

REPORT OF SNCC WORKER PETE STONER  
ON EXPERIENCES IN HATTIESBURG  
FROM JANUARY 7 TO MAY 21, 1964

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I drove into Hattiesburg, Mississippi at 1:30 or 2:00 in the morning of January January 7. At the 600 block on Mobile Street, a police car put on their red light and indicated I should stop. After the officers - Oblesbe and Griffith - found I was going to the SNCC office, they arrested me on charges of obstructing traffic, illegal parking, no Selective Service Card, and possession of narcotics. There was no other traffic to obstruct at 1:30 A.M.; I hadn't parked at all, but had only stopped for the police and had left the lights on and motor running; I didn't have any narcotics, but only aspirins. The latter two charges were dropped and I got out on \$4.50 bond the next day.

At the trial on Monday, January 13, I was found guilty and fined \$9.00. Rather than pay the money, I stayed in the city jail until Friday afternoon.

On Saturday Morning the same two officers arrested me for improper tag, no drivers license, interfering with an officer and profanity. I stayed in jail until Monday afternoon when the city court released me.

On Thursday, January 26th, I was arrested on improper passing and paid a bond of \$7. The arresting officers lied in court, I was found guilty, and the bond was changed to a fine.

During January we began our program by attempting to get people to take the free Sabin polio vaccine that was given on one day at the high schools. The vaccine had been announced in the paper but we put out leaflets about it and carried people to the schools.

Afterward we began a buildup for Freedom Day, January 22, the day we started a picket line in front of the court house. This picket line - the first we have had in Mississippi - was to encourage Negroes to register and to object to voter discrimination.

We were kept quite busy during January canvassing to get people to register, picking up people at Palmer's Crossing to get them to the courthouse to register or to picket, and having mass meetings most nights. My car and the green Valient were the only cars most of the time, and I did a lot of contact work in the outlying areas.

On several occasions the police blew their sirens for an hour or so on Mobile Street to scare the people. Sometimes we were afraid to drive or walk up to the picket line, but we did it anyway. I was often followed around by the city police.

People on the picket line were threatened and insulted by various police officers. I made a complaint about officer James Olsen to Captain Nicholas ( [REDACTED] called "beaver tooth".) Captain Nicholas wouldn't help me but Assistant Chief Andrews took Olson away from the line.



Initially the canvassing was for people to register and to attend the meetings. As the work progressed, we attempted to build a block captain system, so that the community would take responsibility for its own progress.

### The Arrest

On Wednesday, February 5, 1964, I went to the jail to visit Guyot who had been in prison for a week or so. The county jail in Hattiesburg is directly behind the courthouse, and before going there I stopped and talked to some of the staff who were picketing against voter discrimination. The clock on the bank building said 3:35 P.M. as I left the picket line and walked to the jail entrance. I rang the bell to call the jailer and when Print Jones came to the barred door the following dialogue occurred:

"I'd like to visit one of the prisoners."

"Which one?"

"Laurence Guyot."

"You can't see him."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I just carried him back upstairs." (Jones' refusal to let me see Guyot made me suspect an incident might have happened. As it was, Jones was just lazy)

"Well, when can I see him?"

"Next Wednesday from 2 till 4."

"I don't understand why I can't see him now, as it is the regular visiting time."

"One more word out of you and I'll throw you in jail too."

"Well, I believe I have a legal right to see Guyot, unless you can give me a good reason why I shouldn't."

At that time the jailer grabbed a set of keys, unlocked the door, ran outside, and grabbed me. I didn't believe he was arresting me, but thought he was going to let me see Guyot. When he told me to put all my things on the desk, I asked if I was under arrest. He said yes, but wouldn't tell me the charge. I was put in a cell by myself on the third floor.

An hour or so later the trustee opened the cell and took me downstairs. Jimmy Dukes, the county attorney, informed me what I was charged with and asked me if I wanted to make a phone call. He let me call the office.

Later that day, Attorney Randolph, Negro assistant district attorney from New York City who had come down with some ministers, came to see me. Dukes said that he would allow Randolph to represent me. However, Randolph said if he represented me it might affect his job in New York. He didn't come to my trial the next day.

### A Trial

About 1:00 P.M. thursday the trustee took me downstairs. Dukes allowed me to call the office again, and I told them that my trial would be in about half an hour. Neither the lawyer nor anyone else came; most of the kids were probably afraid they would be arrested if they came. Since I didn't have a lawyer, Dukes called a court appointed lawyer to make the procedure appear legal and aboveboard. The lawyer he got for me obviously didn't want anything to do with the case. He didn't tell me how to get the case into a different court or offer any suggestions how to win the case. He apologised to the court a number of times for having to represent me, and so I dismissed him as my council.



The trial was held in the back room of the jail. As far as I know, the only entrance to this room is through the locked jail door. Present at the trial were Justice of the Peace Lenard; Jimmy Dukes, Forest County Attorney; Print Jones, the jailer who arrested me; the court appointed lawyer; and two deputies who claimed to have seen the arrest.

When Judge Lenard asked me how did I plead, I said I felt that the court had already decided to find me guilty and that I would like the case to be tried in a different court. As I refused to plead either guilty or not guilty, the county attorney entered a plea of not guilty for me.

Print Jones testified that I had come to the jail at 4:15 P.M. (after visiting hours) and had demanded to see Guyot. He said that I had shouted and raised a disturbance. He stated that I had said, "I God damn well am going to see Guyot." The judge asked me if I had any questions to ask the witness. I stated that since everything he had said so far had been untrue, there was nothing to ask him.

Judge Lenard found me guilty of three charges and of contempt of court. The sentence was: disturbing the peace - 60 days & \$200 & \$14 costs; resisting arrest - 60 days & \$50 & \$9 costs; profanity - \$70 & \$9 costs; contempt of court - \$30 & \$9 costs. This totals 120 days & \$391.

I told the judge and Jimmy Dukes that I wanted to appeal the conviction. Jimmy Dukes said I needed a Lawyer to appeal. This is not legally so; a person is supposed to be able to appeal his conviction without having a lawyer, by informing the judge and signing a pauper's oath. Once the appeal is made, a bond is supposed to be set; if the person can't raise the money he is still entitled to a trial in the county court, but remains in jail until the case comes up.

If I had had a lawyer I could have proven that Print Jones lied about the time of my arrest. The charge of resisting arrest wouldn't have stood up because I wasn't told I was under arrest until I was booked. I didn't disturb the peace and I didn't use any profanity. However, I have frequently heard Jones, officers of the law, elected officials and county employees use profanity.

### The County Road

An hour or so later I was driven to the county road camp by A.C. Butler, the superintendent. I was turned over to guard Les Morgan who gave me work clothes and shoes. The housing is more like army barracks than a jail, with a large room for the white prisoners and similar quarters for the Negroes. There were about a dozen prisoners there when I was brought down; the number varies with the amount of work the county wants done and how many prisoners are in the county jail.

Initially I said I wasn't going to work for the county. However, the conditions as far as food, housing, and the way we spent our time were so much better than in the county jail that I decided to go along with the program. Prisoners at the jail are given grits and coffee for breakfast, a few beans for lunch, and a piece of cornbread with powdered milk in the afternoon. At the camp we got a lot of chicken, stew and beans, and so forth; but we never got any fruit, green vegetables or milk. In addition, ~~it~~ was far better to be out working than to be cooped up in a cell.



During the first week, Guyot was also kept at the camp. He was much more willing to do the work than I was, though his health troubled him. The guards kept us moving all day long, but at that time the work wasn't very hard. One time Morgan kicked me and threatened to shoot me. The incident was partly my fault, as I spit on the ground when Morgan wouldn't let me get my coat. He made me work in the cold without my shirt that day. We were never called by our names. Usually it was "Boy! Do this boy!", "Come here boy!" If the guard wanted to be more specific it was "Slim", "Heavy", or "Shorty". They usually called me "Stoney".

Some of the white prisoners told me that Morgan had offered them good time if they would beat me up, however, they didn't feel enough hostility towards me to do so at that time. Guyot got out on bond on February 13. A couple of the prisoners who had been talking of assaulting him were angry that they hadn't got their chance. His leaving and Char Evers' statement on the radio, "If they bomb our churches, we should bomb theirs," increased their feeling. Also, they were afraid my reluctance to do much work would result in reduction of privileges for everyone. And a person in jail has many unreleased hostilities.

On Monday, February 17, Morgan had a separate cell fixed up to keep me in as punishment for not working hard enough. Just before he put me in a prisoner, Bob Moss, jumped on me and knocked me down. I noticed that Morgan was standing in the door watching. Moss said, "Get up," which I did to show that I was not afraid. He hit me a number of times in the face, giving me a black eye and a couple of bruises. He grabbed me around the neck and attempted to gouge at my eyes with his thumbs. After a while, Morgan stopped the assault and locked me in the room.

They kept me in the separate room in the evenings and had me working with the rest during the day. On Saturday, as no one had contacted me, I called the office and told them I'd been hit. The same guard was listening as we made phone calls (allowed on Saturdays) but I went ahead and told Sandy Leigh what had happened. In the middle of the conversation Morgan grabbed the phone and started hitting me. He knocked me against the door, knocked me down outside and kicked me. He then locked me back up.

One of the prisoners, C.G. Marshall or "Tex" witnessed the incident and told the rest. Being angry and afraid of prosecution for assault, Moss and one or two of the others attempted to break down the door to get at me. I told them that there wouldn't be any charges and after a while they gave up their efforts.

I was kept locked apart from the other prisoners after work for the rest of February and during March. However, the punishment wasn't as much as Morgan had intended because the other prisoners brought me food and everyone went to bed early anyway after work. The other guard often forgot to lock the door and over a period of time I made friends with most of the prisoners. Though most of the white prisoners disagreed with my beliefs, they stopped holding them against me.

During February and the first half of March we built a large steel-frame fairgrounds building. They had us clear the ground, dig the foundation, lay steel, pour the concrete, carry and bolt the steel together. The county underbid contractors for the job, and used prison labor rather than pay union wages. The project was supervised by a 4-H agriculture man by the name of Kennedy. Although no one really got hurt, it wasn't to his credit. For example, Kennedy hooked up unfused electric lines to operate electric drills, leaving a number of bare connections where they could be accidentally touched.



After that project was completed we worked for several weeks in Beat 5 burning brush along side a state aid road. We chopped up trees and brush piled it up and burned it. It was easier to go ahead and do the work rather than having the guard always shouting at oneself.

While they had us clearing out the growth in someone's garden in Beat 3 I almost cut off my finger sharpening a keisor blade. This is the greatest danger on the county road, that someone will get hurt accidentally or that someone else will have it in for you and cause an accident to happen. On different occasions I saw real accidents happen and also occasions where prisoners attempted to injure a guard or another prisoner.

For several weeks county wide graded the ditches in Petal and they had me helping to hand load gravel trucks. It was very hard work to spend all day throwing dirt onto dump trucks and it was also needless in that a mechanical loader could have loaded in 15 minutes all the dirt that 10 men could load in a day. A.C. Butler pointed me out to all the voters in Petal and showed them how they made a Freedom Rider work. I went ahead and did the work. When I had an opportunity to talk to the voters I pointed out that this is supposed to be a land of freedom and democracy, that I had been jailed for a crime that I didn't do, and that all that I had done was to say that everyone should be allowed to vote.

We dug out a large hole for a box culvert on the state aid road near Carnes. We had to dig out a lot of quicksand and gumbo mud, then fill in with what they called gravel but it was really about the same thing as topsoil. Then it rained and we had still harder work to do, digging out heavy mud that was five feet deep in places. Afterward they had us fill it in with river sand which made a pretty good footing.

For awhile we planted grass along side a new road near Wadetown in Sheeplow. We dug grass from behind someone's chicken houses, pulled it apart and planted it. Some of the grass had chicken manure and dead chickens in it.

They had us build two piers at Lake Shelby. The piers had originally been built by German war prisoners in 1945 and needed to be rebuilt. The new boards were covered with creosote or pendam. We got ourselves filthy from the work and it was extremely painful when some of the preservative got into our eyes. While at Lake Shelby we killed two water moccasins and a rattlesnake.

Some days the work was quite hard and other days it wasn't. Morgan was always shouting and ordering us around. If someone worked hard they would be asked to do still more. It made no difference to the guards whether the work was well done or not.

The guards and camp officials were unconcerned about the welfare of the men. One day Morgan gave us more work to do than we could reasonably do. He had us working in the sun for more than an hour past our usual quitting time. Then he boasted he had burnt out all the men. They wouldn't allow one prisoner to see a doctor although he was so ill from an ulcer that he sometimes vomited blood.

On a number of jobs we worked along side some of the beat workers. These people are put on the payroll mostly for votes. Any one of the prisoners did more work than three beat workers. These workers, for the most part, get less than \$200 a month and get by because they live on farms. The truck drivers and those with specialized skills worked harder and got a little more pay.



## Jackson

On Monday, April 21, Constable Wilmer Kitching came to the camp, told me to get my things, that I was going to Jackson for trial. As Kitching me to the county jail, he attempted to get me into an argument by speaking derogatorily about the movement and Negroes in general. During the discussion I said that I didn't think much of a person who would arrest others just to make money and that "he was lower than many people who he arrested. Kitching became quite angry and hit me across the face with the back of his hand. I almost hit him back but knew that if I did I'd be in a lot more trouble. Neither of us spoke the rest of the way to the jail. I put in a complaint about him to the FBI when they came to see me Wednesday.

Two highway patrolmen picked me up at the jail, handcuffed my hands behind my back, and drove me to Jackson. They were courteous although they treated me like a dangerous criminal. They said they didn't know anything about myself except what I told them. I had to direct them to the Hinds County Jail. The name badge on one of them was Officer Ray.

The jailer was hostile to me as soon as he found out who I was. He had a trustee put me in the bull pen where there were about 40 white prisoners in very cramped quarters. Most of these were charged with felonies and were awaiting transfer to Levenworth or Parchman. Some had been in Parchman before.

The jail consists of 6 very small cells, each containing 8 bunks, and a day room connected by a hallway. I was assigned to one of the cells about midway along the hall. Later the jailer apparently spoke to the trustees that were in the bull pen and I was moved to the cell furthest from the entrance. While I was in the cell before lockup, a number of the prisoners gathered outside the door. I heard one prisoner tell others that the jailer had offered cigarettes to have me beaten up. They knew that my address was at Tougaloo, which I had told the jailer but none of the prisoners. They also knew that I'd been with the voter registration in Hattiesburg which I wasn't about to say anything about.

Soon they came into the cell. A heavy obese man named "Tiny" (in prison for auto theft, a trustee), a large muscular grey-haired man who had been in Parchman, and a young man I heard called "Youngblood", pulled me down from the bunk. They kicked me many times in the side and kidneys, hit me with their fists all over my body (except my face as they didn't want the beating to show). The grey-haired man beat me with a wide leather strap. I didn't resist the beating because there were three of them and I thought they were looking for an excuse to hurt me worse. I just took the beating without saying much.

The cell doors were locked a little later. No one came back to see if the prisoners were O.K. The doors closed electrically and the jailer never came to the back. After lights out, the prisoner referred to as Youngblood attempted to have homosexual relations with me. When I told him that I didn't do things like that, he attempted to beat me into submission. He took my belt and hit me with the leather strap. He hit me many times with his fist, tried to knock me down and kicked me. I finally tussled with him - although I was sick - to keep him from beating me unconscious. He finally gave up and left me alone. An x-ray taken later on May 23 shows that I got two broken ribs from the beating. I also had many muscle bruises.



The next morning I was taken to the post office building where Judge Mise heard the request for a Writ of Habeas Corpus. Attorney Crockett spoke to me, though I didn't go to court. He released the information about my being beaten and requested the attorney general to look into the matter.

### Afterward

When the writ was turned down, Sheriff Grey and Jimmy Dukes drove me back to the prison camp. Bud Gray said he would investigate my beating, but I don't think he did. The guards at the camp saw my condition, but wouldn't get me a doctor.

On the way from Jackson I talked some to Jimmy Dukes. If I'd been willing to tell him that I would stop working for civil rights and leave the state and not come back, I believed he would have gotten me released. I might have lied but I was still expecting a favorable Fifth Circuit Court ruling which, according to the lawyer, would have greatly improve our legal status. Dukes' helping me would have ticklish anyway because of the publicity I'd gotten.

The other prisoners all helped me out with the work and rubbed my back with ointment. That evening two FBI men came down from Gulfport on orders from Burke Marshall. Sullivan apparently attempted to hide from the FBI the fact that I was out working, but they found out where we were working and beat Sullivan to the bridge.

The two FBI men took my statement on what happened in Jackson and my complaint about Wilmer Kitching. As I was still under the Forrest County authorities and living with the prisoners, I didn't make a complaint against Les Morgan and Bob Moss. The local agent, Fortenberry, is known to work closely with the Hattiesburg police. While other agents are less likely to give information to the local officials, one can never be sure. There is no question that the Justice Department and perhaps the agents who interviewed me could have done more. The Justice Department should have acted to get me released. As it was, nothing was done to prevent further incidents.

The next day A.C. Butler took me to Dr. Graves. Graves said that I had no broken bones or internal injuries, and gave me four pills. I believe he was negligent in his duty as a doctor of medicine.

On May 21, while we were working on the McCullen Bridge, Morgan walked over to me and unexpectedly hit me across the face with his hand. He claimed I wasn't working fast enough. It was quite hard for me to keep my temper; I could easily have knocked him off the bridge and a number of the others would have backed me up in a fight. As it was, however, I didn't say anything but went on with the work. Robert Nailor, Joe Bradley Nix, Julius Harris, James Barnes, Bob Moss and the other guard, Hubert Sholar, were witnesses to the fact that Morgan struck me without any provocation.

That evening I was taken back to the jail by Sullivan. After an hour or so in the jail, Sheriff Grey said my fine had been paid and he released me.

The Board of Supervisors in Forrest County acts pretty much in accordance with what the voters want, though they probably take some graft. As there are hardly any Negro voters, this means that the roads in Pedal are well taken care of while those at Palmer's Crossing are unpaved.



Kenneth Sullivan is appointed by the Board to be over the prison camps and county wide projects. He appears to be a fairly efficient man in seeing projects are carried out, but is not particularly well liked by the men who work with or under him. Apparently Bill Siegler was largely responsible for his appointment; the other supervisors had another person in mind. As Beat 1 is the richest beat, it has a disproportionate influence.

A.C. Butler supposedly is under Sullivan but in fact has much of the control over the camp and takes charge of much of the work.

Each beat has its own workers and projects. Prisoners and county wide personnel work along with beat workers under the direction of the particular beat supervisor.

Albert Woods was recently elected to the Board. The previous supervisor spent all the money in the budget and Woods has had to shut down most of the work. He seems to be a man of integrity.

Shelby Bollen, chairman of the Board, is often around the camp. He ran against Mayor Pittman in Hattiesburg and lost by a large vote. It would appear his major concern is trying to feel important.

Jap Carter, as I understand it, has largely neglected his duties as supervisor after taking a political appointment under Paul Johnson.

The Lee's are the predominant influence in Beat 5. J.C. Lee drives a truck or a motor grader, is well known and well liked. It's said he made some money selling bootleg a few years ago and some of his friends got in trouble with the Feds. Hub Lee has been having a lot of work done on a new state aid road near Carnes.

Constable in Beat 3 is Wilmer Kitchings who has been arresting a large number of Negroes from Palmer's Crossing and elsewhere in his territory. Each person he arrests finds himself with a number of charges, usually drunk, indecent exposure, resisting arrest, profanity, and disturbing the peace. The constables are paid by the number of charges they make, something like \$5 for the first charge on a person and \$4 for each additional misdemeanor. Though Kitchings only job is constable, he has two new cars to pay for.

Kitchings has antagonized many people. He recently arrested a Negro on a drunk charge and stole his possessions. As it happened the employer, an influential man in Hattiesburg, made the sheriff release the man as he doesn't drink. Later, it's said, Sheriff Gray arrested Kitchings for driving a load of shine belonging to Kitchings' brother, a notorious bootlegger. In addition, many Negroes feel strongly about the constable. On one occasion, an unidentified person at Palmer's hit Kitchings across the head with a board, took his gun, and forced the constable and the officer with him (Creole) to run off and leave their car.



## Forrest County Officials

### Road Supervisors

Beat 1 Bill Siegler  
2 Albert Woods  
3 Shelby Dollen  
4 Jap Carter  
5 Hub Lee

### Constables

Charlie Dearman  
Wilmer Kitching

### Justices of the Peace

Judge Lenard  
Pete Bradley  
Hopstein

Sheriff - Bud Gray  
County Attorney - Jimmy Dukes  
State Attorney - Jimmy Finch  
Circuit Clerk (Registrar) - T.C. Lynd  
Chancery Clerk  
School Superintendent  
County Judge - Stanton Hall

Mayor - Pittman  
Commissioners

## Guards

Beneath Sullivan and Butler are the guards Les Morgan, Hubert Sholar and the weekend guard Wash Bond. Besides being under the Board of Supervisors, these guards take direct orders from Sheriff Gray. Jimmy Dukes can also have a prisoner turned out pretty much by giving the word.

These guards are somewhat afraid of their jobs. The day after Morgan assaulted me, he sat down with me after church; he said he was saved, wanted to treat me right, and to help me. In other words, he was afraid his action would get him fired.

At the same time, these men have little education and react in country ways. They are the red-necks who wear their long-johns until the first day of July, go coon hunting and fishing, chew Red Man or roll Prince Albert, and feel very important when carrying a gun.

Being very egotistical, Morgan was always talking about his pains. Yet when a prisoner really was sick, he couldn't get attention. A number of us saw him stealing county gas one night, an action with a big risk for a little gain. Though a registered voter, I don't think Morgan can read or write. Both Morgan and Bond are known to be trigger happy. I saw Morgan come close to shooting one of the other prisoners on one occasion. He also threatened to shoot me two or three times.

## The Negro Prisoners

There were 10 Negro and 8 white prisoners that I got to know in varying degrees during the 3½ months. All of the Negroes supported the objectives of the Freedom movement - to get respect and better conditions. Some were more concerned about their own interests and/or were intimidated from registering. Many people who support Freedom don't have much opportunity to further it unless they are ready to accept a great many intimidations.



Robert Nailer - called Dragline or P&H because he could do as much work as a mechanical loader - was in jail because his wife signed child neglect papers against him. He claimed her father had put her up to it to get welfare; however, she hadn't got as much as she wanted.

Whether he was guilty or not (he claimed not), the sentence was not justified and the fine ridiculous. Does the court really think that if he had any money he would give it to his wife and children rather than pay his way out of jail?

Nailer is a very strong, hard worker. He has been around white people all his life (in a menial capacity) and knows how to clown for them. He is the person Southerners are talking about when they say, "I know some N-----s well; been knowin them all my life..."

He would describe the predicament someone had gotten into, and make it funny. Everyone enjoyed his clowning, and usually mis-interpreted him because of the innocent front. He always said "Yes Suh" and expressed the respect called for.

He often talked of the injustice in Hattiesburg in a way that made people listen and laugh. He would say a person was arrested for "flamity", and "decent sposure", the mispronunciation covering up the serious meaning. Or he would immitate Print Jones in his behavior as a drunk jailer.

I pointed out that he had done everything the white folks wanted him to all his life, had never made enough to have anything, and now they put him in jail. He understood this, yet was also aware that few Negroes had been let vot, and these had been subject to reprisals. He is interested in bettering his condition, yet tries very hard not to put himself in any conflict with the powers that be.

Jay Walker - nicknamed Little Red - was always the life of anything that went on. He was able to do any of the work as well or better than the others, and was always joking at the same time.

Walker had been driving home to Palmer's Crossing, stopped to urinate along side the road. Constable Charlie Dearman happened to drive past but didn't have any call to make an arrest as there were no women around. Later Kitching came by Jay's house with a warrent charging him with indecent exposure. At court he found he had also been charged with Drunk, Resisting Arrest, Profanity, and a couple more charges none of which were true. Judge Bradley gave him 30 days and a large fine. Rather than give them any money - though he could have afforded to - he served out the days and the entire fine.

J.B. and the rest of the Walker family are outspokenly for Freedom. However, he was well liked at the camp because of his humor and willingness to work.

He usually workes in Wisconsin where wages and living conditions are better; he has been voting there for a good while. Mississippi forces its best citizens to go elsewhere...



A prisoner called Billy was probably the most dangerous person there because he isn't always completely rational and had a good deal of difficulty standing the confinement. Also in for child neglect, he was probably more negligent than Nailer, though again, his wife probably wanted welfare money.

He said he was registered in California. He endorsed the objectives of the movement, yet spoke against it at times. He mentioned people who had gotten fired and had hardships as a result of registering; he couldn't see the long term gains, but only the immediate hardship.

Others include Bradley Nix who is in jail for robbery, though the man who claimed to have been robbed dropped charges.

Brown, in his late 40's, was in jail for fighting with some women. The others called him a dap-daddy. His world is his ego, built on what he tell to old women...

### The White Prisoners

Jack Eaton, 45, weighing about 245 was arrested during March on a complaint by his parents who he lives with. He had been drinking a lot (shine) and was seriously endangering his health. He beat up four of the arresting officers.

Eaton and his father have always worked at county or city jobs. He was head of the fire department at Kosciuszko until he got drunk and walked off. Though a quite capable man, he hasn't been able to straighten out his personal life. His wife stood with him for a while, but finally remarried. He never developed any independence from his family. Another prisoner termed him a mother's boy, an ass-kisser, a goon.

A Hattiesburg policeman for 18 years, he is said to have done a lot of dirty work for the authorities. He told me how they would find a group of Negroes playing poker, shoot a couple of shots in the air. After the players had run away, they would pocket the money left on the table. Supposedly he was involved in the Wheeler case (Wheeler, a Negro, was accused of killing two policemen in 1950; after being torched in the jail Wheeler was electrocuted in the county jail).

Eaton assaulted one of the ministers who had been on the picket line. He told how he had gone into a store and bought sugar to put into the gas tank of my car. As chance would have it, I moved the car before he got back with the sugar. He mentioned his part in corruption that involved leading officials.

Although Eaton openly says he is a white supremacist in the Bilbo tradition, he has advocated greater justice for Negroes. He stated several times that Negroes should have their own law enforcement - Negro officers that could only arrest Negroes; white police that could only arrest whites. He was fair-minded in a number of ways. His efforts got five of the prisoners released early. He was about as willing to help the Negroes as he was the white, believing at the same time that Negroes should remain in a subservient role.



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Bobby Joe Moss is in his early thirties, but looks older/ balding curly hair turning grey. From hard working Oklahoma people, he went into the army, fought and was wounded in Korea. Later he had a difference with an officer, broke the officer's jaw, and was given a dishonorable discharge. With pride and self importance he got himself in a lot of small trouble, has been in a number of jails.

He got two years on the county road for False Pretense, not having funds to cover two or three \$20 checks. With some of the local merchants complaining about bad checks, he came close to getting time in the state penitentiary.

He worked hard at anything he did, said he had a successful business before he started heavy drinking. He is divorced from his wife. Suffering from ulcers, if something got him angry - which wasn't hard to do - he would get all worked up, then be sick. He is somewhat small-minded and often influenced by others opinions. Strong prejudices against Negroes, but other than learned prejudices he believes in a fair shake. He says what he believes and is not likely to stab a person in the back.

His brother was at the county road also as an accomplice. He felt bad about getting his brother in jail, and tried to avoid further trouble for his brother's sake.

Pete Howard from Brooklyn, Mississippi, was similar in many ways. He had written a number of bad checks for small amounts to buy beer. Though related to Hub Lee, he got a lot of time. Pete and myself became pretty good friends though we didn't agree on everything.

James Wiltshire of Greenwood was the most liberal person on civil rights and the most flexible in his thinking. His family owns a store that sells primarily to Negroes. He had owned a contracting company that sold Jim Walters houses. Bad luck and high living caused the company to become overextended. He paid bills with checks, hoping to get money in the bank in time to cover them. A \$30 grocery check got him time on the county road.

Jack Harrington, a former newspaper reporter, was in for bad checks. In my opinion he badly needs psychiatric help. He would attempt to make friends with one of the prisoners, then try to get him in trouble with the authorities. All the prisoners became very antagonistic to him, called him a pimp, wouldn't speak to him. Some very strong feelings were expressed against him a few times, and he was fortunate to get out in one piece.



Report on my arrest of May 26, 1964

A group of the people from the office wanted to go over to the Freedom House to get some dinner. Before we left we noted two city officers sitting in a police car across from the office. We decided to leave anyway. The police followed us and turned on their siren just as I turned into the Moorehouse apartments.

They looked at my driver's license, then told me to get into their car. On the way I asked what I was charged with. They said failure to stop for a stop sign. I asked what stop sign they were talking about. They turned around and showed me the sign at the railroad tracks which says MISSISSIPPI LAW STOP. Another car crossed the railroad without stopping just as they were showing me the sign. I asked why they didn't arrest that driver. They said they would get him later.

As they were driving me down Lynch Street they spotted Sanford Russel in his Triumph. They stopped him and charged him with speeding. He wasn't going any faster than the traffic always moves on Lynch Street.

At the jail they set the fines at \$17 each. I believe they plan to take my license because I have previous charges of moving traffic violations.

I spoke to Patrolman Beall of the Mississippi Highway Patrol; he said a person doesn't have to stop for a railroad unless there is a flashing red light. Normally only trucks and buses stop for railroad tracks.

The people with me at the time of my arrest included: Mendy Samstein, Casey Haydn, James Pitman, Nedra Wirum, Sharon Everett, Margaret Cunningham, Emmie Schrader, and Nancy Jervis. The officers didn't identify themselves or have any name badges.

P. Stoner