

AFFADAVIT

FROM: Judy Richardson

TO: SNCC

CONCERNING: Heart of Atlanta Motel

At approximately 8:15 P.M. on the night of January 11, 1964, Joanne Bowman, Iris Greenberg, Jimmy Bolton, Walter Tillow, Rick Manning and I arrived at the Heart of Atlanta Motel. The doors to both the restaurant and the receiving section of the motel were locked. The gate which allows cars to enter into the motel section was also locked.

Walter stood aside enabling him to observe the following incidents. Joanne, Iris, Jimmy Rick and I proceeded to block the door leading to the receiving section in order to stop guests from entering in that manner. A motel official then instructed all guests to enter through the gate and via the side door to the receiving section which was located inside the gate. We then began to try to enter through the gate when it was unlocked for outgoing and incoming cars and pedestrian traffic. At such times we were forcefully evicted from the entrance. At



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approximately 8:45 P.M. the gates were opened for a car and some guests who wished to leave. As the car passed through the gateway Joanne Bowman went across the gateway into the motel section of the driveway. She was tackled by three of the parking attendants and brought screaming to the ground. At this point we (Iris, Jimmy, Rick and I) leapt over the gateway to assist Joanne. Most of the attention was focused on Joanne so that very little was done to prevent our action. The men then unhandled Joanne and began to chase us. However, we were able to successfully evade them for about 3 or 4 minutes. During this time Iris, Jimmy and I headed for the elevator leading upstairs to the motel section. The elevator closed just as I got to it. I then felt a man's hand on my arm pulling me toward him and to the ground. I fell to the ground and was told by the attendant to get up and get out. As I looked at his face I decided that he was too angry to be responsible for his actions so I remained on the ground realizing this was my best protection. <sup>He</sup> ~~I was~~ then dragged <sup>me</sup> ~~by him~~ by one arm over the sidewalk curb and about 50 feet across the driveway to the gate. It was after I went over the curb that I felt a sharp pain which continued until I was given a sedative at the hospital.

Sometime during the time that he was dragging me a woman outside the gate screamed. It was this scream which brought Iris and Jimmy down to the ground floor again and which brought some of the people sitting-in at the restaurant outside to see what was happening. After the attendant deposited me at the gate Sergeant Molar arrived and all the



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attendants suddenly disappeared. I lay on the wet ground (it had begun to rain) in a mild state of shock for approximately 15 minutes until the ambulance came. I asked to be taken to the Georgia Baptist Hospital since I am of the Baptist religion and it was the closest hospital. Dr. Shelton who drove with me in the ambulance, asked that I be admitted as a patient after I arrived at the hospital. The head nurse was then called and she told the Dr. and Mr. Forman (who also came to the hospital) that they "don't admit colored patients".

She then instructed the ambulance attendants to take me to Grady. One of the ambulance attendants, who had indicated that he would cooperate with us "100per cent" said that, of course he would follow orders as he had done in bringing me to Georgia Baptist in the first place, but that he would take no responsibility for any medical complications which developed as a result of his transporting me from one hospital to the other. The nurse then quickly said that she wouldn't take that responsibility either. At There was one Egyptian doctor there who said he would gladly treat me, and that he was only waiting for the hospital authorization. ~~At this point the hospital administrators arrived.~~ Forman demanded that the nurse call the hospital administrators. She replied that if he wanted to see the administrators he should call them himself. Soon after this the administrators did arrive.



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For approximately twenty minutes I waited in the corridor while Mr. Forman, and Dr. Stuart and the hospital administration consulted on whether the hospital would admit me as a patient. I was still in shock and shaking continuously from shock and cold. They covered me with some sheets and the one blanket they could find. They finally decided to admit me at which time they brought me into the emergency room where they gave a hypo to relax me and bring me out of shock. They then X-rayed me and upon finding that my back was sprained they called an orthopedist, Dr. Bayne. He checked me fully and told me to come back for therapy that Monday, January 13, 1964. He felt that it could take from 5 to 14 days for my back to heal and for me again to be able to bend my back as this was quite painful following the injury.

After talking to one of the Negro workers in the emergency ward I discovered it was not my severe pain but the pressure put <sup>the</sup> upon hospital administration which forced them to admit me. The ~~nurse~~ worker told me that only a few weeks before a little Negro girl had been brought there bleeding and in great pain following a car accident. The hospital refused to admit her and would give her only first-aid treatment after which she had to be taken to Grady Hospital for further treatment.