

Lit.
Lum.

Ironic:
believes races
are same but
acts opposite

Assumes
A.A. feel the
same

How does
he know—
assuming

U-trap. He looked inside it and saw what looked like a rag. It was the one that was used to wipe off the top of the counter.

"With all the mess that's going on I sure didn't need this tonight," Miss Robbins said. "We had to close an hour early."

"What mess?" Tommy asked.

"The colored getting ready to march through town and that King coming down here," Miss Robbins said. "He's from Atlanta and he should stay in Atlanta. It's people like him who stirs up the coloreds."

"You take the average one of your black folks around here," Jed said. He was sitting on a high stool that normally stood on the other side of the counter. "He don't want race mixing any more than the average white man. But when they start bringing in them people from out of town, things get stirred up. When's the last time you had any problems between whites and coloreds?"

"Negroes can't get food in here," Tommy said.

"Whoa! They can get anything they want anytime they want it," Miss Robbins said. "And you've been working here long enough to know that. They just can't sit at the counter and eat it. Most coloreds don't want to eat here, anyway."

"You can eat in a colored store," Tommy said. He put the new pipe in place, saw that it fit and began to hand-tighten the nuts.

"Now I don't want to eat in a colored store," Jed said. "And I don't see why a colored man

Racist w/out
Realizing

Talking
& working

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or woman would want to eat in a white store. And that Reverend King—and I don't know if he's a real preacher or not—don't care where colored people eat. What he wants is race mixing. You hear that speech he made in Washington about little black boys and little white girls playing together?"

"Who's that other one they got up in New York? Malcolm X or something?" Miss Robbins said. "Now he don't want no race mixing."

"I don't trust no man that calls himself 'X,'" Jed said. "That man hates white people something terrible."

"You got any pipe compound?"

"What's that?" Jed asked.

"That's the stuff you put on the threads so the pipe won't leak," Tommy said. "If you ain't got any, you better get some from the hardware store."

"You take the truck and go on over and get some," Miss Robbins said. "I want to clean this mess up tonight."

Jed wiped his hands on a paper towel. "When we got our boys fighting in Vietnam and all them riots in New York, we don't need another problem," he said. "We sure don't need it here in Johnson City."

"Get some pipe string, too," Tommy said and, noticing the puzzled look on Jed's face, added that he should just ask someone in the hardware store for it.

"Proof"

Totally ignorant

