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Mississippi's Governor Ross R. Barnett proved himself a man of his word, defied the orders of three Federal Courts, and refused to register negro James Meredith at the University of Mississippi. Barnett's refusal of Meredith capped a day of legal infighting between the State and the Department of Justice which had sought to force Meredith's admission to the all-white school at Oxford.

At 3 p.m. this afternoon word sifted through the waiting masses that the State College Board and Trustees of the University had appointed the Governor to succeed Robert Ellis as the University's registrar by a split vote. The decision ended a nearly continuous day session in which the Board had sought to find a way to deny Meredith admission, and at the same time comply with a Federal court order to integrate him, and keep King Ross from shutting the College.

Meredith arrived on campus this afternoon in the escort of three Federal Marshals and some 200 State and plainclothes police.

He was also greeted by a curious but somewhat beligerant mob of Mississippi students. He arrived at 4:30 p.m. Twenty minutes later at 4:50 p.m. he was under heavy escort. The governor announced to the waiting press:

"This is all I will say gentlemen. The application of James Meredith was denied..."
Then he turned and walked back inside the University's one story, modern brick and glass alumni house where the meeting had taken place.

This morning, in a last gasp effort, Jackson Justice of the Peace Homer Edgeworth convicted Meredith in a 10 minute trial, in absebtia and without benifit of attorney, on a charge of false voter registration and ordered his arrest. He sentenced him to a year in jail.

By the middle of the afternoon Federal District Judges Harold W. Cox of Jackson and Sidney C. Mize of Meridian, Mississippi had struck down the conviction by enjoining anyone from arresting Meredith while he was in the state.

They also struck down yesterday's injunction issued by State Chancery Judge L.B. Porter which had ordered State, University, and Federal officials from registering the 29 year old Kosciusko, Mississippi native at Ole Miss. The ruling, had cleared the way for the dramatic showdown this afternoon.

And, in Jackson the State College Board suffered the first casulty of the integration battle. Tally, D. Riddell, of Quitman, suffered a heart attack and was carried to the hospital.
All of this only provided background for the action on the University campus at Oxford. All day crowds of curious students swarmed around the red brick Lyceum administration building where it was thought Meredith would show up to register. The first people were there by seven a.m. and stayed all day. By noon a thousand people perched on granite steps under the tall columns that make up the buildings pseudo-colonial facade, and swarmed down under the wide grove of oaks that roll away in front of it. At first they chatted quietly. Or, they flirted with the dozens of slim, and lithesome southern belles that waited with them.

With the fall semester's first classes still a day off, it was a holiday occasion. A 1955 blue Chevrolet with a Confederate flag strapped across its hood moved around the circle in front of the Lyceum building. And a black 1962 Chevy with "we are from Grenada, you all come drag Sunday" printed in crude white letters across its side followed around.

The talk turned to Meredith as the day grew later and of "when's he coming", and "Where's Barnett" rose like a chorus of frogs.
"I really think he fancies himself a great deliverer," said one faculty member (f.y.i but no direct attribution Duncan Gray, an Episcopalian minister and chaplain on campus). "He's really sincere in this. I think he thinks he is supporting the constitution." And a blond Mississippi junior, Marvin Gray laughed, "this is nothing compared to Little Rock. We really had something there. That was something big."

They skied through the streets as well as the sidewalks and steps. And, at 12:30 p.m. the first alarm went off. Reporters munching box lunches, supplied by the University, rushed to the door of the Lyceum in a storm of flying chicken wings, spilled cokes, and unfinished cigarettes. They were down the steps and running before the highway patrol popped three fuzzy cheeked freshmen into the back seat for yelling Wolf!"
After that brief excitement everyone settled back for a little girl watching. Endless convertibles with endless blondes passed in a big parade. And each time something tasty went by, the crowd let out a big roar. Each time the roars got louder. And then the television cameraman asked them to cheer for the camera. The students responded with Mississippi football chant, "Hoddy, Toddy! Gosh Almighty! Hey! Flim, Flam! Bim, Bam! Who the hell are we? Ole Miss! Ole Miss!

And then they repeated it three times and clapped each other on the shoulders. Soon they were balancing on each other's shoulders giving the television camera the finger. Then they started to sing to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, "Glory, Glory, Hallileuah, Glory, Glory, Hallileuah, Glory, Glory Hallileuah, The South Shall rise again!" And they chanted, "Two, four, six, eight, we will never integrate."

From the middle of the mob, a darkly handsome boy unwrapped a confederate flag and waved it over his head, yelling "Two, four, six, eight, we'll never integrate." Cheers of "run it up the flag pole" answered him. "Run it up" ; "tear down the flag" ; "tear down the flag."

And slowly, as t.v. recorded it all, the crowd moved towards the tall
flag pole that stands at the Southern gate of the campus. They reached the pole and started to run down the American flag. Those on the steps watched in amusement, as if they were aware they were violating some unwritten taboo.

Then, Gray Jackson, vice president of the Student body, climbed up onto the base of the pole and made his colleagues laugh. Good-naturedly the students trooped back towards the administration building, seemingly relieved that they did not have to carry out their threat.

"That was a stupid thing to do," muttered one, "especially after 1954.

And another, George Monroe, a senior from Newton, Mississippi, was so shocked that he walked into the press room to give a statement to the press. "Don't get me wrong," he warned, "I'm a segregationist, and I believe in it.

But what we are trying to do is protect the constitution against the federal government. Not destroy it. That's terrible what they did out there. That's why I'd liked to die when I saw it." Monroe is the former president of the State's "Patriotic American youths" organization.

And in a page Editorial dated September 20, 1962, Sidna Brower, Editor of the Daily Mississippian did her bit to keep the campus calm. When the Jackson Daily News (see take two) that
that out of state newspapermen were slanting their news and presenting slanderous stories to the public. After noting that the editorial went on to say, "If they are here to report factual information, they are entitled to do so," Sidna wrote, "the majority, at this time, would inquire if the editors of the Jackson Daily News have been reading their own paper this week. And if so, where did they acquire their factual information?"

"It seems that the majority of newspapers in the area, many of these out of state, have been somewhat more conservative in reporting facts and views on the campus situation than some of the state's own newspapers."

"The Daily News has truely followed the final words of the editorial ---"Let the verbs and adjectives flow"---in their screaming headlines and sensationalized stories."

"Although approximately 50 reporters from various newspapers and magazines over the nation have registered at the press room set up in the Lyceum, the Daily News has no registered representative on campus nor do its stories carry bylines. Again we ask, where are they getting their facts?"
"Perhaps the Jackson Daily News should reread their editorial and stories and "practice what they preach." Considering the fact that the last Editor of the Daily Mississippian who took leave and out of the University (Ross Barnett) was literally driven off the newspaper by Sidna Brower was taking her chances when she was with the White Citizens Council, 

But if a few students called for reason, the rest were content to mill around in a curious, sometimes belligerent, sometimes friendly pack waiting for Meredith to arrive. At no time did any University official show up in an attempt to disperse the students. At no time did the police make the slightest effort to break up the mob, and from time to time they would surge out across the lawn on rumors that the governor or Meredith were arriving, then retreat to the high ground on the steps of the Lyceum. By four o'clock nearly 2,000 Mississippians were waiting ever so anxiously in front of the campus. But, the mob's mood was still did not turn ugly for another hour.

More...
Meanwhile, J.H. Meredith was moving on the campus. Accompanied by Chief U.S. Marshal James P. McShane, who recently flew to Israel in an unsuccessful attempt to return convicted atom spy Robert Soblen to the United States, and Second Assistant Attorney General St. John Barrett of the Civil Rights Division, Meredith waited outside the State Highway Patrol headquarters in nearby Batesville, Mississippi.

Barrett flew in from Jackson and went straight to the University Alumni House to prepare for the meeting.

Outside the low modern building reporters rested in the grass and in fives and tens the crowd from the Lyceum moved a half mile away moved under the trees to wait with them. Photographers moved back and forth snapping pictures of each other. Tension mounted steadily. At four the advance squadron of Meredith's escort pulled into the drive and roared to a stop besides the Alumni House. They pushed the crowd back across the road, and made everyone stand on the otherside of a low chain fence. Seventy-five of them lined up in a single row with their backs facing the crowd. All were dressed in confederate grey shirts, neatly pressed blue pants, with a double red stripe at the seam. Their badges flashed in the fading sun, and slapping against their thighs, each was a heavy, well broken-in pistol.
By now dozens of students were running across the broad lawns eager to catch sight of the man they had been waiting for most of the day.

Two of them shinnied up a tree, and a minute later were followed by two more who clung like gawky birds in the branches over the crowd.

Resentful shouts of "go home nigger!" "go home black man!" rose as Meredith pulled up in front of the Alumni building in a green and white 1962 plymouth. He bounced out quickly and chants of "two, four, six, eight, we will never integrate" cut the air. Boos and whistles followed him into the alumni house. "It's a summitt meetin' with the Gov'nor!" someone yelled. And a chant of "We want Ross!" "We want Ross! We want Ross!" went up. (Again the students roared Hoddy Toddy)

but this time the words changed from gosh almighty to Christ almighty.
A hush fell inside the Alumni house as McShane, Barrett and Meredith pushed through the front door. Turning to University registrar Robert Ellis, McShane handed over the injunction instructing him to admit Meredith to classes. Ellis took one look at it and let it fall to the tabletop. Then Barnett walked over and picked it up. He took one long look, turned it face down on the table again, and announced he could not accept it.

"Do you realize you are breaking the law?" McShane asked.

Barnett glanced at him and replied by asking if McShane were telling him or if it was up to a Judge to decide that. According to witnesses, the meeting was orderly, and as formal as circumstances would allow.

Barnett addressed Meredith only once, when he asked him for the record before turning him down if he was James Meredith. Meredith was reported to have replied succinctly "Yes sir."

Then they left as quickly as they came. At 4.51 p.m. the doors swung open and the three emerged with a swarm of plainclothes men surrounding them. Meredith grinned slightly as he got back into their car, and slipped on a pair of reading glasses. He was dressed in a neat brown suit, brown shoes, and a white shirt with a red striped regimental tie.
Meredith's car pulled quickly down the driveway, and for the first time of the day the crowd became ugly. There were shouts of "nigger go home" again, but also a few cries of "get that nigger," let's get his car.

Down the road and across the lawn the crowd sprinted yelling and shouting. Many were only curious and excited, but there was little doubt the mob was not under control. If they had ever succeeded in catching up with the car and cutting it off, there would have been bloodshed. But, followed by a crowd of State Police, the Kosciusko negro sped past fraternity row, and on down the road towards Memphis.

The mob, hoping he would show up at the gym, and not knowing that Barnett had refused to grant him admission, sprinted in front of the gym and around the Lyceum they gathered shouting angry thoughts like "I'd like to get my hands on that nigger, I'd break his head," and milling together in confusion. Fortunately violence was averted by the presence of the highway police. But if Meredith had stayed on campus any longer there were all the ingredients for a full riot.
Twenty minutes later the mob dispersed and the students walked back to their dorms happily discussing their victory (and Barnett's) in keeping Ole Miss all-white. The Justice Department announced it would press contempt charges against the Chancellor, Dean and registrar at the University, but for the moment King Ross was not mentioned.

Certainly the afternoon's action and impasse have done much to worsen the most serious Federal-State clash since Little Rock, and has driven both sides closer to yet a more drastic settlement.

Mississippi is courting Federal intervention with either troops or Marshals through its continued defiance of the Federal Courts. And King Ross and his legislature in Jackson seem just the people to send the invitation.

we will update as developments break. regards,

Dudley Morris, Colonial Hotel, Oxford.
add. we hope that out tuesday night file contained enough bio on

only
meredith. He took extension course at Maryland and Kansas. During the time he piled up credits from the two universities he was serving full time active duty in the Air Force as a staff sergeant.