

trying to prevent the photographers from taking pictures. He wasn't near the photographers but he was holding his hands out first, and then I guess he thought that wouldn't suffice, so he grabbed the sides of his jacket, and held them out, stood in front of the camera so that no pictures of the girls could be taken.

Q What happened after that?

A Well, then I arrived at the north opening.

Q Is this the same opening that you tried to go through earlier?

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A Yes, sir. Well, this group of men who were there earlier had lessened somewhat, and I started to walk through the opening, and I got through and I turned to the right to go up to see if I could get up to where the girls were, and someone grabbed me from behind, I don't know who it was, I couldn't identify them now or then or at any other time because they grabbed me from behind. They jerked my arms down to my sides, and I was dressed in a cloth zipper jacket, and I had a vest underneath it, and on this vest, over on the side where it wouldn't show, I had a Union button. When they grabbed me, my zipper jacket flopped open and somebody hollered, "Get that Union son of a B." Then I got a clip in the back of the head --

Q (Interposing) Did you say anything when that remark was made?

A No, sir.

Q Had you said anything prior to that?

A No, sir.

Q Had you made any threatening moves at any one?

A No, sir.

Q Done anything to provoke an attack on you?

A No, sir.

Q Go on.

A And then after I got the clip on the head I saw Commend and Jones running toward me. They had left Sentman and were running toward me.

Q Well, now, you mean the men that you had seen attacking Sentman turn toward you?

A Yes, sir.

Q And began to participate in attacking you; you didn't know their names then?

A Oh, no, I didn't know their names then.

Q All right, just describe what happened?

A Well, I covered up my face and my head as best I could. They did get one smash in at my nose, which didn't bother me much. Commend hit me in the stomach, and that -- I didn't even know I was hit. But then they jerked my jacket over my head, the back end of the jacket, jerked me down on the ground, -- this happened inside the fence next to the street car track, and then they started kicking me. They started

shouting. "Kill him," "Kick his brains out," "Stomp his face in."

Q These kicks you received, were they violent?

A Yes, sir. I don't know how many times I was kicked; I have no way of knowing. All I remember is that I kept feeling their feet thudding into my sides and back until I gradually lost consciousness.

Q When you regained consciousness, Mr. Merriweather, what were you aware of first?

A I heard Catherine Gelles say, "Oh, my God, Merriweather; come on; get up and get out of here." Then she took hold of my arm, underneath my arm, at my shoulder at one side, and another girl, who I don't know -- I didn't know who it was at the time and I have not found out since, took hold of me on the other side and they picked me up. I was in such pain I couldn't hardly -- I could not hardly navigate, that is all.

Q Where did you experience this pain?

A In my back; in my lower back, and then it seemed there were three or four Union people there, men, who started walking north past this opening, and immediately after we got past the opening, there were about 12 men behind us who shouted -- told us to run, which we tried to do. I couldn't run very good, so, I went off on the side, on the left-hand side between the cars and threw