

A SWORN STATEMENT OF MRS. MARY LOCKWOOD AS AN ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND, WILLIE PIM LOCKWOOD BY THE MACON COUNTY, ALABAMA, DEPUTY SHERIFF, WHICH OCCURRED THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1946 ON THE GOVT. AIRPORT HIGHWAY.

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The first starting of it my boy came from town. He came on home and I asked him if he was hungry. He went up to Mr. Charlie Fields. While he was there Mr. Curby (a white man) sent his son Ed for some cotton seeds. He told Mr. Fields that his daddy sent him, Ed, for cotton seeds to finish planting cotton. Fields told him the seed were in the field and he would have to go up there and get them. Mr. Ed asked Mr. Fields would he mind going up there getting them for him. Fields said he didn't reckon he would mind. Ed turned around to my boy, Elijah, and said "boy this is a fine day to plant cotton!" My son said "it sure is". He asked if we had planted much cotton and my boy told him we had planted right sharply. He then asked him why he wasn't helping his daddy. My son said in reply that he was going to get him a job at the Govt. hospital, "you don't call that helping him, do you". Mr. Ed said "yes, I reckon so", but you ought to be in the field behind that plow". By this time he was angry (Mr. Ed) and another statement was made but I didn't hear.

Then he said "God damn Nigger, don't give me none of your flip mouth" and staved and old broken handle shovel at him. My boy got up and went back in the house and said "I aint givin you no flip. I am just answering your question".

The shovel he threw at my boy stuck in the porch post cutting a hole about 1/2 inch deep. If it had hit him it would have knocked his head clean off his shoulders. After cursing him first he then said "God damn it you just stay here till I come back".

Before me and my boy could come from the back side of Mr. Fields' house out in the yard Mr. Ed was back down there with a shot gun. When he come back he asked Charlie Fields, "Where is the God damn son of a bitch?" Charlie said I don't know what you are talking about. Don't you start that mess here. Ed said "if you don't get him out of your house I'm goin to shoot in there. I'M goin to kill him ". He didn't shoot in the house but on the outside right up and down the corner, and like to have shot one of Charlie Fields' little girls. Then my boy shot at him through a little window about four or six inches in diameter.

The gun was his down at Charlie Fields (who is his cousin) He had taken it down there, a German pistol, for Charlie and the girls to see because they hadn't never seen a German Pistol.

When my boy shot at Mr. Ed he left and went toward Chehaw. Me and my boy come on home, about a quarter of a mile across the field to my house. When I got home I sit down because I was up set and nervous. The boy went on and put his little pistol in his suitcase, and come on back in the room where I was and stood in the door. And I told him if I'd had of known all this was going to happen I would have let you go to the hospital when you first wanted to go. He is a World War II veteran.

A little while later by the time the boy ate one or two mouthfuls and come back in the door, the deputy sheriff, little Willie Curby come in the side door and

said "boy, whar that gun?" And my boy says "is you got that other man's gun". The sheriff said no but he could get it and my boy said if you get that other man's gun you can get mine. My boy started after the gun and the deputy sheriff wouldn't let him get it but said he'd get it himself. The boy said, "I ain't going to put my hands on it. I'm just goin to show you where it is". He reached over the head of my bed and got his little suitcase and set it up on the top of the trunk. The sheriff, deputy, took the gun out and looked at it and put it in his pocket and said to my boy "let's go".

Then I asked Mr. Curby, what is the matter. He said "you tell me and I'll tell you. That's what I'm trying to find out." So they walked on out the door, Elijah was in front of Mr. Curby and a second deputy sheriff, Mr. Murphy, (Millard) was walking beside of Mr. Curby and I was behind them. My husband was up in the field barring cotton and I told my knee baby, Bernice, run up in the field and tell your papa I say come here and come quick. And I went on behind them and he got up there in the road against the corner of my garden and said to my boy, "I wish to God damn it you had a shot att a me". And my boy said "What need I have to shoot at you. You haven't bothered me. I don't have no need to shoot at you." And he said, God damn it, you bet not never. This conversation between Mr. Curby and my boy. My boy told him it was natural that he, the sheriff, would have done the same thing, try to defend to save his life. The sheriff lit in then and went to cussing him but my boy didn't open his mouth. When they got to the car he opened the car and said to my boy "get in the damn car". Then he took my boy over to his (the Sheriff's) daddy's house.

My husband come to the house and asked me what has they done with the boy, because he didn't see him and thought something was amiss. I told him he had by carried to Mr. Curby's house over in the quarters. He cut through the field, the shortest cut to Mr. Curby's house and I followed behind him. We got about a quarter of a mile up the field and Charlie Fields whistled to us and signaled that they had gone on towards town. Mr. Curby heard the whistle and turned around and come back to the first bridge and parked his car beside the road, and got out the car and stood there til me and my husband got there.

When we got there my husband walked up to the back of the car where the boy was sitting down and laid his hands up on the car and said "boy, what is the matter?". My boy was so frustrated he was talking and crying and then my husband turned around to the deputy sheriff, Mr. Curby and asked what was they going to do with the boy. The sheriff said "I'M going to put him in jail, God damn it, and don't you say no". Then he said something else I didn't understand and my husband said "yes". And then the sheriff, Mr. Curby said, "God damn it, don't say yes to me. You say yes sir and no sir." And my husband spoke again and said, more or less as though talking to himself, "yes, yes, yes", shaking his head. And My Curby then told my husband, "God damn, get in that car". And then my husband said "what I'm going to get in the car for? I haven't did nothing and I haven't said nothing, and by that I'm not going to get in no car".

Then Mr. Curby come out behind me and stood between me and my husband and snatched out his pistol, threw it on my husband and walked up to him and slapped him and said, "God damn it, you aint goin to get in that car". And I jumped

between my husband and the sheriff with the gun. And I begged him don't shot him, all the time I was standing betwixt them. The sheriff (Mr. Curby) said, "God damn it, I'll kill him in a minute". And he raise his hand to slap me and I did move and kept pleading for my husband. Then the sheriff took me by the shoulder and slung me nearly across the highway, and walked back up to me husband and slapped him and said again "you ain't going to get in this car". My husband hadn't raised his hands or opened his mouth to do nothing. Then he caught my husband by the shirt sleeve and tried to pull him to the car and he just rung his arm out his hand. After he did that my husband was standing looking at the sheriff and the sheriff shot my husband. After he shot him my husband just grabbed himself across the chest and started running back toward the house. The sheriff started behind him and grabbed him by the arm and turned him around. My husband fell to the ground. Then Curby spoke and said to the other deputy, Millard Murphy, who was sitting in the car with the boy all the time, "come here and help me put him in the car".

They picked him up and put him in the back seat there beside my son. Took him to Dr. Winter's office. Left me standing there on the highway hollering.

When they took him up to Dr. Winters office he advised the two sheriffs, Mr. Curby and Mr. Murphy that my husband was already dead. when they brought him in. They sent for Rev. Burton's undertaker to come and get the body. The body is still at Burton's undertaker. I haven't seen or heard from any of the law since.

Mr. cousin Charlie Fields and his two girls were right there looking at the whole thing, right there when the sheriff shot my husband.

This all happened Thursday evening around two o'clock in the afternoon right on the high way. There were no other by passers at that time.

*Mary Lockwood*  
Mary Lockwood.

I swear upon oath that the above information is true and correct.

*Mary Lockwood*  
Mary Lockwood

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of May, 1946.

*John G. Owen*  
Notary Public  
commission expires 2/4/47