

## CASE STUDIES OF INTIMIDATION

## MISSISSIPPI

COFO, 1017 Lynch St.  
Jackson, Mississippi

This report is a collection of personal statements concerning acts of intimidation in Mississippi between February and April, 1964. The purpose of presenting these statements is to provide documentary evidence of the continual intimidation of Mississippi's Negroes and of those who come to help them. Acts of intimidation are a fact of life for Mississippi's 950,000 Negroes and an important factor in the success or failure of civil rights activities. Nonetheless, almost no press reports of these incidents have appeared in Northern papers and no major Federal investigation has been run on any of the cases mentioned in this report.

The statements concern three different areas of the state, involving differing forms of physical, political, and economic intimidation. The first statement is from a man in Natchez in the southwest. In this area of the state, intimidation tends to take the form of open violence. As a result, the Negro population is still generally cowed, and civil rights work has proceeded slowly. Around the beginning of the year, the Ku Klux Klan revived in the southwest. Since then, there have been countless cross burnings, at least two bombings, and at least five killings. Many Negroes have been forced to leave counties in the extreme southwest because they were suspected of involvement in voter registration or other civil rights activities.

Reasons for the high degree of open violence in the southwest are not certain. It has been suggested, however, that the lack of a clear economic distinction between the Negro and white communities has forced the whites to resort to open violence to keep the Negroes "in their place".

The second set of statements come from the city of Ruleville, in Sunflower County, and from Greenwood, in Leflore County, in the northwest. This is the Mississippi Delta, an area of large cotton plantations, and heavy Negro majorities in many counties. Though there has been a considerable amount of open violence in the Delta, it has not been sufficient to prevent effective voter registration activities. With the intensification of such activities, political and economic intimidation by the white community has increased. For instance, large numbers of Negro workers have been fired from jobs on the plantations and in the towns because of involvement with the civil rights movement.

Because the plantation economy has almost total economic power over the Negro, loss of a job often means immediate destitution. To add further pressure, some county authorities have on occasion ended Federal welfare programs, denying displaced Negroes unemployment relief. As a result, it has been necessary to ship tons of food and clothing from friends in the North to try to meet the basic needs of hundreds of families in the Greenwood and Ruleville areas.

In Jackson, the capital, intimidation comes mainly from the large, well-armed, extremely efficient police force. Acts of open violence are generally avoided; but beneath the surface, Jackson is a 'hard' town. Because of recent demonstrations by the large number of Negro college students in the area, city authorities seem wary of openly provoking the Negro population. Instead, police are focusing their efforts on intimidation of white workers in the civil rights movement.

In the past month, six white workers have been beaten in the Jackson jails. While no systematic attempt has yet been made to round up all the white workers from the North, the present policy seems to be to beat every such worker who comes into the Jackson jails. In this way, as the last two people beaten were told, an example is being made for those who are yet to come - - an apparent allusion to the coming COFO Summer Project.

It is difficult to understand why the incidents in this report have not been mentioned in the Northern press or investigated by the Federal Government. Few factors have as much influence on the life of Mississippi's Negroes and on efforts to organize for civil rights as the ever-present and brutal system of intimidation. Nevertheless, for some reason, these incidents have not been considered important enough to be brought to the attention of the nation.

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3. Mr. Willis Wright. This is an example of economic intimidation with police involvement in Greenwood.
4. Mr. George R. Davis, Mrs. Alice Hemingway, and Mr. Charles Hills. Mr. Davis' statement concerns another incident of economic intimidation. The statements of Mrs. Hemingway and Mr. Hills concern intimidation of those attempting to register to vote by county officials and police in Greenwood.
5. Mr. Mendy Samstein. This incident in Ruleville, Mississippi is representative of the continual harrassment and arrest suffered by civil rights workers --- in this case a white and a Negro SNCC worker helping in a Congressional campaign.
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STATE OF MISSISSIPPI  
COUNTY OF ADAMS

Council of Federated Organizations  
Document on mob violence.

Related by Archie C. Curtis.

My name is Archie C. Curtis. I am the owner of Curtis Funeral Home, Inc. of Natchez, Mississippi. I have been in this business for fifteen years. I am a law-abiding citizen and a registered voter. I have been active in voter registration and am interested in things beneficial to my people and country.'

On February 16, 1964, at around 1:30 a.m., I got a call to go pick up the wife of a man called Joe Gooden. The caller said she had a heart attack. He said he was the foreman of Joe Gooden. I said I did not know Joe Gooden and did not know where he lived. The caller said to come to the end of the pavement on Palestine Road and there would be a man there with a lantern to direct me. Not suspecting anything, I got dressed and drove to the designated spot in my ambulance. I took with me my helper, William Jackson, but we did not see a man with a lantern. Instead, a car came up and some persons got out with white hoods over their heads and shoulders. They had guns. They ordered me out of the ambulance. When I was getting out, one of them struck me on the back of my hand with a pistol, opening a wound. We were blindfolded and taken about two miles away, I don't know where.

They demanded that I give them an NAACP card and tell them who else had one. I said that I did not have one, and did not know anyone else who had one. They beat us and roughed us up severely. One of them said they ought to kill us, but another one said not to do that, but just to leave us there. They left us and we found our way back to the ambulance. The lights had been left on, so the battery was dead. Then we had to walk about 2½ miles to find friendly Negro residents to help us back to town. This was especially hard on me because I am recuperating from a stroke.

I reported the incident to both local and federal authorities. I believe we should have protection from lawless elements and I will continue to be active in anything that will better our people without harming anyone else.

original signed by Archie C. Curtis

Statement taken on April 23, 1964, at Curtis Funeral home, Natchez, Mississippi by C. Herbert Oliver.

original signed by C. Herbert  
Oliver



STATE OF MISSISSIPPI  
COUNTY OF LEFLORE

Council of Federated Org.  
Affidavit of John Mathews

Mr. John Mathews, age 34, 725 Ave. E, Greenwood, Miss., GL 3-4698, being duly sworn, deposes and says, to-wit:

On Tuesday, March 31st, at about 12:30 p.m., I went up to the Leflore County Courthouse, went into the courthouse building. I am a citizenship teacher for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, working in Greenwood. As part of my job I was checking on whether or not people were being allowed to register or not. Evidently all people were out to lunch. Upon leaving the courthouse building, two policemen came across the street, yanked or pulled an NAACP button from my jacket, twisted my arm behind me, carried me across the street, and threw me into a patrol car. At this time a policeman got my wallet out of my back pocket, took an ink pen from my hand, broke it in half and threw it to the ground. They then took me to the city jail and locked me up. One policeman was heavy, about 185 lb., light hair, blue uniform, white shirt, police cap, a Greenwood city police uniform. The other weighed about 160 lb., dark hair, same dress, no blue coat like the other wore. At the courthouse they said that I was disturbing the peace and also was guilty of disorderly conduct. They felt that I was drunk. I had had only one beer (which I admitted to the judge the following day at 1 p.m.). In the jail that first night, it was impossible to sleep; every half hour or so three or four policemen would come and open the door and holler "You marching niggers wake up. You was marching today, why not get up and march now? Wake up, you are not supposed to be sleeping." One policeman would stick his head in the door and say sarcastically, "I want my Freedom Now." Around 1 p.m. the next day they took me into a room for the trial. The judge said that I was charged with drunk and disorderly conduct. I pleaded not guilty. We had asked to be allowed to make a phone call that previous night and morning, and we had not been allowed. I was given no opportunity to get a lawyer. The judge did not tell us that we had a right to have a lawyer. The arresting officer could not be found in my trial, so the judge said case continued until today, Thursday. They took me back to my cell. Another cop came into the cell, took me out into the identification room located in a shack in back of the jail. They fingerprinted and took my picture. While this was occurring, they called from the courtroom and I came back. My mother and arresting officer had arrived. I was sworn for the first time; the judge asked again, "guilty or not guilty". I said not guilty. He asked at least five policemen what condition I was in at the arrest. They said that I was "acting strange". At least three of the policemen were not at the arrest scene, however. So \$15 fine. Back at the desk to claim my belongings, they gave me my door keys and cigarettes, but not my wallet, which I asked for several times. They had taken the stuff off me themselves, and I did not put anything into an envelope nor signed any envelope. They maintained that they did not have my wallet. It had my drivers' license and social security card, voter registration card from when I lived there in Illinois. No money. They constantly connected me with the marches (picketing at the courthouse for voter registration) although I was not. After I paid the fine a policeman (the 160-lb one who arrested me) said, "You are out now. But I will bring you right back when I catch you in a march."

original signed by John Mathews.

I certify that a notary public is not available and that the above is true to the best of my ability, this 2nd day of April, 1964.

original signed by John Mathews

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

Firing of Voter  
Registration  
Applicant  
Greenwood, Miss.

A F F I D A V I T

I, Mr. Willis Wright, 23, of 405 Broad Street, Greenwood, Mississippi, (no phone) being duly sworn depose and say: to wit:

On Wednesday and Thursday, March 25 and 26, 1964, I went up to the Leflore County Courthouse in order to register to vote. I have been trying to register to vote since June 1963 when I graduated from the Broad Street public high school, Greenwood, Mississippi. I had tried five times previously to register to vote, but was told that I had failed each time, but I was never given a reason why I had failed. The person who talked and dealt with me each time was Mrs. Martha Lamb, the Registrar. Both Wednesday the 25th and Thursday the 26th of March 1964, I came to the courthouse to register, but both times there were too many people already in the registrar's office for me to get in there at the same time. So both days I joined the picket line which was outside the courthouse to show Mrs. Martha Lamb and the public that I wanted to register to vote. I carried signs, changing them with others so that we all could carry different signs. I carried signs: "One Man - One Vote, Vote For Freedom, All Men Are Created Equal, Register To Vote Not Tomorrow But Today." Both days I noticed a policeman across the street watching us. This man was new, and had not been seen before the 25th nor after the 26th. He apparently had been hired specially, maybe from another town. He had a white helmet, a city policeman's uniform on, rode a motorcycle, had a full face, bluish-gray eyes, about 5'10" tall, brown hair, and was seemingly the youngest policeman there. He just observed while the local police were taking pictures of all participants both days. On Thursday, after picketing, at about five minutes after 12 noon, as I was walking to my job, this policeman yelled at me: "You think wouldn't anybody run over you, don't you. You black mother fucker." I work at Angelo's Cafe, 700 block of Carrollton Avenue. Jimmy Ballots is the manager. After reporting to work, Ballots sent me to get some canned goods at the Russel's Wholesale Company. As I was walking back with the goods, on Carrollton, about one block from the cafe, this same policeman spotted me from his motorcycle. He pulled over and said, "Hey where are you going?" I said, "I am going to Angelo's Cafe." He said, "That's where you work?" I said, "Yes." He said, "You mean to tell me that you picket in the morning and work up there in the afternoon?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well then, we'll see what we can do about that." I said, "Alright, thank you." He left me and I saw him go into the cafe. He had left before I got back. Nothing was said that day. That was Thursday, the last day of the pay week. Friday, at 12 noon, when I appeared for work, Mr. Ballot met me on the outside with my check in his hand. He said: "Have your check cashed right in here at B&R's. I will have to lay you off right now. But I will let you know when I need you again." I had worked for him the two summers between my sophomore and junior years and between my junior and senior years. On March 7th, he asked me to start working with him again. We had gotten along real well. I believe that the sole reason that I was fired was this policeman telling my boss to fire me because of my voter registration activities.

Signed: Willis Wright

Sworn to and signed before me this 10th day of April, 1964

Signed: James Gordon, Notary Public

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI  
COUNTY OF ~~LEFLORE~~

3 Affidavits of  
Economic and Political  
Intimidation

Affidavit of George R. Davis:

I George R. Davis, 23 years old, of 113 E. Scott St., Greenwood, Miss., swear the following is true. On March 25, I marched on the voter registration line around the Greenwood court house. When I came home, my father told me that Mr. Paul Campbell, my boss at the C & J Transportation Co., 509 MacArthur St., Greenwood, had told him that I was fired. On March 25, 1964, I tried to go to work at C & J Transportation Co., and was told that they could not use me because my picketing was bad for business. I have worked for C & J Transportation as a truck driver off and on since 1958, and steadily since January, 1964. My father works part-time for Short Tire and Oil Co., 1300 South Main St., Greenwood, Miss. I also work there sometimes when I am not driving a truck. My father was told by David Short of the Short Tire and Oil Co. that I could no longer work there and that I would not be able to get another job in Greenwood since my picture had been shown to the members of the Citizen's Council.

Affidavit of Mrs. Alice Hemingway, P.O. Box 686, Itta Bena, Miss.:

Tuesday, March 31, 1964, at about 11:30, a.m., I went down to the Leflore County Courthouse, located in Greenwood, Mississippi, to picket in the registration drive with a sign saying "I Want to Vote". A tall, slim officer in a blue uniform with soft blue cap, apparently City Police Chief Curtis Lary came up and said, "You aren't goin' to picket today." Right after that he took the sign off my neck and tor it up, and said, "Get off these streets. Go on." And I said, "Yes, sir." And then I left the courthouse and went on home.

At about the time that I was at the courthouse I saw a policeman kick Miss Dorothy Higgins as she was joining the picket line.

Affidavit of Mr. Charles Hills:

Mr. Charles Hills, P.O. Box 543, Greenwood, Miss., made his fifth attempt to register on April 1, and was turned down. Mrs. Martha Lamb told him that he was not going to pass, so why keep coming here. He then replied, "I should pass. This is my fifth time." She then told him, "This is a mess. We white folks have been good to you all, so why don't you go home before the cops arrest you."

As Mr. Hills was leaving the courthouse, a policeman pulled beside him and said, "If I catch you in that line, I will shoot your damn head off." Then he drove away.

signed  
Charlie Hills



CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN WORKERS HARRASSED IN RULEVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.  
MARCH 20, 1964

Report by Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee Field Worker  
Mendy Samstein:

On Friday night, March 20, George Green and I left Jackson for the Delta to find Mrs. Hamer and Charles McLaurin in order to learn the outcome of Mrs. Hamer's opening campaign rally in Ruleville, Mississippi. (Mrs. Hamer is running for congress in the second congressional district) and to discuss future campaign strategy. We took with us hundreds of handout leaflets for campaign canvassing as well as other campaign materials which had just been worked up in Jackson and Atlanta. We arrived in Cleveland, Mississippi at approximately 11:30 in the hope of finding McLaurin at the home of Amzie Moore, a resident of Cleveland. Finding no one home at Moore's house we decided to proceed to Ruleville to see Mrs. Hamer and perhaps find McLaurin. We arrived in Ruleville at approximately 12:15 and were driving through the Negro community when we were stopped by Ruleville police. We stopped our car (George was driving at the time). Two men got out of the police car and approached us. One was a stout, round-faced man (who we later learned was name Milam and was known to Negro residents of Ruleville for his brutality. Milam is the brother of the man who was accused of killing Emmett Till). The other was a shorter man, wearing glasses (whose name we never learned). Milam was dressed in uniform, but the other man was dressed in plain chinos and a tan shirt. (We later learned he was merely an auxiliary policeman who frequently was put on night duty).

The shorter man approached me and asked me what I was doing in "niggertown." When I did not reply he told me to get out of the car. Meanwhile Milam had gone around to the other side of the car and had told George Green, "nigger, get out of the car." We were both then pushed and shoved to the back of the car where we were continuously and threateningly asked what we were doing in "niggertown". Then the shorter fellow began questioning me as to what I was doing "with that nigger". Milam then grabbed me and started shoving me around. The shorter fellow then went over to George and asked him if "he was a nigger." When George did not reply, the shorter man pulled his gun and shoved it repeatedly in George's stomach. I later learned he had the gun cocked and had jabbed it repeatedly in George's ribs, causing several lacerations. After a few moments, the shorter man came over to me and told Milam that he would take care of me. He then shoved me a few yards to a lamppost and began asking me who I worked for and what I was doing here with that nigger. When I explained that I worked for the Council of Federated Organizations and that we were concerned with voting and education, he repeated intermittantly, "Why you yellow bastard, I ought to..." (cocking his fist back while saying this).

Meanwhile, Milam was back at the car with George, and I later learned from George that Milam also pulled his gun and jabbed it repeatedly into George's stomach. Before anything further transpired between me and the shorter man, Milam came and told us that we were both under arrest and that we should get in our car. We were to make a right and then proceed to the jailhouse -- which we did. When we got out, we were told to go into the jailhouse where we were told to

empty all our pockets. We were then frisked by the shorter man, who kept repeatedly calling George a "nigger." Milam, looking at me, then said, "I still don't know what you people do." When I said we were concerned with Negro participation in politics, he replied that "we don't have any nigger politics in Ruleville." At this point, we were placed in separate cells, without being fingerprinted or booked, without being able to make a phone call, and without any appraisal of what the charges against us were.

During the night, I awoke to the sharp voice of the shorter man who had arrested me earlier. He was talking to a man who was obviously being put into a cell. He kept calling the man a nigger and when the man did not reply "yes sir", he reminded him threateningly to say "yes sir" to him. After Milam and the shorter man left, I learned the man just arrested was a Negro school teacher from Hattiesburg. He was in Ruleville, trying to visit his wife who was in the hospital there, at the bedside of her mother.

The next morning around 9:00 the Negro school teacher was released. When the jailer came in, George asked him if he could make a phone call, but the jailkeeper replied, "when we get ready." Meanwhile George, from his cell, was able to see several officers go into our car and begin searching through it from hood to trunk. George saw them take several of the Mrs. Hamor leaflets from the car.

At about 10:30, George was taken out of his cell for about 15 minutes and when he returned I was taken out. I was ushered into the City Hall (Adjoining the jailhouse) and there seated next to a man at a typewriter who began asking me routine questions. (I later learned that this was the Mayor of Ruleville, Dourrough). When I asked what the charges were against me, Mayor Dourrough replied that they didn't know yet, that they were investigating me because there had been several burglaries in town recently. When he was finished questioning me, I asked to make a phone call, but the Mayor replied, "When we finish investigating." I was then returned to my cell. About a half hour later, George and I were again taken out. We were brought before Mayor Dourrough who was now acting, we assumed, as Justice of the Peace, and were told that I was charged with violating the curfew and that George was arrested for violating the curfew and going through a stop sign. We were told that the fine was \$10 for each count. When I told Mayor Dourrough that the Supreme Court of the United States had ruled that curfew laws for adults were unconstitutional, Dourrough replied that, "that law has not reached here yet." When I asked what the appeal bond would be, he said I would have to go to the county jail in Indianola and there await the setting of a bond. Since we had to do much work, we decided to pay the fines. This we did, whereupon we were released.



MEMBER OF ARMED SERVICES INSULTED AND SLAPPED IN JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI  
JAILED - 3/26/64

Events Leading Up to and Pertinent to My Being Assaulted by Three Members of the Jackson, Mississippi Police Force:

On 26 March 1964 my wife and I were in Jackson, Mississippi for the purpose of visiting with our long time friend, Julius Samstein. We were in route to my new Army assignment at Fort Dix, New Jersey, coming from Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

On the afternoon of 26 March, I was stopped by Patrolman Guess of the Jackson police, verbally charged with making an illegal U-Turn, taken to the police station and asked by a boy in casual civilian clothes to pay \$17. At no time was I formally charged, nor did I receive a ticket or citation. A Negro lady whom I knew only as Gwen but whose full name I believe is Miss Gwen Gillon, was in the car at the time of my arrest.

On the evening of 26 March, at about 9:30 I drove Mr. Samstein to the police station where he went about the business of depositing bond for David Walker who was charged with a traffic violation. While waiting in the main lobby of the police station, a man in civilian clothes who I assumed to be connected with the Jackson police as he approached from their office, started arrogantly questioning me about my identity and business; and then abusively questioning and accusing me as to my being married to a "wooly bugaboo Nigger girl." Toward the conclusion of our conversation he said something to the effect that "you're married to a Nigger, you ought to be booted out of the Army." I answered something to the effect that I was defending the constitution of our country, more than he was doing, and that while it was no business of his who my wife was, I was confident that she was a finer woman than his wife. Our conversation ended with this man hitting me across the face with a full-swinging, open-handed smack. I then turned to leave but had trouble doing so as I was met at the door by two uniformed policemen, one of whom I believe was Patrolman Guess. They detained me for about 30 seconds, pushing me and elbowing me in the upper body. When I left the police station in my car, a police car followed me, as they had done earlier in the day when I had been at the station to pay the \$17.

The following morning I went to the FBI office in Jackson where I reported the incident to Special Agent Charles Bond and submitted a sworn statement which went into greater detail than this present statement (including such things as witnesses, description of the assailant -- about 5'7", stocky, square face, wearing a hat, etc). He promised to conduct an investigation.

I swear to the best of my knowledge the statements contained on this page are true.  
Dated-- 1 April, 1964.

Signed

I/Lt Emanuel D. Schreiber, MSC, USA

Signed

signed:

Notary Public of New Jersey

Beating of CORE Worker,  
Richard A. Jewett, in  
Jackson, Mississippi, Jail  
March 30, 1964

My name is Richard A. Jewett. My home address is 124 West 81 Street, New York 24, New York. I have been in Mississippi working for CORE (the Congress of Racial Equality) since mid-January, 1964. During this space of time from mid-January to the end of March I have been working in Canton on voter registration.

On Monday, March 30, 1964, I left the COFO (Council of Federated Organizations) office at 1017 Lynch Street, Jackson, at about 6:30 p.m. and went out to eat dinner. I went with another worker, Miss Helen O'Neal. We went to a place up the street, called Smackover's, where we sat and had a leisurely dinner, including several cups of coffee. Neither of us had any sort of alcoholic beverage before, during, or after the meal.

After the meal was over we went across the street to a drug store where each of us bought one or two personal items such as a toothbrush, pencils, filling a prescription, and the like. We were in the drugstore for approximately fifteen minutes.

We left the drugstore and started to walk back to the COFO office. We were walking side by side on the sidewalk. We were on the north side of Lynch Street and were walking east. By this time it was dark outside, and the time was approximately 7:30 p.m. or 7:45 p.m. Just after walking by the Masonic Temple at 1072 Lynch Street we passed by a police prisoner van. Parked just behind the van was a police car with four policemen sitting inside. We walked by the car, glancing inside but not stopping or paying special attention to it.

After we had walked perhaps twenty steps beyond the police car we heard a call of "Hey!" behind us. We turned around and started back when one of the officers motioned to us. As we reached the officer who had called us (He was out of the car and standing on the sidewalk; all of the other officers remained in the car), the officer asked me what I had been drinking. I replied, "Nothing." The officer said something like "nonsense" and then, "Come along with me." I gave a package I was carrying to Miss O'Neal, who then walked off towards the COFO office.

The officer opened up the back door of the police prisoner van, a sort of panel truck with wire mesh across the windows in back and benches on both sides and in the front of the back compartment. I climbed in and sat down on one of the side benches. The back door was then closed behind me and locked with a padlock on the outside. Two officers climbed in the front seat of the van; I could see them through a mesh-covered window that looked through from my compartment into the front

seat of the van. The van was then driven to the Jackson Police Station, the police car following close behind. Once or twice the van stopped short for no apparent reason, and I was thrown towards the front of the compartment. I learned to hold tight to the bench to prevent anything serious from happening.

When the two vehicles reached the basement of the city jail, the padlock was unlocked and I stepped down and started to walk with the officers towards the elevator. Inside the elevator the light was switched off by the officer pressing the buttons for the floors. The light was not turned on again until we reached the floor towards which we were headed.

When we reached the room where I was booked I was asked to stand in front of a desk on which there were two typewriters. A form was inserted into one of the typewriters, and a series of questions were asked me. These questions -- name, address, name of mother, name of father, date of birth, and the like -- were the same questions asked of me when I had previously entered the Jackson city jail, so I believe the questions were all part of the form.

After the form had been completed, the officers started asking other questions. They asked who I worked for, how much money I made, when I got paid -- all of which I answered. They then asked what my wife thought of my dating a Negro girl -- which I did not answer. They asked several other questions which I do not remember, then they asked if I would deny if I was a Communist. I said that my political beliefs were not pertinent to the charges being placed against me and that I would not answer any questions about my political beliefs. Right after this one of the officers started to hit me.

The officer was standing behind me. We had moved to a desk on another side of the room where my pockets had been emptied and several questions had been asked about the contents of my pockets. Comments were made about how much money I had (about \$20) and about a sheet of paper -- very old and crinkled -- with The Movement written across the top and a list of names on it. The officers at one point had asked how long I had been here and I had replied two months. One of the officers said he didn't believe me, that he had ridden up and down Lynch Street many times but had never seen me. After this business with the pockets we had moved back to the desk with the typewriters, and the officers were arranged with two behind me and two in front of me.

The officer who began to hit me was standing behind me. He raised his arm and came down with the side of his hand across my neck. He repeated this motion about half a dozen times, each time striking hard. I gave under each blow but straightened up for the succeeding one. As he hit me the first time he said something like "Nigger-lover" but said nothing for each of the other blows.



After these blows, the officer turned me slightly towards him and started to hit me in the body and stomach and face with his fists. As he did this he forced me back the six or eight feet across the room until I was against the wall. He then took my head in one of his hands and slammed my head against the wall two or three times. After this he pulled me forward and forced me to the ground. While I was on the ground he kicked me several times in the stomach and chest.

I then got up, and he started hitting me on the body again with his fists. He also kicked up with his leg several times and kicked me in the stomach. After this he walked into one of the other rooms off the booking room.

At one point another officer joined in the hitting, but he did very little. The two remaining officers simply looked on the whole time.

The officer who had administered most of the beating came back out of the side room very soon. He was breathing very hard. At this point the officers looked at me and mumbled something about resisting arrest and nodded to each other. I had resumed my position in front of the table with the typewriters. As the officer who had done the hitting typed out something I noticed his name-plate; it read EARL GUESS. I did not notice the names of any of the other officers.

I would estimate that the whole beating took from 30 to 45 seconds.

Shortly after this the jailer came into the room and led me off to my cell. I was kept by myself in one of the investigation cells overlooking the Hinds County Courthouse.

Several of the trustees (Negro) who serviced the cell spoke to me during the next two days that I was there. They asked if I were the fellow who was beaten in the booking room on Monday night. When I replied that I was, they asked why. I said that I was a civil rights worker. Several of the people told me in turn about how they had been beaten when they had come in.

At my trial my lawyer, Mr. Jess Brown, spoke with the prosecuting attorney. I pled nolo contendere, and fines against me of \$15 on one count, \$25 on another count, and 30 days suspended sentence on the third count were levied. The three counts were drunkenness, resisting arrest, and vagrancy. I believe the two fines were for drunkenness and resisting arrest, the suspended sentence for vagrancy; but there was a mixup at the trial and I do not know.

I served two days in the County Jail before money came to pay my fines and release me.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI  
-COUNTY OF HINDS

Council of Federated Organizations  
Affidavit of Eli Hochstedler

Jail Treatment of white student in Jackson, Mississippi

On Thursday, April 16, I, Eli Hochstedler, (white), along with Marion Gillon (Negro), was arrested for attempting to integrate the Jackson Municipal auditorium to attend the Holiday on Ice Show. We were charged with Breach of the Peace.

On Friday, the following day, we were each sentenced to six months imprisonment and \$500.00. We were taken to the Hinds County jail about 6:30 p.m. About 9:30 p.m. I was beaten and whipped by two prisoners in the cell in which I was staying.

The jailer did not place me behind bars at the same time as the rest of the white prisoners were put in. From the looks and stares I sensed that they had been told why I was in jail. One of the prisoners later told me that the jailer had told them before-hand who was coming and what I had been arrested for. After taking a shower, I was told by a prisoner (who later beat me) that I had better stay on my bunk in my cell if I knew what was good for me. The six common cells had eight bunks in each and were open 6:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.

At about 9:00 p.m., a dozen or more inmates gathered in the cell where I had been told to stay. I was told to get out of my bunk. After talking and trying to reason with them or some time I was told that they were going to show me and any other people from the North thinking about coming down to stir up trouble what would happen to them if they came. I had been sitting on the lower bunk. When I stood, a prisoner who weighed about 400 lb., hit me near the left eye. I fell to the floor. When I got up, he hit me and knocked me down again. After one or two repetitions, I fell into a lower bunk. My face was bleeding. He then stopped hitting me. One of the prisoners ordered me to get back on my bunk and to roll up my mattress. They threatened to kill me if I didn't follow orders. I did as I was told. After laying on the steel bunk for 10-15 minutes, I was ordered to get down and lean over with my head on a lower bunk. Another prisoner then began whipping me with a leather belt. I had on only my underwear. After about eight lashes I was ordered to lower my shorts. He then continued the whipping. All during the whipping I kept repeating, "Father, forgive them, because they really don't know what they are doing. Oh, Lord, help me to take it." After 16 or 18 lashings, I screamed and stood up. Somebody then hit me hard on the right jaw, and nearly knocked me out. I remained sprawled out on a lower bunk for several minutes, after which I crawled back into my bunk for the rest of the night. No one beat me any more that night.

Saturday morning the jailer asked me what had happened to my face. I didn't tell him because the other prisoners were within hearing range. I'm quite sure he knew what had happened, but he just laughed when I told him I ran into something.

During the next day one of the prisoners told me that last night was just a sample of what was coming tonight. Because of depression and fear, I made a statement Saturday evening with the pretense that I was changing my ways and would do nothing more in the area of civil rights for Negroes. They made no more attacks or threats on me while I was in jail.

On Monday, April 20, Pete Stoner, another white active in civil rights was placed in the jail. I was told to move into another cell so Pete could stay where I had been. I moved down one cell and across the hall. At about 9:30 p.m., one or more prisoners began beating him. I could not see the beating, but could very easily hear it. I heard the continuous beating last for about three minutes. Ten or fifteen minutes later they ordered him out of his bunk for a whipping. They ordered him to lower his pants. I heard about six or eight lashings. That is all the beating I heard that night. In my opinion, the life of any white civil rights person is in danger in a Mississippi jail.

original signed by Eli Hochstedler