

5 NEGROES BEATEN BY MISSISSIPPI MOB

Riders Attacked in McComb
—Crowd Shouts 'Kill 'Em'

By **CLAUDE SITTON**

Special to The New York Times.

McCOMB, Miss., Nov. 29—A mob of cursing whites, shouting "Kill 'em! Kill 'em!" set upon five Negro Freedom Riders today and drove them from the Greyhound bus station.

Although the three youths and two girls were mauled severely, none was seriously injured. They fled to safety at a Negro hotel after escaping from their assailants in two taxis and a truck.

McComb policemen escorted the Freedom Riders to the bus terminal tonight and placed them aboard the New Orleans Express while Federal Bureau of Investigation agents looked on. This prevented the Negroes from making a second attempt to seek service at the lunch counter.

A dozen white youths and men in the small but angry crowd joined in pummeling the Negroes. They chased them around and over counters and tables in the waiting room of the terminal before kicking them out the door.

The mob tossed one youth into the air again and again in the street outside, kicking and beating him as he struck the pavement.

Five minutes after the Negroes had escaped, Chief of Police George Guy and Patrolman Edward Smith arrived from the City Hall, less than a block from the terminal. They cleared the streets and sidewalks with little trouble.

Johann Rush, a freelance television camera man from Jackson, was attacked this

Continued on Page 31, Column 4

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Continued From Page 1, Col. 1

morning in an unrelated incident while taking film of the station and a group of whites standing around it.

The violence marked the first move in Mississippi's history to comply with a Federal court desegregation order. The Riders came here by bus this morning to test the city's compliance with a Federal directive to halt the enforcement of segregation at bus and rail terminals.

The order was handed down in open court last week and filed Monday in Jackson, the state capital. A United States Deputy Marshal served copies of it on Mayor C. H. Douglas, Chief Guy and the city's selectmen yesterday.

Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who were already here apparently as observers, began an immediate inquiry.

Officials of the Justice Department in Washington were also seeking to learn details of the outbreak.

The mob action here repeated on a smaller scale the riots that greeted Freedom Riders last May in Anniston, Birmingham and Montgomery, Ala.

Today's group, all members of the New Orleans chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality, said a further attempt would be made to use previously white terminal facilities.

"We'll be back," declared Doratha Smith, 18 years old, after she had been examined by Dr. James Anderson.

The five Negroes came here under the leadership of Jerome Smith, 22, president of the New Orleans chapter of the congress. The others are George Raymond, 18, Thomas Valentine, 23, and Alice Thompson, 22.

Their first effort to enter the

terminal was unsuccessful. Shortly before they arrived this morning, the station agent reported a gas leak in the building. The Negroes were warned when they approached the door that it would be dangerous to enter.

"Well, wasn't that a coincidence," remarked Charles Gordon, a city selectman and member of the Citizens' Council, a segregationist group.

The weather was sunny but brisk as small knots of whites and Negroes gathered along the sidewalks of Canal Street near the pink stucco terminal. Youths in duck-tail haircuts and blue jeans crossed and recrossed the street from the terminal to the "City Billiard Parlor and Dominoes."

No policeman was in sight when the five Freedom Riders arrived in a taxi and walked up to the glass-jalousied entrance of the white waiting room.

An elderly white man in a gray felt hat and work-stained clothes blocked the way and sought to persuade them not to enter. But he stepped aside and the five filed into the joint waiting room and cafe, past the brightly lighted pinball machines and back to the lunch counter in the rear.

Mr. Smith walked over to the ticket window and the four other Negroes took seats at the lunch counter. Mr. Raymond asked twice in a firm voice for service. He was ignored.

A. P. McGehee, operator of the bus terminal, walked behind the counter. Tapping his finger on the counter for emphasis, he told each of the Negroes:

"Greyhound does not own this building; Greyhound does not own this restaurant. You get out of here."

At this point, a youth grabbed a half-filled cup of coffee from a table and walked rapidly down the line of stools at the counter. When he reached Mr. Raymond, he struck him sharply at the base of the skull with the cup

and saucer, spilling coffee over the Negro's head and back.

Mr. Smith then waved to the four others to join him in a row of seats at the front of the waiting room. As they got up to move, a short, wiry white man of about 35 jumped at the Negro leader and began beating him with his fists.

The Negro doubled over and ducked his head under a rain of blows to the back of the neck, the shoulder and the stomach. "I'll kill him! I'll kill him! I'll kill him!," yelled the white.

The assailants then shoved and kicked the youths and the two girls through the door. They fled on to the sidewalk and out into the street, where their taxi stood waiting.

Both Mayor Douglas and Chief Guy had asserted to newsmen that no further attempt would be made to enforce segregation in waiting rooms.