

I asked for water to drink. One officer said I could get. As I walked to the fountain, one ~~of~~ said, "Get away from there! You can't drink water from that fountain. You ~~can't~~ can't get water in jail" I went back to the desk still very thirsty. ~~It~~ Can you imagine how it feels to want a drink of water and be within hand's reach of it and not be permitted to drink.

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I felt completely alone and desolate as if I was descending in a black and bottomless chasm.

White southern gentleman to negro flunky, "Boy, can you get me a good nigger gal?" Says the colored pimp, "Yessah, boss, I know just the one for you." I worked 5 long, tense weeks with people who never spoke to me even once after the bus incident. They would be in the adjoining work room, sometimes the same room.