

I, Greene A. Brewer, a Negro, being duly sworn, deposes and says, to wit:

I am 29 years of age, and live in Dutchneck, New Jersey, P.O. General Delivery. At the present time I am visiting my parent and have been visiting my parent, Mrs. Janie Brwer, since December, 1963, who lives in Charleston, Mississippi, RR 2, Box 134.

In the first week of February, 1964, My brother Charles Brewer, a friend David Baskin, and my self had been visiting some friends who live near the Huntly Grocery Store in Charleston, Mississippi. We left our friends and noticed that we needed some air in one of the tires of my car. We then drove to the Huntly Grocery Store to use his air-pump. My brother Charles went inside the store to get some soft drinks. It seemed as if it was taking a long time for my brother Charles to come out. David Baskin walked to the Door into the store, opened the door, stopped, backed away, and then turned around and started to walk real fast to the road.

I then began to hear the sound of some licks. I ran inside the store and saw my brother Charles lying on the floor. He was bleeding. He was unconscious. Mr. Huntly had backed up against the counter, holding an axe handle. Another white-man, Mr. George Little was also holding an axe handle. I bent down to Charles, called him twice, and asked him, "whats the matter- what happened". There was no response. I then pulled him up and was getting him to the door and by that time was beginning to help himself. I then walked back to get the sun-glasses that belonged to my brother. The two men had ^{not} said anything or started anything with me, so I felt that they were not going to bother me. But as soon as I started to get my sun-glasses, Mr. Huntly started to cuss me, saying that I better get "him out before I Kill him". Mr. Huntly then got his gun- and started to shake- when I got a blow from behind. I received a fractured skull, frx broken jawbone, broken nose, and a burst eye ball, with little use of my eye. However, I was able to help my brother to the car, and drive for about 40 minutes until a brother, Jesse Brewer met me and drove my brother Charles and me to the Charleston, Miss.

Later, about a week later, the sheriff, Alex Doghan came and said "do you boys want to see me? What happened?" We told him what happened. He said that wasn't the Mr. Huntly said it was. He then said that he was going to see Mr. Huntly and send somebody to take our "story". A white-man later came, who said that he was sent by the sheriff- and interviewed us. Since then, nothing has happened on our behalf.

signed Greene A. Brewer

signed & sworn before me
My Commission Expires May 22, 1968
Sworn to and signed before me May 24, 1964
J. A. L. [Signature]