

My trip in the summer of 1966 to work with Law Students Civil Rights Research Council (LSCRRC), in Albany, GA, is told in a letter Hardy wrote to his parents at the time:

*"Four of us met in Washington on, I think it was Thursday night -- Mike Reiss; his girl, name of Kate Morgan; Chuck Lawrence, friend of ours at the law school; me. Now, Mike is working for Law School Civil Rights Research Council in Jackson and Kate for Headstart in Jackson (Miss.) and Chuck for LSCRRC in Albany (Ga). Let's see, we met in Washington at some friend of Mike's and stayed the night there, getting up and leaving the next morning.*

*From there it was pretty smooth (oh yes, forgot to say that Kate has a Volvo which we also drove -- Mike and Kate in Volvo, along with my VW -- me and Chuck) until Charlotte, NC. There we stopped and pulled off the main highway to make a call to a mutual friend whose father is president of Davidson College; but DG (David Grier Martin) was in Raleigh that weekend, and so we pulled into a local drive-in restaurant for something to eat. Oh yes, forgot to say that Chuck is a Negro.*

*Well, anyway to avoid making the thing dramatic: the place turned out to be the home of the local rednecks and 4 drunken ones challenged us to a fight -- we tried to indicate our desires on the matter by backing our cars out and trying to get the hell out of there, but before we could one of those brave young men who protect the Historic Ways of the South took a punch through the window (which was open) of my car but missed and then took one at Mike through his window and hit him in the eye. [Neglected, probably for reasons of brevity, to say that the reason the guy missed Chuck is that as soon as I saw him coming, I leaned over Chuck and began rolling up his window. I managed to get it high enough that when the guy threw his punch his fist banged into the window. Chuck had of course locked his door.]*

*Casualties: Mike with a very swollen eye. I pulled over to a cop who'd I'd seen enter earlier and complained, but he told me he wasn't on duty at the present time.*

*So anyway, we were all pretty shaken by that and we drove on to Atlanta where we left Chuck. The only casualty on that leg of the journey was my generator the red light being on the whole time. Pulled into gas station: "We don't fix foreign cars." But then he looked at it and decided it might be my light in the dash that was broken. So left Chuck in Atlanta and drove on towards Tuskegee."*

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The team experienced other adventures after leaving me off, including a battery that died in "In the middle of Nowhere, Georgia."