100 YEARS OF LYNCHINGS

BY RALPH GINZBURG
transportation to a Tallahassee, Fla., hospital, after a physician said he had a good chance to recover.

The ambulance left without guards after the sheriff said he did not “anticipate any more trouble,” and on the way was stopped by “a group of persons” who took Williams from the vehicle.

Will Webb, Negro driver of the ambulance, said the vehicle was halted by “four or five men,” and the wounded man was pulled out and taken away.

“One of them said they wanted the man I had in the ambulance and they didn’t want any trouble,” he said. I told them they wouldn’t get any trouble out of me, because I didn’t even have a pocket knife.

He said he did not recognize any of the men.

“Between 11 a.m. and 12 o’clock noon, March 26, 1944—which was on a Sunday—a group of white men including Noble Thompson, two of his brothers, Harper Eliot, Rabbit Hastings, and a man I did not know, came to my house which is located about a mile from my father’s house, both being on property owned by us.

“The men asked me if I knew how the property line ran. I told them I thought I did. They told me to come and show them.

“I went down the road with them for some distance then we came to a car. The car was a late model Studebaker, I believe, with the gear shift on the steering wheel. It was grayish in color.

“I got in the back seat of the car and they drove about a quarter of a mile from my father’s house. The man I didn’t know did the driving. They kept telling me that my father and I were ‘smart niggers’ for going to see a lawyer.

“Three of them remained in the car with me; three walked up to my father’s house.

“Some time later, I saw the three men returning with my father. They were Noble Thompson, Harper Eliot, and another man.

“Noble Thompson and the other man were walking on either side of my 66-year-old father, Isaac Simmons, while Eliot walked behind him kicking and punching him.

“When they reached the car, they made my father get in the front seat. They all got in the car.

“My father begged them and prayed with them not to hurt him or me as they drove down the road. Two of them kept beating me as I sat in the back seat.

“Some distance down the road they stopped the car near a side road where there were lots of thickets. ‘Let’s take them down here,’ one of the white men said.

“They told my father to get out of the car. He got out and started to run from the road. One of the men leveled the shotgun and fired twice at my father. One reloaded the gun, the other two ran in the direction my father had taken. The man who reloaded the gun ran off in that direction also, then I heard another shot. I begged the men in the car to spare my life.

“A while later, the other three returned. They all talked in low tones behind the car.
"Finally, they came around and told me, 'All right, nigger, we're going to let you go.'

"One of them told me to get out of the car; another said, 'I'll tell him when to get out.'

"Noble Thompson asked me 'You don't want to get beat up any more, do you?'

"I answered, 'I sure don't.'

"He said, 'If this comes up again, you had better not know anything about it.'

"They told me that they gave me ten days to get off the place and clear out my tenants. I had two tenants, Willie Huff, and A. B. Robinson, who worked for me. And also an old man, S. B. Moton, who had no other place to stay.

"When they put me out of the car, I was bloody, ragged and half-blind. I went to my sister's house and told what had happened.

"The news spread. Church meetings broke up and we all went down to where my father lay in the thickets. That was about 1 o'clock p. m.

"When we got to the thickets, we saw my father dead, lying half on his side. He had been shot three times in the back and some one said his arm was broken. Nearly all of his teeth had been knocked out, and his tongue was cut out.

"Some one went and got Constable George Hazelwood. The constable went and got the high sheriff.

"They held an inquest and gave the verdict that my father had met his death at the hands of unknown parties."

today by Loy Harrison, a well-to-do white farmer who had just hired the Negroes to work on his farm. Harrison was bringing the Negroes to his farm when his car was waylaid by the mob eight miles from Monroe. Questioning one of the Negroes by the mob indicated, Harrison said, that he was suspected of having stabbed his former employer, a white man. The Negroes, Roger Malcolm and George Dorsey, both 27, were removed from the car and led down a side road.

The women, who were sisters and who had just recently married Malcolm and Dorsey, began to scream. Then a mob member said that one of the women had recognized him.

"Get those damned women, too," the mob leader shouted.

Several of the men then came back and dragged the shrieking women from the automobile. A few moments later Mr. Harrison heard the shots—many of them and the mob dispersed.

The grotesquely sprawled bodies were found in a clump of bushes beside a little-used sideroad, the upper parts of the bodies scarcely recognizable from the mass of bullet holes.

Dorsey's mother, Monia Williams, said that her son had just been discharged after five years in the Army and that she had received his discharge button in the mail just this week.

The lynching was the first in the nation in nearly a year and was the first multiple lynching since two 14-year-old Negro boys were hanged by a Mississippi mob in October, 1942. For Georgia it was the first lynching of more than one person since 1918 when ten Negroes were lynched in Brooks County.

NEW YORK TIMES
July 29, 1946

GEORGIA MOB MASSACRES TWO NEGROES AND WIVES

MONROE, Ga., July 26—Two young Negroes, one a veteran just returned from the war, and their wives were lined up last night near a secluded road and shot dead by an unmasked band of twenty white men.

The ghastly details of the multiple lynching were told

NEW YORK TIMES
July 29, 1946

RELATIVES SHUN FUNERAL OF NEGROES LYNCHED IN GA.

MONROE, Ga., July 28—Close relatives of two of the four Negroes killed by a white mob here Thursday failed