In February, 1964, Green Brewer, 29, now a resident of New Jersey, was visiting his parents in Charleston, Tallahatchie County. During this visit, he and his brother Charles went to the Huntly Grocery Store. According to Green Brewer's affidavit:

"Charles went inside the store to get soft drinks. It seemed as if it was taking a long time for him to come out. David Baskin, a friend who was with us, walked to the door, 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 Cherles, called him twice, and asked him, What's the matter? What happened?' There was no response. I then pulled him up and was getting him to the door, and by that time he was beginning to help himself. I then walked back to get the sunglesser that belonged to my brother...Mr. Huntly started to cuss me, making 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, broken jawbone, broken nose and a burst eyeball, with little use of my eye. However, I was able to help my brother to the car... A brother, Jesse, met us and drove us to Charleston.

"Later, about a week later, the sheriff, Alex Doghan, came and asked us what happened. Another white man came later and said he was sent by the sheriff, and he interviewed us. Since then nothing has happened on our behalf." Their mother, Mrs. Jamie Brewer, said in another affidavit:

"...A neighbor friend of mine tol me that my sons had just been beaten up by white folks, and I lost my presence of mind for a while. Another son of mine, Eugene, found that my son Charles was in the Charleston Hospital, and that Greene was in the Grenada Hospital. The next day I went to the Charleston Hospital and saw my son Charles. I tried to talk to him. He would cry, and then lose consciousness, in and out. He would only say: Where is my brother---and why?"

In Tallahatchie County, County Registrar William Cox is currently under a court injunction to determine the qualifications of Negro registrants by the same standards as whites, not to limit Negro registrants to coming in one at a time, and to not use the constitutional interpretation section of the registration form.

This summer marked the first attempt by SNCC to "move into" Tallahatchie County.

On August 4, 1964, four members of the Brewer family attempted to register to vote. According to some SNCC spokesmen they were the first Regroes to try to register since Reconstruction; they were certainly the first in several decades.

The next night, according to an affidavit from Mrs. Melinda Brewer, a member of the Green Brewer family, a black pickup truck drove around past her house and the house of her brother-in-law, Jesse James Brewer. It stayed in the area 25 minutes.

On August 6, she stated, a green pickup truck drove by at about 1 or 2 a.m. and cruised around. She continued:

"As they were driving I could see them using a searchlight on the trees like they was hunting animals...One of the men, about 7 or 8 of them, got out of the truck and walked over towards my bedroom window. He asked me if I had seen Jesse Brewer or Earl Brewer. I said I hadn't and asked why he was looking for them. He said he just wanted to see them. He left and drove off. The man was white; I could not tell whether the rest were whites or not. I could see what I thought were guns sticking up in the back of the truck.

"Mr. Blunt is the field agent on the plantation on which I live. He said on August 6 that if anyone on Mr. Don's place went to register to vote, that person was going to get kicked off the plantation. He said no one in Tallahatchie wants any of those niggers who go to the courtnowse. He said he had seen that God damned old Jesse and Farl go at the courthouse and said they didn't have no God damned business up thrre.

"I live on Mr. Don Addison's plantation. On Saturday, August 8, I went to his office to pick up my check. He told me they didn't want any of those damn niggers going down to the courthouse.

Mrs. John Brewer, a white woman, lives right down the road from me. On August 5, she came over to talk with me. She asked what was that brown car doing down there all the time. She said if they found out we was in any way involved in civil rights they was going to put us out, and she said she would feel sorry for

us losing a home. She also said that if civil rights workers lived in Jesse's house, they would not a Ku Khum Klan many and not them out from there.

"On Saturday afternoon, August 8, several FHI agents came to see me. They asked about the incidents with the pickup trucks, I was frightened and didn't want to get my name used, so I told them I didn't see anything. I told them that the whites didn't ask for Jesse and Earl. L also said that there were no guns. I lied to them."

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