

May 15, 1967

Mr. Baynes telephoned the office of the Community Relations Commission, Monday afternoon from the jail to ask for assistance. He was released Monday night and came to the office and gave this statement.

CASE OF ROBERT LEE BAYNES, 53 HOUGUE STREET, N. E.

Sunday, May 14th, I went to Church with my mother about 11:00 a.m. to the Israel Baptist Church... Became ill, soon after I got there and left. I went back home by Taxi and got home about 11:50 a.m. Sat on the porch for about ten or fifteen minutes trying to recuperate and finally, I felt better and went across the street to a friend's house on Auburn Ave., Amie Ross to visit her and some of her relatives who were here to attend a funeral that was held the previous day. I arrived at the Ross home about 12:15 p.m. and stayed until about 1:30; went home and rested until about 4 or 5 o'clock p.m.. Got up and prepared supper for myself. I had visitors about 8:00 p.m.. They stayed until about 12:30 or 1:00 a.m. As they left, I went out to the car to see them off. As I was returning to my house, two men came pass and asked for a cigarette. I gave them a cigarette. In the meantime, the police ran into the corner and almost ran over us. They turned the corner, they jumped out the car with guns and demanded that I put my hands up. I asked them why---the police man said, "because I said so dammit..." Then he, the policeman said, "I got them, both of them..." He said you came from down the street, I said no I didn't, he said you are a damn lie, you did. One of the two men that asked me for a cigarette was standing across the street, the other was against the car with me with his hands up, under cover by the policeman's gun. The man that was standing across the street came over and told the police that I was not with them and had not come up the street. A cab driver drove up about that time and told the police that he had the wrong man. I told the police, you see you are about to get somebody killed. The police said Hell, anybody can make a mistake. He said further, you can go now... I walked back across the street to my house. A lot of police had gathered in the area--a few residents, as well. I was standing on the porch, this same cab driver came back up and said that this is the one, referring to me. Someone yelled from the crowd that gathered--he must be crazy..he just said that wasn't the one..The police that had held me against the car, yelled see I told you we had him, you let the other get away--he said that remark to the other policeman. They all drew their guns and then they snatched me off of my porch. One person said the cab driver said the suspect had on red, I had no red. I was not trying to resist... They shoved me into the car and so I asked them if I could close

my door, since I lived alone. One of the police said, damn the door, get into the car. I yelled out for someone to please close my door. One of the officers moved onto my porch, I guess he closed the door. All of the police were white. They drove down Auburn Ave., and Randolph Street. Additional police and the cab driver were already there. The cab driver said he was robbed at Auburn and Irwin. They took me out of the patrol car and then transferred me to two Negro detective's car. The Negro detective questioned me further..... I asked again if I could go and turn off my lights, fan, TV and close my door. They said No I could not do that and that it was time for them to get off and that they could see about that tomorrow. In the meantime, a call came on the police radio that the people that did the robbery were going out Dekalb Avenue in a red car.. So the police took off and started chasing down Dekalb Ave. with me in the car.. the Cab Driver joined the chase in his car. He was in Checker Cab, No. 97. They drove out Dekalb pass Mason Avenue, near Decatur City line and pulled into a filling station and called for Car No 87 to follow them back up to Decatur Street. When they got to Butler and Decatur Street they pointed to the Cab Driver to go up to the parking lot. They pulled into the Detectives parking area. They then carried me into the jail and had me to sit on the bench for a while. Then they ordered me into a room. In the room, I was asked about my place of birth and education and height and weight. I was then fingerprinted. After I was fingerprinted I was taken into a reception room to wait to be put in jail. I told the people in there (three white men and a white women) that I was a diabetic and that I had to eat every four hours and they started laughing and jeering me along about now; I told them I need to have a glass of milk. They started to laugh, I told them it wasn't funny. They ordered a wagon and said they would send me to Grady. They told me not to try to run or they would shot me. I told them I had nothing to run for and they said nothing more. The Policewagon came and took me to Grady. They handcuffed me behind my back..The doctors told them to bring me back at 8:00 a.m. They took me back to my cell and then they told me I could make one call and that that call must be to my lawyer, I called Charles Longstreet Weltner and told him what had happened. The jail attendant was standing there all the time with a gun pointed on me. Then they put me in a cell.. At 8:30 a.m. I told the jail attendant that I was supposed to go to the hospital at 8:00 a.m. The attendant told me he could not do anything about that. I kept begging for assistance,..

I could not stand up, unless I held onto the bars. Finally at 10:37 a.m. they came and took me to the doctor. It was another 20 minutes before the doctors saw me because they kept me at the police room in the hospital. They put me in a heavily air conditioned room and I went into a chill. Later the nurse came and put blankets on me. The Doctor came in and told them to put me into a bed. They gave me intravenous glucose until 3:00 p.m. The nurse brought me some orange juice. The doctor told me to go back to jail and to eat right away, but not eat anything that I was not supposed to eat. They brought me to the wrong floor at the jail, so I was able to use a telephone that was located on that floor and I phoned the Community Relations Commission and spoke to Mrs. Paschall.

It was late Monday afternoon before my appliances were turned off and they were turned off then because I called my mother and got her to turn them off. In the meantime, I told them that the doctor had told me to eat...the jail attendant said he didn't have any food and he could not help me. I kept asking and he started to cursing me out...I called Grady Hospital and told them I wanted the emergency clinic and I talked with the doctor and he told them about the situation and the Doctor told him (the jail attendant) to get me back to Grady right away. When the attendant finished talking to the doctor, he told me I was pretty damn smart. I went back to Grady and the doctor told them to give me some food right away. They took me back to the jail. At the jail they said that they didn't have any food and sent me back to Grady. The white jail attendant asked me who in the hell I thought I was ---going to Grady so much.. When I got to Grady again the Doctor told me that I would die if I didn't get some food. He gave me a shot...They carried me back to jail. Shortly after I got back, I went into a semi-coma. The attendant came and told me that two men wanted to see me. The two men were the two Negro detectives who had brought me to be arrested at the station. I talked with them. They asked me a series of questions. Then they sent me to the cell. In a few minutes they sent for me. They took me home. Before they took me home they asked me if I wanted to go to trial. I didn't know what trial they meant and I said no, unless I had to go.

When they took me home it was about 10:30 p.m. Monday night, I had had no food from Sunday afternoon until the time I was released

ROBERT LEE BAYNES

Mr. Weltner went to the Police Station during the day, called and sent lawyers, was told Mr. Baynes was not there.

Robert Lee Baynes