

NONVIOLENCE AND POLICE BRUTALITY: A DOCUMENT

The Quebec-Washington-Guantanamo Walkers



GRIFFIN, GEORGIA, a city of approximately twenty-two thousand, lies on Route 41, about thirty-five miles southeast of Atlanta. Seat of Spalding County, it is an agricultural and small-industry center. More than thirty per cent of Griffin's citizens are Negroes, who live mainly in segregated, ghetto-like areas. It was reported to us that the integration movement there had been effectively slowed by cross burning and other Ku Klux Klan activities and that Negro students from Spelman College, Atlanta, (called "Northern agitators" by one Griffin official) had recently left.

The Quebec-Washington-Guantanamo Walk for Peace, ranging in age from 17 to 70, including three Negro men, 14 white men and six white women, was scheduled to pass through Griffin on Saturday, November 9th, carrying signs and distributing leaflets calling for peaceful, nonviolent relations between the United States and Cuba and an end to racial segregation and discrimination. In accordance with the Walk's policy of discussing the project with local officials, Tom Rodd (17, a student from Pittsburgh) and Jack Shapiro (20, a student from Detroit) talked briefly with Griffin Chief of Police Leo Blackwell and Sheriff Gilbert of Spalding County on Thursday, November 7th. Both officials seemed to understand those Walk purposes, activities and policies that would concern their professional responsibilities and assured Tom and Jack that the walkers would pass through Griffin without difficulty.

Shortly before the walkers crossed Griffin's city limits at 11:30 a.m., Friday, a passing motorist warned that they had better bypass the city. A few hundred feet inside the limits, Chief Blackwell informed Marv Davidov (32, an art dealer from Minneapolis, Walk marshal for the day) that leafleting would not be per-

mitted between 4th and 10th Streets because of a "fire law" ordinance and because the leaflets might create an ugly incident with Klan members, who were powerful in the city. Bradford Lyttle (35, Walk coordinator, from Chicago, Illinois and Voluntown, Connecticut) and other walkers explained to Chief Blackwell that members of walks for peace had distributed leaflets freely in almost every city and town in North America, Europe and the Soviet Union where these projects had been conducted and that the walkers believed it their moral and legal right to do so everywhere. Chief Blackwell remained adamant, saying that he had no authority to change the ordinance. He asked City Manager J. S. Langford to consider the matter. Mr. Langford and the walkers came to the understanding that the walkers intended to pass through Griffin on Highway 41, carrying signs and distributing leaflets along either side of the highway, but not entering business establishments. He then directed Chief Blackwell to "take them through."

The walkers proceeded through Griffin on Highway 41, four women distributing leaflets to white and Negro citizens, most of whom accepted the literature. Michele Gloor (20, a student from Chicago) gave leaflets to a number of Negro children who were watching a football game in a lot near the highway. Police, members of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation (G.B.I.) and other officials accompanied the Walk in automobiles. Several became upset by cameras the walkers were using to photograph the project and harassed the photographers by arbitrarily ordering their cars to move.

A grade school for white students was situated on the highway. Children in classrooms saw the Walk and reached out of windows for leaflets. Edie Snyder (22, on leave from her post as editorial secretary for LIBERA-

TION) gave leaflets to about seventy-five of the students. Teachers refused leaflets offered them by Kit Havice (23, a medical student from Boulder, Colorado) and waved her off school property. Five police and plainclothesmen ran towards Edie and Kit, one blowing his whistle. They escorted the women off the school grounds.

Having passed through major residential and business areas of Griffin without either a serious expression of hostility from the population or effort by the authorities to restrict their activities of carrying signs and distributing leaflets, the walkers arrived at a park just north of the Confederate cemetery about two hundred yards from the city's southern limits. The park, about an acre in area, was triangular in shape. Many Negro children were playing in the park. When Michele and Yvonne Klein (29, a married graduate student and teacher from Minneapolis) sought to enter the park to give them leaflets, policemen interfered, not only ordering Michele and Yvonne to leave but also shooing as many of the children out of the park as they could. They also ordered Ray Robinson, Jr. (29, a Negro prizefighter from Washington, D.C.) not to give leaflets to the children. The walkers believed this police interference to be a basic infringement on their rights and stopped the project to discuss the matter. Chief Blackwell justified his men's actions on the grounds that the park was not part of Highway 41's right of way, to which he believed that the walkers had committed themselves to limit their distribution of leaflets. He believed also that the walkers had violated their agreement by giving leaflets to the school children. Many officers and officials gathered, including the G.B.I. agents, and although there was considerable confusion, the authorities were united in denying the walkers access to the park.

City Manager Langford entered the discussion and finally agreed to permit the walkers to give leaflets to people in the park, but by then the police had cleared the area of all Negroes, even ordering one mother to leave her parked car with her children. The Negroes retreated across Taylor Street and many of them watched the proceedings from porches of their homes. Yvonne, Michele and other walkers said they intended to go to these Negroes and give them leaflets, but Manager Langford refused to allow this, saying that he would never permit the walkers to "go to those houses." In these and other discussions the authorities expressed the opinion that they had the moral and legal right to prevent distribution of leaflets and parading. At one time, Manager Langford said he believed he had already granted the walkers many privileges and had backed down more than once.

The walkers then discussed the situation among themselves and decided that in view of the confusion, defensiveness and arbitrariness of the authorities, it would be wise to postpone attempting to give leaflets that day to people on the east side of Taylor Street. Bradford Lytle informed Chief Blackwell of this decision and that the Walk would end, to be resumed between 9:30

and 10:00 the next morning. The Chief, visibly relieved, said the walkers would be arrested if they went across Taylor Street on Saturday.

On Saturday morning, 22 walkers returned in three automobiles from their base in Macon to Griffin and the park. An intimation of the reception they were to get was given when a policeman in the nearby town of Barnesville saw the caravan passing and ran to consult other officers. About six miles outside of Griffin, a sheriff's car swung in behind the caravan. Numerous patrol cars, police and officials representing the G.B.I., the State Highway Patrol, the Sheriff of Spalding County, Griffin's police, and, perhaps, administrative department were waiting at the park. Officers had been posted along Taylor Street between the park and the Negro district. Chief Blackwell ordered Bradford to have the walkers form at the south end of the park, near the Confederate cemetery, and proceed out of the city. He said the "fire law" had been extended to include the homes across Taylor Street and that any walker who tried to enter that area would be arrested. The walkers, however, wanted and had planned to resume walking at the park's north end, the intersection of Taylor Street and U.S. 41, the point from which they believed police interference in the Walk had begun, and also to leaflet along Taylor Street.

Bradford again explained to Chief Blackwell the walkers' belief that they had the moral and legal right to distribute their leaflets in all public places, and their intention to begin walking again at the intersection of 41 and Taylor. This conversation was interrupted when Chief Blackwell left to order his men to stop the line of walkers who were proceeding, with their signs lowered, to the intersection. He seemed to fear that they were going into the Negro district. Bradford, seeing that the police had committed themselves to arrest, just had time to direct the Walk's photographers, Jack Shapiro and Mike Wells (20, a student from New York City), to start taking pictures before Sheriff Gilbert grasped his shoulder, saying something like "I'll get this one first; he's the leader," and directed him into a patrol car.

Jack Shapiro walked into the park, hoping to get closer to the line of walkers so that he could take better pictures. A plainclothesman ran towards him, Jack stopped, and the man put his hand on Jack's arm, saying, "You're under arrest; get in the bus." Jack sat down in noncooperation and said, "I have nothing against you personally but I cannot cooperate with this arrest." The officer turned towards a light colored car parked nearby and said, "Bring the electric prod over here." A G.B.I. agent approached with the prod. (An electric cattle prod is a device capable of giving a powerful electric shock which produces localized sensations of extreme pain and burning and involuntary muscle spasms in humans. The variety used at Griffin was a thin metal rod about thirty inches long with a red handle containing batteries and a high voltage transformer at one end and bronze prongs at the other.) He told Jack to get up and then began to apply the prod, first to Jack's chest and stomach, then towards his geni-

tals. Jack rolled over to shield himself. The G.B.I. agent then applied the prod to the base of Jack's spine, causing him to yell and leap into the air. Failing in this torture to get Jack to walk to a bus which had been driven up, the agents carried him to the vehicle and threw him in.

Mike Wells was also proceeding towards the walkers and when stopped by Sheriff Gilbert lay down in non-cooperation. The sheriff did not ask for the cattle prodder but twisted his hand and arm, carried him to the patrol car and thrust him roughly in to join Bradford. No reply was ever given to Mike's repeated inquiries concerning whether or not he was under arrest.

Kit Havice, carrying leaflets, had walked thirty feet across the park toward Taylor Street when a policeman ran up, grabbed her arm, and ordered her to come to the bus. She sat down, told the policeman she would not cooperate. The officer first said to another, "Get a policewoman." Then he changed his mind and said, "No, get the prod over here." The two officers picked Kit up and had carried her halfway to the bus when the G.B.I. agent who had been torturing Jack came with the prod and for no evident reason began to apply it to her legs and thighs. Her legs burned by the prod, Kit was shoved roughly into the bus. A plainclothesman asked Edie Snyder if she was going to be a "lady" and walk into the bus. She replied that it was because she was a lady that she could not cooperate with injustice, and that she regretted the physical inconvenience carrying her would cause him. He and another plainclothesman then dragged her to the bus by her arms. She heard someone run up behind her and felt the prod on her knee joints and the small of her back. The plainclothesmen held her firmly as her body jerked from the shock, then tossed her into the bus. Sam Mapp (25, a Negro artist from Atlanta) was thrown into the bus, burned with the prodder.

Throughout the arrests and afterwards in the police station, the electric cattle prod was used principally by one of the G.B.I. agents, seldom by the police or other local officials. This agent particularly horrified the walkers and many of the officials by his cold, calculated torture of the walkers, often with no apparent end in view other than hurting them.

Arthur Harvey (31, a farmer and peace editor from Raymond, New Hampshire) sat down in noncooperation and was repeatedly shocked with the prodder. He kept asking for a good reason to get into the bus and when finally told that he was under arrest he walked to the vehicle. He had, however, suffered many painful burns. Yvonne Klein's legs and thighs were burned in many places by the cruel device. She was thrown into the bus on top of the others. Although Peter Gregonis (38, an electronics technician from Silverton, Oregon, and veteran of World War II and the 17th Paratroop Division) walked voluntarily to the bus, a G.B.I. agent confiscated and never returned his notebook. Alan Nyysola (22, a student from Baltimore) was carried onto the bus, feet first, and dropped in the aisle. A

policeman then tried to pick him up by the hair, failed, climbed over a seat to approach him from another direction, grabbed his arm and twisted it, saying that Alan would now walk. Alan didn't and the officer stopped twisting suddenly, finally pulling Alan to the rear of the bus by his feet. In the bus, a policeman ground his foot into Tom Rodd's groin.

Dennis Weeks (20, a white student from DeKalb, Illinois) and Ronnie Moose (18, a Negro student from High Point, North Carolina) had remained in the Walk's Plymouth suburban. A policeman named Underwood first removed the vehicle's key, then returned and drove it to the County Jail in Griffin, together with Dennis, Ronnie and the Walk's signs, which the police had collected, and another policeman. Dennis asked officer Underwood if they were under arrest. The officer replied, "I suppose so." Dennis then asked for the charge. The policeman replied, "I haven't any idea." At the jail, Ronnie first cooperated, then went limp and was carried in. Dennis refused to cooperate and was carried in.

Flemming Jensen (20, a newspaper reporter from Copenhagen, Denmark) and Erica Enzer (37, a chemist from Chicago) had been assigned to remain in the Walk's DeSoto. After arresting them, a policeman got into the driver's seat and drove them to the jail. The sadistic G.B.I. agent sat in back. Erica asked what the charges were. The policeman replied that they would find out at the jail. Erica asked the G.B.I. agent his name but he refused to reveal it. At the jail, two policemen carried Erica very gently into the reception room. Halfway up the stairs, the G.B.I. man came up with the prodder and shocked her legs and thighs and as far up her skirts as he could.

At the park, after all the walkers had been thrown, dragged, or had walked into the bus they began to sing. Ray started with "We Shall Overcome," and everyone joined in. Eric Robinson (20, a construction worker from Lompoc, California) opened the window so that the sound would carry out. A policeman ordered him to shut the window. He did not comply. The policeman got a nightstick and ordered him to shut the window again. Again, he did not comply. The officer walked back to where Eric was sitting and shut it himself.

At the county jail, the police asked the walkers to walk off the bus. Pearl Ewald (70, a retired Quaker schoolteacher from Washington, D.C.), Art Harvey and Sam Mapp did so. The others refused to cooperate. Michele was the first to be carried off. Two officers dragged her from the vehicle to the first set of stairs. A third officer standing nearby suggested that they hold her in such a manner that her knees would scrape. The others wouldn't do it.

Alan Nyysola was dragged off the bus and left lying on the sidewalk. The G.B.I. agent prodded him on the face and legs. An officer held him while the agent shocked him in the groin. Alan tried to roll over to escape this attack and the agent shocked him in the genitals, then

directed the prod at his head again. Alan pulled his sweater over his head in self-protection, exposing his back, which was prodded several times. Finally, the man was distracted from Alan by the opportunity to torment Ray, and Alan was dragged into the reception room.

Ross Anderson was dragged from the bus by two officers who held him by the shoulders. As he was hauled up the steps, the cattle prod was used on his neck and face. Tom Rodd was pulled from the bus, carried and dragged to the stairs. There the G.B.I. agent set upon him with the prod, shocking him on his face, arms, genitals, and every other part of his body the prod could reach. The policeman wanted to carry Tom into the jail but the agent said, "Naw, let him wiggle for a while."

A policeman pulled Jack Shapiro off his seat, down the aisle and out of the bus. Another policeman took hold of his thumb and little finger and both dragged him to the first set of stairs. One officer said, "Take him by the feet so his head will hit the steps." Jack protected the back of his head with his hands until they reached a small landing. There the same G.B.I. agent stuck the cattle prodder on Jack's genitals. Jack yelled and rolled over. The agent then shocked him on the chest, ear, side, and cheek and, as he rolled to escape, on the eye. The pain was so excruciating that Jack jumped up and ran inside, the G.B.I. agent after him, burning the back of his neck. The agent then ordered him up the stairs to the cell block. Jack went, the agent repeatedly shocking him in the back. At the top, Jack turned and faced the man, who forced him against a wall, then down to the floor with the prodder. The agent shouted, "Stay there," and ran back down the steps.

The cattle prodder was used on the rest of the walkers, burning them as they were being carried or dragged along. Officers burned Eric Robinson on the back of the head, hands, and back. One of the city policemen yelled, "Stop! He's not going to get up." The G.B.I. man stopped and they carried Eric into the jail. He lost a shoe, which they threw in, hitting Bradford. John Stephens was dragged to the steps of the bus by a city policeman. Sheriff Gilbert then picked him up and put him on his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. "This is an easier way," the sheriff said, when passing another officer. The officer shrugged his shoulders.

A policeman pulled Edie Snyder off the bus by one arm. She lost her sneakers on the way and her feet and legs scraped along the sidewalk. Edie tried to explain her noncooperation to the policeman, but he didn't reply and dragged her, bumping, up the jailhouse steps and threw her into the reception room. After she had lain there for several minutes, the G.B.I. man came in and prodded and burned her near the right eye, raising an ugly black welt.

Most of the walkers were carried roughly into the reception room and thrown on the floor. The G.B.I. man prodded and burned Yvonne on the legs, thighs, and up her skirts while she was being carried. In the recep-

tion room, the walkers were booked, then told to go to the cell blocks. Many refused to cooperate.

Further Brutality

Michele Gloor was the first to be carried up. They asked her to go up. She said she could not. A policeman got the cattle prod and burned her repeatedly on the neck and legs with everyone, including the police-women, sheriff, and other officers looking on. When several walkers began to cry out in horror, and appeal to the man to treat Michele like a human being, he became ashamed and relinquished the prod to another burly officer who said, "Heck, I'll use it." He soon was revolted by the torture too, and together with the first officer picked up Michele and carried her towards and up the stairs to the cell block. The G.B.I. agent diligently applied the prod to Michele's legs and thighs. Tears streamed down the faces of two policemen standing by the door, but they said and did nothing. Kit Havice got similar treatment.

John Stephens was burned all over his head and back. He pulled his sweater over his head for protection and was prodded on his exposed stomach, making a burn about eight inches long. Alan was dragged by his arms halfway to the stairs when someone decided it would be better to pull him by his legs so that his head would bump. Alan then decided to walk and the police permitted him to stand up. The G.B.I. agent with the prod objected to this on the grounds that Alan had decided to noncooperate—thus unmistakably exposing his ugly desire to torment people with the prod.

Ray Robinson was particularly brutally tortured. He turned over on his back when they began shocking him. He was stretched full length on the floor, the police standing over him with the cattle prodder. They burned his legs, arms, then got him pinned down with the prodder in the small of his back, on his spine. Then the prod was shifted to his genital area, held firmly in place. They kept yelling, "Get up! Get up!" Ray screamed, "I can't get up. I'll die before I get up for you." He writhed in pain, shouted, "Kill me! Kill me! Go ahead and kill me!" The walkers protested at the top of their lungs, asking the police to stop, asking them how they could treat anyone in such a manner. The officers finally stopped prodding Ray on the floor and dragged him upstairs by his feet, shocking and burning him on the way, particularly in his face.

Tony Brown (27, a clerical worker from San Francisco) spoke to one of the policemen standing over him. He told the man that it was clearly unnecessary to use prods and that in the jail they must have enough men to carry each of the walkers upstairs. Although Tony had already been booked, an officer threw him across the booking desk, where Tony explained the error. Someone put a full nelson on him and carried him off the ground that way to the first landing. There the prod was put to his neck. He became trapped between the floor and the wall, unable to move away from it. He screamed and eventually began weeping. Eric Robinson

shouted, "Hey!" in protest against the torture and the officer booking him yelled, "Stop!" Eric said that the booking officer was as scared by the brutality as he. Sheriff Gilbert came up to Tony, picked him up gently, put him on his back and carried him up the stairs. Tony put his hand across his eyes, frantically asking for his glasses (which had fallen off) and telling the sheriff that he could hardly see without them. Sheriff Gilbert later found the glasses and brought them to the cell.

Peter Gregonis walked off the bus and into the jail, but when he saw the inhuman treatment the other walkers were receiving he told the police, "I walked willingly into this station, but now, after watching the brutality I must protest by refusing to cooperate from now on." He was dragged upstairs backwards by two policemen, each holding a leg. The G.B.I. agent followed, burning his exposed neck. Eric was the last booked and found himself alone in the room with six policemen. One said, "Are you going to walk?" Eric replied, "No, I won't walk—please be careful with me." Two officers quickly grabbed his arms and carried him gently upstairs.

In the Jail

Thirteen male white walkers were put in one second-floor "tank" or large barred room, the three Negro men in a tank on the floor above. The women occupied a separate second-floor cell. The tank occupied by the thirteen men was clean (as prisons go) and equipped with metal bunks (a few with mattresses), a toilet, a sink with hot and cold water, and a shower. In an adjacent tank were half a dozen white youths who proved curious about the walkers' imprisonment and not hostile. The white walkers could talk with the Negro walkers on the floor above and heard the women singing freedom songs in another part of the building.

A Dr. Williams, a local physician, visited all the walkers, asking them if they had complaints or injuries. He described the women's burns and bruises as "contusions." Pearl Ewald was feeling unwell and because she had a history of heart trouble, Dr. Williams was particularly concerned about her. He did not, however, recommend that the seventy-year-old woman be taken out of the violent environment of the prison. In the tank with the thirteen walkers he was asked if he approved the use of electric cattle prods on humans, particularly on their faces. He replied that he wasn't acquainted with the instrument.

Next to appear was Sheriff Gilbert, the most humane, considerate and gentlemanly of all the authorities. He came apparently as a "go-between" for the walkers and the city officials. He spoke privately with Bradford Lyttle, explaining that the walkers were being charged with two violations, one of Code 67 of the City Traffic Ordinance, "Parading without a permit," the other of City Code 402, "Violation of a lawful order of a police officer." No charges appeared to have been lodged against the four occupants of the Walk's vehicles, who had also been arrested. The sheriff said that if the

walkers agreed to leave town on Route 41, as the police had ordered, the charges would probably be dropped. Bradford discussed this proposal with the thirteen white walkers he was with, and found it unacceptable to them, since they insisted on their rights both to begin the Walk where police interference with those distributing leaflets had commenced and to leaflet freely. Sheriff Gilbert then returned and, after hearing the walkers' decision, sat down in dismay and asked under what circumstances the walkers *would* leave. The walkers asked that he and the Chief of Police guarantee that officers not harass them. He replied that he would do his best to prevent harassment in the areas under his authority, but expressed fear that the walkers might be attacked by uncontrollable, hostile people near the city limits. Bradford Lyttle asked if the arm-twisting had been called for. "I did that," said the sheriff ruefully. Later he defended use of the cattle prod, on the grounds that the noncooperation had been ungentlemanly. When asked if one ungentlemanly act deserved another, he replied, "Now you're talking Christianity."

The sheriff was convinced that the city had the right to restrict distribution of leaflets and to prevent parades. The gist of his statement was that the American Legion had to get a parade permit—even he himself would have to get one. Also for some time he, like most of the officials, said that he believed that the walkers had intended to divert the Walk from its normal route to pass through the Negro area and pass out leaflets there. Here again was revealed the intense fear of the authorities that the Walk would incite a mass Negro uprising. Finally, patient discussion revealed to him that all the walkers wanted to do was to retrace one block of their walk on Route 41, from Taylor Street to the Confederate cemetery, and that those leafleting planned only to reach the people they could see from the highway. He left again to discuss the walkers' position with the city authorities (who never participated personally in the negotiations).

Capitulation by the Authorities

Within an hour, the sheriff returned once more, bringing with him a letter from the Griffin Department of Police. Signed by City Manager J. S. Langford, Chief of Police Leo Blackwell, and two City Commissioners, Kinsey R. Stewart and Carl E. Pruces (?) (his script is unclear), this document was a permit to parade, granting the walkers the right to conduct their Walk in the manner they had requested as early as the preceding afternoon. All the walkers accepted the permit, making it understood that acceptance did not imply that they had applied for it, the majority believing that while they could *accept* parade permits from the authorities, they should not, by asking for them, admit that the police had a moral or legal right to deny permits. In the final negotiations about the letter, Sheriff Gilbert was obviously happy that an agreement had been reached that would result in the walkers' release, and so deeply moved by the entire situation that at one point he turned away to prevent his tears from being

seen. He accompanied the walkers to the booking room, where, in the presence of Chief Blackwell and many now placid officers, the walkers signed the personal bond which secured their release. The sheriff said that they would not have to appear for a court hearing and advised that no one return to Griffin. When the walkers left the jail he shook hands with many, excluding the Negroes. He looked hostilely at Ray.

The Walk's three accompanying automobiles waited in a nearby parking lot. All the signs which the police had gathered up at the park were intact. Cameras, duffel bags, suitcases and briefcases had been searched and dumped in the back of the DeSoto. Confiscated and not returned were copies of an article on the Walk's encounter with the K.K.K. by Dennis Weeks, a notebook belonging to Flemming Jensen, and a copy of Gandhi's *Nonviolent Resistance*. Ray said that he hoped the authorities would read the Gandhi book.

As the walkers prepared to enter the automobiles, Pearl Ewald suffered a severe anginal attack. Her arrest, imprisonment, and witnessing of the savage attacks probably caused anxiety and strain, which had made her feel unwell in the tank and precipitated the attack. She was placed in the DeSoto station wagon's back seat, where for half an hour she suffered severe pains in her chest, facial tremors, and near loss of consciousness. Dr. Williams was summoned and advised that she be taken at once to the Griffin-Spalding County Hospital. The DeSoto, with Pearl, Ray, Kit, and Bradford, left for the hospital, accompanied by the younger G.B.I. plainclothesman in another car. The two other Walk vehicles, accompanied by the sheriff and many officials, went to resume the Walk.

This report now divides into three parts. One relates the experiences of Kit in taking Pearl to a Macon hospital and obtaining treatment for her. Another is Bradford's story of his arrest for speeding while accompanying Pearl's ambulance to Macon. Third is the account of the experiences of the walkers after they had left Griffin and were returning by car to Macon.

• *Report on Pearl Ewald and the hospital (by Kit Havice)*

The younger G.B.I. man led us to the Griffin-Spalding Hospital. Mrs. Ewald was admitted to the emergency room. Ray was asked to leave the white waiting room, so Kit and Ray went to the Negro waiting room. The electrocardiogram did not show a heart attack and after administering sedation the doctor felt that Pearl could be moved to Macon. He agreed to mail his bill to us. Ray and Kit went to the Negro houses across from the hospital to obtain blankets to keep Pearl comfortable in the station wagon. The G.B.I. man followed us over and demanded that we return to the hospital to pay the doctor cash because the doctor would no longer trust us. An ambulance was arranged for Pearl so that she would be more comfortable. When it arrived the hospital personnel refused to help the driver load the

patient as they usually did, and said that Ray should help. Kit and Ray rode in the ambulance with Pearl. In Milner, Bradford, who had been asked by Pearl to follow the ambulance and had arranged with the driver to do so, was arrested for speeding.

The ambulance driver drove back and attempted to explain to the Milner police that Bradford was following the ambulance. The police left with Bradford and we followed shortly. The police car was off the road several miles further down and the ambulance stopped to get the keys to the DeSoto from Bradford. We returned to the DeSoto but were told by a local man that we could not move it until it had been checked. Kit phoned the Lamar County Jail and was told that Brad was being held on \$100 bond and would be tried in court on December 7th.

The ambulance proceeded without incident to Macon, where we attempted to have Pearl taken to St. Luke's, a Negro hospital. They did not have adequate facilities, however. Macon Hospital received Pearl into the emergency room and took another electrocardiogram. Ray and Kit went to the Negro waiting room and used that phone. The cardiologist assigned to the case examined Pearl and reported to Kit that he felt that the attack was probably not serious but that Pearl should remain in the hospital under observation for a few days, because E.K.G. changes indicating heart damage did not always develop at once. He was asked if it was possible for Pearl to be put on the Negro side of the hospital. He said that he did not want to get involved in placing her there and the request was dropped.

A policeman assigned to the emergency room saw Kit and Ray in the Negro waiting room and was seen by them talking to the doctor. Kit went to the admitting room and was filling out the forms when the doctor came up. He told Kit that he did not want to take the case any longer. He admitted that the policeman had talked to him about us, told Kit that it would be better for everyone if he didn't take the case, and said that it was obvious we didn't like to follow their customs. He said that Pearl was probably all right and could rest in a private home somewhere. He said that the hospital would treat her only on an emergency basis but would not admit her, as far as he was concerned.

Kit asked if there was a Negro cardiologist in Macon and was told that there was not. The doctor would not recommend anyone to take the case. He left and an ambulance was arranged for, to take Pearl from the hospital to a private home. Pearl was nauseated and still very drugged from the sedative. Ray left the hospital because he felt that Pearl might receive better treatment in his absence. Marvin Davidov, the lone walker who had stayed in Macon and was not arrested, arrived, and strengthened by his determination, we decided that it was too dangerous to move Pearl without another doctor's opinion. Marv discussed the situation with the receptionist in the emergency room. He asked her, "How can you move this woman who may have had a heart attack?" She became concerned and agreed to

look into it. After several hours the doctor who had refused the case was located. He refused to tell the receptionist anything, except that Pearl was well enough, in his opinion, to leave the hospital. The receptionist advised us to wait until Pearl was less groggy and then to move her. However we insisted on calling another doctor and had to turn to the yellow pages. Kit finally reached another cardiologist, who listened carefully to the complete story. He asked if we were in trouble with the local authorities only because Kit had sat in the Negro waiting room. When this was affirmed, he said that there was nothing wrong with that. He said that there was no question that Pearl should be under observation in the hospital and within five minutes had it cleared with the admitting desk.

● *Report of my arrest for speeding (by Bradford Lyttle)*

At the Griffin-Spalding County Hospital Dr. Williams said that while Pearl's case was not, in his opinion, an emergency one, it could prove extremely serious, even fatal, particularly in view of Mrs. Ewald's history of heart attacks, including an extremely serious one fourteen years ago.

Mrs. Ewald requested an ambulance. One was summoned and I arranged with the driver (at Mrs. Ewald's request) to follow the ambulance to a hospital in Macon. Kit and Ray rode in the ambulance with Mrs. Ewald. Once it had reached the open highway, the ambulance driver set a steady speed of about sixty miles an hour. I attempted to stay within two hundred feet of the ambulance, since I did not know to what hospital in Macon it was going.

We must have been passing through the small town of Milner when a squad car behind me flashed me to stop. I did. The Milner officer said that I had been speeding. I explained the circumstances, as did the driver of the ambulance, who had turned around and come back when he realized that I had been stopped. The officer refused to accept the explanation as a mitigating circumstance and insisted that I leave the De Soto parked in Milner and go with him to a nearby jail.

On the way to the jail I asked the officer if it was customary to arrest people accompanying ambulances to the hospital. My experience had been that the police in such situations cleared traffic and facilitated the travel in other ways. The gist of his reply was: "Customary procedures for nigger-lovers like you are to lock you up."

We reached the Lamar County Jail in Barnesville about 3:45. The officer booked me. I asked what the bond would be, and if I could make a telephone call. He replied that I'd soon know the treatment for nigger-lovers and that I'd spend some hours in jail before 'phoning anyone. I then was locked in a "tank," where I stayed

until 9:00 a.m. Sunday without learning the size of my bond or being able to 'phone anyone.

The tank was uncrowded, relatively clean, and quiet. In the morning, the officer who had arrested me permitted me to make a phone call. His attitude alternated between gentlemanliness and a hostility so intense that I momentarily expected him to hit me. While I was placing the call, Erica, Kit, and Marv appeared and paid my fine of \$50. Before we left we talked more with the officer and the sheriff of Lamar County. The sheriff, who had a reputation among the prisoners for being a just and helpful man, was reasonable and friendly on every matter except the race issue. He was particularly upset by the thought of a white woman and a Negro man sitting together in the same car. He made a statement which revealed the control police authorities in the South have over racial violence: "Why there are two boys back in this jail who'd throw you in the creek if I gave the word."

● *Report of the trip from Griffin to Macon (by Thomas Rodd)*

After the Walk crossed the Griffin city limits, all police cars disappeared. We stopped the Walk and got into our vehicles, then drove south toward Macon, on Route 41. There were ten people in the suburban, so we were forced to drive at around thirty-five miles per hour. In the town of Milner, some ten miles from Griffin, we pulled off to allow the cars behind us to pass. Two people got out of the sedan to transfer the lunch box. As we started away, a police car motioned us to stop. A Milner policeman got out of his car and took a look into the suburban. Michele Gloor was sitting by Ronnie Moose. Tom got out to speak to the policeman, who was livid with rage. "What's that white woman doin' between them two niggers? It's a disgrace to the white race." He called over the Lamar County sheriff and several local men. They spoke to Tom for some time, threatening at one point to kill all the walkers, and then telling Tom. "When that Walk comes into this town, you better be legal." Michele got out and spoke to them for a while, and was asked the standard questions: "What if that black bastard raped you?" etc.

The officers saw Peter Gregonis taking notes and confiscated a sheet with information on the conversation between myself and the officer. Finally, they ordered Sam and Ronnie, both Negroes, to get out of the car, refusing to let anyone else get nearby. They formed a circle around them, asking hostile questions and making threats. The obvious intention was to scare the daylights out of our men, but they had little success. Finally, an officer returned the drivers' licenses. Ronnie and Sam were allowed to get into the cars, and the sheriff said: "You can go, but not with a white woman between 'two niggers.'" In a hurry to get back and anxious to avoid more violence, the walkers complied and Michele switched places with Jack, riding in the front seat.