

November 20, 1950

Statement of MRS. ROBERT (LOUISE) MARTIN  
1348 Lafayette  
Detroit, Michigan WO-3-3105

Re: Police Brutality

On Saturday, November 18, at about 9:15 P.M. I was in the bar (Tip Toe Inn) at Russell and Monroe with some friends. And my girl friend told me to go to the front and get her husband (Enobia Priestly and Jose Walker - they're common-law man and wife). I said, "Walker, B says to come in the back." Well, right then he didn't move, so I hunched him and said. "Hey boy, come on."

About then this big fat one walks in the door (white plain clothesman) and he looks at me and points to the back. I steps aside to let him through. Then he tells me, "Sit down or get out!" I asked him what did he mean? He told me, "Damn what you mean - sit down or get out".

About then I turned to go to the back and he grabbed my coat and said, "You're so damn smart, you're leaving now." (Two other white men, also not in uniform had come in at about the same time as the fat man and had stood around watching) I says, "Don't pull me, I can walk out." So, when I said that he shoved me and knocked me down on the floor. As I tried to get up he falls down on me and puts his knee in my stomach. That's when the other two who were standing on the side gets into it. The fat one says, "Pick her up." The two yanked me up. They handled me like I was a dog or something. Then the fat one says, "Open the door." And he kicked me with his foot - hard. After the three got me outside the two shoved me up against the car (Lisence #AH - 1330) the fat one says "We're taking her to jail, she's too damned bad - handcuff her."

The two others threw my hands behind me and handcuffed me.

There was another young one in the car with a man named Albert Charles handcuffed to him in the car. They pushes me in the car over this one and next to Albert Charles. The three of them goes back inside the bar trying to find Charles wife. While I was in the car the young one asked me my name, my address, my age and

he asked me had I ever been arrested before, or had my husband?

The handcuffs had my watch caught and I asked him could he fix them. He looked at my hands and said, "You don't have no damn watch on" Then he used a flashlight and saw my watch and moved it up/

Then Charles wife Dorothy came out with the three other guys. (At no time did the guys identify themselves as cops) After they got in the car they rode to Lafayette and Russell, turned left to Riopelle, up Riopelle to an alley between Monroe and Macomb to Charles house.

We gets out the car and Dorothy says to the fat one, "What you taking her fo?" And the fat one say, "She's mine." When I get out one of them gets behind and sort of carries me upstairs to the house. When we gets inside the fat one told me to sit down. After they made me sit down they starts searching Charles house for a gun. They tore up the bedroom and searched the whole place. They didn't find any gun.

they  
While ~~the other~~ were searching the fat one said for them to uncuff me. Then I asked if I could go to the bathroom. He told me I could, but to leave the door open. I went to the bathroom and left the door open. Then I came back out and sit back down. The fat man was standing in the kitchen talking to Charles. (Charles knows them. They uncuffed him as soon as he got in the house)

After they got through searching the fat one says, "Do you want to go home or do you want to go to jail?" I told him I wanted to go home so he says, "I'll let you go. Next time don't be so damn smart and know what you're doing."

The knob on Charles door was brok and when the fat one tried to open the door he couldn't and he said, "Charles, you got us stuck in here." Charles taken a knife and oppened the door and he let me go.

I walked back to the corner and I met Heywood (Heywood Patterson who had been in the bar at the time and witnessed the whole incident). We went to the bar to find my husband and by that time he was there. And he carried me down to the Receiver



Hospital at about 10:30 or 10:45. I was examined and the doctor gave me some pills  
in my rectum  
to take to ease the pain, and said I was just bruised, nothing broken.

After I came from the Hospital I went to Hunt Street Station to make a  
complaint. The police there said they didn't want to hear it because they had four  
complaints from the bar already. My husband said "I want to make a complaint  
because the cops abused my wife. They kicked her." So finally I made a statement.

The Lt. who wrote the statement up said they didn't have a car with any such  
number. So he goes in the other room for a while and come back out and he talked  
to my husband about how they were down there (at the bar) trying to find a man with  
a gun etc. They tried to tell my husband that they'd taken me to use as a witness and  
then they again said they couldn't find a car with that license.

Mrs. Robert Martin  
November 20, 1950

Taken by Anne Shore  
Civil Rights Congress  
1442 Griswold Street  
Detroit 26, Michigan

Note: Mrs. Martin worked as a waitress at the bar for some time until September.  
For the last week or so she had worked in the kitchen. On Saturday she had  
worked until about 5:30 in the kitchen. Her husband works. He had been to  
see the doctor Saturday early in the evening. Mrs. Martin is a member of  
Mt. Zion Church, Rev. Wright, Pastor.