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Carroll P.

Statement of Harvey Malray

On Saturday night, June 26, 1965, I attended a fish fry at the Masonic Hall which is just off Minden Way (La. 9), between half a mile and a mile north of the Freedom House. Around midnight I left the Hall and started walking along Minden Way to the Freedom House. I was carrying my shotgun which was unloaded. When I reached Gibson's service station (just south of White's Cafe), I stopped for a coke. I put down my gun and was talking to Slim Webb, who works there. I then noticed that a car had pulled into the yard by the Freedom House. I picked up my gun, loaded it, and started down the road to see who had driven in. When I had gone as far as the fish market, I saw the car pull away from the Freedom House. It was a police car. I turned back to Gibson's station because I didn't want to be picked up by the cops when I was alone, and because I wanted to tell Webb to call George Dodd if anything happened.

When I got back to Gibson's station, Webb told me to break my gun. I broke it, but did not unload. The police car pulled into the station. There were two cops in the car, Taylor and Williams. Webb heard the following conversation.

Taylor: Is that gun loaded?

Myself: Yes.

Taylor: Don't you know it's against the law to be walking up and down a road with a loaded shot gun?

I showed Taylor my membership card in the Deacons for Defense and Justice.

Taylor: Still I don't see anything on here about walking up and down the road with a loaded shot gun.

Myself: If I broke the law, take me in with my shot gun.

Taylor: ~~Go on down to the Freedom House and load your gun again when you~~
I will look into this further before taking any action. Unload your shot gun.

I unloaded the gun.

Taylor: Go on down to the Freedom House and load your gun again when you get there.

I went to the Freedom House and put the gun in the back seat of a car parked next door at Green's store. Then I went back to Gibson's station and got a coke. The same cops drove up again.

Taylor: Where's the gun now?

Myself: In a car at the Freedom House.

I left and walked back to the Freedom House.

About 3:00 a.m. (Sunday morning) a car pulled up in front of the Freedom House. It was not a police car. There were two white men in the car, not police, one of whom called me over. I started toward to car, then stopped, went back, and picked up my gun. As I picked it up, the car drove away. About twenty minutes later the police drove by the Freedom House. I waved them down. I was still carrying my shot gun. I told them about the car that had stopped, and told them I didn't want any trouble around