

My name is Robert Williams; I am 26 year old and have lived in Biloxi for the last 8 years. Approximately the beginning of July, 1964, I began assisting COFO in civil rights activities in Biloxi. Since I am white, there was much resentment to my activities, and it has been expressed in two incidents which have happened to me in the past week and a half.

On Saturday August 1, 1964, at about 1:00 P.M., I was driving west on my motorcycle on E. Bayview Drive, which is an all white neighborhood. The back bay is on one side of the street and houses are on the other. A 1958 Chevy two-tone green with medium green on the top and light green on the bottom passed by me on the other side of the street going east. A few minutes later it came back and passed me going the same direction. It then turned around again, apparently for the second time, and this time approached me for the second time going the opposite side of the street going the opposite direction. As the car was about even with me, a young boy put his arm out the window and fired one shot at me with a pistol. The car then continued on in the same direction.

There were four boys in the car. The one who shot at me is known to me. However, I do not want to report him to the police because I think that he is basically a 'good boy' and do not want to get him in trouble. I went to talk to his parents, and they said that they would take punitive action.

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On July 20, 1964, I was called upon by two policeman at my home. They informed me that Mr. Guise, the Mayor of Biloxi, wanted to see me in his office. He kept me waiting outside his office for several hours, and then finally consented to see me. I can paraphrase the highlights of the conversation as going something like this: Mayor said what's this I hear about you? I said that I didn't know what he heard. He said I hear you're mixed up with those civil rights people, causing trouble. I said yes. He-don't you think that we have had enough trouble around here without local white people getting mixed up with them? About at this point in the conversation, he started getting angry. He- I don't think that you understand; next fall these outside people are all going to leave, and you will be left here alone. Since you were the first local person to get involved, people may try to do things to you in order to discourage others. He-I don't think that I'm that important. At this point, the Mayor really got indignant, and he said, "How would you feel if someone blew your God damned brains out?" I replied, "Now that is a silly question. Of course I wouldn't feel anything if my brains were blown out." As one might expect, we each got madder and madder. One of the last things he said was, "How would you like to go to jail?" The interview ended shortly after this. We reached no conclusions.

R. Williams