

SEPTEMBER · 1914

## From Richard Carroll

Columbia, S.C., Sept. 1, 1914

My dear Dr. Washington: I wrote you the day the mob got after me at Iva, S.C. I told the parties that were present to write the story as well as he could. I am going to publish the whole story within the next two weeks.

Governor Blease has been defeated. Hon. Richard I. Manning,<sup>1</sup> I am sure, will be governor. He is a high-class gentleman. Blease was in Iva about two weeks before I went there and stopped with a Mr. McElree a letter carrier. The white Baptist association met there on the 4th of July. Iva is a factory town. I attended the association by invitation. I was met at the station by a colored man who called me Booker T. Washington. I told him I am not Booker T. Washington. It seemed that some white man let fall the expression "The Booker T. Washington of South Carolina will speak here today." Some white people got it into their heads that you were to speak.

This colored man over-heard them making a plot over the telephone to mob me, and prevent me from speaking. Before the association assembled in the church, I was waited on by two or three white men. Members of the association told me that I would be protected as long as I was in the church, but these men told me to leave. I told them that I was to speak at 12 o'clock and would remain.

Later on a colored man called on me at the request of another colored man who sent word that he knew of a mob coming to whip or kill me. I walked about 100 yards from the church and was faced by 15 men who had come for me.

Dr. V. I. Masters #1006 Healy Building, Atlanta, Ga. who was in the church, saw the white men gathering around me and came to see what the trouble was. Dr. Masters made a speech to the mob and among other things he said: "I know Richard Carroll and would rather be Richard Carroll with his black skin than you with your devilish spirit." They replied: "We will make you leave if you take sides with your nigger."

I decided the best to do was to leave and this I did on the first train — a freight train. A crowd of factory boys and men gathered at the train talked in low tones, but said nothing to me. After I left, I was