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What a weekend!

It all started with a march on Memphis led by Dr. Martin L. King Thursday March 28, 1968, approximately 11 a.m. I did not participate in the march but from an interview with Mrs. J. J. Johns of 980 Getaway, I learned of sum [sic] of the horrible incidents that she was an eyewitness to that day. I was an eyewitness to uses of police brutality throughout the rest of the weekend.

Mrs. Johns was a traffic director until March 28, 1968, when she was so scared on the job that she went home and phoned in to resign. After resigning she went to the Clayborn Temple where thousands of people were waiting to march on Memphis for the sanitation workers and other things that the Negro people of Memphis want. As stated by Mrs. Johns "The march started out to be a very peaceful act, I was just about in the middle of the long procession. We had reached Beale and Second when we were told to turn back. Naturally, we wanted to know why but we could hear screams from up ahead and windows breaking. I saw the fellows breaking the windows of Pape's and taking clothing out. These did not at all look like school boys, but like "Thugs". We never pushed back in such a

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Hurry and people were running and screaming so, that I was pushed into a café. Looking out for 2 or 3 minutes I saw policemen swinging long clubs and spraying tear gas, and we closed the door. Later a man opened the door to look out, a policeman's club hit him in the back of the head and burst his head. Blood shot in all directions; the police kept swinging and never looked back. They were hitting old and young, innocent and guilty, using profanity to their utmost to women, children or anyone else; they didn't care. When we finally got out of the café, the man who was hit was telling the police what happened, and one said, "Go swear out a warrant against the whole damn police station," and they all laughed. Tear gas on Beale Street was like a cloud of smoke. I made my way home in a flash and I hope I never live through anything like this again.

Mrs. John's daughter, Jane, age 17, was lost from her mother during the confusion. She was told to go back to the church. She told me, "He went back to the church and it was filled with tear gas. I couldn't stay there. Somehow I made my way through the crowd and came home."

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Mr. John Doe, age 21, of 376 Run Fast St. said, "at Vance and Butler the fellows were attacking the police, naturally they fought back. In most instances the police were taking advantage of

people because they thought they were marchers. They were making people go inside off of their own porches and using profanity in all instances.

I saw a group of young men passing through the park with pants which I know cost \$30 a pair and each one had several pairs. One boy had one shoe and I asked where they had come from. He said, "they were looting on Beale St. When I asked why, he told me "It's not that I need these things; it's just that I get a good feeling taking something from the white man, I mean any white man, which I feel has taken from my race. See this one shoe; he's lost something, and I've gained it, one shoe."

Thursday ended with a curfew for the weekend from 7:00 p.m. until 5:00 a.m., set by the "great" Mayor Loeb, who started the whole mess. All types of law enforcement agencies were called into the city. Violation of the curfew was supposedly punishable by arrest; but, from many reports and from what I saw, Morris' boys, these Southern, rednecked [sic] white helmeted, cowardly semi-klansmen [sic], honkes [sic] which we call the State Troopers asked no questions but severely beat anyone they saw on the streets.

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Cannot read...

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Absent.

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From there. They waited until they did, then left. Saturday, while driving around the city, I saw national guards in green uniforms with bayonets on their guns, guarding streets and business places.

Everything was quiet Sunday; Monday morning at approximately 9:15 a.m. I entered Jimmie Chris Grocery at the corner of Walker and Neptune with a friend. The windows were boarded, there was no glass, and no customers other than my friend and I. Jimmie and his wife looked angry but he faked a smile anyway. Then he said, "This is bad. These people wrong. Shouldn't do this to all people; if mad at some, go to some, not to all."

Yes, this has been a weekend to remember and I mean, "What a weekend!!!"

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