

Detroit
Feb. 7, 1961

My name is Carl Fitzpatrick and I live at 741 W. Bechler Street Apt. B1 Detroit. I have lived at this address almost a year. I am 31 years of age, married to Margaret Fitzpatrick who is an invalid. ^{My wife has} ~~We have~~ two (2) children - Ellis, age 21 and Willet, a daughter 19 - her children by a former marriage.

I was convicted of breaking and entering here in Detroit in 1947 when I was 16 years old. I was given 2-15 years in Jonia and I served 2 years - released in 1949 on parole. I was returned because of a parole violation - association with an ex-convict - and served an additional three years and came out in 1952.

In 1953 was convicted of un-

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lawfully driving away an automobile. I went to Toledo in a car driven by a fellow (Paul Davis) who claimed to me that he was the owner of the car. I was given a sentence of 2-5 years and was at Jackson. I got out in 1956.

~~I have not been~~ I was arrested and convicted in 1959 for disturbing the ~~peace~~ and given thirty days. I was ~~stopped~~ originally charged with accosting and soliciting. I was stopped at the Greyhound station in Detroit by a plain clothes man who wanted to know where he could find some women. I told him I knew of none and I walked out. He followed me outside and grabbed me to put me in a car. There were other officers in the car and when he grabbed me I pushed him away. They took me to the station. At the trial the judge wouldn't listen to me because of my record which I already told

Page 3 of this affidavit is missing from the digitization. But it is clear from the context on the next page that what is missing is the beginning of a story of being picked up in the mass arrest of 1,500 African American males in December 1960/January 1961 after the murders of the two white women, as described in the Elkins article on p. 108.

I was employed as a janitor at the
and Shirell Electric (Meyer 7 mi) as
Janitor, on 9-10-1960
Wed, Dec. 7th reported for work, was told to return
at 3:00. Went to Mr. Hays' office to look for work and about some
wheel chairs - then to Accounting office and got work cleaning windows.

told to the arresting officers, when I got to the House of Correction they read the charge to me and it had been changed to disturbing the peace. I did not serve the 30 days because I paid a fine.

I have been stopped occasionally since by the police and required to show my identification. But no other arrests until the following:

I was arrested the 10th of December, a Saturday (1960) at 8:30 A.M. at my home by uniformed officers. My wife had told me Friday that the police had been to the house and wanted to talk with me.

Saturday they rang the buzzer and I let them in. They said they want to talk with you downtown. They said they didn't know why. I figured if I could go to grocery and get food for my wife - who is bed ridden. They said no. They also refused to let me tell

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my land lady where I was going.

They took me to 6th floor Police Bldg., homicide bureau. This was about 8:45 or 8:50 and they had more than 200 fellows down there on the 6th floor - in about 2 rooms.

One fellow I saw down there was a garbage collector told me they were brought down for interrogation. I spoke to officer at desk to find out why I was arrested. I asked my name, I told him, he went over and picked up a list. came back and told me that Detective Schlocker and Perry wanted to question me.

I was not called by these detectives until about 11:00 A.M. I was asked about the Norma Lee murder. I told him I had worked washing windows that Monday preceding the Wednesday when Mrs. Norma Lee was killed. I told

5 then I was working for a certified public accountants office ^{on James Cousins} between vasser and lauder on the right hand side of street going north. I told them that the following wednesday at 8:30 A.M. (time of the murder) I had just left home. He called me a lie. I had left home to go to work at Baltimore Electric Co., located in 12000 block on W. 7 mile between Meyer and Appoline. The landlady's daughter was coming out of our apartment building that morning ^{going to school.} at the same time, I was, I took the Hamilton bus and got off at 7 mile & Meyers and went to Karp Drug Store and got coffee. I left the drug store and went to work.

The detective (Schlocker) after calling me a liar, ^{questioned me for about 10 minutes and then} took me to a little room of the witness women's division and began questioning me again. Eventually I answered he called me a liar and accused me of killing Mrs. ^{Marilyn} Bonathine.

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I asked if I could call a lawyer and he said No. I was not permitted to call my landlady.

Then he said they didn't want to get rough with me. He then wrote out a confession and told me to sign it. I began reading the paper. He said I need not read it because I knew the facts anyway. I refused to sign it.

Later 2 more detectives (a St. Hyde and another officer - all in plain clothes) came in began questioning me. Schlocher was still there. He asked for the key to my apartment. I gave it to him. Later I found that they went to my house and took my clothes and brought them down to police hdqs.

The questioning had been continuous with nothing to eat or drink. At about six o'clock P.M. they took me up to the 9th floor for the "show-up" and told me to get in line. I was No. 4. After the show-up I was taken back to the little ~~one~~ room off the women's division - about 15 ft x 15 ft.

7 with a table and couch in it, chairs and TV set.

Then I came in there were two other detectives there that I had not seen before. They questioned me for about half an hour, then I was taken back to the show-up and made to run up and down the platform. Then they brought me to the property room on the 9th floor. ~~I left my money - about \$200~~ Then I was taken back to women's division and to the little room. I heard the detectives outside talking and heard H. Hyde say blood was found in my clothes. Schlocker went away and when he returned he brought some pictures of Mrs. Donatone showing where she had been cut about her chest and stomach and some bloody clothes. He then tried to get me to sign the paper again. I refused and told him I would not sign something I did not do. He then took the clothes and rubbed them in my face. I did

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nothing. Schlocher then took me down to the lab and they dug up under my finger nails and put the result in a little container. The Schlocher told the lab man to make an analysis of my clothes that I was wearing. He made me a strip and they gave me a pair of coveralls and took me back up stairs to the little room. There was another set of detectives there, ^{two of them} I had lost all track of time by now.

I was standing in my bare feet on the cold floor. Schlocher & Perry left the room and the other two (one a pt.) began questioning me again. He said before the night is over you're going to tell me some thing. This questioning lasted 2 or 3 hours. They sent out for coffee and sand which but nothing for me.

There were shifts (2 detectives) of detectives who relieved each other and questioned me all through the night. Schlocher returned the next day - I was still in the coveralls and without shoes. I had had no sleep, food or

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water. During whole time I had to stand with feet on a line of ^{tiles on the floor.}
Schlocher said I had been telling different stories to the different detectives.
One of the detectives, ^{asked if I could say.} hit me in stomach. ^{Told me to stand at the door then} The others were standing outside the door. The one who hit me went out and in leaving said when I come back you ~~to~~ better tell us what happen.

Then Schlocher came in talked some more then he hit me - slapped on the side of my face (left). I hit him back. Then he went out and came back with Perry and another fellow and took me back to 9th floor. Then they took me back to show-up. When we came back they told me to stand face the wall. Then they took me to the interview room on the 9th floor and Schlocher was there. It has desk, 2 chairs, radiator and no window. The detective that I had not seen before came in and he slapped me two times. Then he began beating me in stomach and I starting spitting blood. He left and said he would be right back if I did not tell Schlocher what he wanted

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Schlocker was standing just outside the door. He came in and wanted to know if I wanted to sign the paper. I said no. He said do you want me to let that fellow back in here. I told him it made no difference.

The other one came back in and slammed both hands against my ears. Then he stuck his pistol to the bridge of my nose ~~and asked~~ asked me if I was going to confess. I said no. Then he asked if I played Russian Roulette and told he he was going to throw my "black head" off. He ~~to~~ pulled the trigger. There was a click and then he would spin the barrel. Then he went outside after saying he would be right back.

Schlocker then came in and said he was trying to keep these fellows from bothering me.

The fellow came back with a clothes hanger and piece of paper. He put paper around the clothes

11 transfer, then put transfer ^{He also beat me on wrist with a black jack. ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~with~~ ^{with}} around my neck and began to twist so I could not get my breath. This tormenting continued thru the night. When they finally brought me back to the little room in the women's division it was day light.

I was then questioned by St. Hyde and another detective. They wanted to know when I had eaten. He said they had spoken to my boss and told him it looked very doubtful for me. Because of this I lost my job.

I was again taken to 9th floor. This was on Monday. ^{when} the officer was not around I went into a room just ~~before~~ off the show-up room and called my mother. The officer came back while I was telephoning. I told him I was getting some cigarettes out of vending machine. He was angry. I never told him I made the phone call. At show-up we again had to run up the platform and back.

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After show-up they took me back to lab (Schlocker and Perry), ~~and some~~ ~~of the attendants~~ I had told them I'd like to take the detective test on the serum, while there in lab the doctor got my clothes and they handcuffed me and took me (Schlocker & Perry) to 4th floor of Receiving Hospital to take sodium penicillin. A foreign doctor gave me a paper to sign. It said that I was taking the sodium penicillin voluntarily and at my own risk. I signed the paper. This was still Monday.

I was strapped on a table by the nurse. They had steno there and also tape recorder. I had the injection in my right arm. I went out" and don't remember anything, except that when I came to everybody was still there and someone said "That clears that man". The doctor said "you're O.K." and tapped on shoulder.

The officers (Schlocker & Perry) then took me back to little room at Women's Division and began questioning all over again. They took me to Homicide on 6th floor. There was a

hypnotist there with a candle and a rotary card with circular lines on it - look like a target. The fellow there said he was Dr. — and wanted to know if I was familiar with hypnosis. He asked to watch tip of candle and circular markings of card. I don't remember any thing after that. When I came to, he did not tell me anything.

By this time it was dark outside again and I was taken back to women's division and questioned all over again by different shifts of detectives all night - no sleep.

The next day ^{Tuesday} Schlocker & Perry came for me and took me back to Homicide and told me my attorney had a writ for my release. The attorney was Harry Pliskow, (Cal. Bar).

He gave me (Schlocker) his card and ask me to let him know if I heard any thing. Also said if police stop me show them that card and he would tell them I had been checked.

Then I was taken to Recorder's Court but was not taken before a judge. My attorney told my brother in law to take me on home. Carl Fitzpatrick