

**FBI AGENTS WHO WERE INVOLVED IN THE INVESTIGATION OF THE
HARRY T. AND HARRIETTE V. MOORE MURDERS**

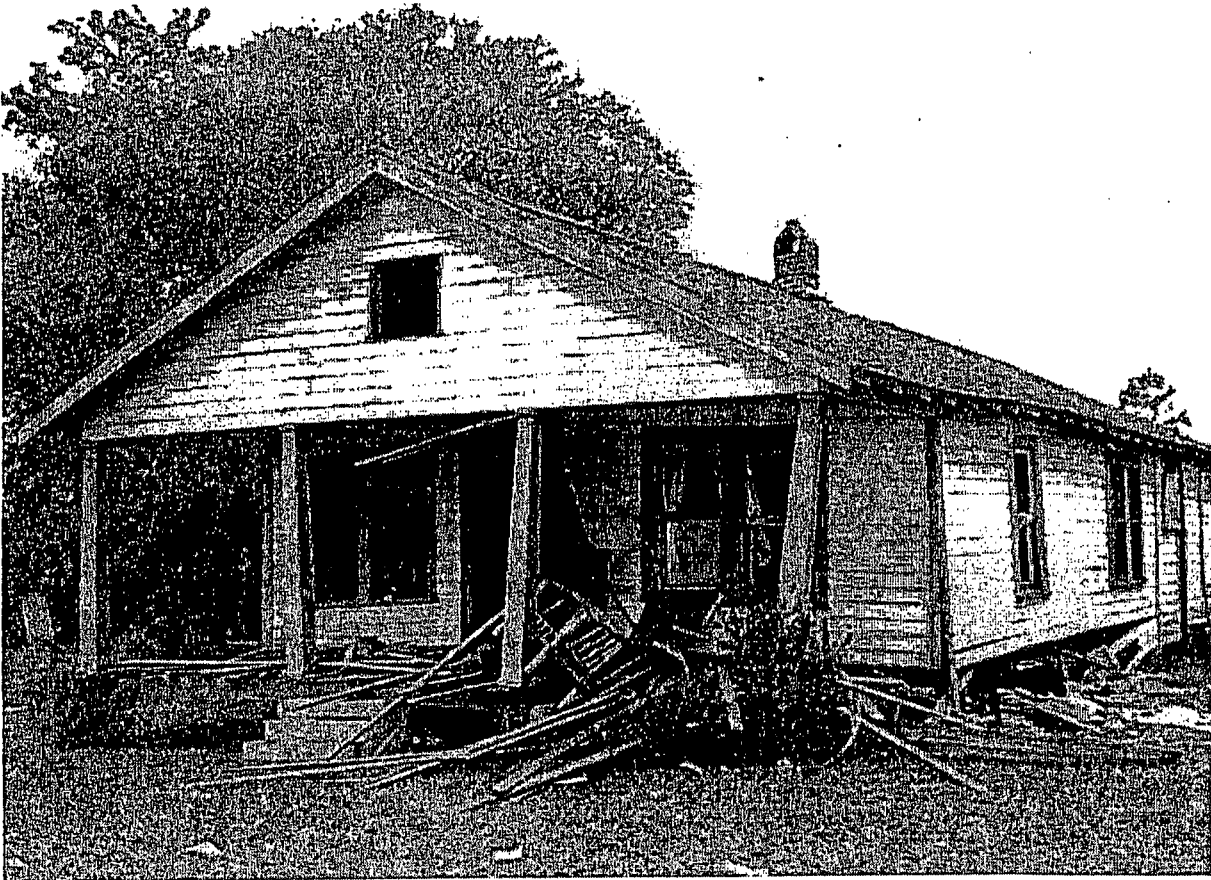
Rosen, A.
Aderhold, Clyde P.
Alexander, William M.
Applegate, James H.
Arwine, Joseph A.
Bailey, Eugene L.
Brock, Joseph H.
Buol, Frederick W.
Burke, W. W. Jr.
Butts, J. Richard
Clinkscales, Prue C.
De Rosier, Harvey G.
Deland, James D.
Duff, Edwin
Depuy, Dulany J.
Durel, W. W.
Easterling, Tullis D.
Fackler, Rudolph A.
Franklin, W. James
Garbutt, Eugene J.
Gleason, John J.
Gordon, Fred E.
Grealy, Joseph I.
Hafley, James B.
Hanley, John A.
Hardison, Charles A.
Hartmann, Robert F.
Hawkins, ?
Hoover, J. Edgar
Horton, Stephen Jr.
Jamison, William J.
Jett, William McRae
Jules, Francis R.
Labadie, Stephen J.
Ladd, ?
Lalley, William J.
Lee, Robert E.
Malley, J. J.
Manley, Martin A.
Mason, E. Flemming
Masterson, John M.

Matthews, Tobias E. Jr.
McGuire, John P.
McLaughlin, William H.
McVay, Orville F.
Medaglia, John D.
Meech, Frank F.
Nischwitz, Robert T.
Norville, Payton
Osborn, Roy M.
Page, Hugh A. Jr.
Parke, Robert B.
Parker, Jack O.
Potter, Art
Prince, Joe
Purdy, Wilson
Roper, Watson L. Jr.
Samuel, Robert E.
Schroder, Palmer L.
Shanklin, Gordon
Shannon, James P.
Slayden, John P.
Sunkel, Robert E.
Swinney, H. Wayne
Underwood, Keith L.
Walker, Onnie K.
Wendel, Douglas E.
Wessells, Duwayne
Winterrowd, E. E.
Wiseman, Robert W.
Zeigler, Rupert G.
Zimmers, ?

EXHIBIT

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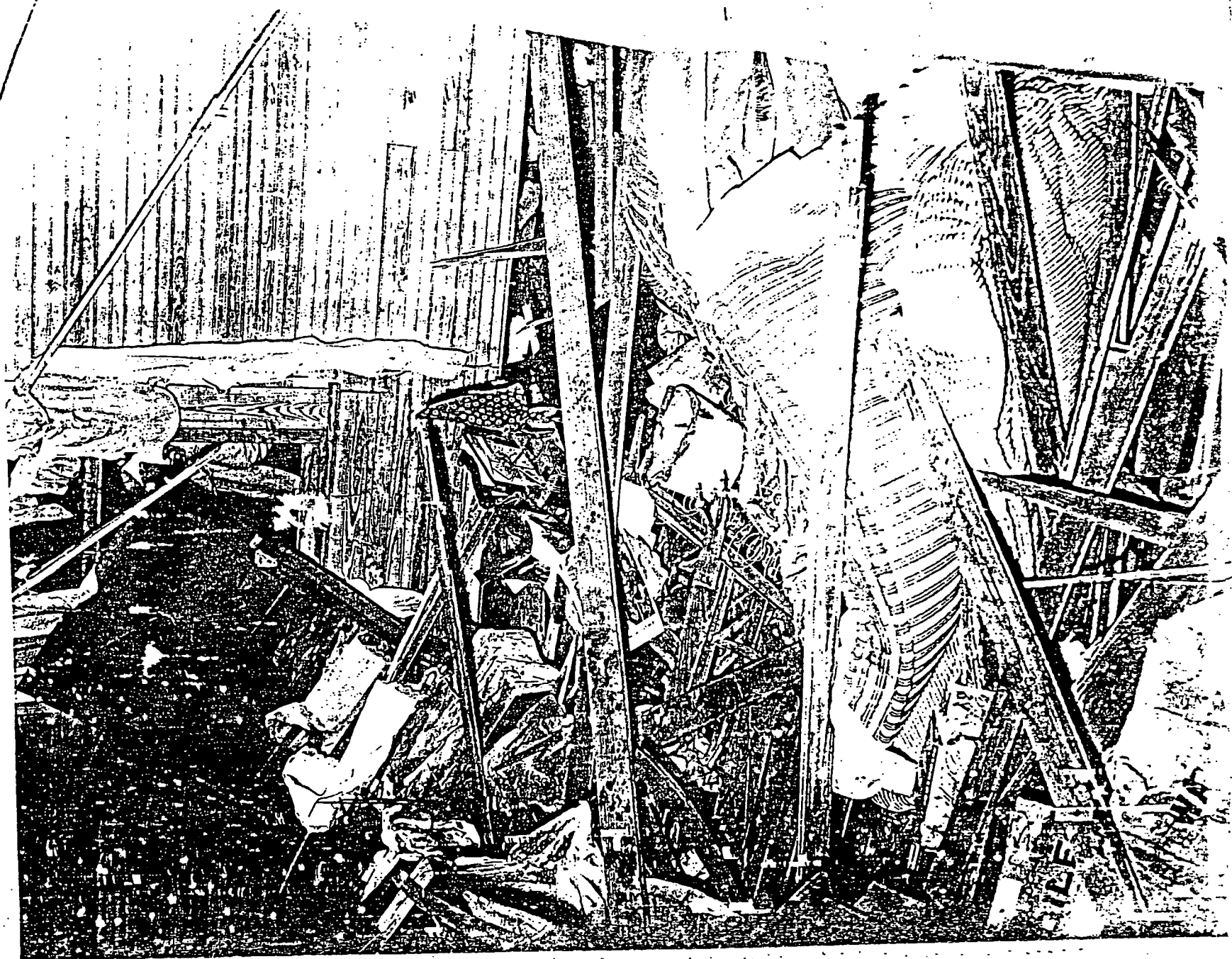


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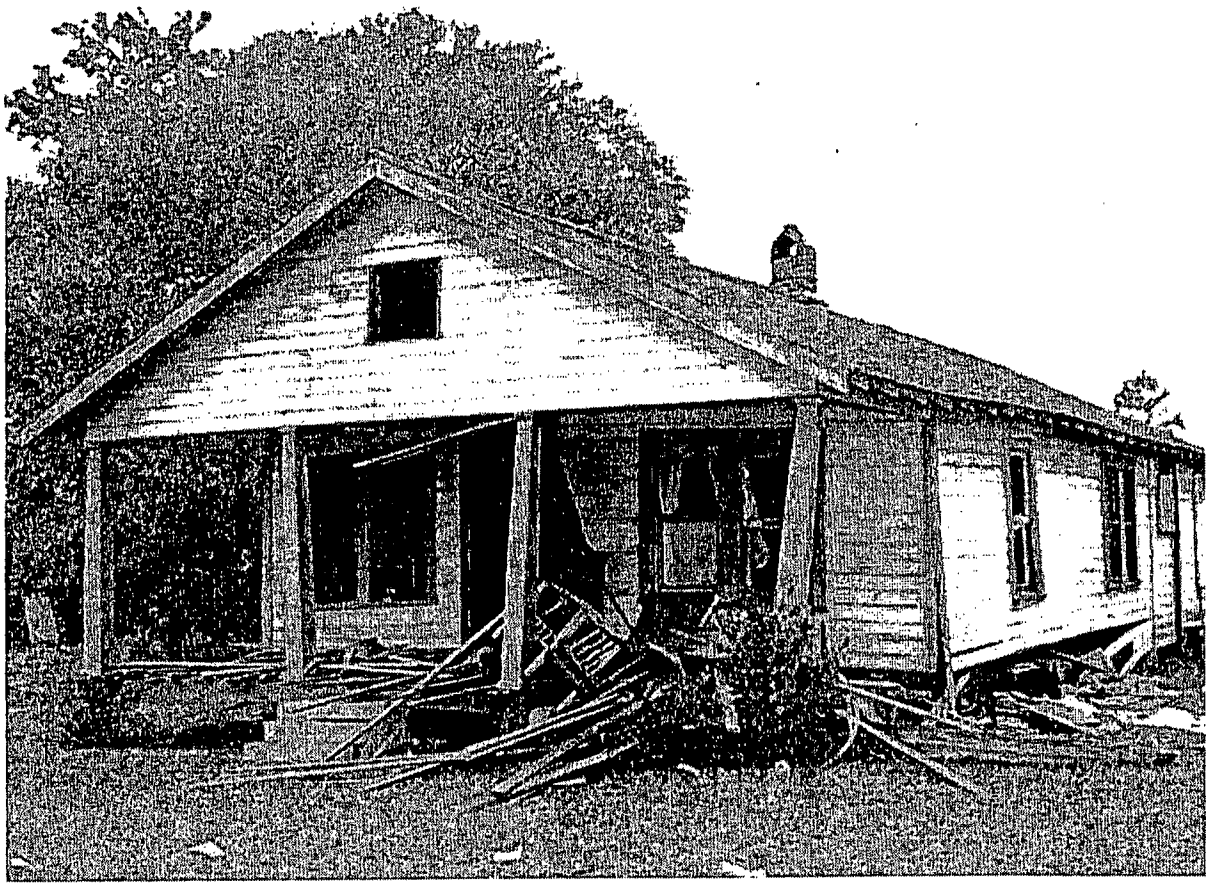
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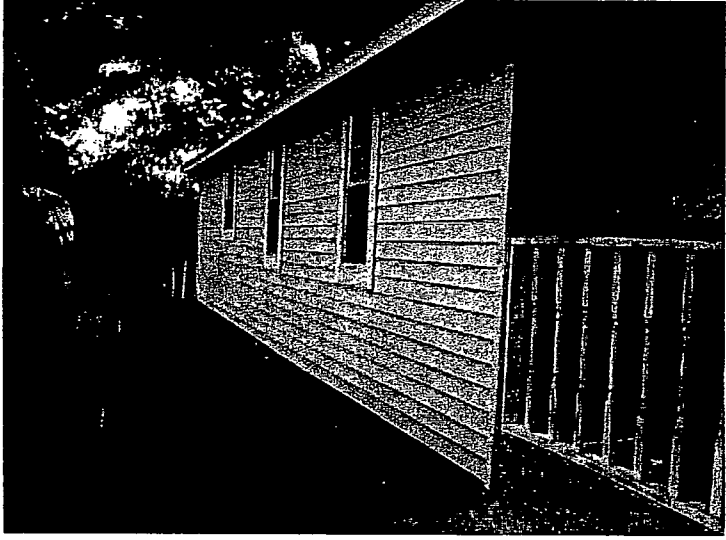












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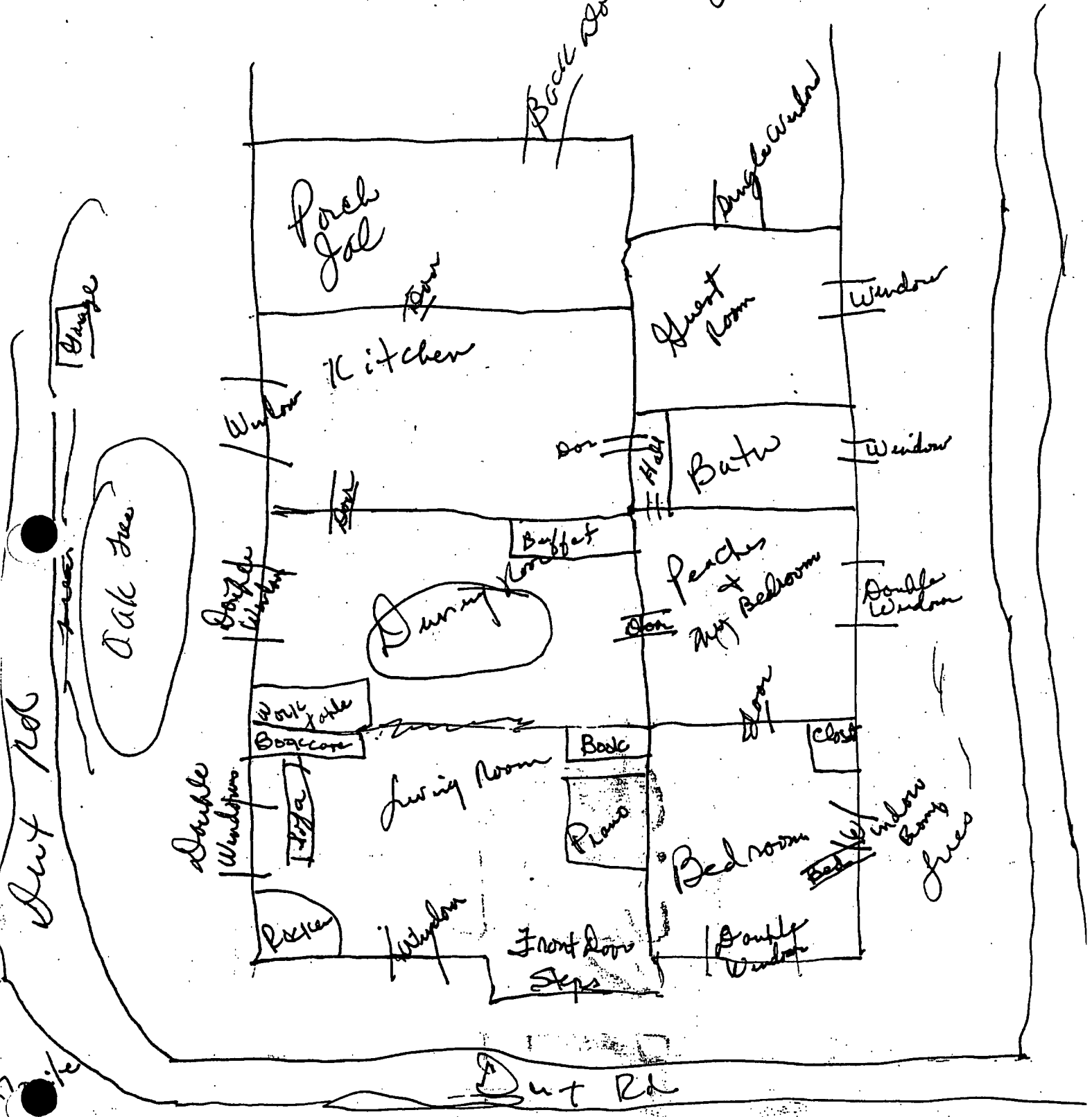
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MM 44-270

The following investigation was conducted by Special Agents CLYDE P. ADERHOLD and TOBIAS M. MATTHEWS on December 30, 1951.

BASIS: WILLIAM and JOCILLE DAUTRY were interviewed because they were neighbors of the MOORE's.

WILLIAM and JOCILLE DAUTRY advised that they were at their residence and in bed at the time of the explosion at the MOORE residence. JOCILLE explained that she is a first cousin of the MOORE family. They also stated that they did not observe any suspicious activity in the neighborhood previous to the time of the bombing of the MOORE residence. They also advised that no inquiries had been made of them at their residence or elsewhere as to the location of the MOORE residence. They stated that they have heard rumors to the effect that inquiries had been made at the DAUTRY residence as to the location of the MOORE residence, but such rumors are completely unfounded. They further related that immediately following the explosion they both dressed and went over to the MOORE residence. They said that when they arrived there they found out that the MOORES had left for the hospital at Sanford. WILLIAM DAUTRY said that he was the first one at the scene other than the immediate family and that about 15 minutes after he arrived the two HUTCHENSON boys came up. He estimated that there was about 25 minutes from the time of the explosion to the time when the HUTCHENSON boys arrived.

1917
1923-24 - 1
24-25 - 2
25-26 3
26-27 4
27-28 5
28-29 6
29-30 7
30-31 8
31-32 9
31-33

Interview with Jocille Travis
June 23, 1992

Description: small, chubby, high tiny voice

Warren family background: Harriette and I were first cousins. Her mother and my father were sisters and brothers. I was born in that house; there until 1956. My parents had lived in that house.

My grandfather landgranted 160 acres. George Warren. It was around 1867 or 68, right after the Emancipation. Came from Valdosta, Georgia. When they came in to this area there was one other black family in --I'm saying Mims, but it wasn't Mims then, it was LaGrange--this was Joinerville, and then named Titusville after Col. Titus that moved in here. One black Gibson family that the black school was since named for; Andrew Gibson. Sadie married into that family. The Gibsons lived here in Joinerville.

The Warrens were only black family living out there. He brought his family down in covered wagon, through wild, howling wilderness, with only a musket to protect them. He had been on a plantation in Valdosta. I guess they were offered land here and he chose to settle here. He hewed out trees and put up a house with pegs; and that's where they lived.

Just across road from the packing house the river came up in there and the mullet used to jump, and my daddy and his brothers would take my granddaddy's old musket and shoot the mullet when they jumped. That's how they got their fish; and learned to shoot.

Grandparents: George and Eugenia Warren. And his mother, Emily, came with them.

Where I grew up was part of the homestead. I guess the land was divided after my grandfather died; he died the year the yellow fever broke out; he died of yellow fever. My father was not the oldest, but he had always told his wife that if anything happened to listen to Joe. So he managed everything.

My father, Joseph, and Annie was the baby girl. I think when their mother died he practically reared Annie, cause she was a teenager.

I was born 1917. Harriette born 1903.

Quite a bit of land was still intact. Some sold. There were seven children that the land was divided among. And the part that Aunt Annie was on was what was left of hers. She gave some to her children. There were others-- a sister, a brother-- who had land and divided it up among their children.

We were the only blacks that lived in South Mims. Maybe what you called a Warrenville. There were white families, but the nearer white family lived nearer to the Moores-- a German family. Those were nearest whites at that time.

The Warrens farmed. My father grew string beans and shipped them to NY. Course we had watermelons; people used to come from as far as Ft. Pierce to buy his watermelons. They were independent.

MY father and one of his brothers put in acreages in orange groves; they got their bud-wood from the Dummett groves on Merritt Island. You take a little tender green twig and first

you plant and get the sour stock, and then graft that into the bark. Well, grafting and budding are two different methods; they budded: you just slipped this under the skin of the bark. Grafting you split the bark and insert it.

The grove was older than I was. My father died in 1944; he was 82. My mother died in 1981; she was 102.

My father was family-orientated. He and his brother would go hunting and kill a deer; all the family got some of it. When he raised his crops, whatever he had-- with Aunt Annie and another sister in West Palm Beach--he made sure they got a portion. He made syrup and gave them a portion. If anybody got sick and couldn't go to a doctor, he saw that a doctor was provided for. He looked after the family. My father built the first packing house for shipping fruit in the area. This was done, a W.J. Gaudin out of NY-- that's who he shipped to-- and my father built this packing house on our property. This was operated; they shipped fruit. This was before my day. My father had both white and black working for him. Yes, that was unusual. Because Clyde Purdell (??) who came in here, his first job was working for my daddy, making boxes. They hand-made the boxes. The packing house was a stone's throw from the house.

Warren community: Aunt Annie's family was living there, and some of Uncle Silas' family. And Harry T. Moore. I guess we were the only ones left. Lots had moved. Some had gone north, to other areas. The only person living there at that time was my uncle's wife and some of her grandchildren; lots had moved away.

The ones that moved went north seeking jobs. Some went to Ohio-- Akron, Cincinnati, Toledo, Canton-- most in that area. Some ventured to Detroit. They would come back from time to time.

Most of my uncles boys and their daughters had moved away.

Harry and Harriette getting married: No, I don't remember the wedding. They had been married. They were in Cocoa. I remember they married at an old friend of the family's home, a Dr. Scunny (??) who lived in Cocoa. She had been doing insurance and they finally announced they had married. You know then if your parents didn't consent you just kept it under the covers until you thought they'd accept it. He was accepted by the family.

Harriette was selling insurance. They both were writing insurance. She was writing for Atlanta Life, I believe. She wasn't teaching at that time. She didn't start teaching until maybe some before the 30s. She was teaching at the Titusville Colored School which was right down the street from here; Then at the Mims Colored Elementary School.

I don't know how they met. As far as I know he was writing insurance, then started teaching in Cocoa. At time they met they were both writing insurance. No, they didn't run off and elope; they just didn't tell their parents. Their friends knew.

Building the house in Mims: They moved and stayed with Aunt Annie. They built a house after they both had been teaching school. I don't recall Harriette teaching in Merritt Island. I remember when the girls were small they were living in their

house. Annie was born in Aunt Annie's house. After that they built. Cause I can remember going over and bringing them over to my house and taking care of them.

It's wasn't a regular job but there were times I'd get them and keep them; or Aunt Annie would keep them. Another cousin would just go and babysit: Betty Foote. My uncle's daughter. They called her Aunt. she was a cousin.

Annie Simms: The only thing she ever did was washing and ironing for people-- took it in. That's all. Her husband was a farmer.

Family get-togethers: Every Christmas the whole family would come together at our house. My father had done that for years. My mama would bake fruitcake. We had our own wine; we had wild grapes and we had wine year-round. So everybody would come over to the house and have eggnog and wine and fruitcake. These were little tiny wild grapes; sour grapes. We'd mash them and make wine.

For Thanksgiving, each family would have their own; but each Christmas everybody would come to our house. On Christmas Day all the family came to our house.

Growing vegetables/ food: All the vegetables we ate we raised. Oh, my god yes, we had chickens, and eggs. Cows, yes. Had to milk the cow.

Go hunting in woods; he'd go to bed and dream that he'd killed a deer, and he'd wake my mother up and she'd fix him breakfast; he'd go get his brother and they'd eat breakfast and a lunch, and they rode horseback into the woods. When they come back they'd always have a deer.

We also had a wagon, they had the buggy.

Memories of Harriette: As I remember her she was always doing something, learned to play piano, she played for the church. During those days girls learned to sew, so she helped make clothes for the family. Then after they married,

Harry teaching school: I remember more about him after he started teaching school. Mr Moore was a person who was interested in seeing children learn. Course you didn't have 40-50 kids in one class; he could take individual care with each person. At a very early age..

He taught me in '33, cause when I finished in Mims he was still in Titusville. I went to 9th grade in Titusville. He was bent on teaching children the use of the ballot; why they should use the ballot, and of course he would bring in mock ballots and teach the class about the ballot. That's the first time I ever knew anything about the president's cabinet; he brought in articles to know the names of President's cabinet-- why they were there. He would take time to explain things in detail; all this was not in the textbooks. he taught us every subject.

I have never heard him raise his voice. If a student was doing something he didn't like he'd just look at him and shake

his head. They'd stop. And he'd smile, you know, but I've never heard him come out and berate anybody. He was very very calm in his speaking.

He was very good in math. The class was small; I don't think we had any more than 7-8 people. It was called Titusville Colored School; it didn't go any higher than ninth grade. Yes, we had elementary through ninth.

No black high school: From there you had to go away to boarding school. Or like some people went to Miami where they had people living and finished high school there. I went to boarding school. No, there wasn't a high school for blacks at that time. Later there was one. But I had to go to BCC; I was in the last high school class that went through BCC.

Black schools having shorter sessions: We didn't have but six months of school. It would start in Sept and end in March or so. Now the whites had eight months, but blacks only had six. It always came up that they didn't have money to pay teachers for the other months, and what happened in a number of cases was that my father would pay the salary for one person, and then the community would raise the salary for another person for two months for them to have eight months of school. He did that any number of times.

Harry teaching school: Some of the grades were combined. Yes, he was principal at that time. John Gilbert was the only other teacher we had; he taught us Latin. Mr. Moore taught us everything except that one class. John Gilbert taught other grades, he taught English, mainly.

Harry's sense of humor: Have you ever seen a person that they didn't have to laugh, but you just felt real comfortable around them. He just gave you a very comfortable feeling; he was congenial, and he would smile a lot. He was very shy and quiet, but he never gave you the impression that, "Ooh, I can't talk to him." He was always a person that you could approach to talk to. He wasn't a person that gabbed all the time, but he could hold a decent conversation.

He was always reading and bringing current events to school. He wanted children to learn. I guess that's when I started reading the newspaper.

He taught us everything: English, math. Everything but Latin.

Teaching black history: Yes, we were taught some, but these were things he would bring into the class, to tell us about different people like Harriet Tubman.

Closing the Titusville school: They closed the school that year. At the end of one day that was it; "today's the last day." They were out of money; the Depression. That was the end of school for that year. I took a correspondence course from school. The next term, in Sept, I went to BCC. I took a test

and went on into tenth grade.

BCC had high school and what they called the Normal School-- two year college. That was last year for high school classes at BCC. My class each year was the last class.

By that time they were getting a high school in Titusville. Some kids went away, but a lot didn't finish school because they couldn't afford to go away.

Mother knowing black leaders: My mother knew Booker T. Washington and Major Norton and, oh gosh, ... anyhow she had told Crandall to write to NAACP and find out how to set up NAACP chapter. Crandall is six years older than I am. That was in '34. Crandall is on the county electrical board. People ask me "How is Crandall." I say, "Crandall's okay; he has good days and bad days, but he's never home." (Laughs: "Oh goodness.")

My mother graduated from Hampton in 1902. She was a classmate of publisher of Chicago Defender. When my father met her she was teaching home ec at BCC.

Harry's interest in voting: This was before NAACP. He was interested in students knowing about ballot. Back then you had to pay a poll tax-- one dollar. My father used to go around and pick young blacks up and he'd pay the dollar. Last time he went around nobody would go; they promised him right up until the last minute. The minister in Mims told him he'd pay half the cost, but nobody would go down.

Harriette: She was not as quiet as Mr. Moore, but being the role model, mother she was, doing thing with them, so naturally you're going to be more progressive with the children, so sometimes when he was looking over, taking a backseat to see...

She grew up with her kids. It wasn't the thing that you turned your kids loose on somebody else. You didn't roam the streets. If you went to somebody's house and their parents weren't home, you come back home. That was even without own people-- even if I went to my cousin's house.

Relations with white people: I grew up under Jim Crow, if you want to call it that, but white people never bothered us... in our area here we never had any confrontation with the whites and blacks. I think we were treated decent; we could go to the stores, my father supplied vegetables to one of the main markets.

Stores in Mims: J.E. Obers was the main store; the post office was there. Downtown Mims was right on the corner of 46 and the RR track (laughs). There was J.E. Obers store and Myrick's store. Obers on one corner and Myrick's down a little farther. The main thing (the whites worked at) was citrus.

A woman by name of Becky Mims used to have the post office, and there were times a lot of drunks-- these were whites, because blacks didn't mingle in that area-- would be over at train station (in Titusville) and on several occasions she would say, "Well, Joe, I haven't been able to get the mail." So he would go to the train station and get the mail for her. And he would run errands for her on horseback. The first car that was bought was

bought back in the 20s; I was a baby when they got their first car.

The first school in Mims I went to was elementary through eighth grade. No, the Moore's didn't teach in that one. They taught when they moved the school from there. That was known as the Colored School 104.

We had a Gulf Station on US 1. then the post office was moved onto US 1; some people came in here from Ohio and opened up a meat market on US 1, and they had the post office there. Now it's moved back to its original place (just the post office, not a store.) Most black families worked for the Parrishes. My father hired people on his farm; he had one to two people working for him. Biggest thing going was the Parrishes: they were constantly building more orange groves. My daddy did most of the farming in the area. Just citrus country.

Black school:

Warren's packing house: He had this packing house and he had a big payroll and had to go to the bank. and he was known to always carry a gun, you know, and nobody ever bothered him. The packing house was done away with by the time I was born. A fire in '34, he had been using it to store his hay, and a spark got in it and burned it down.

White grove owners: The next packing house that was built was put up by J.J. Parrish, under Eagan and Fickett out of NY. Down on the river, built near the railroad. Most people worked in groves, picking the fruit, and they had people that worked in the packing house.

Parrish was the big grove owner at that time. And W.J. Folsom. The Parrishes owned most of the groves. The Parrishes lived in Titusville.

Kids out of school during picking season: Most people worked for the Parrishes. Most people then lived in the area. During picking season their kids would get out of school and pick. They used to have a truant officer to go around, then they started taking the parents to jail if children were out working, and that didn't work cause the Parrishes would go down to jail and say "Well, I need so and so out of jail." and That was it.

Different names for blacks: The few coloreds that lived here then. And I'm saying colored cause that's what we were then. We went from Negro to colored to black and now we're Afro-American. (laughs). I told someone that after awhile I won't know what I am. (laughs). Oh goodness.

Most of the colored people then would have a little garden. but you could count on one hand the number of people that owned their own land. The grove owners would put up a house.

Harry's preaching about voting: He talked about these issues, and the main way he wanted to change them was by ballot. He preached that; that's the only way to get things change. Get people on your side and put them in there. Now he didn't advocate going out changing the things; he advocated the colored,

at that time, using the ballot.

Harry speaking at church Yes, he would stand up at church. After they got where they could vote, he would bring in sample ballots and talk about who was running and who, in his opinion, would be a good person to put in office, so people would have some kind of guidance.

Well now, he wasn't an orator, but he was very clear. He knew who he was talking to, so he put it where the average person could understand what he was talking about. He never used highfalutin language. He would just be very plain with the people and always show them what he was doing. He would never say something without being able to demonstrate why or what he was doing.

At first there might have been people who were reluctant, but he had people like my father that helped to push the issue, and he was influential in getting other people in the community.

Was there a feeling that things were changing: No, they didn't get out on the street and canvass, or say "I'm the NAACP, do this." It was done in a very tactful way. (people) began to depend on NAACP for guidance as to who to vote for. A lot of people were schooled as to how to use the ballot, because people didn't know.

He talked about Groveland, but it was a matter of justice being done. There had been times that people were killed or jailed, not because they had done anything.

When I was at BCC, they had this lynching; they lynched this 17 year old black man who just walked by this woman sitting on the curb, I guess waiting on a taxi, and he just gave a wolf whistle, and the next thing the family knew

[END OF TAPE ONE, SIDE B; START OF TAPE TWO, SIDE A]

This would have been in '33 (??) I think.

He did not advocate these walks and demonstrations and things of that nature. He was personally wanting to sanction the ballot. In that case over there he wanted to seat a fair jury and see that justice was done.

What would Harry have thought of civil rights movement: He perhaps would have gone along with the boycott. Yes, I can see that. But things change, and you go along with the change, as things progress. I'm sure he would not have gone along with the violence; but the boycotts and sit-ins, yes. I don't know if I would have even taken part in it, but there were those who saw it different, and did.

Oh, yes, most people in black community looked at him and respected him.

He lost his teaching job because of this equal pay suit. They didn't get their contracts renewed. It wasn't anything that he feared; she was able to get a job, and he went fulltime with the NAACP.

John Gilbert not talking: John Gilbert, today, you can't get him to talk.

Worries about Harry being attacked: Harriette always went with him wherever he went. We felt, now we never thought anything about a bombing, but we always thought that the Ku Klux Klan or somebody would try to kill him. So she said she wanted to always be with him; if something happened she wanted to be there. She couldn't stop it, but to be there so she knew what happened. Oh, yes, I heard her say that. Just sitting around talking (women talking).

Had there been threats? Well, from this case over in Groveland, yes, I think there had been threats. Then after the bombings in Miami, the family became-- we never thought of bombing, but we did, we just listened and anytime we think, "well he's been shot." Somthing like that. Not necessarily killed, but shot.

Jocille's dream: I guess about a month before the bombing I dreamed that he had been bombed. And I told some of the-- I didn't tell her family-- but I told some of the other family what I had dreamed.

The night of the bombing: So the night of the bombing my husband and I had started to go to Sanford to the movie, cause we didn't have a movie we could go to, but for some reason I didn't feel well, so we didn't go. We went to bed kind of early. The bombing woke me up, and when I found myself I was sitting up in bed and I was trying to wake my husband up, nudging him, "Get up, get up, Mr. Moore's been bombed." He was William Daughtry. "Bombed, how you know?" he said. "He's been bombed, get on over there." So he went on over there, well, I'm waiting for him to come back and let me know what happened.

Oh, you could see it.

I told my mother "I'm going over there." And she pleaded with me not to go. I said, "Mom, I'm going." I didn't hear anything after the (explosion). He had taken the car, so I'm walking, and you can imagine it's all grown up-- cabbage palmettos on one side and this grove over here, and the grass and everything. All night have been foggy but I remember seeing nothing but a cloud of dust. Maybe the fog held the dust, you know.

When I got over there, of course by then they had carried him and her to Sanford to the hospital. Their oldest girl was there.

Sheriff and deputy arriving: The first person on the scene was the deputy, Clyde Bates. Well when Bates came up he wouldn't go near the house; he was scared. So then the high sheriff came, Bill Williams, and when he came he walked up on the front porch-- it was a shambles-- but when he walked up on that porch he started cursing. And somebody said, "Hey, Bill, you better watch out or there might be another bomb." He said, "Let it blow me to hell." He was cursing because of the incident, that something like this had happened. I think he was upset that it happened in our area.

The family was with me, and several of the white people that lived there-- there was a German family and another white family just above them. The men had all come down.

Annie said to me, "You know, I'd like to get his watch. You

think he would let me go in and look for it." So I called the sheriff and told him that the watch would be around the dresser, and he said "Well let me look for it," and he found the watch and some other things, and he handed them to her. Of course, he was just sorry that this had happened, and he was upset about it.

Trigger Griggs arriving: The next person was another deputy sheriff, and when he came up I guess I'm the person he faced, and he started grinning, "heh heh" (Makes a "grinning" sound) "What happened here?" I said "Mr. Moore has been bombed." "What time did this happen?" And I told him. "Oh, I was chasing a sailor up near Scottsmeer." Well see, after all this happened, it was stated that somebody had passed and seen his car in the little drive that goes back up to their house, from the old highway. Somebody said they had seen his car. I didn't ask him where he was, but that was the first thing he said to me. And so then after I heard that his car was seen I said "Ooh, I just wish we had gone to the movies cause we would have seen all this." But anyway, the word got out that if anybody had seen his car, nobody better tell it. That was the word. Some black person had seen the car, but then they wouldn't own it afterwards.

But anyway this was Christmas. In February the high sheriff fires Trigger Griggs and says that his office is no longer needed by the county. That position, they no longer had the money. But in March they hired Rhodell Murray, the first black deputy sheriff in Brevard County. Anyway, Trigger Griggs went stone crazy and died in a straight jacket.

I often wonder about that, because my father talked of a lynching that took place, where they lynched a black fellow and buried him with his feet up, and he said that all of the white people that had anything to do with that, tragedy struck their family. One guy was killed by lightning, while he was out fishing. Another prominent family, Bob Carlisle, was out fording the St. Johns... on his horse, the horse burst his girth around him and bob fell off and drowned. Then the judge, all of his sons and they were brilliant people, went crazy. They lost their minds. So I've wondered if Trigger had something to do with it and why he went stone crazy. And I still believe that Bill Williams thought he was in on it.

Bill Williams' reputation: Bill Williams could walk in a crowd of blacks out there and arrest anybody he wanted to, and nobody would say anything. They respected him. He could walk up to the meanest person in there, people that were known to shoot, and Bill Williams could come on the scene-- and he was the only one, cause his deputies couldn't-- but if Bill Williams walked up, he'd go on to jail. I never heard of him drawing his gun-- he had his gun, of course-- but I never heard of him drawing his gun.

Bill Williams charged with being a Klansman: Okay, maybe he was but the blacks never had any problems with him. I never saw a Klansman until I had my second husband, and we were coming in one night to Mims and ran into a bunch of Klan, they didn't bother us or say anything. That was the first time I had ever

seen a Klansman. I'm sure that maybe there was some around that maybe we talked to daily, but we didn't know they was Klan.

No, my husband and I had a dry cleaning establishment over on Main Street, right across from the lumber yard, and this was a white area. Whites lived all around. The day of Harry T. Moore's funeral, I left a girl in there in case people brought clothes, so I went to the funeral. When I came back she said, "You know there've been people here; one man walked by 3-4 times and finally came in and asked 'Do you know the Warrens?'" She said yes. "Well they're next?" She described what he had on. So I went out looking for Bill Williams. I ran into the Highway Patrolmen and asked him to get in touch with him. He was sort of a redneck; he made several remarks.

Bill Williams came to the shop and wanted to know what happened. She told him, described the guy, and I want you to know that afternoon before I closed, he had the police dept. in Titusville station a policeman there until I closed. This went on for 4-5 months. Every afternoon there was a policeman sitting there. Bill Williams found the guy and he didn't live here; he was from out of town, and told him he would have to catch the next thing leaving out of Titusville. So we never heard anything more from him.

If he was a Klansman, he never gave the blacks that indication. (Retells story about him arresting any blacks w/o pulling gun). If he was, I've never known him to show it.

But when we had the dry cleaning shop, one of the guys that lived next door to us, his family was a member of the Klan, but they were just as nice to us. (laughs).

Continuing: the night of the bombing: People started coming up. Bill Williams sent Clyde Bates to get a dog. He tied him out front, said "if the person who had anything to do with it comes back here, we'll know it." Now I never saw Trigger Griggs come back, cause I was over there every day. I was there when the FBI sifted every inch of sand all around that place. But I never saw Trigger Griggs come back around at all.

George Sharpe: He came down there; he might have been there when I was there. He was one that the call was made to him, telling him he better not talk... He made it known to a member of the family that he had gotten a call telling him not to talk. He had seen the car.

Trigger was driving his car, not county car.

Annie's condition after bombing: She was in shock. Shocked to the point she couldn't cry. Shocked, nervous. People were shocked to know that this happened. I know I was. I was not angry at any particular person, cause we didn't know. It was just shocking.

I saw those footprints. Bill Williams carried me over there and showed me, cause I asked him. He had his flashlight. He said "I'll show you where they were standing." I didn't go across the field where they went, but I saw where they were standing behind a tree. You could tell they had stood there until they went to bed, and then they walked around and put this thing

there. You couldn't see the footprints (coming to the house) because there was pine straw and stuff, but you could see them behind the tree because it was sand. And across the field because that was sand. It disappeared at the highway, because the car was waiting for them.

I stayed there all night long. We were waiting for some word from Sanford. Nobody wanted to go back home. My husband and I took pictures; but our house burned in '56 so all that went up. We had all sorts of pictures. Of them sifting the sand, everything that went on.

George Simms came back late that night and told us that (he was dead) and that she was in the hospital. He wasn't talking directly to me, and I don't remember his exact words. His mother told me that he died in her arms, cause she relayed to me that the gown she had on, she was never able to wash that blood out of the gown. She was holding him and she died.

What happened to Moore's house? I think it was torn down. Some of their things-- books and stuff-- might have been put in Aunt Annie's house, but then her house burned. It burned after mine. Nobody was living there.

Reaction in Mims: I tell you what, a lot of the stuff that was in the papers, as Will Rogers used to say, "All I know is what I read and see in the papers"-- and a lot of that that was in the papers wasn't what was there. A lot was added. What we saw that it was bombed. The FBI was there by the next morning. They brought in the 5th Army, that was a demolition group. To try to find out what kind of bomb. This was never made known.

When it hit under his bomb it just tore that spring under his head, tore it to pieces, and went through the roof of the house, and made a hole in the roof of the house it was the size and shape of the egg. An oval shape. The house was all shambles. The living room, the porch was shambles. The bedroom where Annie was, it blew the door where he was against the bed. It wasn't in shambles.

The next morning there were photographers, news people, women and men.

Everybody was awed, you know. This guy that had gone to my dry cleaning place had stopped another black guy and told him practically the same thing, and this guy had told a cousin of mine, but then when Bill Williams went to him he denied everything, because he said, "I've got to live here. I don't want anything to happen to my family." So some people, if they had known anything, were afraid to that extent.

Talking to FBI: The FBI came to my house, asked if I had ever seen anybody going over to that house. Really, out in the country like that, unless you happen to be out and see somebody, you just don't notice things like that. Cause there were no lights, and we didn't hear anything.

Ed Davis warning Harry to move But where were they gonna move? If they're want to get you, they're gonna get you

wherever. It would have been easy anyplace he'd have gone. They gun down people in New York City.

Communists at Harry's funeral: At his funeral they had all these communists people. Oh, they had two busloads that flew in from Miami, and a busload that flew into Jacksonville and another busload that came in from Daytona. They were handing out pamphlets. I happened to get a whole ton of them (laughs). This Mrs. Bass, who represented Sojourner Truth in NY, came to me and wanted to know who was fighting the case. I said "Well, the FBI is investigating, and I guess the NAACP." She said, "The FBI never did anything for Negroes." She gave me her name and some literature and said to be sure and have the girls get in touch with her. I told them what she said and all, but they never did anything about it.

(insert from end of interview) Why I felt like the NAACP was infiltrated with communists, why did all of these people-- and all of them was communists-- why did they come? You talking about floral pieces, I've never seen the like of floral pieces that those people brought in here. I wasn't well at the time, I didn't even go in the funeral; I was there, but that's how I got to see all of these people. I guess somebody pointed out, "Well that's a member of the family over there," then this Mrs. Bass woman-- she was black--she said "The FBI never did anything for Negroes." Evidently somebody saw them talking to me and told the sheriff.

That evening after the funeral Bill Willaims came to the house and said, "I understand that you've got a lot of literature out at the funeral today." I said, "Yes." He said, "Well I came to pick it up." I said, "Well you can have it. There's only one thing I want" and that was a book on communism. There were two books, and I wanted one of them. He said okay. I don't have it today, because it was in the house that burned. It was a book on the communist people, and W.E.B. DuBois' name headed the list. Paul Robeson's name. They had a whole lot of names. Because DuBois had taught me history when I went to Talladega, he was a teacher from Atlanta University.

FBI asking about communists No, nobody ever said anything to me about that. I feel that, I still feel, that the NAACP from Walter White's side was infiltrated with communists. I still feel that.

Walter White's trip, NAACP and communists I used to be a member of the NAACP but I got out of it, because Walter White came down after his funeral, he flew down and came to the house and said "I need you to get in touch with Dr. Starke." Dr. Starke would not allow anybody to talk to her unless he was there. He said he needed to talk to Harriet because "I have three names I want to give to her and to the FBI..."

END OF TAPE TWO, SIDE A

...and so that afternoon we went over to Sanford. We asked Dr. Starke did Walter White ever get there? he said, "No, what happened to him?" ... So he gets on the phone and makes a phone

call and finds out Walter White had gone to Orlando and caught the next plane back to NY. Never did say to the FBI, that we know of. No, he didn't visit her. Because Dr. Starke stayed there.

Hanniette's condition: Her head was this big (motions), it never did go down. She must have hit the ceiling. It wasn't cut, but swollen. There was another forehead (it was so far out). Oh yes, she was conscious. She said she didn't know what happened. When she remembered anything they were on their way to Sanford, when she came to her sense. She was unconscious, or dazed. They let her go to the funeral home. However it happened she was practically in a daze; moving around and didn't even know she was moving around.

She said that: I have no reason to live. With him gone there wasn't any need for her to go on. And after his funeral they sent for the ~~family~~ ^{family} to come over, and that was the end. ^(to the hospital)

Evangeline and Annie: The other child was there and could kind of relate to what happened, but here Evangeline is coming home from Washington, not knowing anything had happened until she got here. No, I wasn't at the train station. She was just dazed; she didn't have anything hardly to say. And Peaches was just, I guess some times things are so overwhelming, it just seem like it's a dream. You don't realize it's really happened till way afterwards, then it dawns on you.

Reaction in Mims: Some white people had moved down from New Jersey, and they made a special trip to the house. "Oh, if we had known anything like this would have gone on, we never would have bought here." (laughs). I said, "Well you couldn't help what happened." They said, "Well we don't want you to think we even condoned it."

No, I wasn't afraid. I guess I have enough of my daddy in me. Like when Bill Williams came by the shop, I told him, "Bear in mind, I don't bother nobody, and I don't go looking for trouble, but I am prepared to take care of myself." he said "We hope it don't come to that." He was very nice.

Lack of results from FBI: I felt and I still feel that the FBI knew who did it, and I couldn't understand why a report or nothing ever came out of that. And I still feel like Bill Williams knew. But it was never published. He never made it known..... Because he had no reason to fire Trigger Griggs from his job-- and it was published in the newspaper that Trigger Griggs job was no longer needed by the county-- but then he turned around and hired Rhodell Murray.

And then again it might have been the reason that nothing was ever said was that they thought of racial tensions, maybe how people might react, something on that order. Because the FBI had been to the house several times and they'd say, "We haven't found anything else, but if we do we'll make it known." But nothing was ever made known. Being in the South, there were just certain things that wouldn't be made public.

Case being reopened in 178 Nothing ever came of it. I felt like,

NAACP not pursuing it And I still feel, that the NAACP should have pursued it. And they didn't as far as I'm concerned. I don't know of anything they did. I said, "Well here's a man out here fighting for justice for people, our people, and then we've got an organization and they're not doing anything." I just come out of it. I told them, "I don't have any money to put in any thing that when the head person gets killed and then you don't do something about it." I can't see it. They were just asking me the other day about it-- joining the NAACP--- and I said "I'm telling you just like it is, until I see something different I will not be a part of it." And 20 years later is when they get a memorial for him. "It take you 20 years to do something?" Before they ever put up anything at the gravesite. No, the bust just took place 4-5 years ago. At what they call the Civic Center.

The grave is in LaGrange, what we still call LaGrange. You come to the white cemetary first and then the black cemetary is right next to it.

Directions to house: No, there are no landmarks. I went back there with her in January and ooh, I hardly even knew where I was. (laughs). The little road where we used to go, it's not there. I remember the palm tree where the road used to be, you used to bear around the palm tree, but I think there's a fence there now. Where we used to live there's a house there now, some people living there now, and the name is Wrench (?), and I don't know if they have their name outside or not, but that would be the nearest home. Yes, it's right on the highway, on the left. Right north of the Wrenches is where the grove was; they (not Harry T. Moore) had just put in that grove, the trees weren't that big. No, Harry Moore had planted some trees around his house, but no, not a grove.

You should be able to see Nevins Packing house looking back toward your right, that's right across in front of the Wrenches. If you went US 1 and make left at packing house (that's where the first house my grandfather built was at, where that packing house is)-- and you come on down to Old Dixie, make a right, and the Warren property starts at the Old Dixie-- that's Parrish Road-- but then you can look and there're about three houses on your left and the last house in that area is where we used to live, there're a bunch of oak trees in the yard. There's still a little road that went by us between that and the grove. And behind the grove is where Harry T. Moore lived. We had a little road on our property that went to his house; it didn't go on the grove.

Valeria Simms: She lives in a foster (sic?) home in Melbourne. I don't think she was living in Mims in 1951.

Pretty Wooten: All I know is they named a guy out to Mims. We called him Pretty. That's all I ever knew. They had him linked as the person that Trigger carried up there, and he's the one's supposed to have placed the bomb. Now he's dead. Ask Crandall. He ran a tavern and he was kind of a pimp like person.

They had him linked with Trigger Griggs. I don't think the family people had anything to do with him because of the rumor that he was there. It was a rumor. The family that would have been around him didn't have anything to do with it. The story is that Trigger carried him up there. Like I told you, Trigger had a sly grin on his face, "What time that happened?" "Oh, I was chasing a sailor up around Scotts Moor." Well, nobody ever asked him.

Clyde Bates was a nice person, he would stop and talk to you. There were times he would go to arrest somebody and he wouldn't go unless Rhodell went with him.

That day the Moore's were down to her mother's house, but they were home that evening.

I think the last time I saw them was Christmas Eve, at their house. Christmas Day they were down to her mother's house.

Jocille working at Lockheed: I worked in Logistics. I did the PRs, making the purchase requests for materials, handling stuff coming into warehouse. I worked with engineers, making the first parts list for the crawler, initiated first buys for those spare parts. Ran dry cleaning shop for 3-4 years, then moved it down town. Quit there and started driving school bus. Then in '58 went to work as secretary-bookkeeper at Homestead AFB, in Cocoa, stayed there until '67, then started out there (Lockheed).

Do you think the bombing was an outside job? I think it was an outside job; they may have gotten local people, but I think it was an outside job. Because we found out that somebody had been in Mr. Moore's house and ransacked his house, went through all his papers, this was 2-3 months or more before the bombing. They were down in Riviera. But nobody knew who did it. So we don't know if floorplans were taken of the house.