

# Clark and Pritchett

## A Comparison of Two Notorious Southern Lawmen

by James Reston Jr.



*Early in the Hollywood movie Selma, a pivotal scene depicts a 1965 conversation between Martin Luther King Jr. and a young John Lewis. Whether it actually happened or not, the exchange interests me immensely. Martin Luther King Jr. (with hat), flanked by his wife Coretta (right) and John Lewis (far right), leads a march from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama, March 1965, AP Photo.*



arly in the Hollywood movie *Selma*, a pivotal scene depicts a 1965 conversation between Martin Luther King Jr. and a young John Lewis. The leaders of the Civil Rights Movement are trying to decide whether to make Selma the main focus of their efforts. The protest came off several years of frustration in Albany, Georgia, and desperately needed a transformative success if the push for voting rights was to succeed.

Of paramount importance was the opposition. Would the movement in Selma face someone as vicious and mistake-prone as Bull Connor, the police commissioner of Birmingham, Alabama, whose tactics a year earlier had led to horrendous images of fire hoses and dogs attacking civil rights protesters? Or would Jim Clark, the Sheriff of Dallas County, Alabama, deploy less violent methods by taking up the strategy of Albany police chief Laurie Pritchett? Pritchett had frustrated and defused the movement in 1961 and 1962 by claiming to sympathize with its goals and launching a strategy of non-violent, mass arrests. “Is Jim Clark a Bull Connor or a Laurie Pritchett?” King asks Lewis.

Whether it actually happened or not, the exchange interests me immensely. Eleven years after Selma, in 1976, when I was teaching in the English Department at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, I set out to find these dark figures of the civil rights struggle with a project for UNC’s Southern Oral History Program. Whatever happened to these consummate southern villains, as the rest of the nation viewed them? Bull Connor of Birmingham, it turned out, was not available. He had died in 1973. The other nemeses of the movement, Clark and Pritchett, were alive. One had moved on to a career of considerable distinction in law enforcement after his confrontation with Martin Luther King Jr., while the other had turned to a life of crime.<sup>1</sup>

#### JIM CLARK

Thirteen years after his notorious confrontation with history, I finally came upon Jim Clark not in Selma but in the North Alabama town of Ft. Payne. The search had taken me over a month, tracking him from Alabama to North Carolina to Tennessee to Florida, and by the time I found him, I knew enough about his life to make me uneasy. When I walked toward him in a restaurant in the Holiday Inn, there was no doubt that this was Jim Clark, *the* Jim Clark, whom I remembered seeing in Selma in 1965 as a young reporter for the *Chicago Daily News*, with his white military helmet liner pulled down a correct two fingers above his nose, standing with a few posse members, night sticks at the ready. He sat alone with his profile to me, displaying that large head with its nose flattened like a boxer’s. His hair was graying now. He wore glasses, and though he had no button on his lapel reading “Never!,” there was no mistaking that profile.

I delivered my rehearsed introduction to him haltingly. A professor at a southern university, I had written a book on the Joan Little case, and so the reputation of the southern law man intrigued me greatly. He invited me to sit down. He did not ask if I was a member of the “liberal press” that he scorned and had steadfastly avoided for nine years. He did not ask how I found him, not that I would have admitted that the FBI had helped. Nor did he ask if I knew anything about his legal troubles since 1968, not that I would have told him that two of his Alabama prosecutors had also helped in my search. Instead, we talked about the reputation of southern sheriffs and police chiefs that had emerged in the 1960s and 1970s. On that subject he was animated.<sup>2</sup>

“Any time you laugh at a caricature, it’s because you see something human in it, something of yourself in it,” Clark said with surprising candor. “If you can’t laugh, you’re in trouble.”

The credentials that got Jim Clark the job as Sheriff of Dallas County were part military and part political. He had been an Army officer in the Second World War and in his training, by his account, he had competed against General George Patton in war games in the Louisiana swamps. Later, in the 1954 campaign of “Kissin’” Jim Folsom, Clark coordinated an eleven-county area, and when Folsom was elected, he appointed Clark as an assistant commissioner of revenue. At the 1956 Democratic National Convention he was a floor manager for the campaign of Kentucky governor Happy Chandler, who ultimately lost the nomination to Adlai Stevenson. As Clark saw it, “Eleanor Roosevelt pushed that governor of Illinois with his elevator shoes and lipstick.” In 1957, the sheriff of Dallas County died, and even though Clark had no experience in law enforcement, Folsom appointed him to the post.

In 1966, the year after “Bloody Sunday,” when Clark’s men and state troopers attacked and beat protesters on the Edmund Pettus Bridge, Clark was defeated for reelection by Selma’s public safety director, Wilson Baker. Baker won the election with the votes of the newly enfranchised black citizens. Thereafter, for a time, Clark continued his political career as a celebrity. A figure of international notoriety now, he lectured for three years for the John Birch Society, claiming to have traveled to thirty-eight states and 400 campuses. Once, he boasted, he spoke in the McCormick Convention Center in Chicago, and the crowd was so large in the afternoon that the sponsors asked him to speak again in the evening. When there was a bomb threat, “They blamed me the next morning for giving such a fiery speech.” His press kit read:

He attempted to restore and maintain order during the influx of thousands of white and Negro beatniks, revolutionaries, and “weekend” clergymen into Selma. Bearing out the oft-stated fact that local law enforcement agencies are a prime target of Communist agitation, Clark and his men were attacked repeat-



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edly . . . By the use of Pavlovian techniques employed on a nation-wide basis, an image had been created and instilled in the public consciousness of "Jim Clark" as being a rednecked racist who embodies everything evil in the South.

After briefly considering a race for the governorship, Clark's last dabbling in politics came in 1968 when he ran against Bull Connor in a campaign to be president of the Alabama Public Service Commission, the body that regulates state utilities. But Clark felt uncomfortable in the campaign, since Connor was a friend. "He was partly paralyzed with saliva dribbling out of his mouth," Clark recalled, remembering the effects of a stroke that left Connor in a wheelchair. So he didn't campaign in the last three weeks of the election, and Connor won.

After 1968, Jim Clark dropped from sight, working hard at anonymity, covering his tracks diligently, and leaving orders with associates not to tell anybody about his whereabouts. He began skipping around the South in a number of financial ventures, some of which were highly questionable. In 1969 and '70 he operated as a broker for the Tangible Risk Insurance Company in Birmingham, a concern

that was backed by the Bank of Sark. Sark is a British island in the North Sea with a population of 560, and the Bank of Sark operated out of several rooms over a tavern. In 1971, along with eight other men, Clark was indicted for committing mail fraud through his involvement with the Tangible Risk Insurance Company, though he never served time. His attorney wanted Clark's case to be severed from that of his co-conspirators, telling the court that he would challenge any potential black juror that might have heard of the infamous Jim Clark. The former sheriff pleaded no contest.<sup>3</sup>

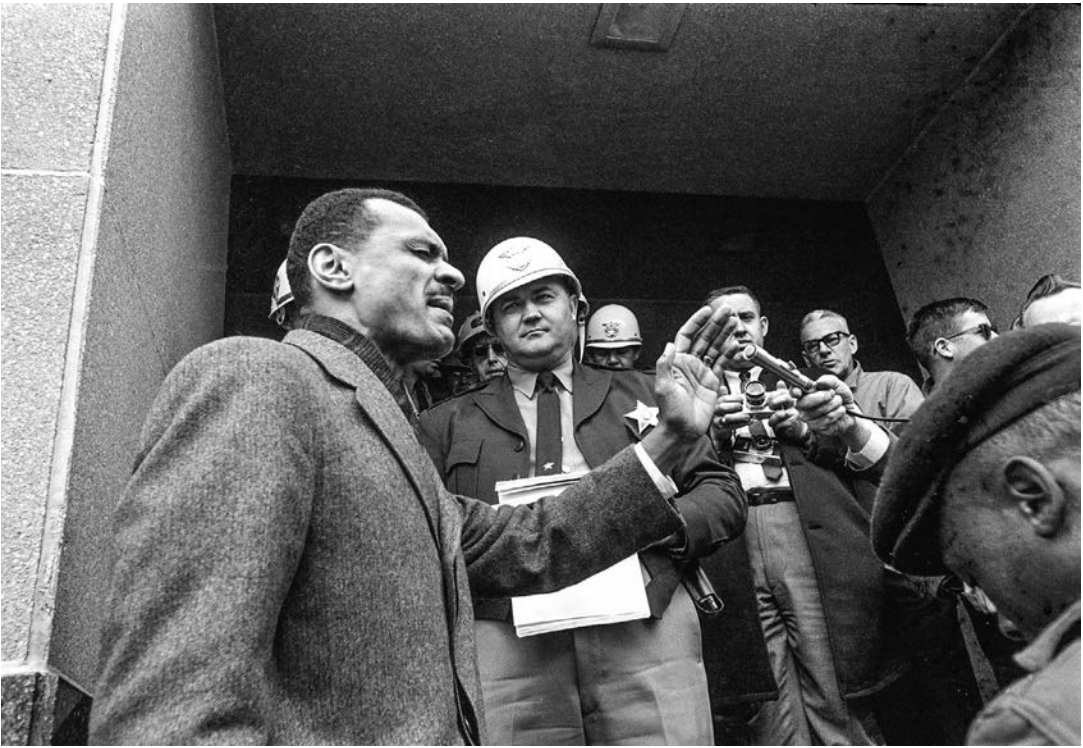
By 1973, he had gravitated to North Carolina as the general manager of the Pinehurst Mortgage and Loan Company, a firm offering unsecured loans at 9.5 percent interest. With a slick presentation and widespread television and newspaper ads, the company quickly became known. But Clark was fired after six months for an "unwise investment," and a year after that, the company's officers charged him with embezzling company funds. But the company itself soon had more serious problems. In April 1976, Pinehurst Mortgage and Loan ran afoul of securities laws and went into bankruptcy. The president of the company was convicted of fraud in a similar mortgage and loan fleece in Mississippi.

Clark stayed on in North Carolina and in 1975 he was leaving business cards as secretary-treasurer of Timberland Properties, Ltd. But representatives of the Southern Pines Chamber of Commerce had never heard of the company. In 1976, when I came upon him in Fort Payne, he was back in Alabama, operating in the fast-buck climate of coal brokerage in Dekalb County. In partnership with two others, he was an officer of International Coal and Mineral. "ICM," Clark joked, "Like the intercontinental ballistic missile." What I did not know was that Clark was again skirting the edge of illegality. The previous October, Clark's partner, George Mills, was indicted for embezzlement in the classic style of north Alabama coal sharks. The complaint stated that Mills had taken orders for coal, converted checks to his own use, and never paid the miner.

"George Mills and Jim Clark pretty well fit the mold of the quick buck shysters around here," the Dekalb County prosecutor at the time, Richard Igou, told me. Meanwhile, Clark absconded with a car he hadn't paid for, and a Fort Payne state patrolman tracked him down in Mobile with a warrant for a stolen car. With the recovery of the ICM car and another, Clark faced no charges.<sup>4</sup>

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When Jim Clark's mind turned to Selma in 1965, bitterness poured out. His words were quiet and seemed to come with a considerable effort at self-control. His hands trembled as he recalled "the wall-to-wall mattresses in the condemned section of Selma without any sanitation," the dispensing of birth control pills to the Yankee arrivals, and the open use of LSD in his jail. He spoke of Martin Luther King Jr. as a coward and a liar, who exhibited more disrespect for the law than "any



*That Clark wanted to defeat King through brutal repression and violence was clear enough. But by virtue of that violence, he became instrumental in securing the very thing he hoped to prevent: the vote for black Americans, not only in the South but throughout the nation. In that ironic achievement, he became a pivotal figure of southern history. He was the perfect foil and villain. Reverend C. T. Vivian, left, with Jim Clark, behind him wearing a helmet, Selma, Alabama, February 5, 1965, AP Photo/Horace Cort.*

person in history.” He scoffed at Sammy Davis Jr. for flying into Selma for a day and appearing on the *Johnny Carson Show* the next night to ridicule Jim Clark and his big black cigar. “And I don’t smoke,” he said. “Don’t even like to be around people who do.” He bridled at what he saw as press distortions: how the media embraced Wilson Baker, the Selma safety director, and turned him into a “knight in shining armor,” while it portrayed Clark as a goat; how *Newsweek* printed a picture of him making it look as if he was striking a civil rights worker when actually, he claimed, he was taking a night stick away from her. He pointed to a scar on his finger where she bit him in the altercation. He recalled to me, “A friend of mine sent me a bottle of Adolf’s Meat Tenderizer the next morning . . . [and] said, if I was going to let people chew on me like that, the least I could do was make myself more tasty.”

On the day of the charge by mounted state police and sheriff’s posse at the Edmund Pettus Bridge on March 9, 1965, Clark had just returned from Washington, where he had appeared on the *Issues and Answers* television show. He arrived back in Selma just as “King’s professionals,” as Clark called them, were coming

across the bridge. Governor George Wallace, not he, was the chief authority that day, Clark was quick to point out. And when at Clark's order his mounted posse charged the "professionals," Clark asserted, the marchers fell flat, and "then they rose up with knives, ice picks, and razors."

His only regret, he said, was losing his temper a few times. In particular, he allowed himself to be provoked by C. T. Vivian, one of the movement's most prominent figures. Clark recalled:

Vivian was there with several hundred demonstrators, and I was standing at the top of the courthouse steps, with my nightstick under my arm. I had only about six deputies behind me, waiting for reinforcement, and trying to stall for time. Vivian kept haranguing me, calling me a Hitler and a brute. A television strobe light came on me full face, and I said, "Put out that light, or I'll shoot it out." At that point, Vivian grabbed my stick under my arm.

Well, I'd heard the expression "seeing red" all my life, and never knew what it meant. It looked like a red glaze came over my eyes, and I hauled off and hit him. He went tumbling backward down twenty-one steps. I saw him down on the street and wondered how he got there. Back in the courthouse someone said, "You sure knocked hell out of him. I didn't know you had such a left." I couldn't remember hitting him, but my knuckle hurt like hell. I went to the doctor and found I had a linear fracture in the knuckle joint. That night on television I saw me hit him.

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In that 1976 interview, I had no doubt that Clark was exaggerating and fantasizing and prevaricating, assigning himself roles as both a hero to white Americans and a victim of black radicals in this pivotal historical event. It is not uncommon in such situations for the perpetrator to imagine himself as a victim. That he wanted to defeat King through brutal repression and violence was clear enough. But by virtue of that violence, he became instrumental in securing the very thing he hoped to prevent: the vote for black Americans, not only in the South but throughout the nation. In that ironic achievement, he became a pivotal figure of southern history. He was the perfect foil and villain.

The documentary *Selma: The Bridge to the Ballot*, in which the Selma story is told by the young participants themselves, puts the lie to Clark's self-pitying comments. Witnessing the actual footage of Clark on the court house steps, jabbing those prospective voters in the ribs with his night stick and roughing up Amelia Boynton Robinson, who was later nearly beaten to death at the bridge; to see again the horrific charge of Clark's mounted posse; to smell the tear gas, and to hear the cracking of skulls; to revisit the murder of Jimmie Lee Jackson, Reverend James Reeb, and Viola Liuzzo, is again to feel the disgust that animated historic change.

During the Selma struggle, King would tell his followers that Selma was a “date with destiny.” And only days after the Selma attack, as he presented his bill for the seminal Voting Rights Act, President Lyndon Johnson told Congress, “At times, history and fate meet at a single time and a single place to shape man’s unending search for freedom. So it was at Lexington and Concord. So it was a century ago at Appomattox. And so it was last week in Selma, Alabama.” The Sheriff of Dallas County was an essential ingredient in that destiny.<sup>5</sup>

Undeniably, Jim Clark had criminal tendencies, both in 1965 and toward the end of his life. Two years after I saw him in Fort Payne, he was indicted in Montgomery in a conspiracy to smuggle three tons of marijuana into the U.S. from Colombia. The plan was to use vintage aircraft that would land in remote Alabama airstrips. He was sentenced to two years in federal prison and served nine months. In the freeze frame at the end of the Hollywood movie about Selma, the postscript beneath his image mentions only that his career in law enforcement ended in 1966. It does not mention his turn toward crime.

In 2006, he told the *Montgomery Advertiser* that he had no regrets. “Basically, I’d do the same thing today if I had to do it all over again,” he said. He died in 2007.<sup>6</sup>

#### LAURIE PRITCHETT

As the grassroots movement for voting rights began in Selma in 1963, Sheriff Jim Clark had two starkly different models in responding to the protest. He could emulate the uncompromising, violent example of Bull Connor in Birmingham, confident that he had the support of the arch segregationist governor of Alabama, George Wallace. Or he could try the very different tactics of the chief of police in Albany, Georgia, Laurie Pritchett.

In the lore of the Civil Rights Movement, Pritchett was often coupled with Jim Clark and Bull Connor as a dread, evil symbol of white, racist tyranny. And yet the three years that the Movement concentrated on Albany, 1961–1963, are generally regarded as the period of Martin Luther King Jr.’s worst defeat, and Pritchett as the smartest of King’s adversaries. The chief’s tactics were mass arrests, the control of white racists, amiable relations with the press, and even friendly contact with King himself. Pritchett’s real triumph was that he was not a credible villain.

When I spoke with him on April 23, 1976, at his modest cinder-block, lake-side house in South Mont, North Carolina, outside of High Point, where he had moved to become the chief of police of that furniture town—he had retired in 1975—it was not hard to imagine why he had been such an intimidating presence in Albany. He was a blockhouse of a man, stripped to the waist that hot day, with massive shoulders and a tapered waist. His hair was blond and wavy rather than the butch-cut of his more notorious days.

He looked back on the Albany struggle with evident pleasure, saying he was





*Laurie Pritchett's tactics included mass arrests, the control of white racists, amiable relations with the press, and even friendly contact with King himself. His real triumph was that he was not a credible villain. Police chief Laurie Pritchett arresting Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., December 1961, by Donald Ubrbrock, the LIFE Images Collection, Getty Images.*

happy to have played a part in that historic era. Stacks of clippings and pictures from his heady days in Georgia were prominently displayed in his den, though not in his downtown office. King and his lieutenants were his “close personal friends,” he professed, and Albany was merely a clash of means rather than a disagreement of philosophy. He would have gone to King’s funeral, he told me, if rioting over the assassination had not broken out in High Point. Each year, he treasured the Christmas card that Coretta King would send.

When civil rights activists began protesting in Albany, Pritchett set out to learn everything he could about the philosophy of civil disobedience. From his study of Mahatma Gandhi’s Salt March to the sea in 1930, he thought King’s challenge could be neutralized with mass arrest on the pretext of simply enforcing existing law. Sure that King hoped to pack and overwhelm the Albany jail, he devised a plan to ship prisoners out of Albany to jails in surrounding towns, so that not a single protester would be jailed in Albany. The sheriffs of the surrounding counties as far away as seventy miles were glad to cooperate. As Pritchett explained to me, “They said, ‘Look, you’re fighting our battle. We know if Albany falls, all of us fall, so we’re with you.’”

Once the sheriffs were organized, they had the capacity to jail 10,000 prisoners. Over the three-year period of the Albany movement, about 2,400 protestors were indeed jailed. At an especially dramatic point in the struggle, 1,500 were jailed at one time.

Pritchett trained his officers to resist provocation. "If they were spit upon, cussed, abused in any way, they were not to take their billy-clubs out," he said. He deactivated his canine corps and closed Albany's bars. When King came personally to Albany, Pritchett would meet him in nearby Americus and personally drive him the last forty miles in a squad car.

In contrast to other places where reporters were often hassled and photographers had their cameras smashed, Pritchett was comfortable with the press and held twice daily press conferences.

"[The reporters] would come to my hotel room," he said. "We kept them alerted as to what was going to happen, because we had sources of information. We knew when the [protesters] were going to march, where they were going to march, what they were going to do."

He never believed Albany should be segregated, he claimed, and called the public accommodations provision of the 1964 Civil Rights Act a "good bill" that he was glad to see passed.<sup>7</sup>

"We didn't differ in what they [King and the protesters] wanted, but in the means Dr. King employed," he told me. "He said the legal route cost too much money and was too time-consuming. I said, 'All right, doctor, you're drawing lines now. You're telling me that you're going to take to the streets in defiance of the law. If you do this, I'll have to arrest you. I'm telling you to go to court, get an injunction to stop us from enforcing an illegal law, if it is illegal. It won't take long. If it's not a good law, it will be overruled, and you'll be on your way.'"

"I'm not going to the courts," Pritchett remembered King saying.

"Then you're going into the streets?"

"That's true."

"Then we're going to meet in the streets," Pritchett had replied. "And that's the way it was. They wanted to do something that just couldn't be done."

"I told Dr. King," he continued, "We would never negotiate under the threat of violence or intimidation. If they went to court and the courts ruled in their favor, we would abide by the court ruling. But at that time our laws were constitutional, and we were going to enforce them."

After King left Albany, he was at his lowest ebb, according to Pritchett. "He was defeated. He'd spent all that money in Albany for nothing, and he had to make a fresh start, so he went to Birmingham. Later he told the national press that in Albany, he had been 'out-non-violented.'"

A year after King pulled out of Albany, a rumor circulated that he would return, and Pritchett went to Montgomery, Alabama, to see if it was true. "Andy Young



*It is hard to imagine the sophistication of Laurie Pritchett as a widespread phenomenon, since King would have had no shortage of young, idealistic, and brave foot soldiers to take to the streets and confront whatever might be handed out. I could feel that when I walked alongside the marchers from Selma to Montgomery in 1965 as a twenty-three-year-old Daily News reporter from Chicago. I could feel the change coming. A boy waves from a porch as marchers led by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. leave their camp near Selma, Alabama, March 22, 1965, AP Photo/File.*

took me to Dr. King in a house in the country. Martin told me, ‘Don’t you listen to anybody. I don’t have anything to come to Albany for. I don’t even like to hear the word Albany.’ That night, I was driving back home, listening to the radio. King had had a march, and that was the night when the sheriff’s posse in Montgomery came out on horses, riding up on porches bullwhipping people.”<sup>8</sup>

In the spring of 1963, as Birmingham heated up, Bull Connor dispatched his chief of police, Jamie Moore, to Albany to observe Pritchett’s tactics, and when things really got hot in April of that year, Connor sent for Pritchett, offering what Pritchett called “an outrageous sum” to come to Birmingham as an adviser. Pritchett was hesitant, but the Albany City Council urged him to go.

His stay was brief. In the first days of 1963, Bull Connor turned his fire-hoses on demonstrators and brought out police dogs, boasting to the press that dogs were more humane than guns. On May 12, 1963, the Klan met in Bessemer, Alabama, and openly planned the Birmingham bombings.

“I told Connor, ‘Look here, the Klan says they’re going to blow this man [King] up,’” Pritchett told me. “You ought to put a guard on him.”

And Connor replied, according to Pritchett, “I don’t give a damn if they do blow him up. Don’t care what they do. I’m not going to protect him.”

“Okay, Mr. Connor,” Pritchett said he replied. “Tomorrow I’ll catch the first plane out, because you’re wasting my time . . . That night, they blew up King’s motel, and every police car they had in Birmingham got torn up. I left. I didn’t have anything in common with Bull Connor.”

After 1963, Laurie Pritchett became something of a darling to law enforcement officials. Then U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy invited him to Washington for a week and tried to hire him as a federal troubleshooter. “People in the South respect you,” Pritchett remembered Kennedy saying, “And they’ll do what you say.” But Pritchett said he didn’t want to be a “turncoat.”

Kennedy wanted to know what his people would do if the public accommodations provision of the Civil Rights Act was passed. The provision would outlaw discrimination in facilities used by the public.

“You’re asking me about *my people*?” Pritchett recalled saying. “If you mean my people in Albany, Georgia, we’ll abide by it. If you’re asking me what the South will do—Birmingham, Selma, Montgomery, those places—I don’t know what they’ll do.”

Pritchett told me that later in 1964, as King prepared to descend on Selma and confront Jim Clark, Robert Kennedy would say to Wilson Baker, the Selma public safety director, “You know, if you’re smart, you can beat King at his own game.”

It didn’t turn out that way.

When Pritchett left Albany in 1966 to become the chief of police in High Point, the furniture capital of America was a dry town. The town elders there wanted no racial troubles to upset the business boom, and they thought Laurie Pritchett was the right man to keep things quiet. There, his reign was also considered successful, so much so that the city of Seattle tried to hire him away. But the chief did not want to leave the South.

Laurie Pritchett died in 2000.

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What might have happened if the failed Albany movement had not been followed by the firehoses of Birmingham, the earthen dam of Neshoba County, Mississippi, and the mounted posse of Selma? Many scholars believe that, had Laurie Pritchett’s tactics been widely emulated, a broad voting rights law might have been a lot longer in coming. I’m not so sure. That abstraction is now hard to imagine.

In the 1960s, the bedrock racism of the Deep South was so firmly rooted, so certified and enflamed by state governors like George Wallace of Alabama, Ross Barnett of Mississippi, and Lester Maddox of Georgia, so underpinned by the ter-

rifying violence of the Ku Klux Klan, that villains almost as bad as Jim Clark were widely available elsewhere. It is also hard to imagine the sophistication of Laurie Pritchett as a widespread phenomenon, since King would have had no shortage of young, idealistic, and brave foot soldiers to take to the streets and confront whatever might be handed out.

I could feel that when I walked alongside the marchers from Selma to Montgomery in 1965 as a twenty-three-year-old *Daily News* reporter from Chicago. I could feel the change coming. But that in no way lessened the danger of the bullies and the broad-shouldered lawmen in their white helmet liners like Clark's posse, emblazoned with the Confederate flag, who professed to be just trying to uphold the law.

#### NOTES

1. Interview with Jim Clark by James Reston, 1 May 1976. B-0015 in the Southern Oral History Program Collection #4007, Southern Historical Collection, Wilson Library, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, <http://dc.lib.unc.edu/cdm/compoundobject/collection/sohp/id/9810/rec/34>; Interview with Laurie Pritchett by James Reston, 23 April 1976. B-0027 in the Southern Oral History Program Collection #4007, Southern Historical Collection, Wilson Library, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, <http://dc.lib.unc.edu/cdm/compoundobject/collection/sohp/id/9721/rec/3>.

2. Joan Little was a young African American woman who, when she was a prisoner in a Washington, North Carolina jail, killed a prison guard who had entered her cell with an icepick, intending to rape her. Her trial was a national sensation on the issues of women's rights, prisoners' rights, civil rights, and capital punishment. My book on the saga, *The Innocence of Joan Little: A Southern Mystery*, was published in 1977. In 2016, Hollywood optioned the film rights to the book and a six-part miniseries is planned.

3. I learned about the histories of the Bank of Sark and the Tangible Risk Insurance Company from the case's Alabama prosecutor, Richard Igou, and by consulting legal records.

4. Igou was the Dekalb County prosecutor from 1976–1996.

5. A clip of LBJ's speech on Selma can be seen in the film *Selma: The Bridge to the Ballot*, directed by Bill Brummel, DVD, 2015 (Montgomery: Southern Poverty Law Center).

6. Alvin Benn, "1960s Selma Sheriff Won't Back Down," *Montgomery Advertiser*, March 3, 2006.

7. The provision, which appears in Title II of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, reads: "All persons shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the goods, services, facilities, and privileges, advantages, and accommodations of any place of public accommodation, as defined in this section, without discrimination or segregation on the ground of race, color, religion, or national origin." For a transcript of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, including Title II, see "Transcript of Civil Rights Act (1964)," Our Documents, accessed July 17, 2016, <https://www.ourdocuments.gov/doc.php?flash=true&doc=97&page=transcript>.

8. Andrew Young was originally a pastor in Marion, Alabama, before he became a top aide to Martin Luther King Jr. during the civil rights struggle. He later became a U.S. Congressman, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, and Mayor of Atlanta.