

Rt. 3, Box 428*F
Quincy, Florida
November 23, 1964

At approximately 3:00 p.m. on November 23, 1964, I noticed deputy sheriff Robert Martins drive up and park outside the CORE office at 20B South Adams St. in Quincy, Florida. Martins came up the stairs and beckoned to me from outside the door. I walked out to the hallway, and he said "The sheriff wants to see you." I asked him why and he replied "He wants to see you." I refused to go unless I was charged with a crime. I asked him "Am I under arrest?" and he replied "If I have to arrest you to get you down there, yes." I then said "What am I charged with?" He said "The sheriff just wants to see you, and if I have to drag you down there, I will." I then stood there, refusing to move. He grabbed my arm and forced me down the stairs. I then again said "Am I under arrest?" He didn't reply. I was led by the arm to the jail, where I was taken to a room in which Otho Edwards, the county sheriff, was sitting. He said "What's this shit you told the man at the barber shop?" I said "Am I under arrest?" He said that I was not under arrest, but that I was under "investigation." I asked him what crime I was suspected of, and he replied "lying".

He then inquired about a statement he claimed I had made in a barber shop earlier that day, concerning illegal whiskey in Gadsden county. I had stated to an acquaintance that I had seen a man in a sheriff's department car at a local entertainment establishment, and that, while this man was inside the establishment, I had seen illegal liquor sold.

I replied by telling him that what I said was my business, and that unless I was charged with a specific crime I would answer no further questions. He again said that I would be arrested for "lying".

At this point Deputy sheriff Hancock arrived and entered the room. Edwards explained that I had "told a lie on the sheriff". Hancock then said "If he told a lie on me, I'd beat the goddamn shit out of him." Edwards then said "I can hold this bastard for 72 hours, and by that time we'll be finished with him."

Then I again demanded to know why I was being held, and was again told that I was being held for "lying".

The man to whom I had supposedly made the statement concerning illegal liquor then arrived, and Edwards said "Here's the bastard-- you can beat the shit out of him." I said hello to the man, and he replied "Hi."

The man then related to the sheriff what I had said concerning the liquor, and I corrected him on two minor points. He agreed with me, and was very pleasant. Edwards then got up and was very angry, stating "Get that bastard out of here." Martins left, and as Deputy Hancock left; he said "Don't you ever say my name from your goddamn dirty mouth. Your mouth is dirtier than the nigger ass holes you run around with?" I then said "Can I go now?" Edwards said "Get the hell out!" I then said "thank you" and left.

Several times while I was held all three (Martins, Edwards, and Hancock) made threatening physical approaches, each time indicating that I was going to be beat. At one point all three were approaching me, but a phone call interrupted them.

I swear that these statements are true and accurate to the best of my knowledge.

November 23, 1964

WITNESSED BY:

Johnny Lee Watson
Graciana Moore

David S. McVoy
Rt. 3, Box 428-F
Quincy, Florida