainesville, and Agnes Scott became a college. I went to the second grade at Donald Frasier, but the next year they started the public schools.

When the school year started, they had school on Saturday and not on Monday. This was because it was such a staunch Presbyterian town that they kept the sabbath. They ***really*** kept the sabbath! I remember distinctly my neighbors not cooking on the sabbath. They did not want the children to study on Sunday, so they had school on Saturday and a holiday on Monday.

My family thought this was sort of dumb of them because in Atlanta the children's matinee and any other events for

children were always on Saturday. But we couldn't go because we had to go to school. So Mama and Papa worked real hard to try to get the school schedule changed. The schools were so much better in Ohio, and they knew things could be improved in Decatur. Education was so important to them. My Aunt Dell was the first woman principal in Cleveland, Ohio. She was a tiny little woman. She also coached the football team!

The other reason they had school on Saturday was to keep the Jews out. I'm sure that must be true. I don't remember any conversation about it when I was a child. But I've heard that people have been doing some research on it, and keeping the Jews out of Decatur was one of the reasons for school on Saturday. We were friends with one Jewish family, and one of the family members came back years later and said we were the only family to ever invite them over.

Scott Candler ran everything in Decatur, and he was determined that we'd keep school on Saturday. And I went to school all my life on Saturday. But when my children came along, it had changed.

We had a one-commissioner form of government, and Scott Candler was the one commissioner. He didn't have to have any meetings. He didn't have to tell anybody about what he was going to do. He just did it.

I remember one time he and a school superintendent decided that they'd make a little money. By that time DeKalb County began to grow a little. They bought a hunk of land out in DeKalb County where there was nothing but cow pasture, and bought it for little or nothing. Scott Candler, being the commissioner, paved the roads into it and through it, and made a subdivision out of it. And Mr. Cherry, being superintendent of schools, built a school in it.

When I was in grade school at the Glenwood School, they let classes out one day so we could go out in the yard and watch a plane take off to carry the mail ***all the way to Washington***! And Gene Brown was flying the plane and ***we*** knew who Gene Brown was. It was very exciting.

When I was about eight or nine, the church was doing some of its good deeds by going to help with the kindergarten at the Fulton Bag and Cotton Mill. Mama decided it would be a good idea to take me along so I could play with the little children. As you might well know, the conditions in the mills in those years were really awful, and it made a real impression on

Frances Freeborn
High School graduation
1923

me. The children were so dirty, and there were flies everywhere: I remember how the room smelled, how it felt, how it looked, just as if I'd been there yesterday. I didn't know there was such a thing as dirty, hungry babies and children. I came home and was sick all night. You know poverty and its degradation are something you have to see and touch and smell. Even if you're a thoughtful and kind person, you just don't get it from reading. It was overwhelming to me, but it was good that my mother took me, because it began to make me know a little bit that everybody didn't live the way we did.

Later on I would sometimes go with some of the other young people from the church out to the DeKalb County poor farm. They had simple little houses and a dining room with pretty adequate food. But what was important to me was getting to know the people who lived there. I remember liking them and thinking one old lady was so attractive and so funny. When I was writing a play when I was at Agnes Scott, I wrote about her: she stole away from the poor farm and went to the fair and won a duck. I remember that part because she came on the stage carrying a duck. That was another time in my life that I was able to learn more about people whose lives were different from mine.

When Frances was in high school she was the first girl to bob her hair. It caused something of a stir. She stayed in Decatur and went on to Agnes Scott College. Frances graduated from Agnes Scott in 1927 with a degree in math. When she was a junior, her family bought a Model T Ford, their first car. Her brother Elbridge, she remembers with only a slight hint of envy, "got to take the car out at ***night.*** *" While in college she studied drama and began to write and direct plays. For several years after graduation she taught drama in the DeKalb County schools. While directing a play at St. Philips Episcopal Church she met William Crooks Pauley. "You won't like him," advised a friend. "He's not dependable." Frances always adds: "Bill and I were married 54 years. I guess that's dependable enough, huh?"*

Young Playwright To Direct Own Play at Agnes Scott

Miss Frances Freeborn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Freeborn, and niece of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hastings, of Decatur, is one of the most versatile and gifted members of Miss Nan Stephens' playwrighting class at Agnes Scott college. When the first play bill of the season 1926-27 is presented at the college Saturday evening, Miss Freeborn will have the unusual distinction of appearing in three major roles: That of playwright, actor, and director. Her play, "Trumpets," won second place in the decision of the judges who selected the four best plays from among 19 submitted by members of the playwriting class. She will direct the production of her play and will thus be responsible for the entire performance. A double debut of real significance, since Miss Freeborn intends to continue her studies in the theater, and those who know her work predict a professional success for her. In addition to this Miss Freeborn will appear Saturday night as actress in "Black Mountain," a one-act play by Miss Lillian LeConte, of Atlanta. Those who remember the Playbill of last season will recall the excellent performance by Miss Freeborn as the young mountain boy in "The Darned Dress," a play by Miss Margaret Bland, who is now continuing her work in playwriting while taking her M.A. degree at the University of North Carolina.

Miss Freeborn is a senior at Agnes Scott college, and is president of Blackfriars, the dramatic club of the college, the organization which is presenting the Playbill. Two weeks ago she appeared before the Drama league, of Atlanta, reading Barrie's play "Mary Rose."

The other plays appearing on Saturday's Playbill are "Bishop Whipple's Memorial" by Miss Roberta Powers Winter, of Leland, Miss., who won the first award of the judges; "Black Mountain," by Miss Lillian LeConte, of Atlanta, and "Tinkerers," by Miss Helen Lewis, of West Virginia, who won honorable mention, her play replacing "Candles," by Miss Susan Clayton, of Atlanta, because of the elaborate scenic requirements of Miss Clayton's play. The production of these three plays will be under the direction of Miss Gooch, of the department of spoken English at Agnes Scott.

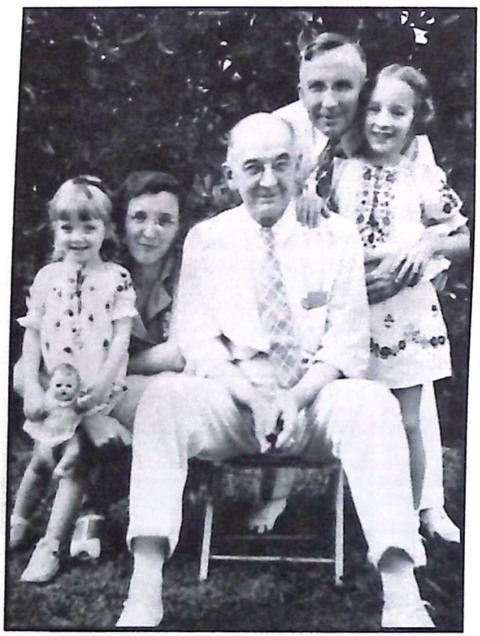
MISS FRANCES FREEBORN.

Gifted young playwright, who will direct her own play, "Trumpets," at Agnes Scott college Saturday, February 26.

An Atlanta newspaper, February, 1927.

II. WE'RE GONNA SIT AT THE WELCOME TABLE

Like a crazy person, I got married in 1930! Seems like anybody who could read the paper would have enough sense not to do that. In 1928, maybe, but by 1930, somebody should have understood what was going to happen. The stock market crashed in 1929 and the Great Depression was well underway. But I must say that the '30's were probably the happiest years of my life. My daughter Joan was born in 1931 and Marylin in 1935. We were never really hungry, but we did worry about work. My husband was a landscape architect, and you can imagine how much work there was for him. When the WPA (Works Progress Administration) and the PWA (Public Works Administration) came along, Bill Pauley was able to have a hand in the formation of that, which was exciting. But then he was able to start getting jobs, and that was really exciting because we were able to buy food. For instance, Hurt Park, downtown near Georgia State University, was designed by Bill and built with PWA money (except the fountain, which was paid for by a foundation).



Frances and Family, L-R: Marylin, Frances, Papa Bill Freeborn, Bill Pauley, and Joan.

In all that government-funded work, Bill was never paid what he would have been in private business. As designer and supervisor of the project, he got the same scale of wages as everybody else. That was great—so different from how things are today. We have so much unemployment today, but the rich are still getting richer. In the '30's the rich were jumping out the windows. Nobody had any money, so there was a different feeling about poverty. It wasn't a disgrace to be out of work and not to have any money, and you weren't looked down on, because we were all in it together. Everybody talked together about how to get the cheapest things and feed your baby the best and how are we going to see that everybody had something to eat. There really was a different attitude that helped us think more about each other.

Another lucky thing for me was that my husband was an only child and his mother didn't like to cook or clean house. So he loved living with Papa and my brother and the girls and me all together. And he thought the way I cooked and kept house (which was not much!) was just ***fine***. He was also a good deal more conservative than I am, but he thought whatever I wanted to do was great, even if he didn't really agree.

One of the things we did in the early 1930's was to establish a clinic in Decatur. At that time there was no way for poor people to get any kind of medical assistance unless they could find a doctor who would let them come in the back door. If they were shabbily dressed they usually couldn't sit in the waiting room because that might scare off the paying patients.

So we established a clinic. We weren't afraid; we just decided to do it. We began to get a little money here and there and somebody gave us an old place; we got doctors to volunteer their time, and we started the clinic.

This was another of the early times that I really got to know and love poor people as individuals: as people. It meant everything to me because all of a sudden my life was just really opened up and I could see what love meant. It mattered to me that I had a great love for these beautiful people.

I learned a lot about race in that clinic. I learned a lot that upset the myths I had known. For instance, on well baby day we always had more Blacks come, bringing their babies. They wanted to keep their babies well, the people who came on well baby day. Often it would be a great big man who would come, bringing a little baby or a little child to be checked

because maybe the mother was off in Miss Ann's kitchen somewhere, and she couldn't get away to bring the child. And I would do things like weighing and measuring, and taking down the data. So I got a chance to really know these people. And I all of a sudden thought, "My goodness, but these people know how to feed these children. They're feeding these children so well. That's why they're here on the well baby day." But they were feeding them well because they worked hard to do that. It wasn't because they had the money to go out and buy some fancy things. They were giving those babies things like pot liquor and all kinds of good nutritious food that they were raising at their own tiny dooryard.

On the sick baby day, there were many more whites than there were Blacks. The most whites with the worst nutrition and the poorest and sickest were the mill people. The mill owners wouldn't hire Blacks, except as janitors; they would only hire white people. But if ever a group of people were in slavery, that group of white people that lived in those mill villages, and worked in those unhealthy mills, were slaves. And came into our clinic. So I thought, "You see, all these things about who's intelligent and who isn't, and who does things right and who does things wrong—this is not any matter of race." And that was good for me to learn a lesson in race.

We did not have a segregated clinic until the grand jury came down and told us we had to, because we were breaking the law. We managed that pretty well. We put an arch without a doorway in the middle of the hallway, but never put up any signs. When the grand jury came we said, "See, this is the dividing line." The grand jury went away happy, and we asked them to tell the commissioner to give us more money, which they did, and we got it. That kept us in business.

In the '30's we also started the free lunch program in the DeKalb schools. It upset me terribly how many of the children didn't have enough to eat. But I heard through Mrs. Hamilton, the principal of the Black school, that she was going to have a Federal lunch program. The Federal government wanted to start a hot school lunch program. The schools had to have a stove and some dishes, but the government would pay all the help and buy all the food. I said, "That's great! Why don't we do it in all the schools?" Mrs. Hamilton said, "I'll help you if you want to." And I said, "Well sure. I think we can do this

together." I didn't bother to ask the superintendent (I didn't know it then, but I've learned it since: one of my nun friends taught me that it's easier to ask forgiveness than to ask permission.).

So I just called up all the principals and asked them if they wouldn't come to a meeting at the library and learn how to have a hot lunch program. Mrs. Hamilton, the Black principal, came in and told them about how to get the school lunch program. They were all sitting on the edge of their chairs, seeing this as a real possibility. A member of the board of the clinic, who worked for Coca-Cola and was also at this meeting, rose and said, "Go right ahead and go down to Beck and Gregg Hardware (which was the biggest hardware store in Atlanta), and charge the things you need; charge them to the clinic, and we'll see that they're paid for." In six weeks, every school in DeKalb County had a hot lunch program. I'd say that was a triumph!

The struggle came later. Enrollment and attendance just boomed. Children swamped into school for a free meal. We were so happy. Then the bills came into the clinic, and I the most unhealthy people were people from Scottdale Mill that handled the books, and so I went to the board member and said, "Look, here are these bills, I'll give 'em to you. I guess the Coca-Cola Company's going to pick 'em up." "Oh no," he said, "God just told me to say that." Well, that took me back quite a bit because I didn't want to see the clinic go down the drain because we had been keeping pretty much in the black; but we owed Beck and Gregg $25,000. Now that was a lot of money back then, but it had bought an awful lot of stuff. We did, though, have a lot of children eating. So I set up a card table in a vacant room down on the Decatur square and got some index cards and said, "This will be easy. We will just get 5,000 people to give $5. And as hard up as they are, I believe in this whole county we can get 5,000 people." Let me tell you, don't ***ever*** try to get 5,000 anybodies to give $5! Go out and try to find ***one*** somebody!

We thought we could get the churches to help us feed the hungry, but that was one of the heartaches along the way. We couldn't get any of the preachers to help us. When we tried to raise money for the school lunch program, we couldn't get ***one*** who would say the blessing at a fundraising dinner. We asked every preacher in DeKalb County to help us. They

said that we would make these people dependent and people should send their children to school with their own little lunches. They said we were ruining their churches, taking all their best workers for the clinic. They were just angry with us, so we got no help from the churches. They had various excuses—their churches were having hard times, and they had to save their church. And I wondered, save their churches for ***what***? But that was one of the huge disappointments.

We struggled and struggled, and finally we raised about half of the $25,000. In the meantime, the hot lunches were being served because the schools already had their equipment. Surplus commodities gave them the food, and the Federal program gave them a little bit of money. Every single school in the county had hot lunches. School attendance soared, and children came to school because they were hungry, and that measly little lunch that we served was sometimes all that those children had that day.

Then that superintendent decided it surely was a good thing. They got paid from the state on attendance rates: so much money for each child who attended school. It meant their money from the state was picking up. The superintendent called me in, thanked me for what we had done, and said that he would take over the rest of the indebtedness of the lunch program, for which I was very thankful. Then he offered me a job. I looked at him like he was crazy. By that time I had two children, two cats, three dogs, my father, my brother, and my husband. I thought I had enough jobs. It took me quite a while to get all the housework done, so it never dawned on me that I could take a ***paying*** job! The lesson we can learn from it is: If something needs to be done, just go ahead and do it.

When I think about belief and what I believe I realize that most everybody believes in some kind of a god, some superpower that has made some order out of this universe. But then to believe in Jesus, that brings on another story because Jesus gave us some pretty concrete ways of acting and thinking and believing if we really wanted to follow him. He says, "Believe in me. Love me. Love thy neighbor as thyself." Doesn't that also mean that we have to believe in our neighbor? It's been interesting to me in my life to find out what believing in people can mean.

One time in World War II, I was a gray lady at the Army hospital. There was a guy in the hospital that everybody called

Frenchie, a Cajun from South Louisiana, who had always made his living hunting and fishing. Now in the war he had lost both legs. What a terrible thing, especially for a young man who spent all his time out in the woods. So I spent as much time as I could with Frenchie. One day he said, "I want to learn to read English." And I said, "Sure, sure, I can teach you to read." So I went down to the Red Cross and got some simple reading books.

When I went back to the ward, I had to wonder how I was going to do this since I was only there one day a week. There were a couple of old sergeants who were as grumpy as any storybook sergeant, and I went to them and said, "We've got to teach Frenchie to read." And they said, "Yeah, yeah, Frenchie can learn to read!" So every week, I'd make the assignments and the sergeants would make sure Frenchie did his homework. Well, you just can't imagine what it did for the ward. Everybody got interested in helping Frenchie learn to read, and of course Frenchie did learn to read. And Frenchie learned to write, too.

Well, everything was going along just fine until one day I went to the hospital and somebody said, "The Colonel wants to see you." Now I had left home that morning in a real hurry and my uniform had a hole under the arm. I didn't have time to fix it, and there I was. So all I could think about was, "Will he notice this hole in my uniform under my arm?" So I thought to myself, "Keep your arm down, keep your arm down, and try to behave like a lady."

So I went in and he said that everybody knew about Frenchie learning to read, and he wanted to know what method I had used to teach him to read. Well, I didn't know there ***were*** methods for teaching, and I had no idea what to say to him. I don't know how I got out of that meeting, but as far as I know, he never did find out that I had a hole in my uniform.

But I think the reason that Frenchie learned to read was because we all believed that he could read. If we hadn't, I wouldn't have bothered to find the books and persuade the sergeants to help. Frenchie really didn't seem all that bright and he could hardly speak English. But because we believed, he learned and he learned fast. And he taught many of us a whole lot.

III. WON'T YOU SIT DOWN SISTER LORD, I CAN'T SIT DOWN

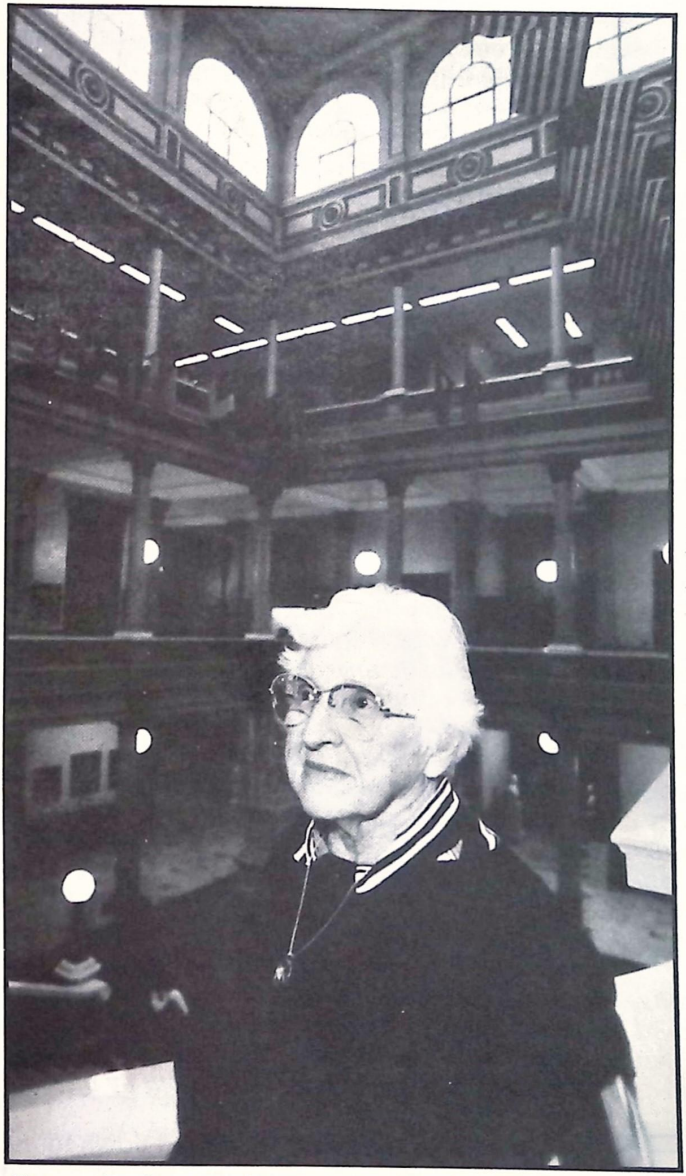
In 1945, I helped to organize the DeKalb County League of Women Voters, and then I was elected president. Some of us around the state got to be good friends and learned to work together. We decided that if we could get twenty women to run for seats in the state legislature maybe ten could win. And ten would be enough to have our own smoke-filled room at the Capitol! Well, we never got that one done—at least not in the '40's.

Johnnie Hilbun was one of my friends. She sold insurance in Augusta, and we decided to run her for state president. When she agreed, Louisa Gosnell and I worked like crazy to get her elected and the two of us ran for the two vice-presidents. We were all elected and Johnnie called us her "two vices."

Then in 1951 I was elected state president of the League. That's when we got rid of the "whites only" clause in the membership. Well, I have to admit I was a little bit underhanded on that one. I sent out a new set of by-laws that I proposed (you had to send out proposed changes ahead of time). So I sent out the new by-laws, and said: "Please compare these to the old by-laws (where I just struck out the "whites only" clause); I'm ***sure*** you have a copy" (knowing damn well most of them didn't, I wasn't ***about*** to send them copies of the old ones!). So we voted and that opened up the membership to Black women.

Well, guess where we had the trouble after that vote—Atlanta! In the smaller towns like Moultrie and Augusta, we didn't lose one member. Well, we might have lost a few, but our chapters just grew by leaps and bounds. But the Atlanta chapter was controlled by a few old elitists (there were no Black women and no white women without plenty of money in that League). So they pulled out and formed their own organization, the Fulton Voters League. But then a wonderful group of Black women joined, and Myrtle Davis became the first Black president of the Atlanta League. I'll always love her for that *[Myrtle Davis went on to become a long-time member of the Atlanta City Council and was a 1993 candidate for mayor].*

After I was state president every League in the state nominated me for the National Board of the League. But one of those old Atlanta elitists vetoed me.



Johnny Crawford, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, 1/13/89. Used with permission.

Frances Pauley at work in the halls of the Georgia State Capitol almost 50 years after she first started to lobby there.

I was angry and disappointed at the time. But you know what? I wouldn't take anything for it. See, if I had gone on the National Board, I probably would have sat around with a ***hat*** on my head—or wearing stockings, or something godawful like that.

So that was when I went on to civil rights work. I had learned so much in the League. I stayed with the League until 1991 when Marcia Borowski and I publicly resigned from the DeKalb League because they would not support the suit Marcia was pressing to fully desegregate the DeKalb Schools. It was particularly important because the DeKalb League had been one of the early ones to work for education. I've kept paying my dues to the state League, but I separated from the DeKalb League.

One of the crucial battles while Pauley was President of the Georgia League (1951-55) was the effort of Governor Eugene Talmadge to put the county unit system into the state constitution. The county unit system was a method under Georgia law of disproportionate representation that insured the continued rule of rural white conservatives in the legislature. Gene Talmadge proposed a constitutional amendment so that the system would be less vulnerable to legal challenge. The League opposed the county unit system, and Frances helped to organize the Citizens Against the County Unit Amendment, a diverse coalition that included labor, the Atlanta Urban League, Jewish organizations, and Church Women United. They organized across the state on a shoestring budget and won. It was at that point that Frances received what she considers one of the greatest compliments of her life when Gene Talmadge fumed: "I coulda won it if it hadn't been for that ***damned*** *Frances Pauley."*

In 1953-54, Frances led the state League in another battle against the Georgia Private School Amendment which would have allowed the state to provide financial support to private segregationist academies. She lost that fight and the amendment passed; but it was later thrown out by the courts.

I'll tell you about the time I was called down to the Capitol on the Private School Amendment. We got a number of organizations together—the Church Women United, the League, and all the other groups. So our statement was read,

and then the presidents of all the statewide groups were present so we could take any questions.

Talmadge was there with his lawyers and a lot of state officials—I can't remember who all. It was a very hot day, before the days of air conditioning, and I had dressed very carefully in my navy dress and my white cotton gloves (and of course I didn't take off my white gloves!).

Anyway, I was the last to be called up for questioning. I stood there taking their questions for the longest time, and I could feel the perspiration trickling down all over. I wanted to look down—I was just sure I was standing in a puddle!

Talmadge's lawyer, a man named Murphy, questioned me forever. And then Talmadge himself. He already hated me, and they asked awful ugly questions just trying to break me down. Some of the others had broken under the strain, but I was determined not to let them do that to me. They used the word n-gg-r over and over.

Well they finally finished. And one of the proudest moments of my life was when I stood there, drenched, just absolutely fatigued. I could hardly draw a breath. But they finished, and I folded my gloved hands in front of me and said: "Now, gentlemen, are there any other questions?"

* * * *

There was another vote when Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes were admitted as students at the University of Georgia--the first two Black students at the university. The choice that was thrown to the Georgia Legislature was whether or not to close the university to keep from having to integrate it. If it had been a local public school it would have been an easy vote, but this was the UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA. There was great resistance to closing the university. It came to a vote and Ernest Vandiver, who was the governor then said, "No, no! Never will there be African Americans (that was not his term) in our beloved University of Georgia." He lost the vote, and the legislature voted grudgingly to keep the university open. That meant that Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes were students legitimately at the University of Georgia.

One of the women in the League said, "Frances, what we have to do is write a letter to Governor Vandiver, thanking him for this vote." And Frances said, "No, no! Never!" But she realized it was a politically astute thing to do. She says that it's one of the hardest things she ever had to do in her life. But she wrote to Governor Vandiver on the vote he never wanted to take. And she says, "If you have to eat crow, at least have it with molasses."

IV. OVER MY HEAD I SEE FREEDOM IN THE AIR: THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT

In 1954 two important things happened in my life. The Brown vs. Board of Education decision came down, and Grace Hamilton invited me to be on the Board of the Atlanta Urban League. I decided I was going to make a change in the way I operated. ***I wasn't going to belong to anything that wasn't interracial.*** That was sort of hard. By that time we lived real close to the Druid Hills Club, and whenever we had company I'd take 'em over there, so I wouldn't have to cook. But it wasn't integrated, so either we had to stop having company, or I had to cook for 'em. My cooking didn't improve too much either, I'm afraid. So I resigned from the two all-white organizations I was part of: the Druid Hills Club and the Methodist Church.

Then I really got into working with various racial issues. It was the first time in my life that I ever really realized what hate was. I never knew what it felt like to have a whole group of people just literally loathe you and be willing to tear you to pieces. In my very sheltered life, I simply had never had that experience or felt that. I tried to see how I could combat it, not just be overcome with lack of courage and be so afraid.

1954 was a big turning point, and I began to need to learn more and meet new friends. I began to watch the paper, and when something would be going on at Spelman or Morehouse, or any of the schools of the Atlanta University Center *[a group of historically Black colleges in Atlanta's West End]*, I'd go. Well, naturally, I did stand out because at that time very few white people were over there except some of the faculty. People were quick to speak to me, and it didn't take me long to make friends. I joined the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, a wonderful organization. And Mrs. Sadie Mays (married to Dr. Benjamin Mays) taught me more than any one person. If I said something that was out of line, I want you to know she told me about it—not in a mean way. It was very caring, but it wasn't overly kind and soft.

One time I went over there and they were having commencement at one of the colleges at Atlanta University. My husband Bill was parking the car, and I had gone up and was

waiting for him to come. I was standing behind all the chairs and it was outdoors. Well, before Bill came, here came the procession. When they got to me, the president was leading the line, and he recognized me, so he bowed. I bowed back. The man behind him thought I was bowing to him, so he bowed, and I bowed. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was the speaker that day, so she's coming along third in the line, and she thinks I'm bowing to her, so she bowed. I felt like two cents, bowing with everybody, but there never was a time I could stop.

I want to tell you about Mrs. Roosevelt. So many pictures of her make her look ugly, but I want to tell you what—when she smiled she had almost the most beautiful face I ever saw. And I wouldn't take anything for having seen her that far away, bowing. It's a wonderful remembrance to have.

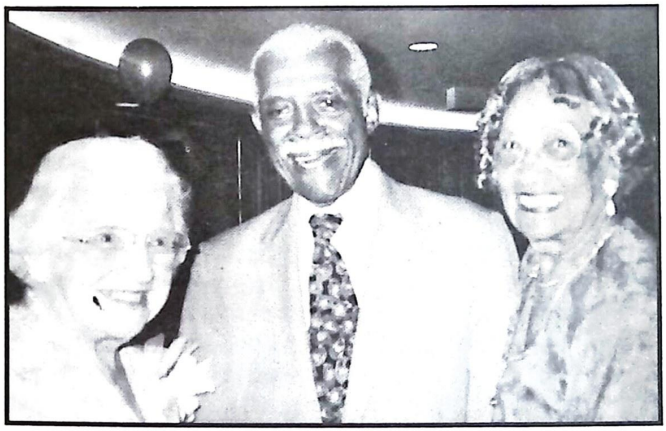
It was wonderful to have my family support. I could never have done civil rights work without them. I must say there were a lot of things that I didn't always tell Papa and my husband because I knew it would worry them. But they did know, and they were in accord with what I was doing. If they had been antagonistic I wouldn't have been able to do it. My brother wasn't quite so charitable. I remember him calling my children once, saying, "Can't you do anything with your mother?"

* * * *

About that time [1960] they asked me if I would be the director of the Georgia Council on Human Relations, and I said, "I don't know enough. I've worked with the League of Women Voters, and I've worked with a few interracial things around the state, but I just don't know enough." By that time Dr. Martin Luther King had moved back to Atlanta, and I had gotten to know him and Mrs. King, so I went to see him. I said, "What do you think about this? They've asked me, but I don't have any experience or any training—I just don't think I can do it." He said, "Yes, you can," and he encouraged me. So I said I would. He said, "You'll have problems raising money, but I'll help you." And sure enough, he did. He said, "Let's have a big dinner." I said, "Great, but let's don't have it in a church basement. Let's have it out in the open and advertise." And we did. It was just tremendous, a great success! We had it at the Jewish Progressive Club. (That served other purposes too. You see, Mrs. Tilley formed the Council, and she was a Meth-

odist. So most of the members, including a lot of preachers, were Methodists. That was fine, but this was a way to branch out and extend the membership and make it a real Council.) We had all the threats of a bombing, but nobody bombed us. It really was beautiful. Dr. King asked Carl Rowan to speak and he introduced Rowan (which shows you it was early in King's career). At that time very few of us had heard or knew "We Shall Overcome," so we had a group of students from over at Atlanta University come and teach us. And as that whole big crowd learned to sing "We Shall Overcome" I looked at Carl Rowan sitting at the head table with tears streaming down his face. It was a wonderful occasion.

So as I began the work with the Council we would go into towns around the state and organize interracial meetings. You have to remember that it was illegal to have these meetings in restaurants or hotels, so we had to go to the churches. (Once in the early '60's I was eating lunch at Paschal's, an important



Murphy Davis

Frances celebrates her 90th birthday with long-time friends Attorney Donald Hollowell and Mrs. Louise Hollowell. Frances and many others (including Dr. King) depended upon the advice and representation of Attorney Hollowell during the major events of the Civil Rights era.

Black-owned restaurant and motel on Hunter Street [now Martin Luther King, Jr. Drive]. I was eating with my friend Attorney Donald Hollowell who often represented Dr. King and students integrating the schools and the University. We were sitting by the window and Mr. Paschal came and asked us to move to another table away from the window. Because, you see, it was the law. If the police came by and saw us eating together, they had the right to come in and arrest us.) So we had to turn to the churches for our meetings, but I always tried not to go to meet in the basement of the Black churches. I didn't think it was fair to endanger them in their communities that way. We always tried to have Black leadership and white leadership for the group.

We would sit down and say, "What is bothering you the most?" They would find an issue and quietly go about the work of desegregation. It didn't always stay quiet.

In one town when we said, "What is bothering you most?" one of the Black members said, "The segregation at the washateria. You go in and it says, 'Whites Only!'" Another woman in the group said, "Oh, I thought that meant white ***clothes***."

In Rome we decided to desegregate the public library, and we made careful plans. One young Black man said that he would volunteer to go and ask for a book. He was a cook at Shorter College. I went in first and was sitting there reading, so he wouldn't feel lonesome. He came up to the desk and said, "I want a book." They asked, "What ***kind*** of book?" He had forgotten to think this far, so finally he said, "A cookbook!" So they showed him where the cook books were. He got one and left. He was scared to death. And I was scared, too. We were ***all*** scared. But not too long ago that man was elected president of the National Library Association!

These discussion groups would become our local councils. But to be a council the group had to be co-chaired by Black and white leadership. Without that there was no council. So we had about twenty places where we organized a Black welfare rights group because no white leadership came forward. The goal was to be a bridge between Black and white.

Bishop Stewart was the Episcopal Bishop of Savannah, and he was very helpful to me. He offered any and every Episcopal church in that diocese in South Georgia. He would tell me to ask his priests and tell him if any of them wouldn't help. There was a priest in Dawson, Georgia, who tried to help

us but his congregation turned their backs on him (that county was called "Terrible Terrell"). I remember once I went to an Ash Wednesday service there, and his wife and I were the only ones there. But Bishop Stewart wouldn't let the congregation run the priest off. He closed the church instead.

Once we were having a meeting in Rome, Georgia, and the White Citizens Council came to terrorize us. *[The White Citizens Council was a white supremist organization founded in Sunflower County seat, Indianola, Mississippi. Like the Ku Klux Klan, the White Citizens Council had units in many Southern towns and rural areas through the 1960's.]* So I put on my best smile and went outside and said, "Why, won't you come in and join us?" And they ***did!*** They filed in and sat quietly and shame-faced through the rest of the meeting. And they didn't come back to another one.

In 1961 the campaign to desegregate Albany, Georgia, began when students from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) arrived and began to organize with students from Albany State against institutionalized bigotry.

Frances Pauley got involved early by writing a letter to 100 white citizens of Albany urging them to help solve the problems of that troubled and segregated city. She received only hostile and negative responses. One anonymous note came with an Albany postmark:

"We know why God made rats and snakes and lizards. But why God made you we'll never know."

The Albany Campaign turned out to be one of the longest and most difficult and most divisive of all the civil rights struggles. But once again, Frances was there, working tirelessly as a bridge between groups and encouraging the beleaguered leaders and workers. She has often told us that one of the things that helped them get through the difficulties of the campaign was the spirited singing, often led by Albany State College student Bernice Johnson (now Dr. Bernice Johnson Reagon, founding member of the renowned a capella *ensemble, Sweet Honey in the Rock, and musicologist with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington). Frances says that every time we sing "Over My Head I See Freedom in the Air" it reminds her of Albany.*

Police Chief Laurie Pritchett got a lot of press, and some observers thought him brilliant in the way he handled

demonstrators. Pritchett read Dr. King's books and made a real effort to understand what King was saying. He planned for this to serve him well as he tried to anticipate what the demonstrators would do, understand their tactics, and be ready to meet their actions in the way that would bring the least criticism on him.

He would arrest demonstrators by the hundreds. When the city and county jails were filled up, he called up his buddies, the sheriffs in surrounding counties, and asked to use their jails. Then, they kept arresting people and filled every jail in a thirty-mile radius. At the height, 500 people were in jail at once.

In about 1961, I was in Albany, Georgia, and the jails were all full. They were even sending people to the neighboring county jails. This was one of the most chaotic days of my life.

I came out of the Movement Headquarters, which was in the back of Shiloh Church, a little church in the Black section of Albany. A Black woman came out with me and we got into my car together. She was a wonderful woman who taught at Albany State College, but in my senility I've forgotten her name. As we started out I realized that, as usual, I was being followed by the police. So I was extremely careful not to go too fast and to stop at every stop sign. But finally they stopped me anyway. So I turned to my friend and said, "Well, they've stopped me and there's no use in both of us going to jail, so you go on and get out." She did, and the police officer said, "Come on with me," which I did since I couldn't do anything else.

Now I didn't particularly ***like*** to go to jail, and I always tried not to get arrested, and I still don't like it. (Of course for Open Door folks I think it's wonderful, and you all are heroes, but somehow or another it's not very appealing to me!)

Anyway there I was in the jail, and they were over in a corner talking and trying to figure out what to charge me with since I hadn't done anything except go to the mass meeting (I was probably the only white person there; I usually was.) I was very frightened, wondering if anybody would ever find me buried in some filthy jail cell. There were some newspaper reporters there, and I remember saying to Pat Waters *[a reporter with the Atlanta Journal]*, "Please call Atlanta and get me a lawyer as quick as you can. But please do ***not*** call my husband and father."

A messenger came in from Mayor Asa Kelly's office with a note saying to charge me with a traffic violation and let me go. Do you know what had happened? That little woman had gotten out of my car when I got stopped, and even with all the disturbance in that place and the hatred just sticking out all over the place, she had walked into the Mayor's office. She told the Mayor that I had been arrested and that I hadn't done anything and what was he going to do about it?

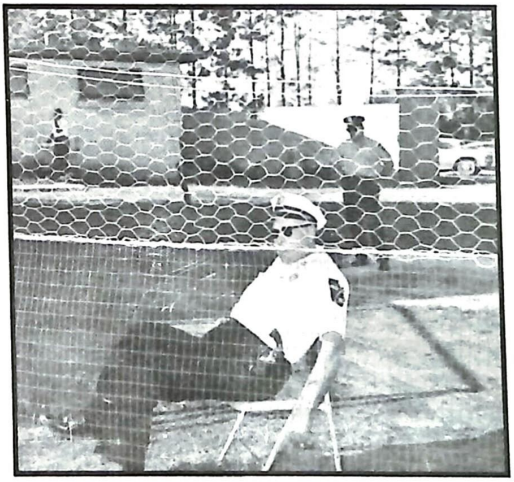
Wasn't that beautiful? With all that chaos, it took more nerve than you can imagine for her to do that; but she did.

So they charged me a fine and let me go

I went back to my motel room. I sat down and I was still frightened. You know you can't be free when you're frightened.

So I sat there and thought: "What am I going to do? They told me to leave. Am I going to leave? If I leave when will I come back? ***Can*** I come back?" Finally I realized I couldn't leave, and I had to get up enough nerve to go see the Chief of Police.

Now this Chief, Laurie Pritchett, has been written up as being a very wonderful Chief of Police. Maybe he was; maybe he didn't kill quite as many people as some of the others. But I never could see why he got so much credit.



"The Law"
Freedom Day
Thomasville, Georgia
May 17, 1966

Frances Pauley

Well, I got to the front steps of the courthouse and there weren't but about six steps up to Mr. Chief's door; but when I looked up it seemed like those steps went up to the top of Stone Mountain. I thought, "Will I ever make it up those steps?" It was raining and cold so I went next door and did some Christmas shopping. I came back and the steps looked even higher. I thought, "Well, I'd better go on before they reach clear to the moon." So I went up to Chief Pritchett's office.

I walked in and I said, "Chief, I'm Frances Pauley. They arrested me for a traffic violation and I paid my fine. They asked me to leave town, but I've got a few things I haven't quite finished yet. So I thought I'd tell you that I'm gonna be here a few more days. If there's anything I can do to help you, please let me know. I'll be leaving when I finish up. Bye." And I turned quickly while his mouth was still hanging open and left.

Well, the Chief didn't know what to think. That wasn't the usual sort of thing that went on so I left while his mouth was still hanging open. They didn't arrest me again.

That really set me free. It wasn't that they ***couldn't*** arrest me again; it was just that I didn't have to ***worry*** about it anymore. Finally I had the freedom to concentrate on getting the most done in that particular situation.

I just wish that woman could know how grateful I am for what she did and what she taught me about courage.

I think we accomplished a lot in Albany. It's true that there were some people who felt that King went in and tried to take over the Albany Movement. That's not true. After so many people were in jail, I was at the meeting when the others said, "What are we going to do?" And they decided to ask King to come. I was there when they phoned him. I know that the Albany Movement invited King. I don't think King was all that thrilled about having to be there, but he did come.

I remember Wyatt T. Walker, who now has a big church in Harlem, was with King. We tried so hard to get people together. We finally got a group of whites and Blacks to sit down together. We were trying to get a statement that Blacks and whites could sign. The Blacks accepted it. We were all at the church, and somebody came in from the meeting with the whites, and they said that they wouldn't accept it. I cried. Wyatt T. Walker stood there, looking at me, and he said, "I never thought a white woman could cry over such as this."

* * * *

One of my first visits as Director of Human Relations Council was to Savannah. I want to tell you about my good friend Mr. W.W. Law who was the leader of the Civil Rights Movement in Savannah in the 1960's. Mr. Law was a mail carrier and the president of the local NAACP. After he began

Frances Pauley

L: Frances Pauley at work in her office at the Georgia Council on Human Relations.

R: The view of Fairlie Street from the Council on Human Relations office window in downtown Atlanta.

to be so active around civil rights he started to have a lot of trouble. Savannah was like so many other places: there were no restrooms scattered around town that were open to Black people. So he would carry the mail all day, and sometimes there would be pressure on the police to try to catch him at something, so they would arrest him for relieving himself outside. They tried just about everything to stop him from his political activities, but he kept right on. Every day, as soon as he finished carrying the mail, he would go straight to his office at the NAACP.

When I'd arrive in town, I would go to his office, and I would say, "All right, Mr. Law, what do you have for me today?" He was extremely efficient, and he would always have a list ready. And he would say, "Here are the things I want you to do: I want you to go to the bus station and buy ten tickets." We were testing the buses, and a Black person couldn't go in and buy tickets. But if you had a ticket, you could get on the bus. So Mr. Law would think of things that a white face could do, and I'd trot my fat legs out and do whatever Mr. Law said needed to be done. All the time he was talking to me, he'd be writing, moving on to the next thing. He never stopped.

He'd say, "We've had such-and-such a crisis, and we're going to have a mass meeting." In Georgia, Savannah was the place where the weekly mass meetings first began. So Mr. Law would be writing out a flier while he was telling me what I needed to be doing about something else. There he would be, already into the afternoon and he'd be working on a flier for a meeting that night at one of the churches at 8 o'clock! I knew very well he wouldn't be able to get a crowd out starting that late. But he would hand it to the woman at the mimeograph machine, who would grind out the copies. The boys were already lined up because they knew what he was going to do. And as fast as the fliers came out of the machine, the boys and young men would take them, jump onto their bicycles and into their automobiles and deliver the fliers.

So that night I would go to the church, knowing there wouldn't be anybody there, and I'd find people practically hanging from the ceilings. Those churches were packed over and over again. And the people came out because they knew Mr. Law would have something to say. They knew he had a well-laid plan and that the Movement was really going to count for something.

Before the 1964 Civil Rights Act was passed, Mr. Law had everybody working to open public accomodations. Everything was legally segregated in the hotels and restaurants and so on. We did have some help from some other groups in Savannah; some of the Jewish agencies were tremendously helpful.

The marches that were being planned were scheduled at midnight. You see, people had to work and go to their jobs during the day, so they would schedule the activities for the night. The march would always end in one of those little parks where there would be a speaker. Well, the marches were getting bigger and bigger. But now, if you don't think it isn't spooky at midnight!

They asked me not to march with them because they wanted me to stay on the sidelines and come back and tell them what the white folks were saying. Let me tell you, that was the scariest thing! I would stand there on the street and hear the terrible things that people would say about the marchers and about the movement and about Blacks in general, and it was the scariest thing in the world, especially because I hadn't heard it so much before. They had guns in their trucks, too, and they seemed deep-down full of hatred and anger. So I would go back to the marchers, and I'd tell them they sure ought to be careful. But anyway, the marches were going on every night at midnight.

And there I would be standing on the sidewalk and watching. I would be available to make any calls, or try to get them protection, or do whatever might come up. I'd just be part of the crowd. I was already white-haired back then, so I would look like just one more old white lady. But to hear the bitterness and hatred really curdled my blood.

After a while, this group of rowdy guys showed up and joined with the marchers. Nobody seemed to know them, and it was hard from the very start to get them to go along with the plans. Nobody was able to deal with them. Then one night they set fires here, there and yonder and called in a whole bunch of false alarms. There were fire engines running all over the city. I remember standing there in the street scared out of my wits. I said to myself, "All right, Sherman wasn't able to burn Savannah, but it's gonna burn tonight."

Well, the Movement leaders got together and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mr. Law came up with a scheme to get rid of the rowdies who were threatening to burn up the city. They

got up enough money for ten airplane tickets to New York, and they got the rowdies together and said, "Now listen, the real enemy is not here. The real enemy is on Wall Street." (I had said to them, "It's a great idea, but you know very well it's not going to work.") But I want you to know they got those rowdies on the airplane, off to New York, and Savannah didn't burn. I swear to you that's the truth.

The leaders of the big businesses in Savannah were getting pressure from up in New York, so they decided that maybe it was the time to give in to desegregating public accommodations. They made the decision and the announcement came out in the morning paper. As far as I know, that was the first place in Georgia to open hotels, motels, and restaurants. Morrison's Cafeteria didn't open. Their headquarters were in Mobile, so we didn't have the outside pressure that helped so much with some of the other chains. But we decided that Morrison's would be the big case right after the Civil Rights Act passed.

Now today Mr. W. W. Law has a company that has bought houses in the historic area of Savannah that poor people lived in. They restored them with the poor people still living in them. And one of the houses has been turned into a museum for Black history and it's part of the Negro Heritage Trail. So you see, Mr. Law has never quit.

After the experience of opening public accommodations in Savannah, I thought we could take some of that over to Americus and try to get some changes there, too. So I went down there and went to see some of the big businessmen and said, "Why can't we just go on and desegregate things here without making a big fuss about it?" You see, in Savannah, for some of the leading businessmen, business came first and their ideas about segregation came second. Well, let me tell you, it wasn't that way in Americus at all. I found out pretty quick that the business leaders and heads of the banks in Americus were some of the biggest segregationists that I'd met up with. They would rather have had their banks and businesses fail than to desegregate their town. You can't generalize about anything.

There was a kid in Americus I'll never forget. His name was Sammy Clayton. He was put in jail because he got in a fight with a white boy at school; the white boy didn't go to jail but Sammy did. When I found out about it, I called Neil Maxwell who covered civil rights for the *Wall Street Journal*. Neil

broke the story and somebody up in the Northeast got real interested in Sammy. Next thing we knew, Sammy was out of jail and was sent off to a real fine prep school in New England with the promise that he could go to any college he wanted. Sammy's future was made. That one taught me a lot about the power of the media. Somebody had to know about Sammy, and somebody had to tell his story. Otherwise he would have rotted in jail.

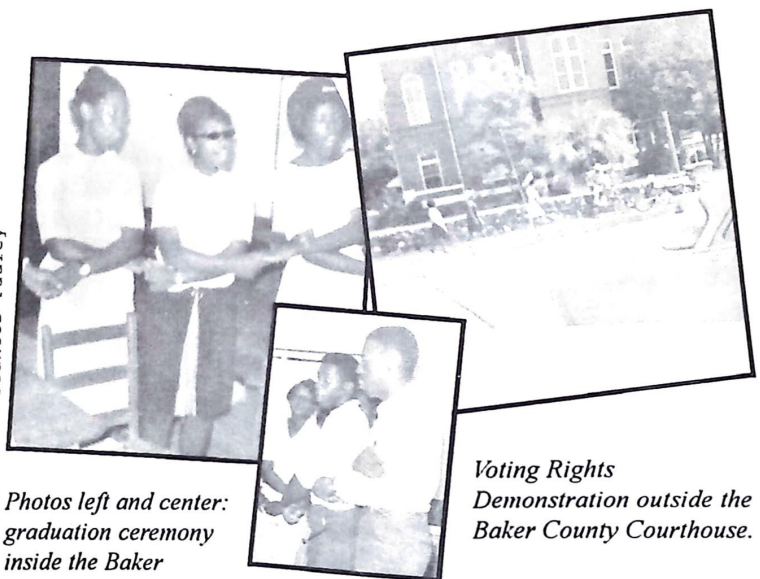
One wonderful experience I had in Americus was with four kids who had been charged with insurrection. They were kids who had been around Koinonia. They had been on marches, and the authorities wanted to try to put a stop to this kind of thing. So they dug up an old law which stated the kids could receive the death penalty for insurrection. I went down there for a hearing in court and by that time, the kids had been in jail a long time. They were pale and thin and terrible looking. It was one of those days that was so hot you could hardly move, and we hadn't had any rain for ages and ages.

We all met at the Black funeral home and went to court together. And would you believe it, we won! The judge threw the case out, and those kids were set free. The joy was just beyond belief. I jumped in the car and drove to the jail. All the FBI officers were around to keep order, and they were looking glum. Then all of a sudden, it began to rain. One of the FBI guys looked up at the sky, and it felt heavenly, and he said, "Well, there must be a God somewhere." The kids came out of jail, carrying their belongings, and got in my car. I had the joy and privilege of driving them over to Grandma Bynum's house (she was the matriarch of the funeral home family). That was one of the happy, happy times. Times were so hard in those days, but when something joyous like that happened, you can't even begin to tell the joy of it. I wonder where all those kids are now.

V. THERE MUST BE A GOD SOMEWHERE

All along the way are these happy stories, but there were, of course, scary times, too. About as scared as I've ever been was one time in Baker County (we used to call it, "Bad Baker"). Most of the county was made of a hunting preserve where rich people would come in and hunt. The people who made the most money in that county were the dog trainers. The Black people lived in what they still called "the quarters," and they looked like the quarters, too. Well, some things started happening down there, and they called me to come and help, so I went.

There was a little, bitty, tiny march—about twelve people trying to register to vote with a few little signs in front of this measly looking courthouse. And that was the demonstration. But then there was a great mob of white folk over here and another mob of Black folk over there: one on one corner, and one on the other.



Frances Pauley

Photos left and center: graduation ceremony inside the Baker County Courthouse.

Voting Rights Demonstration outside the Baker County Courthouse.

Well, I didn't know where to go. I couldn't join the white mob; and I was afraid that if I joined the Black mob, it would bring more trouble on them, and they already had a plenty without me making it worse. The white people were saying uglier things to me than I knew could be said to a person. I was standing in front of a man's store, and he said that I couldn't stand there anymore. When he said, "Move!," I moved to the front of another store. The store owner there said that I couldn't stand there. Then a man came with a gun pointed straight at me, and he said, "You leave town, or I'm going to kill you." Since he had the gun, and he was pointing it at me, it was hard not to believe him.

I went to the police and I said, "You see that man with the gun? He said he'd kill me if I didn't leave town." The police officer said, "I advise you to leave." So I went to the FBI agents who were there (they were there because I had called them). I said, "See that man? He's got a gun. You see the gun?" Yes, they saw the gun. "He told me to leave town or he'd kill me." The FBI said, "Well, we advise you to leave."

Well, I didn't want to leave town, but I didn't know where else I could go. So I left. I got to the edge of town, and I was immediately sorry for leaving. I really don't think I should have. But anyway, I pulled over, and I called the Governor [Carl Sanders]. I had been to see him a little while back—I had known him when he was over in Augusta and helped him when he had a problem over there—and I told him that I was working on civil rights. He said then, "Well, I admire what you're trying to do, but I can't help you any. But I will promise you this: if you ever plow a furrow, I'll help you keep it, and I'll give you protection." So I got him on the phone, and I said, "You remember what you told me? Well I need help, and I need it fast. There are going to be a lot of people killed here if you don't get some people here fast to protect us." I put it as strongly as I could, and then I headed back to Albany. But it wasn't two hours before the State Patrol arrived in Baker County. Some people had been badly beaten and hurt by then, but nobody was killed.

I had a real hard time going back to Baker County because I felt like I had run away. But I did go back. About a year later I was invited to the graduation of an integrated class of adults who had been in some kind of training course for factory work. The graduation was on an upper floor at the

courthouse and when I got there they had blocked off the main stairs and routed us up a little narrow stairway. This made me a little nervous, to say the least, and then I looked across the room, and there was the man who had threatened me with his gun. My feelings were not eased one little bit.

But it turned out to be a lovely ceremony. A Black man presided over the graduation of the group of Blacks and whites who had gone through the training together with Black and white teachers. The man who had pulled the gun on me was just there to see his neighbors graduate and take part in the ceremony. I think it was a real triumph for the people who stayed and worked in Baker County to have an integrated graduation in those years. And after that day I always felt some new freedom.

* * * *

Once I was down in Burke County, and I had checked into a motel expecting to stay several days. My friend Herman Lodge, a local Black leader, came down and got me right quick. He said, "You can't stay here! They'll kill you. You know they hate n-gg—s, but they hate n-gg—r-lovers even worse. You come on home with me." So I went home with Herman Lodge and his family and stayed at his house. After that, whenever I went to Burke County, I stayed with Herman Lodge.

We organized Burke County's first interracial meeting. It was in a church, and I'd gotten about five white preachers. I didn't want to overpower them, so only about five or six of us went. The first meeting was very difficult: everybody was scared to death. The white men kept saying, "Well, what is it you all want anyway? We know you wanted a swimming pool, so we got you a swimming pool. *Now* what do you want?"

Every single Black face sat there, and nobody opened their mouth. So the meeting ended, but we decided to meet again. We all went to Herman's house where the rest of the crowd was waiting for us to get back. Well, I said, "I'm not going to another meeting with you unless you ***say*** something. The next meeting, you decide what you're gonna say ahead of time, and when we get there, you're gonna talk." We just yelled at each other and had a wonderful time together.

Sure enough, the next meeting rolled around. One guy there was a particularly impressive figure. He was very dark

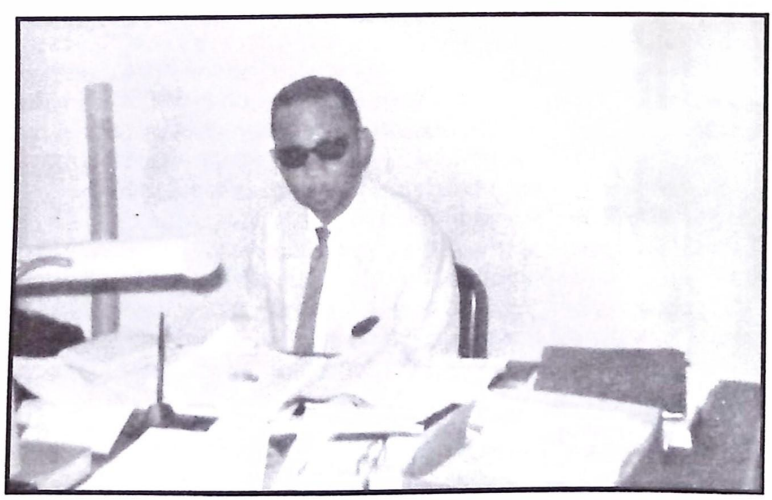
skinned, had on the whitest, stiffest starched shirt I ever saw, and he was carrying his Bible. He looked like a million dollars. We started the meeting, and the other side said something, and then this man said, "I've got something to say." He stood up, held up his Bible, and said, "This book—in our church—THIS BOOK—this is the book we go by. We read this and try to do what's in this book. I been thinkin' a lot since the last meeting about what I want to say to y'all, but I've got one question: What book do y'all use in ***your*** church?"

That had to be one of the highlights of my life!

VI. WALK TOGETHER CHILDREN DON'T YOU GET WEARY

The people I've met over the years of my work have meant more than I can tell you. The friends you come to know are what make the work worthwhile.

Rev. Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of the wonderful Black men who worked with me when I worked for the Georgia Council on Human Relations. He was a United Church of Christ minister in Savannah, and his nephew was Hamilton Holmes who, with Charlayne Hunter, integrated the University of Georgia *[More recently Dr. Holmes was the Medical Director of Grady Hospital from 1989 to 1996. He died very suddenly in 1996.]*. Anyway, Mr. Holmes and I became great friends, and did he teach me! We also had a lot of fun together. I was so pleased once when he referred to his years of working with me as "the five happiest years of my life."



Frances Pauley

The Reverend Oliver Wendell Holmes of Savannah in his office at the Georgia Council on Human Relations, Atlanta.

Francesca Boaz was a marvelous woman who co-chaired our Council in Rome, Georgia. She was the daughter of Franz Boaz (the great professor who was known as the father of anthropology), and she was an accomplished dancer. She danced in New York about the same time as Martha Graham, and when she got too old for that circuit, she came down to teach dance at Shorter College in Rome.

Well, Mr. Holmes and I used to stay at Francesca's house when we would go to Rome on business. Once Mr. Holmes went up and there was a Black yard man out raking the front yard. Mr. Holmes went to the front door and rang the bell. Well, the yard man thought this was pretty strange. "He looks mighty nice, but what's a Black man doing going to the front door?" So he stopped raking and was leaning on his rake when Francesca came to the door, greeted Mr. Holmes, threw her arms around him and gave him a big hug. The yard man was so astounded that the rake fell out from under his arm, he completely lost his balance, and fell flat on the ground.

Francesca had several big dogs, and they seemed to always stay under the dining room table. One night when Mr. Holmes was there, he sat down with Francesca at the table and started eating. But the cook hadn't been in the dining room, so she hadn't seen who was in there. Well, she came in the door with a plate of hot biscuits, and she saw Mr. Holmes sitting at the table (That was not exactly customary in Rome in those years, to see a Black man sitting at the white lady's table!). Anyway, it surprised her so much that she dropped the biscuits on the floor, and the dogs rushed out from under the table and ate them all up. So Mr. Holmes said that was one of the times they missed having good biscuits on account of him being Black.

* * * *

Dr. Hubert Thomas, from South Georgia, was another great man and great friend of mine. He wasn't soft-spoken and sweet like Mr. Holmes was. He was hard. He had been a sergeant in the Army and was a member of the Deacons—they believed in carrying guns to defend the Black community. He had been brought up by a Garveyite and taught to hate white people, and his father told him he shouldn't ever work for anybody white. So when I offered him a job with the Council,

I'd have to say he came to work ***with*** me, not ***for*** me. He was absolutely marvelous, and we became very good friends. He died not very long ago, and his family called and offered to meet me if I would fly down for the funeral. How I wish I could have gone.

Dr. Hubert Thomas
Freedom Day, Thomasville, Georgia
May 17, 1966
(note the white-gloved Frances Pauley, lower left).

* * * *

Clarence Jordan was, with his wife Florence, one of the founders, in 1942, of the Koinonia Community near Americus, Georgia. They settled on a Sumter County farm to teach agricultural methods to local tenant farmers and to practice a common life in Christian community, in which Blacks and whites worked, ate, and lived side by side. They went through more than a decade of violent attacks, economic boycotts and other persecution.

One of the great things about being in and around Americus was going out to Koinonia to visit with Clarence Jordan. It was one of the most marvelous things in my whole life. Sometimes when I would get really down and so discouraged and I just couldn't see any way that we could make any changes, I'd go out and see Clarence. I never did tell him specifically the problems we were having with the police, or other particulars. And I can't ever remember anything he said; all I remember was being with him and then leaving. And when I left I would know that I could figure out some way to do something about whatever the particular problem was that brought me to Clarence's door. He had a way of making you feel that you had the strength and you could do it. The spirit of Clarence Jordan means so much to me.

Frances with Clarence Jordan (L) and Joe Hendricks (center). Georgia Council on Human Relations conference, Jekyll Island, Georgia, July 1966.

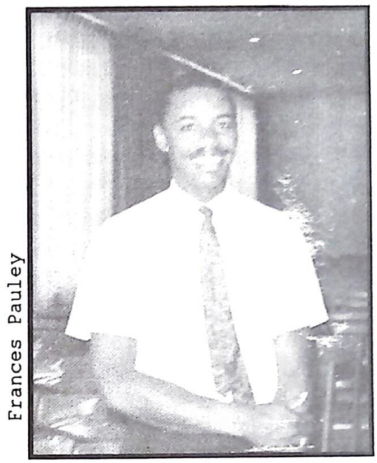
When I was working on the problem of desegregating the schools of Sumter County, I hunted up a man named John Katapodis, who worked to implement federal programs in the public schools. I went to him and said, "We've got to do something about the way these people are being harassed." In the meantime, Warren Fortson had been run out of town. He was the leading lawyer in town and an elder in his church. But he defended people who were being harassed, and he lost everything. He was put out of his church, his marriage broke up, and there was nothing for him but to leave town. Dr. Lloyd Moll, president of Georgia Southwestern College, was also harassed.

So I said to John, "What can you do?" He said, "Nothing." But later he told me, "After you left, I thought I had to do something, so I went over to the church, and I prayed and prayed. God didn't tell me a thing to do. So I came back and sat down at my desk, and I said, 'God, I don't know what to do!' All of a sudden, something said, 'Why don't you go over to Koinonia?'" He'd been told that Koinonia was off limits (because of their views about integration and the way Blacks and whites ate their meals together and all). But he went over there and walked in the door. Somebody looked up and said, "Who are you?" He said that he worked with the schools, and the man from Koinonia (maybe it was Clarence) said, "Well, God ***did*** hear my prayer! I didn't know what in the world to do about the school, and here you are!"

I remember that story sometimes when I think that God sure isn't telling me a way to turn. Maybe I should just stop and listen.

* * * *

I remember a bright kid who was really a sight. It was during the '60's in Moultrie, I believe. The people were having marches and the kids were very much a part of things, demonstrating and singing freedom songs. So we had a meeting, and I said, "Let's think about what we want to accomplish." (You know me, Miz Practical!) They said, "There are those signs downtown at the courthouse for white and colored water fountains, and we want those signs down." So we sat there thinking and talking, "What can we do about this? How will we make a change?"



Inman (last name unknown)
Moultrie, Georgia

So first thing you know, this gangly kid named Inman left the room. Next thing we know, they called and said Inman was in jail. He and another kid had quickly left the meeting and had gone down and yanked the colored water fountain out of the wall by the roots, which, of course, left the water spewing all over the courthouse. Needless to say, I loved it. So we got Inman and his friend out of jail and went on. That was ***real*** direct action!

Well, a few years ago [1987] at the big march up in Forsyth County, Georgia, this tall, beautiful, well-dressed man came up to me out of the crowd and said, "Frances, you're still alive!" And I said, "Yes, I pray every night, 'Please God, take me 'fore morning.' But God says, 'No, you're too mean!'" And I said, "But you have to tell me who you are."

Well, it was Inman, and he had done just great. He said, "But you know what? I couldn't have done anything if it hadn't been for you." I said, "Inman, why? I never did anything for you. I never helped you get to school or get anything to eat. I didn't do anything." He said, "Yes, but you ***believed*** in me." I said, "Inman, you were one of the brightest kids I ever saw." And he said, "But you told me so."

Well, that paid me for everything I ever did in my life

just to hear Inman say that to me. He noticed that day a bracelet I was wearing with all my children's and grandchildren's names on it. About a week later I got a package in the mail with a little head like the rest of them on my bracelet with Inman's name on it. That is something I will forever treasure, treasure, treasure.

* * * *

Constance Baker Motley was somebody I admired and enjoyed so much. She was a federal judge (and she should have been put on the Supreme Court—she would have been so great there). I had a time once when she came down to hear a case in Columbus. It came time for lunch, and I realized that because she was Black, there was not a single place in town that I could take her out to eat. That was one of the times I just didn't think I could stand it. Here was this terrific woman, and by law we couldn't eat together in a public place! So finally I ran as fast as I could back to the motel to get food and got somebody else to take her to the YMCA because I knew we could eat there. I got a whole bunch of food, and we had lunch and a whole bunch of fun, too.

* * * *

I've learned so much from the people I was so fortunate to work with in the Council on Human Relations. I've never seen or felt the compassion that I felt from some of the older Black women I've known, and I will always appreciate what they've taught me. It's always been a marvel that with all the discrimination against them they wouldn't be filled with bitterness and hatred. But even in the face of this, there was so often a beautiful love that seemed to overcome everything else.

* * * *

Please remember, no matter how active a person was during the 1960's, it was impossible to see more than a tiny bit of what was happening. I wish I could cover more: the compassionate old ladies, who were concerned about my arthritis; the brave mothers, who had the courage to submit their precious children to the uncertainties of the desegregated class-

rooms; those superb kids who had the strength to be the first to attend the white schools. I hope I don't forget the face of a child named Jewel. She had on a stiff starched pink dress and little pink bows in her hair. I wish I could forget the angry faces of the white people who were waiting to taunt her when she left the white school.

The Movement didn't just happen when Rosa Parks decided to sit rather than stand on that Montgomery bus. There were years of festering and then an urgency and a breakthrough. A few people stand out as leaders. I never remember thinking of what sex they were. I was too busy thinking about how I, a white woman, could fit into the work. I treasure my memories and the fact that I had a chance to be at important places at important times even though my efforts seemed insignificant.

There couldn't have been a Movement without the women, but likewise we sure couldn't have done it alone.

If I am correct, it was Martin Luther King, Jr.'s mother *[Alberta Williams King]* who was the first to instill in him the ideas of non-violence. She was a beautiful lady. Her father, a minister, had brought Ebenezer Baptist church from a handful of members to a respected city church. Her husband, Martin Luther King, Sr., had inherited the church from his father-in-law, with whom Daddy King and his family had lived. I knew Mrs. King only casually but felt her depth of intelligence and moral commitment to the ideas her son so marvelously expressed. Strange that her life ended as she played the organ in her beloved Ebenezer Church: she was killed by the bullet of an assassin.

I do have a feeling that King, as well as others of the great civil rights leaders, had little regard for the leadership qualities of women. Women still were wanted and needed to do the tedious but necessary chores in the various local offices of the groups making up the Movement: the Improvement Associations, the NAACP, SCLC, or CORE and others, where the males jealously sought leadership. Men certainly had been the predominant leaders and speakers in the African American churches. Mrs. Ella Baker was a great leader throughout the South, although her name may not appear along with Roy Wilkins, James Farmer, and Ralph Abernathy. I felt she had the qualifications of a great leader. She was able to help the kids in SNCC (the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee). She played a great role in organizing voter registration campaigns

for NAACP and SCLC. But when the moment came for her to be a leader, some male was appointed.

A giant among men and women was the great woman Septima Clark. Quietly, courageously, with the firmness of a mountain she set about performing the tasks she had perfected: adult education. For example, someone called me in March, 1962, and asked if I would come to the Dorchester Center and help with the Citizenship School that Mrs. Clark was running. People were being brought in from towns in the Mississippi Delta. At the school they would have basic refresher courses in reading and writing, as well as the technicalities of voting procedures. Many legal stumbling blocks had been set up on the state level to diminish the number of African American registrations. The participants would have thorough training and then go home and teach their neighbors to register to vote, to face the people at the welfare office and at city hall and demand their rights.

I asked what they wanted me to do. I was no teacher. I was told just to talk and be present to show that there was at least one white woman who cared.

I eagerly went and worked like a dog on a speech about taking part in the making of a political policy. The audience was absolutely quiet and attentive. At the end I asked for questions. A little lady with a broad Mississippi dialect asked, "How come when Miss Anne go out of town she lets me tend her house and her chillun, even let me sleep in her bed. But if we get on a bus she ain't gonna sit by me?" One question after another. . . .

Did you ever try to explain the nature of prejudice? When something is as illogical and unrealistic as racial hatred, there simply is no reasonable and logical answer.

I spent the night at Dorchester, sleeping dormitory style. The next morning when I opened my eyes, there were two rows of Black faces watching me. They were sitting on the edges of the adjacent cots. As soon as they saw a sign of life, the questions started again. We were all trying to make some sense out of this thing called racism or prejudice.

I wish I could thank Mrs. Septima Clark and all those wonderful women who went home and made a real difference in their towns and in the lives of their friends and in the lives of all of us today.

The marches in the Movement in many, many places

were made up of many more women and children than men. It wasn't because the women and children had less to lose. Often they had work when their menfolk didn't, and many times they lost their jobs if they participated in the Movement. The women had a deep courage, and perhaps more than anything, wanted a better world for their kids. I remember in Baker County, Georgia, one of the African American men told me that the sheriff had called several of the men who had not been in the march and told them to go home and beat some sense into their wives!

Among the giant women of the 1960's was Carol King, Attorney C.B. King's wife. She started the first integrated day care which turned into one of the first Head Start groups in the country. She is on the national Head Start Board today. One day I was riding down a white street in Albany and noticed both Black and white mothers and children going into the front door of a very attractive, well-kept house. I could hardly believe my eyes. Even some old friends of mine had not allowed me in their homes since I was in town on the mission of changing public policy. I saw one lady get a little white boy out of her car, and she said to him, "Be good, son, and don't play with those nigras."

Carol King had indeed started the first Head Start group. She had established an integrated group of kids with an integrated committee of mothers. She did it in Albany, Georgia, in the 1960's, and she is still doing it today. What a woman!

Another wonderful woman, Mrs. Marian King, Slater King's wife, taught me, or tried to teach me, a lesson. I haven't learned it yet. I heard she was ill and went by to see her. She had been carrying food to the jail for some of our folk. She was pregnant and moved awkwardly and slowly. The police told her to hurry and she couldn't. They beat her unmercifully. She lost the baby. I sat by her bed and she preached to me; she told me not to hate, not to hate the police; the only answer was love. She had learned the true meaning of nonviolence.

Then there was Mrs. Daniel. I received a call in the middle of the night concerning a Mrs. Daniel, whom I did not know. I was told that Mrs. Daniel's home in some isolated spot near Dawson, Georgia, had been bombed, and she was injured. Although many of the FBI were not friendly to the Movement, there were some few who were honest and believed in justice. I called one of these fine men and reported Mrs. Daniel's case.

Then I went to find her and see what I could do. This is what I wrote in my notes:

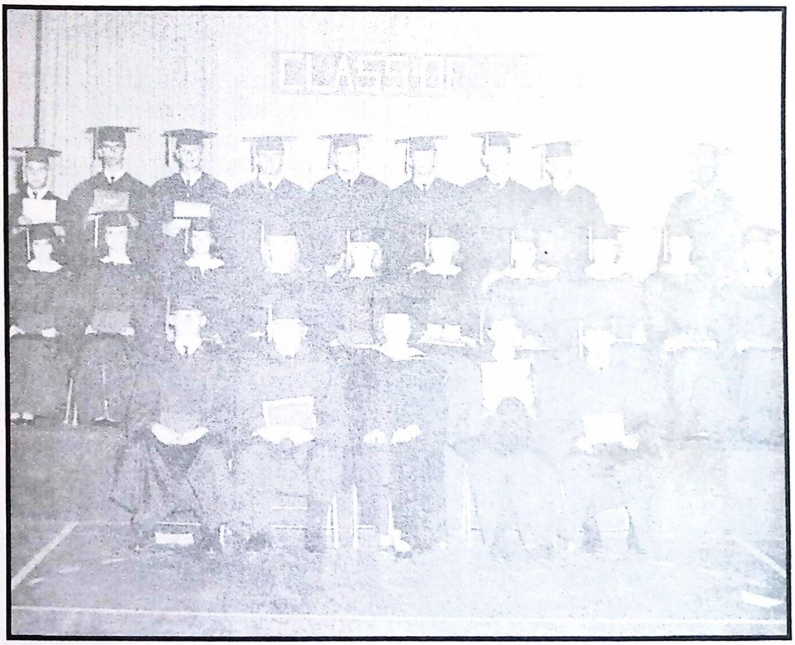
> Hunted, hunted, hunted to find Mrs. Daniel in her bombed house. Found her and a deep tragedy. The house is a mess. The woman's beauty parlor business which she ran from her home is ruined. The bullets are still in her legs. Where can she turn for help??? No justice. All because she helped people to register and vote.

When I hear from old friends who are running for office and often being elected, I want to shout with praise. Mrs. Louise Williams, working in Miss Anne's kitchen, living in a project, is on the city council in Claxton, Georgia. Ms. Mary Alice Shipp is a wonderful asset to her community, serving also on the council in Sylvester. Ms. Cora Lee Johnson, who serves her neighbors by teaching them to sew, also tells our story in many places throughout this nation. Thank you, Cora; thank you, Louise and Mary Alice. And to those dozen or so African American women representing us under the Gold Dome *[the Georgia State Capitol]*, thank you.

VII. GET ON BOARD LITTLE CHILDREN THERE'S ROOM FOR MANY-A MORE: SCHOOL DESEGREGATION

I worked hard over the years, beginning in the '50's, on school desegregation. I never could stand the injustice of separate and unequal, and I really deeply believed in integration from way back. It always just seemed to me that all of us would be better, happier, more productive, and live a greater life if we all knew as many different kinds of people as we could possibly meet.

I tried to find different ways to work toward school desegration. For instance, I didn't like the idea of one Black child being picked out and chosen to go to a white school. As hard as we knew it would be, I thought there should at least be a group that could suffer together and support each other and not just one person by themselves. So I always worked real hard to try to get up a whole group.



Roy Lee Hunter (upper right) graduates from High School, Unadilla, Georgia, June, 1968.

It wasn't always possible, though. I remember Roy Lee Hunter, the young man who was the first student to integrate the high school in Unadilla, in Dooley County, Georgia. He had a hard time, I ***mean*** he had a hard time. When it came time for graduation, the school officials tried to talk him out of coming to the graduation ceremony. When that didn't work, they told him somebody would kill him if he came. Roy Lee said that he would be there anyway. So the Rev. Austin Ford and I went down for the occasion. We had notified the FBI and the state police. We picked up Roy Lee at his family's little shack, and we walked in together, keeping him in between us all the time. They put him at the very end of the procession and made him walk several feet behind the last person. It was awful, but Roy Lee graduated and nobody killed him.

I remember another real bad case when I was down in Albany. It was very early in the desegregation efforts, and a couple of Black girls had tried to go to the white school. The authorities trumped up some charge and had them arrested. C.B. King, a Black lawyer who was so important in the struggle, worked a lot of legal maneuvers and finally got them out of jail. They ended up in court in Atlanta and C.B. got a special plane to fly them home. So we all gathered at the little airport in Albany, and when the plane landed, we circled it and sang "We Shall Overcome." There we were in the middle of the night in a circle around an airplane, singing "We Shall Overcome." Somehow, you never forget moments like that.

Another story I love to remember is the day in one town that the school buses were to be integrated. Everybody was scared and expecting chaos, and all the parents were wondering if somebody was going to get hurt. So on the first day that the Black and white children were going to ride the buses together, some of the mothers went down to the bus stop to wait with the children and at least make sure they got on the bus safely. While they were waiting, one little white fella walked over to a little Black fella and said, "I wish my face was brown like yours." The Black boy looked at him real surprised and said, "Well, why in the world do you wish that?" And the white boy said, "Then I wouldn't have to feel so bad when people are mean to you."

I love that story because I know how many times I just hated being white. But I know that I didn't make me white, and I did learn that if our goal is to love our neighbor as we love

ourselves, we'd better learn to love ourselves!

It makes me think of a little girl in the first grade, I think it was in Fort Valley, when the schools were first desegregated. You know how hard it is for a first grader to learn to sit still in school when you're used to playing and running around. Well, this little girl kept wiggling and getting up and couldn't sit still to save herself. Well, finally the white teacher said, "You little n-gg-r you, you sit down." The little girl shot back, "Well, you just make me, you white m—— f——!" So the teacher grabbed the little girl, took her down to the principal's office just as fast as she could go and said, "I just want to tell you what this child said in my classroom." So she proceeded to tell the principal, and the principal looked at the little girl and said, "Well, what had she said to you?" The little girl said, "She called me a n-gg-r." So the principal turned to the teacher and said, "Well, perhaps after this you'd better call your students by their ***names***."

Here and there, there were those teachers and principals who were really committed to fairness and respect and making education available to all the children.

* * * *

In 1968, I went to work for the Office of Civil Rights that had been set up in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in response to the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. It wasn't like other government work because there wasn't a whole lot of paper work. All we had was a law and two or three people who believed in it! They began to look for people who had experience in civil rights work. Well, hardly anybody who had experience in civil rights wanted to go to work for the government. I didn't either, really, but I needed the income badly at that point. And the two men who were organizing the division based here in Atlanta were people I knew and had worked with. One was African American and one white. They sat me down between them and practically held my hand to make me fill out the application. It was a good while before I was accepted, because, you see, I was already 62 years old. The government wasn't used to hiring civil servants at 62. So it took them a little while but they hired me because these folks who knew me wanted me to do this job. Leon

Panetta was our boss in Washington—it was such a wonderful group of people to work with. *[Leon Panetta has remained a loyal friend. He has since served in the U.S. Congress and is currently White House Chief of Staff for President Bill Clinton.]*

I was assigned to Mississippi on school desegregation, so for five years I drove back and forth between Atlanta and all over Mississippi. We started out picking places where there were just a few Blacks, and it would really be economically sound for the school district to integrate because they would save double busing, and this and that. And we could get a success story that would help us on the next level. Then finally we headed on down to work on the Mississippi Delta.

Frances Pauley

The Hill Family
Thomas County, Georgia, November 27, 1965.
The Hills' two sons entered the previously all-white schools in the fall of 1965.

When I would go in to start work in a new town, the first thing I had to do was to know everything I could possibly know in the school district. I had to know where the Blacks were, where the whites were, all the lay-out of it. I'd always get in town in time to meet with a group of Black people, so that they could tell me what was happening in the schools. That way, the next day when I went in to see the superintendent, I knew a lot about what the situation was. I would go in with a few rules. First, I would always compliment the superintendent, no matter how bad he was. And you can always find something—maybe it was just how nice his tie was. But you could find something—the geranium in the window, or something that you could compliment. Next I'd sympathize with him. "I just really understand. You are in a mess here. You have people who are pushing you from both sides. People want you to desegregate, and other people want you to fight desegregation. You really are in a jam." With that then, he would open up and tell me all about it. When he finished, and I was pretty sure I had all the information I needed to get, then I would begin to try to tell him some of the things he could do, the easiest things he could do.

I found that if I got the football coach and the football team on my side, then I would win. So the first day that the Blacks were going to come in to the white school, I'd have the football team on special duty to keep order in the halls. Well, the first thing you know, they saw that the color of skin didn't really make any difference. I'll tell you one thing: a lot of those first people to transfer were so brilliant. Some of those first Blacks could just run circles around the whites.

We had tutorials, and worked on setting them up. We tried never to have one person desegregate alone. I always had a group.

I remember one little town in Mississippi, a member of the school board had taken his son out because the school was going to be integrated. After he went through some of the meetings and trainings, he was really ashamed of himself and took his son to shake hands with the Black administrator he would work under. I still think there were more good folks in Mississippi than anybody realized. You knew where you were in Mississippi.

We worked day and night as hard as we could until that evil day came and Nixon got elected. Nixon decided to put an

end to the Office of Civil Rights, so in about a year my bosses quit. I stuck on a little while longer. I remember one time the Justice Department called a meeting and all the school superintendents came down to Jackson along with a few people the president sent. One of them was John Dean who was to run the meeting. They came in with these so-called desegregation plans that were a joke. They weren't about to desegregate anything. So, since I had the authority to say yes or no, I said that I wasn't going to accept them. I said, "No, this simply will not work." So John Dean took me out in the hall and said, "What do you mean? These are good plans. Why don't you say yes?" And he began almost to threaten me. I sure did enjoy it when he went to jail. I want to to tell you! I know that might not be a Christian attitude, but it was kind of nice.

I came back, but the Republicans won out because they said that they thought I'd do better work if I stayed in the office in Atlanta than if I went out in the field. So it was about that time I quit the Office of Civil Rights and began to work in other ways. But I left part of my heart in Mississippi. I loved it. It was very hard, but you always really knew where you stood with people there. And the friends I made were real friends.

Before I left the work in Mississippi, I had an occasion to go back to the Delta about a year after we had gotten the schools desegregated there, to see how things were going. I remember when I got to one school I drove up and just stood there by the schoolyard for a while. The first thing I knew, the tears were running down my face. I had always really believed in what I was doing, but as I looked out at that schoolyard I felt it was the real proof. Over on one side was the band marching with an African American man directing the band and about 50-50 Black and white in the band. Over there was another group of kids, Black and white together. And everywhere I looked, it was just beautiful.

I talked with some of the kids. And one little girl came up to me and said, "Before you leave town would you do me a favor? Would you go and talk to Susie's mother?" I said, "Well, who is Susie?" She said, "Susie used to go to school with us, but her mother took her out and sent her to the private school. Would you go and talk to Susie's mother and tell her please to let Susie come back to our school? It's so much more fun than it ever was before. We learn their songs, and they learn ours. We all have fun." And then I felt that if what I had

believed in could work in the Mississippi Delta, it could work anywhere. I still think it can, though we still have a lot of rough spots to overcome as far as school desegregation is concerned.

VIII. THE ONLY CHAIN THAT WE CAN STAND IS THE CHAIN OF A HAND IN HAND

Retirement doesn't seem to be a concept that Frances Pauley ever considered for herself. When she left the government's Office of Civil Rights in 1973 at the age of 68, she simply turned her attention back to Georgia, and especially the state's legislative body. She also assumed an increasing role in caring for her husband of 54 years, whose health was failing. Bill was ill for twelve years and died in February 1985.

In 1974 Frances founded the Georgia Poverty Rights Organization to lobby for the rights of poor people. For almost another two decades she haunted the halls of the State Capitol, attended committee meetings, buttonholed politicians and bureaucrats and knocked on doors. She worked hard for funding for Aid to Families with Dependent Children, health care, AIDS research, care of the elderly and the homeless, etc. During these years, then-State Senator Julian Bond said, "Legislators see this sweet, little, old lady and think they can kiss her off. But Frances is a tiger. She won't take no for an answer. She's the loudest quiet voice poor people have in Georgia."

I've gone to the legislature every year for the last ten years. I've gone for many years before that, too. I think we can call it the perfect picture of chaos. They know me down there; they know that I stand for issues that involve poor people and oppressed people. They used to avoid me a lot, and they used to shut doors and not let me in. But a couple of things happened. One thing was we sued them for open meetings. We had a case in court that said this was taxpayers' money, and they should make laws that govern taxpayers in public. That made quite a little impression on them that we could have the courage to bring this suit. It began to make them think that maybe we were a little more serious than they had thought we were before.

Then all the sudden this last year I've had a lot of good publicity. I've had a lot of publicity in the past, but you could hardly say it was good unless you want to say any publicity is

good, like a politician. But I had some good publicity—Emory gave me an honorary degree; I was written up in Newsweek—all these things. I had to put on this new hat. I really don't know how to act since I've become so damned respectable. Now they seek me out. I don't have to go to them and say, "I want to talk to you about poor people, about housing." They come to me and say, "This is why I've done this or said that." I have to work out new ways to get things done because they seem to be on the defensive. So this week I went down just to think, to figure out how we can tell our story so that they hear it.

Truly those aren't bad people down there, but they hear a whole bunch of stuff that we never hear. I've heard more of it since my last move, and I see a lot more different people because I now live at Wesley Woods Apartments and there are 202 apartments there, and we have a lot of people and many of them are rather conservative. A lot of them aren't. I ran into one man who's a bit older than I. We used to work together in Civil Rights. He was from down in Milledgeville and was a professor at the state college. And I mean to tell you it was not a popular thing to be a professor at a state college and be involved in Civil Rights. So I've had a chance to hear from a lot of these people. They tell me things that I hadn't heard in a long time because so many times I'm out with friends who think as I think.

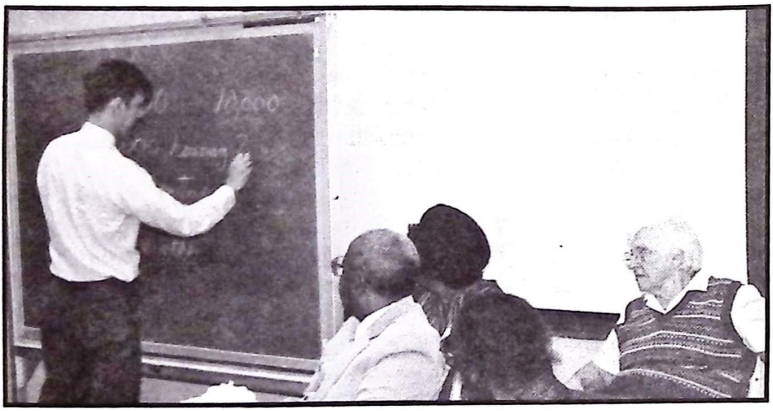
And that's the way with those legislators. They really don't have a chance. That's why it's so important for all of us to get to know our representatives and the leaders there and really talk with them and get to know them as people.

So I went to some of the committee meetings at the legislature to see if there was something we could do about chaos. And I went to the Appropriations Committee where they met to decide where they should put the money to control drugs. What should we do? Should we just build more prisons and lock up some more people? Far too often that's been their answer, so I listened to them and watched them there, wondering what was happening in their minds as they listened to what some of the people said.

And then I went to another committee meeting. It was fascinating. It was on child abuse and neglect. This was a good task force, and they want badly to know what can be done to help. A woman testified who had grown up in an abusive

home, had been farmed out to foster homes, which were just as terrible, and had ended up in a home for orphans. Finally, when she was a teenager, she was found and encouraged by someone who really took an interest in her life. Now she spends her leisure time working with abused children, so here she was testifying at the legislature. And I began to wonder, "What is it that worked in this woman's life to bring such change?" And I knew that it was just love. It was that simple. And then I began to wonder if you did all love your fellow human beings then you'd have to have respect for each other and respect for the children. And love would be the answer.

A funny old man came in one day when I was over at the Poverty Rights Office. He said, "Well, I'm out of jail. They had a murder down the street, and I happened by. So they just picked me up and took me down and shut me up and I didn't get out for three days. But I don't hate 'em none. They didn't know I was a child of God."



Legal Aid attorney Jim Martin (at chalkboard) and Frances with others at the 1985 annual meeting of the Georgia Poverty Rights Organization in Columbus.

It is the testimony of many who watched her and knew her over the yeas that Frances Pauley's mere presence in the halls of the Legislature was a force. Everyone there knew that she represented the poor, the sick, the elderly, and the defenseless. Sometimes just seeing her would send lawmakers into paroxysms of guilt for their mean-spiritedness. She was known on occasion to smile sweetly and listen intently as some governor, legislator, or bureaucrat babbled his defense. When he finished she would say gently, still smiling her sweet grandmotherly smile, "Shiiiiiiit." Her love of theater has served her well.

In the early 1980's Frances organized, cajoled, and twisted arms to pull together H.E.A.T., the Heating Energy Assistance Team, which marshalled the resources of the government, corporate, and private sectors to provide help for poor families about to lose their heat in cold winter months. Still today H.E.A.T. keeps more than 16,000 families from having their heat turned off every year.

In addition to her own constant lobbying, Frances utilized her well-cultivated statewide networks to establish the Poverty Rights Organization all over Georgia. In the late 1970's she began to host Poor People's Day at the Capitol. Groups would come from around the state to spend the day meeting at Central Presbyterian Church, across the street from the Capitol. Various presentations at the church would prepare those in attendance to discuss their issues with their elected representatives, and then the legislators were invited to join their constituents for lunch.

Buren Batson tells this story from Poor People's Day in February, 1987:

"You could say that people who came to Poor People's Day were not necessarily the best candidates for positions as lobbyists. Oh, there were certainly politically savvy PRO members among them, but in many cases there were other community members who came along who were virtually homebound most of the year. This was a major outing for them. Many were very elderly and frail, but were brought along by their local activist. As Frances said that year, this particular group was largely made up of 'the halt, the lame and the blind.' This fact is important in light of later events.

"This was the year of Tort Reform Legislation at the General Assembly. The Georgia Medical Association was very involved. On the day of the PRO meeting an important bill was being considered, and nearly every doctor, dentist, nurse, chiropodist, and every other medical practitioner and his/her attorney were in the halls of the Capitol. It was very crowded.

"Frances had made arrangements with the Governor's Office that, after lunch, the attendees at Central Presbyterian would cross the street and have their group photograph made with the Governor on the Capitol staircase. The PRO had been informed of this arrangement and were understandably excited. When the time arrived, Frances, tired from the morning activities, sent the group over to the Capitol under the command of someone, the name of whom I now forget. I remained with Frances.

"It wasn't long before word came back that the PRO contingent had been denied entry to the Capitol because 'it was too full and access had to be limited for safety reasons.'

"Frances went off like a rocket. She was hardly able to walk because of trouble with her ankle, but she and I took off and climbed the steps to the main floor of the Capitol where the frail, feeble and weak members of the PRO were assembled on the porch outside. Frances did not flinch, but blandly and with a cold countenance told the security guards blocking the door that, if they did not allow the PRO group in at once, she could not be responsible for the consequences. She went on to say that the group was already in a bad humor; that they believed they were being excluded because they were poor, and that they were very angry. She told the guards that she believed they were about to have a riot on their hands, and that she could not control the crowd.

"Facing an angry Frances Pauley, no one, least of all Capitol security, stopped to consider the physical conditions of the potential rioters, nor the fact that the 'mob' was generally oblivious to the unfolding events and believed they were merely waiting their turn. Within moments the doors opened, the guests were invited in, the Governor appeared on the stairs, and the flashbulbs popped. All ended well, except for Frances' blood pressure.

"However, the real fun of the day came much later, around 4:00 p.m., when Frances and I reenacted the whole imbroglio for the television evening news cameras. Word had

spread rapidly through the Capitol of Frances' escapade and, being the good lobbyist that she was, she used the occasion to create an 'incident' for the advancement of issues affecting poor people. It was a wonderful day."

The next day Frances wrote in a letter to us:

"We finally finished up yesterday. Tonight I shall try to get in touch with the lady who fell. I stayed around until the word was good from her, and her group was about to get her and get back to Pembroke.

"I shall have a hard time forgetting the insults at the door. But I truly think it all adds up. We need to really know. If they had any respect for us they would have put money in the budget for food and homes and health care.

"But the session is not over. I am dreaming of what to write and what to say tomorrow. I hope Linda and Betsey and Jim and the others working their hearts out won't get too discouraged.

"I hope I'll have the strength to go back on Monday. I think I will. A nice Republican from Augusta, who doesn't bring his car, has given me his parking space! Everyone has

Through her work on the Board of the American Civil Liberties Union of Georgia and AID Atlanta, Frances learned to love gay and lesbian people and care about their suffering. She travelled to Washington for arguments on the Hardwick case--a legal challenge to Georgia's anti-sodomy law. At the after-court reception for the litigants and supporters someone (obviously puzzled to see this elderly woman having such a good time with a group of gay men) asked, "Are you Bobby Hardwick's mother?" "No, I'm not," she replied, "but I'd be proud to be his mother."

Not long after our work at the Open Door Community was founded in 1981, Frances began to visit and encourage us here. The reality of homelessness grieves and angers her, and she reaches out to each of our homeless friends with interest, love and encouragement. She said in 1991,

When I park out in the backyard and come in the back door, usually to the tune of the washing machine, all of a sud-

den I have a feeling that comes over me—I feel like finally I'm in the right place. All of the sudden, even if the back hall is dark, and I wonder what I'm going to run into, or if all the trash hasn't been moved, I still feel at peace and at home. Then I begin to see people and faces, and people put out their arms and give me a hug, and I know I'm really where I belong. You'll never know how much that means to me. In this day and time you often feel that there isn't a place for you any longer. That's one of the handicaps of growing older. You can't do the things that you used to do.

When People for Urban Justice ("PUJ"—pronounced pudge) was formed out of the Open Door Community in the spring of 1990, Frances agreed to become Honorary Co-Chair (with Dr. Clinton Marsh). During the June, 1990, 13-day occupation of the Imperial Hotel in downtown Atlanta (in whcih we were joined by more than 300 homeless men, women, and children), she would come down every afternoon and sit among the homeless folks in a lawn chair on the sweltering pavement. Our homeless friends dubbed her "Mother PUJ." The name has stuck.

Gladys Rustay

Frances, "Mother PUJ," with Denise Laffan and Elizabeth Dede in front of the Imperial Hotel, downtown Atlanta, June, 1990.

In 1988 Frances moved into Wesley Woods Retirement Center, a Methodist complex near Emory University. Rather than complaining about missing her home, she began immediately to enjoy the freedom afforded her by the built-in convenience of a supportive environment. Never fascinated by cleaning house, she wanted to use what energy she had for her work.

She volunteered at AID Atlanta and spent time on the Information Hot Line. She learned the stories of people with AIDS and incorporated them into her advocacy. She seemed always ready for the unexpected.

In 1991, during the time that Frances was involved with AID Atlanta, Carol Schlicksup, a Catholic sister and member of the Open Door Community, was working with the women prisoners at the Atlanta City Prison Farm. Most of the women were convicted and serving time for prostitution. As Carol got to know them and their needs, she found that the women needed easy access to condoms to protect themselves from disease. Carol was aware that Frances worked with AID Atlanta and so called to ask her about how to connect the women with the needed resources. Frances told me about their conversation, laughed and said: "I guess when you've got a nun who calls up an old lady in a Methodist high rise to ask her how to get condoms, we've come to a pretty pass." "But," she added, "I got 'em."

At Wesley Woods she got to know the other residents and learned to enjoy the politics of common life. In the spring of 1991 she wrote to us:

Life would be very dull if everyone were sweet to each other! Maybe God wants us to have excitement. We had war here at Wesley Woods over a pink flamingo that an inmate wanted in the back yard!!!! I thought it nice she was interested enough in the back yard even to get a pink flamingo, but the others didn't seem to feel that way. They made her life miserable. But I made a public display of hugging her and telling her I loved the pink flamingo!!!! That seemed to help her a bit. But I notice the flamingo has disappeared! I never win!

On another occasion she said:

I told one old inmate who is in his 90's about how bad it felt to have a daughter turning 60. He said that he understood. Said, "You know, I used to worry and worry about both of my children. But I feel so much better now that they're both in nursing homes."

Gladys Rustay

Frances on her 89th birthday at the baptism of her great-granddaughter, Megan Pauley Young, held by her mother, Holly Lamb.
Open Door Community, September 11, 1994.

IX. GOT MY HAND ON THE FREEDOM PLOW I WOULDN'T TAKE NOTHIN' FOR MY JOURNEY NOW

At 91, Frances Freeborn Pauley has finally slowed down a bit. Her eyesight has dimmed, and she no longer has the strength to hound legislators and government bureaucrats, except occasionally by phone.

But she maintains a strong presence in the life of her community, friends, and family. She takes Wesley Woods' weekly Tai Chi class with Dr. Tiensin Xu, who calls himself "Frances Pauley's adopted Chinese son," and calls Frances the "teacher's pet." She has been featured on national television as the oldest Tai Chi student! She visits with a steady stream of students, friends, and office-seekers. She wrote to us in 1991:

"Isn't it crazy how people think I can help them get elected?!? And to think how much I would have liked to run for office back in the '40's when Papa and Bill would have been the only ones to vote for me!"

And again and again she tells the stories and reflects on the struggle for justice and life in the movement.

I wish we had more interracial groups that were working really hard on some of these old problems. I guess we sort of thought they were solved and left them and went on to other things that seemed to be more pressing. But I don't know. You have to believe or you can't do anything. But along the way you also have to have a certain kind of freedom. I don't so much mean political freedom; I'm talking about the freedom that you feel to think and be creative with whatever your problems or issues are. You have to be free to figure out how better you can serve the breakfast, or how better you can cook the soup, or do whatever things need to be done. You have to have this freedom to have the creativity to work to carry out whatever we feel is our real mission in life.

To stay in the movement we have to learn to live with disappointments and learn how not to be overcome with fear and hatred.

The Civil Rights Movement in Albany, Georgia, taught me a lot about personal hatred: I mean the kind directed right at me. Early on I thought surely I could find some white people who would help in the Movement there. I knew a couple who were old friends of mine: wonderful, liberal people. So I went to see them. Well, they had heard that I was in town and working with the Movement, so when I got to their house they met me at the front door and said that they'd prefer it if I didn't come in. These were my old friends! There I stood on that front porch, and I began to see the depth of hatred and fear that gripped so many people.

I went over to Tuskegee, Alabama once in the 1950's. I was organizing interracial discussion groups that would be about nice, neutral topics like modern art. This was not like working directly to desegregate lunch counters, but just trying to get groups of people together on a desegregated basis. We always had two discussion leaders, one Black and one white, and we tried to have the meetings in places that had never had an interracial group meeting before. So in Tuskeegee I went to visit some white people and invited them to one of these discussion groups. Well, my name was mud fast! When I got in my car to leave, somebody had tampered with my brakes. Fortunately, I didn't hurt myself or anybody else. But when the garage repaired it, the mechanic told me exactly what had happened. So sometimes it was hard not to be afraid to go ahead and do these things.

And of course you never know what to expect about criticism. One person I had a real hard time with in the '60's was Margaret Mead. She was good friends with Austin Ford and would come to visit when she was in Atlanta. *[Father Austin Ford was one of Frances' closest friends and co-workers in the 1960's and '70's. He is an Episcopal priest and founder of Emmaus House, a community ministry and advocacy center in Atlanta's poor and nearly all-Black Summerhill neighborhood. It was at Emmaus House in the 1970's that Frances organized the Poverty Rights office and organization. Margaret Mead, the noted anthropologist and author, visited Austin on several occasions.]*

One time when she was here, we stayed up and argued practically all night. The next morning at breakfast she said to Austin, "That white-haired lady who sat over there—she's not ***really*** white, is she?"

I consider that the second of the three greatest compliments of my life. *[The first was when Gene Talmadge said, "I coulda won if it hadn't been for that* **damn** *Frances Pauley;" and the third was when Julian Bond called her "Everybody's grandmother and nobody's fool."]*

You also never know what to expect from the press. I had good friends in the press all along—Claude Sitton of the *New York Times* and Pat Waters of the *Atlanta Journal*. But I had enemies, too. Eugene Patterson was editor of the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, and he said that part of the job of the *Journal-Constitution* was to preserve the good image of the City of Atlanta. So he put the word out to all of his reporters that they were not to print ***one word*** that Mrs. Frances Pauley said. Thought I'd hurt the good image of the city. Not so many years ago I was on a panel with Eugene Patterson, and he told me that himself!

I've had a hard time getting over my fear of police. I got a real personal fear during the work in Albany because I saw so many terrible things happen. It was something new at that point in my life because I'd never known what it was like to be hated.

One thing we have on our side is the truth. We're in the good position of never having to cover up a lie and then have to try to remember what we covered up and how we did it. (Now I don't think it says anywhere that you have to tell everything you know. There's no obligation to volunteer information, but you certainly have got to be truthful.) To build up that feeling that people will trust and believe in you is so important.

Gladys Rustay

Frances with Atlanta City Council President Marvin Arrington at a celebration of the decision to build public toilets in the city. Open Door Community, May, 1995.

But the only way to conquer fear and hatred is to keep your mind on the goal. You can't possibly love and hate at the same time. I have a lot of trouble with the "love your enemy" commandment. I have to keep working on that one. I have learned a few tricks along the way—like trying to see something funny, even if it takes a long time. Laughter does us so much good. Mrs. Sadie Mays used to always say, "Laughter is God's hand on the shoulder of a troubled world." So I do look for the funny angles.

Chief Herbert Jenkins was head of the police department in Atlanta for many years. He had a really good reputation, kind of like Chief Laurie Pritchet in Albany, but I never did see why people thought highly of him. We had a bad time once out in Perry Homes (housing project). I can't remember exactly how it all started, but it ended with the police killing one man and critically injuring a little boy. We saw it. We saw where the police officer was when he shot, and we saw where the victims were. So we drew it all up and decided to take it to the newspaper. But we thought we'd go see the Chief first. So we went in and showed him our diagrams and talked with him about what happened. First he said that the police didn't do the killing. Somebody else fired the shot. We said, "But we were ***there***, Chief. We saw it ourselves." After a while he said, "Yeah. That's the way it was. But you don't think I'm going to ***say*** that do you? You go to the papers and tell your story, and I'll go and tell mine. And let's see whose story is heard." As we got up to leave he said, "By the way, Mrs. Pauley, I want to say another thing. You'd better be careful, or you'll end up dead." I said, "Chief, how am I to take that? Should I consider that a threat?" He said, "Take it any way you want to."

Well, I went over to live at Wesley Woods in 1988. After I'd paid my money and gotten my room, I went over to look it over and figure out how to get me and the bed and the computer all squeezed into that little room. As I came out of the room and got onto the elevator, I looked up and who was there but another inmate? That inmate being Herbert Jenkins! I said, "You aren't by any chance Chief Jenkins?" "Indeed, I am!" he said. Well, with that, the elevator gave a kind of shake and the door opened a bit, and I got out, the door closed, and the elevator was stuck. I got on the other elevator, I went downstairs, and I didn't tell a soul. I just smiled and went on out.

During the heat of the Civil Rights struggle there were always lots of hate calls. People would call up and threaten violence and say all sorts of vicious, ugly things.

My father lived with us until he died at 96, and at one point when lots of these hate calls were coming in, he decided to keep a log of all the calls and how often they came. So Papa always answered the phone, and it became a great sport for him. He kept quite a log, had a lot of fun, and we all laughed.

Joe Frank Harris made me very angry one day down at the legislature when he was head of the Appropriations Committee before he was governor. He really hates poor people and had cut the appropriations for them again. It was unusually bad. So I said to him, "Joe Frank, I'm surprised! I didn't think even ***you*** would go that far." And he said, "Well, I never could please you with anything I did anyway." I said, "No, I guess not because you don't ever think about people. All you think about is brick and mortar."

Well, that night before I went to sleep I began to think, you know, that ***is*** his business. He and his family made all that money in the concrete business: paving and asphalt and all that. Then I was pretty pleased that I had hit the nail on the head. So I went to sleep chuckling to myself. I dreamed that Joe Frank was in a big, old cement mixer that turned round and round. His hair is always like he just came from the beauty parlor. So in the dream Joe Frank was in a fetal position holding his hands on his head to keep his hair in place. But he had this terrified look on his face as he was thrown around in the cement mixer. Well, since then, every time I see Joe Frank, or read about him, I see him with that expression on his face, holding his hair. And I laugh so hard that I just can't hate him any longer.

It doesn't look like God's going to let me die any time soon, so maybe I will live to love my enemies!

AFTERWORD: MARCIA BOROWSKI

In 1977, I moved from Michigan to DeKalb County, Georgia, when my husband got a job at Emory University. It was frightening moving to the South—the land I had never visited which had such a terrible reputation. In Michigan I had been both a teacher and a school board president, as well as an active member of the League of Women Voters and precinct delegate of the Democratic Party. I was worried about segregated schools and racial attitudes. I was worried that I would find no friends or political allies. I was scared. One of the first things I did, after settling my kids in what appeared to be an integrated school, was to begin attending the meetings of the newly formed Biracial Committee of the DeKalb Schools. The court had recently appointed the Committee to monitor the desegregation of the DeKalb schools, which had been ordered to desegregate in 1969, but had recently been found to be in violation of some court orders. Frances Pauley was a member of that Biracial Committee, and immediately impressed me as being the most honest, straightforward, and decently motivated person on the Committee. I was almost always the only member of the public in attendance at these monthly meetings, and it turned out that Frances and I soon became friends. She was the one member of the Committee I felt comfortable asking questions of, and she always gave me thoughtful, fact-filled answers. Frances had a lot to teach me about the state of the DeKalb schools. She knew them well, and she was not afraid to challenge the school administrators, who repeatedly attempted to steer the Committee away from any meaningful investigations. The other Committee members were too worried about being polite to challenge the administration. But Frances, the true Southerner, was firm and insistent, and yes, always polite, about doing the job the court had appointed her to do. Unfortunately, Frances was too often alone on the Committee in standing up to the administration. Thus, the work of the Committee was more often frustrated than not. I learned that Frances had been president of the League of Women Voters when the Supreme Court ruled that segregated schools violated the Constitution. She vowed that she would not be a member of any segregated organization, and

opened up the League (as well as other organizations) to members of all races. (I encouraged her to become active again with the DeKalb County League of Women Voters, which we convinced to undertake a study of the schools to determine whether schools attended primarily by Blacks were treated equally compared to schools attended primarily by whites.) The League study showed that the schools were not equal, and Frances was instrumental in convincing the Biracial Committee to appoint a subcommittee to further desegregate the schools.

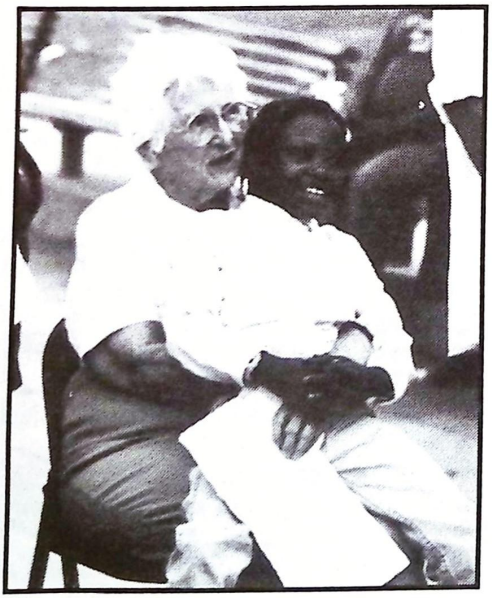
Frances was active, and a constant thorn in the side of the school administration, until her health and that of her husband no longer permitted her to attend the Biracial Committee meetings. I know she felt badly that she had to resign, but she felt—wrongly, I believe—that she had not been able to accomplish anything. She was able to encourage the parents of Black children that their suspicions of unequal treatment were well-founded, and gave them courage to become more active in demanding equal education. And she convinced the League of Women Voters to take a strong stand on the inequality of the schools so that they filed an *amicus curiae* brief with the district court opposing the school system's request to be released from court supervision. Others who were afraid that these positions may be too radical, too impolite, took courage, reasoning that if a fine Southern lady like herself was behind them, they too could stand up. She certainly gave that to me. She gave me the confidence that it was okay for nice people to take a stand in direct opposition to the school board, to polite society.

The story has a sad ending, however. Over the course of these years, I went to law school, became a lawyer, and then became the attorney for the plaintiffs in the DeKalb school case. I appealed the District Court's finding that the schools had sufficiently integrated the school population, and the Eleventh Circuit Court of Appeals reversed, holding that DeKalb had to integrate its student body. The appeals court also found that DeKalb still had a segregated faculty, and that it funded Black schools less than white schools. The school system then appealed to the Supreme Court, which decided to hear the case.

When Frances asked the League to again file an *amicus curiae* brief with the Supreme Court, the League lost its nerve. The community was in an uproar over the prospect of

possible busing or other drastic measures to integrate the schools (which the appeals court had called for). I was receiving death threats. A judge who had made rulings in the case, as well as a school desegregation lawyer in Savannah had just been murdered by mail bombs. Despite the study which the League had conducted showing the inequality of treatment of Black schools vs. white schools, the League decided it would not file an *amicus* brief in the Supreme Court. Frances and I resigned. Frances pointed out that the facts the League had uncovered compelled the League to take a stand, and the failure to do so was a betrayal of everything for which the League purported to stand. It was a brave and powerful statement from the founding mother of the modern League of Women Voters in Georgia. But it was painful to watch the once venerable organization become too concerned with "being nice" and "acceptable." Through it all, however, Frances remained "nice" and eminently "acceptable."

—Marcia Borowski
Attorney at Law
Atlanta, Georgia
August 14, 1996



Gladys Rustay

Frances holding Mary Cox at the Open Door's annual Festival of Shelters, Woodruff Park, downtown Atlanta. September, 1990.

AFTERWORD: MARY B. EASTLAND AND LEWIS SINCLAIR

If you hadn't met Frances Freeborn Pauley, you might expect that by the late 1970's, she would be ready to slow down and rest on her laurels; maybe sit down and act like a lady; perhaps spend some time accepting the many awards which people want to give her.

Well, of course, that isn't Frances. We met her in 1978, and she put us both to work: Lewis as a VISTA volunteer and Mary as a once-a-week volunteer at the Poverty Rights Office of Emmaus House. As Lewis has said before, she not only taught him what the "good life" was all about, she also showed both of us ways to live that "good life:" helping the less fortunate among us to achieve a degree of security, comfort, and well-being. For that lesson, we are eternally grateful to Frances.

When she moved to Wesley Woods Towers in 1988, Frances immediately began to make a difference in the lives of the residents, whom she always refers to as "the other inmates." She claimed that the Director told her everyone was so busy talking about Frances that they forgot all their aches and pains and worries. From day one at the Towers, she has been a real tonic! She told us how fascinating the "inmates" were, and what interesting lives many of them had led: the ex-stripper, the Salvation Army officers, the European inn hotelier's daughter, and scores of others. Some people would see only a bunch of old fogies; Frances sees real human beings with stories to tell.

One of Frances' favorite things about Wesley Woods is the Tai Chi program. It began as an experimental project through the Emory University Medical School, testing the power of Tai Chi to help older people improve their balance and thus reduce the incidence of falls. The medical experiment was a great success, and the class continues to meet twice a week because Frances and the other students enjoy it is so much. As the teacher's pet, Frances is often seen on TV, extolling and demonstrating the joys of Tai Chi. Her esteemed teacher, Dr. Xu, says Frances has inspired him through her philosophy of helping and loving people.

Another of Frances' special activities at Wesley Woods is ceramics. Not letting her failing eyesight slow her down too

much, she has made many pretty gifts, ranging from a brown Baby Jesus and dining table flower vases for the Open Door Community, to tiny tea sets for her great granddaughters, to coffee mugs for her grandsons, and a bright-eyed black bunny for a friend.

After starting with a small efficiency apartment at the Towers, Frances has earned her way, via length of tenure, to a one bedroom apartment on the ground floor. All of her friends like not having to wait for an elevator when they go to see her, but worry about the hours and company she keeps now that she has a private entrance from her apartment directly to the outdoors.

A few years ago, Frances created an all purpose excuse (which many of us borrow from time to time) when she apologized to her car mechanic for forgetting what repair she had brought the car in for. "I'm so sorry," she said, "but I have the C.R.S. Syndrome." Asked what such an awful sounding disease was, she replied, "Can't Remember S—."

Frances receives many, many awards, although she still doesn't sit around like a lady, just waiting for them. Even though she hates getting all dressed up, she believes that drawing attention to important issues makes suffering through award ceremonies worthwhile. In 1989, Frances was awarded an honorary doctorate from Emory University. She has been featured in a number of books by authors such as Studs Terkel, Pat York, and Eugene Bianchi. Her papers are in the Special Collections Department of the Woodruff Library at Emory University. That department reports that many people, with an unusually wide variety of interests and purposes, use these papers.

Trying to describe or sum up Frances Freeborn Pauley's life is something way beyond our capacity. Even talking about just the recent years is a bigger job than we know how to handle. We can always count on her to help us solve any problem and to show us the humor in every situation. Nothing on earth means more to us than Frances' friendship.

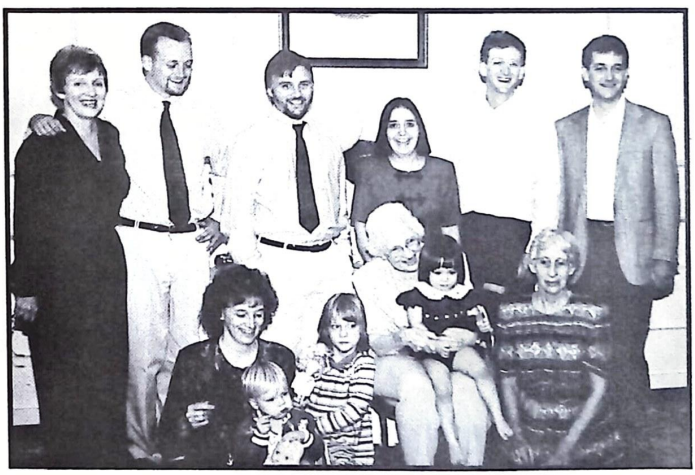
—Mary B. Eastland and Lewis Sinclair
Decatur, Georgia
August 21, 1996

AFTERWORD: JIM MARTIN

It's difficult to capture twenty years of friendship with Frances Pauley in a short space. Some of the stories will have to be left for another time.

Because I did not have a chance to work with Frances in the Civil Rights Movement, I may have a different perspective from that of some of her other friends. My perspective is that of someone who worked with her on some of the most difficult of state government issues: the Aid to Families with Dependent Children Program, emergency energy assistance, and AIDS.

We first met in 1977 when I started working as a legal aid lawyer. Because my hair falls in my face like Gene Talmadge's it is remarkable that Frances ever gave me a chance in the first place. But she did, and I watched her lead a successful movement to improve the plight of our children in Georgia who live in poverty by increasing Aid to Families with Dependent Children benefits.



Frances celebrates her 90th birthday with her descendants. September, 1995.
L - R Standing: Marilyn Pauley Beittel, Eric Beittel, Will Lamb, Holly Lamb, David Beittel, and Paul Beittel.
Seated: Gretta Beittel Loebe with Emma Frances Loebe, Sarah Young, Frances with Megan Pauley Young, and Joan Pauley Lamb.

Frances organized the Public Assistance Coalition that grew from a telephone number on my desk at Atlanta Legal Aid to an organization with an office and staff. She even tried with some success to organize church people through an organization called Christians Against Hunger. (When the Christians started fighting among themselves Frances turned them over to me and other theologians, and we talked and planned ourselves out of existence.) The only requirement for membership in these coalitions was a commitment to improving the benefits paid to our children who lived in poverty. But the organization needed substance and Frances provided that. She would print each year a detailed calendar of the budget process with the necessary actions that accompanied each step. At the Department of Human Resources staff level she pushed staff toward courage. In breakfast meetings and phone calls to members of the Board of Human Resources she lobbied for commitment. At the meetings of the board she spoke even when the public was not supposed to talk and gave courage to others to follow suit. (In this Frances taught me the lesson that silence in the face of imminent disaster is no virtue.) With members of the legislature she demanded that this difficult cause be placed on the agenda. Ultimately Frances was able to get Governor Busbee to become a leader for increases in benefits and to get Representative Joe Frank Harris, who was then the House Appropriations Committee Chair and a candidate for Governor, to raise the standard of need for calculating benefits. Of course others helped and played vital roles, but I was there and I know that Frances organized the effort, that her math was better than the department's and that her courage was without match.

There were good times when we won; sad times when we lost. But what makes it seem so important now is that Frances made us try. There are so few people who call on us to try today, and we are the worse off as a society because of it. The facts are there. Because Frances made us try, Georgia moved from the bottom of the states to close to the middle in the level of Aid to Families with Dependent Children benefits. I saw her do the same thing in food stamps and in the nutritional programs for mothers and their infants. The story of how Frances embarrassed the Department of Human Resources each year to spend all their money for this nutrition program is for another time, but I remember those meetings too.

One unique aspect of the communication during the late 1970's and early '80's was Frances' typewriter. Before the days of computer typing, some older typewriters had their own distinct character. Frances' typewriter was the most distinct. When I received a letter from her it talked to me. The lines moved up and down like the notes on a sheet of music to sing to me the message. Emphasis was added to words and even letters in words by the force of the key stroke. If a phrase was really important it was typed in CAPITAL LETTERS. And at the end of the letter was her confident signature that said, "You can trust me on this."

When Ronald Reagan was elected there were promises made that the private sector would take over where the public sector was abandoning its responsibility. Many liberals recognized the silliness of these promises, but Frances was willing to take them on at their own game. She organized the Heating Energy Assistance Team, HEAT, which was initially a cooperative venture between the Atlanta Gas Light Company and the State to collect private contributions to pay to restore heat in homes of people who did not have the money to pay their heating bill. These funds were matched with public funds and administered by the Department of Human Resources. Frances was able to get Georgia Power Company and other utilities involved, to convince the Salvation Army to share some of their resources, to win over Governor Harris to allow Paul Burke and the Governor's energy office to provide a substantial amount of petroleum overcharge refunds to this program, to develop a first class advertising campaign and to keep the program alive despite constant conflicts. It still exists today and has provided over $1,000,000 in emergency assistance to keep people warm in the winter.

The secret to Frances' success with HEAT was her focus on raising funds and getting them out to people who needed them. More than once she had to force the Department of Human Resources to show some initiative and decisiveness. She showed more ability than the finest Southern lady to cajole business leaders into joining in the promised public/private partnership and the decisiveness of a Northern business executive in dealing with bureaucrats who were afraid to act.

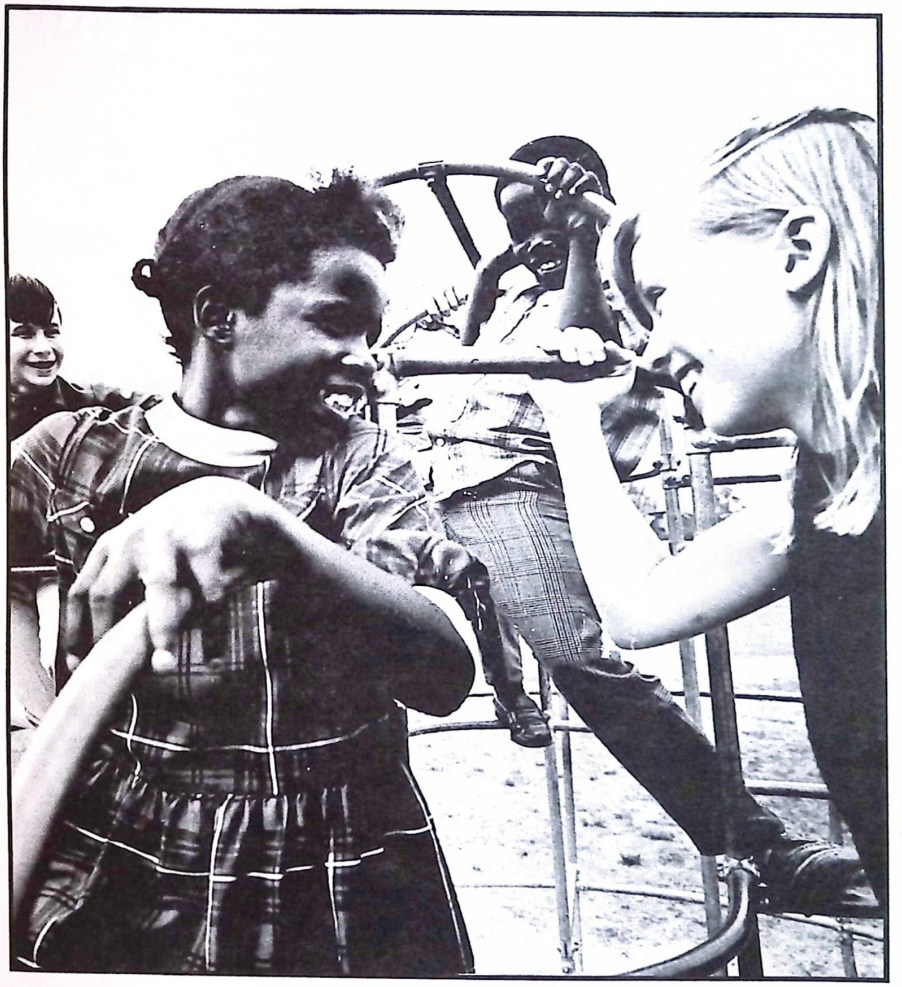
Finally after these battles were fought, Frances chose to lend her name and reputation to a cause that may have been the most difficult politically, AIDS. It is difficult because it involves

a serious discussion of sexual practices, drug addiction and sickness and death. In the mid 1980's Frances organized advocacy groups of people and individuals with as diverse a background as any other I had seen her put together. She demanded justice for and gave love to those who were sick. She supported emotionally the people who were working with the sick. In the battles over Aid to Families with Dependent Children and HEAT I was her lawyer; in the AIDS effort I was a legislator working with her. There is a difference, and she gave me a different kind of support and guidance as we tried to navigate these difficult political waters.

When the issue for me was whether or not to vote for the Omnibus AIDS Law in 1988, I called Frances and asked for her advice. She carefully and thoughtfully went over the issues that were involved, but told me she trusted my decision. Although my vote for the bill caused some to call for my recall, the vote won Governor Harris over to the cause of State support for education and treatment and to a long lasting commitment to AID Atlanta and other community based organizations that were opposed by homophobes.

Frances was once quoted as saying, "There comes a time when, whether you actually remember it or not, you suddenly realize you can't go home again. You've passed that point and you just keep working." Frances helped innumerable people like me pass their own points of no return and has shown us how to keep on working. We are grateful for a wonderful journey.

—Jim Martin
Georgia State House of Representatives
Atlanta, Georgia
September 3, 1996



Mertz

Frances Pauley says that this 1962 photograph of an integrated school yard in Alma, Georgia, more than any other, captures the purpose of her life's work.

SOURCES

"Stories of Struggle and Triumph," tapes of Frances Pauley's storytelling at the Open Door Community:

March 1, 1987
September 25, 1988
September 17, 1989
September 16, 1990
September 15, 1991
September 20, 1992
September 19, 1993
September 11, 1994
September 10, 1995.

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vol. 12, no. 3, March, 1993
vol. 12, no. 4, April, 1993
vol. 12, no. 5, May, 1993
vol. 12, no. 6, June, 1993
vol. 12, no. 7, July, 1993
vol. 12, no. 8, August, 1993
vol. 12, no. 9, September, 1993.

"African American Women in the Civil Rights Movement," a speech prepared for a conference at the University of Georgia, March 7, 1991, and printed in Hospitality (the newspaper of the Open Door Community), vol. 10, no. 5, May, 1991.

Personal notes of Murphy Davis, 1987-1996, from conversations with Frances Pauley.

CONTRIBUTORS

JULIAN BOND began a distinguished career in civil rights as a college student leader in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). He served in the Georgia State Senate from 1966 to 1986. He is currently teaching, lecturing, and writing from his home in Washington, D.C.

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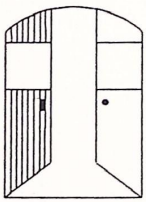
Photo by Calvin Kimbrough

Murphy Davis was born in Louisiana and raised there and in North Carolina. She was educated in Brazil at the Colegio Quinze de Novembro, in Virginia at Mary Baldwin College, and in Georgia at Columbia Theological Seminary and Emory University. For the past twenty years she has worked among the homeless poor of Atlanta and the women, men, and children in the prisons, jails, and death rows of Georgia. She is a Presbyterian pastor, Director of Southern Prison Ministry of Georgia, and a co-founder and Partner in the Open Door Community in downtown Atlanta where she lives with her husband Ed Loring and their daughter Hannah Loring-Davis.

The Open Door Community, continuing in the struggle for civil and human rights, is a residential Christian community which shares life with the homeless and hungry and those in prison, especially those under the sentence of death. Our purpose is to respond to the immediate needs of those who suffer because of injustice, and, at the same time, to struggle for the Beloved Community that will bring justice for all people.

Believing that God's message is a revolutionary Word that calls for a reordering of human community rooted in nonviolent love, we live together in an effort to resist the powers and principalities in our world. We struggle against the idols of money, power, violence, sexism, racism, death, war, and the self. Our common life is expressed in shared work, worship, parenting, visiting, advocacy, playing, eating together, friendship, and study.



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