

DETROIT POLICE DEPARTMENT

INTER-OFFICE MEMORANDUM FIRST PRECINCT

Date ~~September 1, 1964~~

To: Lieutenant In Charge - First Precinct Detectives

Subject: STATEMENT TAKEN BY DETECTIVE SERGEANT PAUL SASS, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ON 9-1-64, AT 11:15 A.M., FROM BARBARA JACKSON, D.O.B. 7-29-42, OF 2975 W. CHICAGO (5 MONTHS), SINGLE - NO PHONE.

On 8-24-64, near midnight, I met this white John while standing on the corner in front of Vince's Lounge at John R. and Maccahm. We agreed to a price of \$10.00 for the act of intercourse and \$2.00 for the rent of the room. We went across the street to 2304 John R., third floor right. I pushed the door open and went in with the John. The bedroom door was closed so I told the John he would have to wait. We sat down in the living room. After about ten minutes of playing with me, a knock came at the door and the queer that lives there (M/H/homosexual) opened the door and there was a policeman there. The policeman asked what was going on and the John jumped up and went through his pockets and said, "she took me for \$5.00." The Policeman asked the John if he would press charges and he said, "she took me for \$3.00." I then slapped the John in the face. At this time the policeman hit me on the head with a flashlight (not hard enough to break the skin, but I knew he hit me because I felt it). He then handcuffed me. The policeman then knocked on the bedroom door and told another prostitute "Alice", who was with a white John to get out. The policeman then took me and my white John to the scout car, the other officer was in the scout car. I got in the back seat with the officer that was waiting in the car and the white John got in front with the other officer. We drove to Police Headquarters and into the garage. The officer that was driving then told the John he was going through with this and the John replied, "I can't lose work or have my wife find out about it." As we got out of the car I called the John a dirty bastard - why do you want to do this to me. The officer with Badge # 2906 said, "bitch you're going to go to the hospital" and grabbed me by the back of the sweater and slammed me to the ground and I struck my face on the pavement. As I tried to raise up, the same officer kicked me in the back and again as I tried to raise up. My wig fell off and the money (\$36.00) which I keep up there fell out. The officer told his partner to pick it up and count it. The officer shoved me to the door and took me by the back and shoved me into the bricks hitting my head. The officers took me before the Desk and I was screaming I want to press charges for the officer knocking me down and kicking me. They put me in a side room and the Lieutenant came in and told the officer to remove the handcuffs. I stood in the corner and then I washed my face. I was then taken to Receiving Hospital for treatment.

During the night previous to the above incident, I had consumed two (2) bottles of Blatz at Vince's Lounge.


I was treated for my lip and tooth and was x-rayed on my head and ribs and back. I was returned to Headquarters at approximately 11:00 A.M., as the D.E.2's were leaving. DETECTIVE PIOTROWSKI talked to me at this time and I told him my story. I was later released from custody. After my release, I came back to room 113 and DETECTIVE PIOTROWSKI gave me back my wig and money. This was sometime in the afternoon.

I was advised by my lawyer WILLIAM PRICE, to go to a doctor for treatment. I went to Vince's Lounge to pick up my shoes and purse. I talked to the Manager ERNIE, and told him what had happened. I was with another F/H (prostitute) at the time. I didn't get into any car, I got a cab and went home.

At about 6:00 P.M., 8-25-64, I went to DR. JOHN E. POLK on 12th Street and Cladstone. I told the doctor what had happened. He looked at my mouth and gave me a prescription. He told me to come back in three (3) days. I went home and took the medicine. After three (3) days, my face began to swell up and I went to the office of the N.A.A.C.P. on Dexter, and talked to the President and some other people. I wanted to know if anything could be done about this. They took me to the Mayor's office and talked to his Secretary. We left City Hall and came to Police Headquarters and talked to Inspector HARCOURT. I then went home. Later on 8-28-64, I returned to my Doctor and at this time he gave me a shot of Penicillin and another prescription for the same medicine.

On 8-25-64, Wednesday, and several times after, I attempted to get someone from the Chronicle paper to come over and take my picture but they never showed up. They finally came over on 8-28-64, Friday, after the N.A.A.C.P. called them.

I've been arrested numerous times for D.P.I. and Accosting and Soliciting, but never was mistreated by any officer or anyone. This was the first time anyone ever accused me of rolling a John and it made me mad and that's why I slapped the John and got mad for his accusing me.



PAUL BASS
Detective Sergeant
First Precinct Detective Bureau