

SHARKEY COUNTY

I am a citizen of the United States of America and am a Negro.

Friday night, July 24, 1964, on the way from Bay St. Louis, the hub on the left rear wheel came off of my car. I left Issaquena at 9:15 P.M. and came to Greenville. I returned at 10:45 P.M. to fix my car. It was gone. I had left it off the road, at the bottom of a ditch. I looked for the car until about 1:30 A.M. but did not find it and came back home. I returned to Rolling Fork at 8 A.M. and a fella said to check with the highway patrol or the man at the _____ place [a garage]. I went there and the fella said he would call the highway patrol. The patrolman could not come because he was investigating an accident—a white boy had run over and killed a colored boy. I was told to meet the patrolman. I went out there around 9:45 A.M. and was standing around. The patrolman asked what I wanted and I said that I wanted to see him about my car when he got the time. I said that I had left it sitting but I was told he had picked it up. I asked why, when I had it off the road in a ditch. He said, “The best thing for you to do is go up there and pay _____ [the owner of the garage] for the damn car and get your black ass out of Sharkey County.” I turned to get back in the car I was driving. He called me back and got a blackjack out of

his car; he asked where I was going. I said that I was going to pay the man. He said, "No, you is a smart son-of-a-bitch. Come back here and let me see your driver's license. I'm gonna give you a ticket; if you'd went on and paid the man, I wouldn't give you one." The patrolman got in his car and told me to come on to the garage where the car was. We got to the garage and he asked me to come inside. We went into [the owner's] office, and [the owner] came in. He fastened the door. He asked me why I locked the car "in his territory." The car hadn't been locked; there is no key to it. "Don't tell me that car wasn't locked." He hit me three times on the head (once on the right side and twice on the left) with the blackjack. He said to turn the blackjack loose after I grabbed it. I told him that he could kill me before I'd turn it loose. I didn't want him to hit me no more. He said that I was "a smart son-of-a-bitch and go back to Greenville and tell all the niggers in Greenville that they beat a nigger's ass in Sharkey County." He said, "When you get there tell the police department which is y'all's good friends, that we whip niggers' ass in Sharkey County." He then said, "Get out of Sharkey County and don't be caught back here no more; stay in Washington County." When I got ready to leave he told me to take the ticket to Judge Spairs in Mayersville and it better be paid by 1:30 P.M.

I then left and came home.

The police officer was a highway patrolman named Officer A_____ from Unit _____.

I have a lawyer from Greenville who has agreed to take the case. His name is _____.

SIGNED: _____*

*The publishers have been unable to locate the writer of this affidavit to secure his permission for its publication.