

Verbatim statement by
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We marched approximately seven blocks and the police stopped us and one of the policemen said "This is an illegal demonstration." He asked if we had a permit first and then said if we didn't disperse immediately we would be arrested. They started loading the trucks. They looked like livestock trucks. They also had paddy wagons.

When they started loading the trucks I sat down and myself, John Lewis, and three other people--I don't know who they were--were with us. The policeman told us if we didn't get up immediately we would be charged with resisting arrest. He repeated this several times. They continued loading other people on the truck--they were marched past us as we were sitting there. Then finally we got up and got into a truck and they started jamming the trucks pretty tight. They locked the doors. When we were going to the Fairgrounds the drivers drove very fast around corners and jostled us around.

Once at the Fairground they made us stand in line in the hot sun although there was shade nearby. When I got up to the front of the line I sat down, and during searching--we were searched two or three times---we were rushed around while we were searched. They squeeze you and rush your stomach and back just to annoy you.

I asked the policeman if I could make a phone call--I explained I had a constitutional right to make one and he says, "Hell no. Not here you don't."

Then we went into the gym. We were crowded up against one corner--boys in one corner, girls in the opposite corner. And we spent quite some time there at least an hour...

Some of the white people they asked to move over into the other end of the jail. Over half did before they realized what was happening and then the rest sat down. After they segregated by dragging us apart--they dragged us fast and threw people against the wall--this happened to at least 10 people I saw.

I was in the chow line Wednesday. The officer told me that I was next, and before I realized what was happenin' he had hit me across the chest with his billy club and knocked me down. And he said, "Next time move faster. Get to the back of the line." So I got up and moved to the back of the line.

There was one fellow who refused to stop singing. They took him outside in the sun and from what I heard they beat him up, but I didn't see it.