SHUBUTA, Miss.: I had not intended going to Meridian, Miss., inasmuch as we never got an answer from them, but on the way from Atlanta to Jackson, I had to stop in Meridian for almost an entire day due to poor transportation facilities.

On the train from Atlanta I met a chaplain located at Tuskegee Institute, who, before army service, had been a pastor of a congregational church in Meridian. His name is Walker and he is a native of Newark, N.J. He referred me to Principal Harris of Harris High School in Meridian and when I arrived in that community, I immediately went to see him at his office.

It is interesting to note the attitude of the Negro who helped me with my bag to a cab when I alighted from the train. He said, "You are not from around here, are you?" I said no. He said, "Well, you will find things a bit different so you better watch your step." I proceeded to the high school and visited with the principal who was very solicitous in welcoming me. I understand that he is "the Negro" in Meridian. He told me that he was one or six or seven NAAOP members there and that there hadn't been an active branch there in the last three or four years. I talked about the Shubuta affair and he volunteered to bring three young men in from their classes who lived in Shubuta, but come to school in Meridian. They go home on week-ends. They told me about the boy knowing the girl and how they were innocently engaged in play under the bridge and that passers-by saw them running after the girl with the result which everyone knows. They were neighbors of the lynched boy, and had been home several times since the lynching.

Principal Harris took me downtown to the Court House where I watched him cast his ballot inasmuch as it was election day. He then took me to the white Chamber of Commerce to a meeting.
where I did not get a chance to speak but where it was very interesting to note what was going on. The white people were endeavoring to make an all-out attempt to gather all scrap in the neighborhood and they had selected Principal Harris to head the Negro division. One man was particularly vehement in his denunciation of the Japs, calling them "yellow bastards" and relating gleefully in the meeting how they had been in a loft over his hosiery mill to collect all the obsolete scrap. It seems this loft was three or four stories above the ground with a large opening on the side. He started the project by exclaiming, on throwing material from the building to the yard, "take that you yellow son-of-a bitch." He was very careful for us to note the profanity because he said that that was just the way he felt "because he had a son over there." This—within a few miles of Shubuta.

There was terror and fear in Meridian but I was told by people that the situation had eased somewhat. I then journeyed to Jackson where, on the campus of Jackson College, a state institution for Negroes, a cousin of one of the boys told me the atrocity story which follows: "The boys were emasculated, then pliers were taken and pieces of flesh were torn from their bodies. One boy was made to open his mouth and a screw driver was pushed down his throat so that the end of it protruded through the side of his neck. After the lynching, the white people came to their families and told them that they were through with them, you may have them. The families said we don't want them either and the county had to bury them." That is the story related to me by this cousin who is a young man about 20 or 21 years old, who did not seem excited but appeared very level headed. He comes up every year to work in Connecticut to further his education and I don't think he was
moved to give me a horror story just for the sake of it inasmuch as I told him I wanted to use it in an official report and he told me that that was the story and that he had been back to Shubuta since the lynching and had talked with the parents of the lynched boys.