

9871

BRITISH GUIANA

15/8/64

TR 300 BRGU

ROUTING SLIP

Comments for the record should not be written on this slip. REFERRAL SHEET PT.108 should be used instead.

TO:

Mr. Amacker

APPROVAL		YOUR INFORMATION
MAY WE CONFER?		AS REQUESTED
YOUR SIGNATURE	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	FOR ACTION
NOTE AND FILE		REPLY FOR MY SIGNATURE
NOTE AND RETURN		PREPARE DRAFT
YOUR COMMENTS		ATTACH RELATED PAPERS

*Action to be taken by your Dept.?**Thank you.**CB*

DATE:

24 Aug '64

FROM:

*D. Bartlett
Registry Codifications -
Room 2074*

ROUTING SLIP

Comments for the record should not be written on this slip. REFERRAL SHEET PT.108 should be used instead.

TO:

Mr Miles

APPROVAL		YOUR INFORMATION
MAY WE CONFER?		AS REQUESTED
YOUR SIGNATURE		FOR ACTION
NOTE AND FILE	✓	REPLY FOR MY SIGNATURE <i>Sh's signature</i>
NOTE AND RETURN		PREPARE DRAFT
YOUR COMMENTS		ATTACH RELATED PAPERS

The statements are
not petitions and
 should not be
 circulated.

DATE:

FROM:

ROUTING SLIP

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TO:

Mr. Smadree

	APPROVAL		YOUR INFORMATION
	MAY WE CONFER?		AS REQUESTED
	YOUR SIGNATURE		FOR ACTION
	NOTE AND FILE		REPLY FOR MY SIGNATURE
	NOTE AND RETURN		PREPARE DRAFT
	YOUR COMMENTS		ATTACH RELATED PAPERS

*You may wish
to see this before it
goes on to the Action
Section*

DATE:

FROM:

Paul

ENCLOSURE ATTACHED

OFFICE OF THE PREMIER,

INDEX

PUBLIC BUILDING,

British Guiana.

IN REPLYING QUOTE DATE

HEREOF AND N^o S. DP. 62/85/6

15th August, 1964

RECORDS CONTROL

18 SEP 1964

Your Excellency,

TR 300 BRGU

You will recall that I sent you shortly before the meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in July last a copy of the memorandum on the British Guiana situation which I had despatched to each of the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth. You may also recall that a copy of the statement made in the British Guiana Senate by Mrs. Janet Jagan immediately before her resignation as Minister of Home Affairs was appended to the memorandum.

In her statement, the Minister drew attention to the disloyalty of the Police to the elected Government and its hostility to the supporters of the Government. In Parliament, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Right Honourable Duncan Sandys, M.P., denied the charges made by the Minister against the Police.

I am therefore sending for your information and for whatever action you may consider appropriate, the attached papers which would seem to support the charges against the Police by the Minister of Home Affairs. You will observe that some are statements by various individuals alleging Army and Police partiality and in some cases, brutality, while others give a general background of events in British Guiana during the recent disturbances.

Copies of these papers have also been received by the Chairman of the Sp. Committee.

Yours sincerely,

Cheddi Jagan

His Excellency U Thant,
Secretary General,
United Nations Organisation,
New York,
U.S.A.

COPY

Georgetown,
Demerara.

2nd June, 1964.

Statement of Harry Dhanai Seegobin.

My present address is 103 Thomas Street, Kitty, East Coast Demerara. I lived at "one mile" Wismar, Demerara River, and I am a shop proprietor. I am married. I have no children, but five minors (nieces and nephews) stayed with myself and wife at our home.

My business consisted of grocery, hardware, patent medicines, parlour, dry goods and a proprietors' club. All my business was carried on at the above address. I owned a two storeyed wooden building which with stock and furniture, I value at approximately \$56,000.00.

On Thursday 21st May, 1964, at about 10 p.m. myself, Taik Singh and Richard Bholai Singh were in Mr. Bholai Singh's shop. Robert Jordan, P.N.C. representative of the Upper Demerara constituency called Mr. Singh on the road, in front of the shop. Mr. Jordan was conversing with Sgt. Chalmers and Police-man London was in the police jeep which was parked in front of the shop.

Jordan asked Mr. Singh what he was doing. He said, "Are you not going to your Indian brothers and let the press know what Dr. Jagan is doing with you all"? Mr. Singh asked him what he meant. Mr. Jordan asked him if he did not hear what happened at Buxton. "That Dr. Jagan sent people to kill Mr. & Mrs. Sealey" - "If the black people started to kill the Indians here do you think they will survive?" Sgt. Chalmers and P.C. London were present during this conversation. Sgt. Chalmers went into the jeep and called on Mr. Jordan to go with him by Hakim's side. Mr. Jordan told Sgt. Chalmers that he was going the other way to meet the boys and Chalmers could go along.

Sgt. Chalmers left in the jeep driven by London and Mr. Jordan went in the opposite direction. Myself and T. Singh left the shop and walked along the bank of the Demerara River in a northerly direction. Mr. Jordan was walking on the main road in the same direction. We were some distance behind Mr. Jordan. When we reached the boat landing, myself and T. Singh got into an empty boat and paddled down river to Third Alley. Jordan was at all times in sight and he was about 15 rods ahead of us.

There was a group of negro men at the junction of Third Alley and the Main Road. They were standing in a group at the Southwestern corner. Jordan walked up to the group and spoke to the men who in turn spoke to him. We were opposite the group, having come out of the boat. In a loud voice, Mr. Jordan told the men that they will strike at Persaud's house. One of the men said "I have my friends living there". Jordan told the man to go and tell his friends to remove from the house.

/The group....

The group dispersed and Jordan returned along the Main Street towards the Market. Myself and Singh returned in the boat to Mr. Bholai Singh's place and we told him what took place. (The house of which Jordan spoke was at Third Alley and was owned by one Persaud).

The next day, Friday 22nd May, 1964, at about 10 a.m. I went back at Third Alley. I stood in front of Persaud's house for nearly half an hour and whilst there I saw negro tenants who were living in the said house removing therefrom. On the morning of the 23rd (Saturday) at about 5 a.m. I saw flames in the direction of Third Alley. From what I overheard Persaud's house was burnt.

On Monday 25th May, 1964, at around 6 a.m. whilst I was at home one Miriam came and told me that looting was taking place in the market. I was in my shop at the time. I closed my shop. I went upstairs and saw fires in several directions. I remained upstairs until about 9 a.m. when I saw a man name Peters, his brother Lenny, Primo, Sammy and Samuel 'Lifter' and others whom I know, walking near Mr. Victor Bholai Singh's house. This house is west of mine. Victor Bholai Singh is a tailor and I heard Primo asked him to open his door. "Taylor" as Singh is called, opened his door. Primo and all the others went in the tailor shop and when I saw them coming out, they had raw cloth and sewn cloth with them. Victor Singh was standing outside and I saw Primo, Peters, Sammy, Samuel Lifter and others attack Singh with sticks, broken paling staves and 2" x 3" scantlings. Singh fell on the ground and they beat him like a snake.

Whilst this beating was going on, I saw the house on fire and a few moments later I saw his wife and a child run out of the house. In the meantime Sgt. Roberts of the Volunteer Force, Cpl. Simonds, and two privates came up from an easterly direction and stopped in front of my house.

The group of men who beat Mr. Singh then dispersed. I went out to Sgt. Roberts who asked me if I could assist in taking Bholai to the hospital. I told him he could send for the Police Jeep as I had no conveyance. He said nothing. Himself and the three others remained by my building. Bholai Singh was left lying on the ground. I went upstairs when I saw Ramnarace's house on flame. This house is about thirty rods east of mine. Three negro men were beating Ramnarace outside in the yard.

Hossanah, an RSPCA man held on to Ramnarace's wife and chucked her in the toilet which is on the western side of the house. I saw her taking out a little parcel from the latrine and Hossanah took this away from her. I then saw Hossanah cut off her hair and along with about three other negro men who were there, threw her on the ground and there raped her.

I came out of my house and asked Sgt. Roberts to take me to the station. Myself and wife, my nieces and nephews, and some other men and women

/who lived....

who lived around the same area gathered together and Lieu. Roberts ordered Cpl. Corriea to take us to the station. He accompanied us to the Police Station. This was about 10.30 to 11 a.m.

Whilst at the Station one Paul's wife who was also at the the station told me that her two infant sons were left in the house. I asked Sgt. Chalmers to let a policeman accompany me to the house to get the two children; he told me he had no time with that, "go to Mr. Hobbs". I went to Mr. Hobbs and he also told me that he had no time at all. I did not go to the house for the two children.

At about 11.45 a.m. I left the Station alone and went back to one mile. I hid myself at Fraser's latrine which is on the opposite side of the road from where my house is situate. I saw members of the volunteer force standing around my house. Mr. Alphonso's jeep was parked in front of my shop. I saw negro men bringing out rum, sugar, rice, flour, milk and various other articles from my shop and putting them in the jeep. I saw one Badal take two chairs of a suite from my home and took them in the direction of his house. Inniss, Lynch, Sammy, and others who I know well were in the shop drinking rum.

I spent about twenty minutes looking on, after which I escaped back to the station where I remained until about 1.30 a.m. in the night when I crossed to Mc Kenzie. I left Mc Kenzie on 26/5/64 about 9 a.m. for Georgetown.

The last time I saw my home was about 12.15 on Monday. I understand it has been destroyed by fire. I was unable to save any of my property.

(sgd.) Harry D. Seegobin.

2nd June, 1964.

COPY

Present Address:
Bush Lot Village
W.C. B/ce.

Georgetown,
Demerara.

3rd June, 1964.

Statement of Edward Rajkarran Bissoon.

I lived at Lot 18, Silvertown, Wismar, Demerara River. I was employed as an operator at the Demerara Bauxite Company. I also had a General Store which was run by my wife and two other employees. My business was housed in the lower flat of a two-storeyed concrete and wooden building, my property, I value my property and all the stock in my business at approximately \$40,000.00.

I resided with my wife and six (6) children in the upper flat of the building at Lot 18, Silvertown.

As a result of rumours that two negroes were shot at Buxton, E.C. Demerara, Wismar was very tense from Friday 22nd May, 1964.

On Monday 25th May, 1964, I opened my store at Silvertown at around 7 a.m. I had not been working in the day then as I was on night shift. I did business until around 8 a.m. Myself, wife and one of my employees Joycelyn were in the store. An Indian man and a negro neighbour Miss Martin came in the store and told us to shut up and go upstairs and hide because negroes were beating Indians in the streets and looting the stalls in the market.

I closed the store, and my wife together with the employee went upstairs. I stood by the side of the building watching to see what was happening.

Suddenly I saw a group of negro men, numbering about eighty (80) coming from the direction of the market along the Main Road. As they approached my premises some of them shouted to me saying "Edward Bissoon we come to take you today". I did not reply as I was afraid, but I continued to gaze at them to see what they would do. I know some of these men by face but not by name, some of the men were strangers not belonging to Wismar. Some of the men were armed with bottles, stones, sticks and iron bars and as they came in front of my house they started to stone the windows. Some of the men threw bottles and bricks at me but I hid under the step-landing and so I was not struck. The stoning went on for about five minutes.

As the stoning became more rapid I ran upstairs and my wife, 3 children and the employee hid in the middle room. My three other children were at Mackenzie High School. The stoning continued I looked through the side window several times. I saw the police jeep come from a northerly direction and stopped in front of my house. Asst. Suptd. Hobbs, Sgt. Chalmers and a few other policemen were in the jeep. All of these policemen came in the yard. The crowd which was stoning the house dispersed and disappeared when the jeep stopped.

/Asst. Suptd.....

Asst. Suptd. Hobbs spoke to me and I took them upstairs. The police saw the damage to my windows and the bottles, stones and pieces of wood in my house. I asked Asst. Suptd. Hobbs for protection as I was afraid to stay in the house. He said he could not leave policemen as his hands were tied. He had only a few policemen and there were fires all over the place. When this conversation took place it was around 8.30 a.m. Himself and all the other policemen then left my house. One policeman remained on the road patrolling and all the others went away with the jeep.

During this time I saw about eight houses on fire and several Indians were being beaten by negro men towards the hill. About 25 rods south of my house, I saw an Indian woman whose husband is called Solomon, being beaten by a negro man. I do not know the negro man.

I then spoke to the policeman whom I know by face, and he advised me to send my family to Mc Kenzie. Acting on the advice, I took my wife, six children (the three had returned from school in the meantime) and the employee to a farm boat and sent my wife and children to Mc Kenzie. I returned to the building. It was about 10 a.m. when I sent my family over to Mc Kenzie.

I went in the building and suddenly heard stoning again. I looked out and saw Hakim's Hotel was on fire. Shaniseer's house was also on fire. I ran out of my house and went to my neighbour De Franca house, I peeped through a hole and saw Clifford John, Leslie Cort, one Boogie (a collector for Chapman's launch) breaking my backdoor with iron rail. This was the door to the store. At this time I saw about 4 policemen and about 12 men of the Volunteer Force standing on the front main road.

John, Cort and Boogie broke down the door and started to loot. There were many people of negro descent on the main road at this time. A policeman shouted at John, Cort and Boogie to leave those things and get out from there. By this time the crowd rushed in the yard and started to loot also. I then saw Asst. Suptd. John Lashley and some other policemen break through my paling and came to the back. They fired about eight to ten shots with their revolvers. I came out of the building where I was hiding and the looters ran away taking many things with them.

Detectives Griffith and "Roby" were standing with their revolvers near the house. I went up and asked them if they can't save the stock and building. Another policeman came up with a rifle and told the two detectives "we should a shoot these people long ago". The two detectives said nothing to this, but advised me to leave and go over to Demba to seek shelter. I told them I could not go to Demba as the crowd there might beat me. I requested to go to the station and the two detectives took me to the station and left me there. I remained at the station where I went between 1.30 and 2 p.m. until 7 p.m. when the soldiers and police took us across to Mc Kenzie

/trade school.....

3.

trade school. Next morning I took the boat and came to Georgetown. I later became re-united with my family at Bush Lot, W.C. B/ce.

I have not gone back to Wismar. At about 3 p.m. on 25/5/64, I saw my building on fire and people see that my property was destroyed by fire.

I saved nothing at all from my home or business.

(sgd.) Edward Bissoon 3.6.64.

Note: At about 11.30 whilst at the station, I saw when the police bring Hansraj Paul to the Station and handed his gun to Sgt. Chalmers. At this time, Hansraj Paul's house was not on fire.

per H.D. Seegobin.

Georgetown,
4th June, 1964.

Alima Khan states:

Mr present address is 64 Robb & King Streets, Georgetown. I lived at the 'Valley of Tears', Wismar, Demerara River. I am a housewife and had five children prior to Monday 25th May, 1964. I lived with my husband and children in our own house at the Valley of Tears.

On Monday 18th May, 1964, (the Monday before the troubles took place) a negro man by name of Johnson known as Ishmael, a muslim came and asked me for my father who is Mowzam (caretaker) of the Muslim Church at Wismar. This was about 10 a.m. I told him that my father was out and had gone to Georgetown. He told me that there would be riot but Mowzam house would not be burned, and he didn't know why Mowzam left and went away.

I experienced no other similar story during the week. On the morning of Monday 25th May, 1964, at 3.20, we were suddenly awakened by a loud explosion. I shouted and ran out of the house with my children. I saw fire blazing under the house and I assisted in putting out the flames by throwing water from a nearby tank. The fire was put out and only the underside of the flooring was scorched. I saw no one at the time of the explosion. I went back in the house and found that the house was full of smell like that from gasoline vapours. The smell was choking. I opened out all the windows to let the vapours out.

Many negroes were living around the place and when I was helping to put out the fire, none of them gave us a hand.

About fifteen minutes after the explosion at my house, I heard another explosion, the sound of which came from the direction of Nirgin's house which is about thirty rods from my house. I then heard Nirgin screamed loudly. I know his voice very well. I did not leave my house to go to him but at about 6.30 a.m. I spoke to him opposite my gap and he told me that his house was bombed.

At 7 a.m. after my husband had left for work, I went to the Police Station at Wismar, and I made a report to the Police. I spoke to a fat policeman and I would be able to recognise him if I see him.

Whilst at the Station I heard that Indians were beaten and shops and the market were being looted. I therefore remained at the Station until at 11 a.m. when I asked the police to take me home to see my children. Three policemen accompanied me to my home. When I got there I saw the house burnt down. I screamed and fainted and when I regained consciousness I was in a police jeep with three policemen; at this time I saw one of my children Ishmael coming from school, and I called him to the jeep.

/The

The police then brought myself and my son to the station. I remained at the station right into the night when I was taken across the river to McKenzie.

I saw none of my other children on that night.

I did not recover any of my property or household effects. I average my total loss at about \$30,000.00.

Whilst I was at McKenzie during the said Monday night at about 10.30, I learnt from one Father Pink that my son Richard Khan was killed at Wismar. On the morning of Thursday 28th May, 1964, I saw his dead body at Lyken's Funeral Parlour. He was buried on the Thursday afternoon at the La Repentir cemetery. I also heard that my husband was beaten and he is in the McKenzie Hospital. I have not seen him again up to now.

Her Mark

X

Alima Khan.

Witness

Bibi Badora.

COPY

Present Address:

64 Robb & King Streets,
Georgetown

Georgetown
Demerara

4th June, 1964.

Statement of Hassan Khan,

I am eight years old and used to attend Wismar Primary School (St. Aidan's Anglican). I was in First Standard. I lived with my parents Inshan Khan and Alima Khan at the Valley of Tears, Wismar, Demerara River.

On the day when there was trouble at Wismar (a Monday) I was at home. I only go to afternoon sessions of school as there is a shift system at the School. In the morning my father left for work at the Guest House and my mother left for the police station. I had already drunk tea. Myself and my Richard who is bigger than me were at home. My other brothers were out.

/I know
where all
of them
live and

While at home, I saw a large crowd of negro men coming from the road into our year. Among the men I know (5) five of them. They were Kasa, Cedric, Neville, Francis and Edward. Three of these Kasa, Francis and Edward are brothers. /I know them for a long time. Kasa, Cedric, Francis and Edward live on the hill slope, and Neville lives at the bottom of the hill. If I see them again I can pick them out.

My brother locked up the house. All the windows and doors were locked. The men bricked the house and burst all the glass windows. I hid under the bed and Ritchie stood by the door leading into my daddy's bedroom.

I heard the men breaking the door. The door opened and I see Kasa come inside the house. I saw him with a bucket and he threw out gasoline from the bucket on the floor. I smelt the gasoline. He lighted a match and threw it on the floor. I then saw fire on the floor. He then run out of the house. Ritchie ran out of the house by the backdoor, and I remained hiding under the bed. A little while after Ritchie ran out of the house, I hear Kasa say "You know me." I know was Kasa speaking because I recognised his voice.

I then came out from under the bed and went peeping through the backdoor. Ritchie then told Kasa "Yes I know you". I then saw Kasa lashed Ritchie with a stick on his head and Ritchie fell down. Kasa, Cedric, Neville, Francis, Edward and one set of the men then beat Ritchie.

Every my lash my brother received he called for me "Jeff". After they beat him they went through the back gate towards Nirgin's house. By this time the fire was blazing in the house. I jumped through the window in my father's bedroom, because the backstep was also on fire.

I left Ritchie lying on the ground and I ran through the backgate towards the ball-field. I then ran down the hill to my grand-mother's house. The house was locked up and I did not see my grand-mother. Her house is in Leeting's Alley. I ran out of the Alley and headed for the boat-landing whilst running from the Alley a black woman slapped me on my jaw.

On my way I met two East Indian boys and one of them who is Ritchie's friend asked me for Ritchie. I told him that they beat up Ritchie and burn up the house. I begged them to carry me across the River and they took me in a boat. When I came

/ off at

off at Mackenzie, I went by Watooka and I asked the teacher at our church to carry me to my father. He put me on a man's motor-bike and the man (an East Indian fellow) took me to my father. I met my father on the road by the hills and I told him what happened.

My father took me to a Mr. Alli and told me to stay there. After my father left, I spent sometime at Alli's house and in the afternoon after sunset a launch took myself and Alli's family to a whiteman's house where we spent part of the night. During the said night a jeep took us from the house to the Trade School where I met my mother.

(Sgd.) Hassan Khan
4.6.64

Withess: Bibi Badora.

COPY

Present Address:
61, Public Road,
Kitty

Georgetown,
Demerara.

5th June, 1964.

Statement of Tribhuwan Prashad

I am a businessman and lived at 145 Silvertown, Wismar, Demerara River, with my wife and five children, a grandchild and an adopted son. I owned a two-storeyed concrete and wooden building. I lived in the upper flat and carried my business which consisted of a spirit shop, grocery, parlour, hardware, dry-goods and patent medicines in the lower flat. I also owned property at 14 Silver City Wismar. This consisted of a two-storeyed concrete and wooden building and a barber's shop. The front two-storeyed building was tenanted. The barber's shop was vacant.

On the morning of Monday 25th May 1964 I opened my business at around 6.30 a.m., and did sales until about 9 a.m. There were fires and explosions at Wismar since the night before, and in the morning from about 8 a.m. I again heard explosions. On looking out I saw smoke in various directions followed by flames. I also saw negroes who were living in Indian houses removing their belongings. I became afraid and about 9 a.m. I closed all my business, put up my shutters and repaired upstairs.

I locked all the windows in the upper flat and closed the three doors which give exit out of the house. Myself, wife, daughter aged about twenty-one years, four sons, a grandchild and the adopted son were in the house. My daughter-in-law was also there.

I saw crowds of negro men and women walking in groups on the Railway road. I continued to hear explosions and see fires in the direction of the explosions. Myself and family remained in the house during the day.

At about 4.30 p.m. I saw three Volunteers in front of my gap. They were standing there. A few minutes later, I saw one of the Volunteers fire a shot in the air. I was looking through the window. I felt glad because I felt that they would prevent the crowd from coming to my premises. At this time I saw a crowd to the north of my premises about fifty (50) rods away. After the shot was fired I saw the crowd moving in my direction. As the crowd approached my property the Volunteers moved in the direction of the crowd. The crowd was then about twenty rods away. I told my wife that "like the fellas coming here" meaning the crowd.

Main Road
and others
were on
the

There were about (300) three hundred persons, all of negro descent, in the crowd. As the crowd was about three rods away some of the people were on the old Railway Road. A voice from the crowd shouted "Persaud ah come, if you give me wha ah want I gon let you lone." In the crowd I recognised some people belonging to Wismar. There was Patrick Lall, John Caesar, Seaton Grant known as Cheddi, Bettes Mercuries and others whom I can recognise by face. Bangamary was at the head of the crowd and I saw him come to my gap.

It was about 5 p.m. The crowd was converging on the house. I saw none of the Volunteers around. One of the negro men jumped up on the shed over the shop front and with something looking like an iron rod broke open the glass windows to the front of the upper flat of the house. He jumped through one of the broken windows and came in the house. I do not know this man. Immediately after, about two others came in the house also.

/ The

The one with the iron rod was threatening me, and demanding money. He pushed his hand in my pocket and took out the days sales money which I had with me. The others were taking away the jewellery from my wife, daughter, daughter-in-law and grand daughter. This took place in a passageway in the house.

During this time I heard explosions downstairs. The men then ransacked the house and I saw one of them take a clock, and another took one of my son's camera and they went out of the house through the back door. One of the men came back in the house and gave me about four lashes with the flat side of a cutlass; and dragged me to a window and told me "look there you see what's happening." I saw smoke and so I told him "It's fire." He said "you going to be roasted alive in here today". He also lashed my wife and sons with the broadside of the cutlass. He was not one of those who came in before. He then demanded money. I gave him a \$20.00 note which I had in another pocket. He ran downstairs.

I then went through the backdoor with all my family in an escape bid. Whilst coming down the steps, I saw a negro man with a bottle of liquid to which was attached a wick. He lit the wick and smashed the bottle against the wall downstairs. After the bottle broke, the fire went out.

We took nothing from the house. I broke the back fence and escaped through the neighbour's yard - (A Mrs. Elizebeth Clarke). My daughter, grand-daughter and daughter-in-law went ahead of myself, wife and sons. I spent about two minutes in Mr. Clarke's toilet as the fellow that beat us told me to go and hide in there. My wife was with me. I then took my wife through Mrs. Clarke's yard into the back street and there I saw my sons. I then checked to see if all of us were together. I missed the girls. My eldest son volunteered to go and see what happened. Himself (Kawal) and another son Balmakund and the adopted son Kenneth, went back to check for the girls whilst myself and two other sons left for Silver City.

It was already getting dark as we approached Silver City, I noticed fires in that direction, so myself and wife went to the Police Station.

At the Station I saw many Indian people and also Negroes in the compound. I spoke to Asst. Suptd Hobbs inquiring about my children. I also told him what happened to my house. He said I must make a report to an Indian Police Constable who was in the Station: I did so, and the Constable wrote it down in a book.

I made further inquiries about my children who were left behind. About two hours after, whilst still at the Station I heard that my grand-daughter was in the guard room. I went there and saw her. Later the said night we were taken across the River to Demba Trade School.

I did not see my oldest son, daughter and daughter-in-law that night. I made investigations and discovered that all three were injured and were in the McKenzie Hospital. The next day I saw them on board the Barima whilst coming to Georgetown. They were in stretchers. The boy could have walked. I also saw, on the morning of Tuesday 26th May 1964, that my property was completely destroyed by fire. I also saw that my property at Silver City was destroyed by fire. I was unable to save any personal belongings whatsoever. I estimated my total loss at approximately \$79,500.00.

(Sgd.) Tribhuwan Prashad
Known as Thomas Prashad
5/6/64.

3.

Tribhuwan Prashad further states: On Wednesday 27th May 1964, I gave a statement to the Police at Brickdam Police Station. Due to the state of shock in which I was, it is possible that I may not have stated everything to the Police which I give in the above statement. I forget to tell them that I had property at Silver City and the valuation which I gave was much lower, because I had not taken everthing I possessed into account to make the valuation.

(Sgd.) T. Prashad.

COPY

Walter Narine of 248 Silvertown Wismar states:-

I am now staying at Enmore at my father-in-law. I am married to Ramkumarie and my wife is in the hospital. I have seven children. They are with me at Enmore. I owned a house at 248 Silvertown. The house was burnt down on Monday night 25th May. On Friday 22nd May my house was bombed. P.C. Lashley who was near by came to see what were the matter at 11.45. He looked around to see if there was other bombs. We found none. Before P.C. Lashley came, I found the original bomb and threw it outside. The bomb had about 1 lb cast iron. Lashley took it away to the station. He came back about 2 a.m. with the Sergeant with one more policeman and three members of the volunteer force. They said "Narine we keeping watch. The Inspector also came. They all went into the house and inspected it. They told me that Bacchus the butcher was also bombed and he was injured and his family. I told the Sergeant to leave a soldier to watch. He told me that there were not enough to watch. They went away.

Saturday and Sunday nothing happened to my house but other places were being bombed and burnt. I kept guard night and day.

On Sunday night I kept watch. On three occasions persons approached my house, with objects in their hands. Each time I turned on the lights and each time they got away. On one of these occasions, the persons came from the house opposite me.

On Monday my children went to school. I stayed home. I did not go to work. It was my day off. I understood they were beating people. I saw house on the hill being burnt and people being beaten up. I could not tell who was being beaten but I could see that people of Indian descent were being beaten up.

I saw one girl being raped. Children were beating up children.

At about 6.30 I went across to Jones my neighbour. Jones said I cannot stay here because he would be beaten up. I however forced myself into his bathroom. My wife and 4 of our children also were in the bathroom. 2 children were at the trade school. One was at her girlfriends who kept her till next morning.

I saw Hope, Tyle, Babb and Harris going into my house. They lit the house and stood there to out the neighbour's house if it should catch afire. They lit it about three times before it caught. A big gathering came and they out the neighbour house. This was about 8 - 9 p.m. Next morning I came out took my cycle which was not burnt and went to the Police Station. P.C. Lashley came with me with a jeep and took the wife and family and a few belongings which we salvaged and took us to the station. We crossed the river and came to town by the first boat Tuesday morning. I had a motor bike which I put under Jones house. I left it there. No. is C1020. Triumph. The battery is left at Thomas' house. I had a radio, machine, gold smith mill and sheet mill, and gold smith tools. They were all destroyed.

(Sgd.) Walter Narine
5/6/64.

COPY

Made at Georgetown

6th June, 1964.

Statement of Hansraj also known as Hansraj Paul of Lot 4 McDoom Village, formerly of Lot 3 Section C, Christianburg, Wismar.

I was the proprietor of a dry goods store at Wismar. I lived upstairs and carried on the business at the bottom flat of the same building. On Monday 25th May, 1964, I was at my business I saw the people beating up Indians on the street. A member of the volunteer force approached me and asked if I would like to go to the Police Station and I told him yes. He was accompanied by two persons and he told me to get set by the time he returned. Myself, my two sons, two daughters-in-law and one son-in-law shut up my place and went along with the volunteer. I took my gun and I gave it to the officer and we all went along to the Police Station. In the station I asked for my gun and he told me he gave it to the sergeant. The sergeant confirmed that he had the gun then. My brother, who run a launch service from Georgetown to Wismar was then with his launch and we all joined him at his launch. I returned to the Police Station but the officer was not there as a result I did not get to collect my gun. I left Wismar around 8.00 p.m. on Monday. I was informed later that my house was burnt down.

(Sdg.) Hansraj known as
Hansraj Paul.

COPY

Georgetown,
Demerara.
6th June, 1964.

Statement of Kawal Prashad

My present address is 73 Seaforth Street, Cambellville, E.C. Demerara. I lived at 145, Silvertown, Wismar, Demerara River with my father Tribhuwan Prashad. I was a stall-holder in the Wismar Market up to the 25th May, 1964. I am married. My wife's name is Sheila Prashad.

During the night of Sunday 24th May, 1964, I saw two houses afire in the direction of Christianburg. I saw the first fire at about 7.10 p.m. and the other between 10.00 to 10.30 p.m. I did not leave house to go out and see what was happening.

On the following morning (Monday 25th May, 1964) at about 7 o'clock I left house and went to the Wismar market which is about a quarter of a mile north of my home. I opened my stall and did business until about 8 a.m. Around this time an Indian man came to my stall and told me that they were beating up all the coolie people on the road. About ten minutes later a crowd of about 50 or 60 negro men, women and children came running into the market from the road outside. They were chasing some Indian women and children. I was now standing outside of my stall and the crowd was near to my stall. I know some of the negroes in the crowd by seeing them before.

The crowd surrounded two Indian women, one named Enid. I know the other one but not by name. Two negro men from the crowd then cuffed the women about their faces and bodies. I was also surrounded by the crowd but they did me nothing. A negro man took two liays (60) eggs from off my counter, after in answer to his question I told him I was selling them at 10 (ten) cents each. He said "Ah taking these". He went away with them.

After the two negro men had cuffed the women, the crowd eased off and left the market. The two women also left the market. I was very frightened and so I closed up my stall at about half past eight. I left for home, walking.

I got home about 9 a.m. The house was locked up all around. I spoke to my father of what had taken place in the market, and from then on I remained in doors. During the day, I saw crowds milling around the area and from about ten a.m. I saw fires in various directions.

At about 2 p.m. a crowd of about 200 men, women and children gathered on the road in front of the house. I saw some of the men with a carton of Bank's Beer from which they were drinking. A few of them pelted the empty bottles on the top of our house and one of them said in a loud voice: "Ah here we coming next". A little while after the crowd moved in a northerly direction without attacking anyone. About half an hour later, I saw the house of one Bissoon on fire. This house is about one hundred and fifty (150) rods north of our house.

/A

A large crowd was gathered in front of the house. I could have seen persons from the crowd pelting the house.

Whilst Bissoon's house was burning I saw a negro man wearing a black rain coat and blackpat, came into the yard north of my house. The owner of that property is Mrs. Clarke. He went through Mrs. Clarke's yard to the back and was peeping around. He came out of the yard sometime later and went in the direction of the crowd.

From about 2.30 to about 4.30 p.m., I saw two other fires between Bissoon's house and our house. At about 4.30 p.m. the crowd began to gather in front of our house. A negro man from the crowd, the very man who I earlier saw enter Mrs. Clarke's yard wearing a black rain coat, jumped on the shed in front of the shop which is carried on by my father in the lower flat of our house. He opened one of our front windows, peeped in the house and shouted to the crowd saying "They inside". The man then jumped down from the shed. I kept looking at the crowd. In the house, were myself, wife, father, mother, three brothers, an adopted boy, sister and a niece.

One of my brothers Balmakund called me to the back of the house. When I got to the back door I saw the very negro man on the shed breaking down Miss Bacchus' paling which is south of our house. I stood on the platform. The man said "All you come out and go to the station". I asked him "who gon carry me". He said "Come and go with the volunteers". I then asked him "where are the volunteers". He said "They are in the crowd". He turned away while I remained on the platform. About two minutes after, he returned with an iron bar and came up the back steps. I went in the house and closed the back door. My father and the others were in the front portion of the house.

The man started to beat down the door and he succeeded in breaking it. He came in the house. I also heard noise coming from the front of the shop as though they were breaking the doors. The negro man demanded money and jewellery. He pulled out two rings from my finger, took money out of my pocket and did the same thing with the others in the house.

About six other negro men came in the house and one of them picked up a cutlass and started to beat me with the broadside. He also beat my mother and father and demanding money. The others ransacked the house.

I managed to pass out my wife, sister, niece and two small ones through the back door and I sent them through the paling to Mrs. Clarke. I smelt smoke coming from downstairs at the same time. The man who had broadsided me came up and beat me again with the cutlass until I got in the house. He ran downstairs and came back in the house with a gin bottle with liquid inside. He went into my father's bedroom and threw the liquid against the wall and on the floor and set it afire. He broke up some decorations on the wall.

/The

The house began to get hot and I sensed that there was fire downstairs. I forced my mother out of the house and my father came out also.

Outside, the crowd was still in front of the shop. I saw John Caesar and DeWeever known as German with raw cloth in their hands. They took these through the passageway to the back of the yard. When I came down the step, Banga Mary was by the front gate.

I went through the paling when a negro man said "Go in the toilet and hide". My father and mother went in Mrs. Clarke's toilet. A little later I took them out and passed them out into the backstreet. On the back street I missed my wife, sister and niece. I walked around the cross street in search for my wife and sister. I asked some of the people in the crowd for them. One Quamina said he saw my wife and sister but grunted a "hem".

I walked in the crowd and saw a mob by the river side east of our house. I went there and saw that my wife and sister were on the ground being raped by two negro men. A crowd of about one hundred was standing around. It was about 6 p.m. A woman in the crowd shouted "Is na he wife dah". I did not answer. I saw one Hodge (Kenneth) kick my wife. After the woman had spoken the crowd moved off a little, and some of the men lifted my wife and sister and tossed them in the river. I went in deeper in the river to rescue them. The crowd started to pelt us with bottles and bricks. We swam deeper and deeper out until about mid stream. A boat was passing at the same time. It was being paddled by one Stracey and myself and wife got in. By the time we got in the boat a negro man from the crowd which was on the bank swam in the river and held on to my sister and took her back to the western bank. My sister was left with the crowd on the western shore, whilst Stracey took myself and wife towards the eastern shore. I saw a hostile crowd on the McKenzie side also, so I asked Mr. Mohabir who was in an outboard in the river to take myself and wife to McKenzie hospital. Mohabir took us straight to the hospitallanding. We met a doctor as soon as we came out from the landing and he admitted us in the hospital. This was about 7.30 p.m.

About half an hour later I saw my sister in the said hospital. She was lying on a bed. I also saw my niece in the same hospital during the said night. All of us were in the same room. I did not see my father, mother and brothers for that night. We remained in the hospital during the night and the following morning about 6.30 we left the hospital for Georgetown on board the M.V. Barima.

I have not returned since to Wismar and have lost all my property at home. I do not know what happened to the stall in the market.

I estimate my total loss at approximately \$5,500.00.

(Sgd.) Kawal Prashad
6/6/64.

COPY

73 Seaforth St.,
Campbellville,
E.C. Dem.

I the undersigned was a tenant of a house at 145 Silvertown W/r which was completely destroyed by fire on the 25th of May 1964 and give the following undermentioned as my approximate lost

	\$	¢
One (1) Only 10-12 Archimedes Motor	550	00
One (1) " Silver Balli Batteaux 22 ft x 4'	200	00
One (1) " Coil Spring Bed and Mattress	80	00
One (1) " Safe	20	00
Two (2) " Tables \$32.00 & 18.00	50	00
One (1) " Vanity Case 3 piece glass	145	00
4 Four pillows	10	00
2 Valor Oil Stove (1 new)	38	00
1 Corn Mill	8	00
Complete Set of Kitchen utencils	140	00
Clothing for myself and wife, shoes etc.	475	00
Groceries etc. etc. which was stocks for my shop in the Wismar Market	3,375	00
One wrist watch cash & jewelery etc.	540	00
	<u>\$5,631</u>	<u>00</u>

I am yours affectionate

(Sgd.) Kawal Prashad

COPY

Cyril Singh of Lot 11 Christianburg Section C states:-

I went to work on the same day that the disturbances started. While coming home at 11.30 a.m. I saw a lot of beating up. I did not go across to Wismar.

I went to the McKenzie Police Station. About 6 p.m. the same day the police escorted me to the Demba Trade School. I slept there the night. On Tuesday morning I asked for protection of the volunteer force. A member of the volunteer force took me home to Christianburg. When I reached home my wife and children were inside the house. 5 minutes later a man named Harry from Christianburg, Barker and Grenville came into my house and started to carry away a bed number 7172 and one radio complete PE777T #402 106. They took these things away and also my wife's foot machine. Three more male persons came in the house. I told one who is called Dutchie, that I don't know what is happening to these people now. I told him to buy the house from me. He made a receipt for \$2,500.00 and told me to sign it. I was forced to do so to save my building. Two witnesses signed it and stamped it. The value of the building is about \$7,300.00. Other things were missing. I did not collect any money for the building. Two gang of men started fires in front of my building that is why I did not wait to collect my money. I escaped took the boat and paddled it to the middle of the river and a man by the name of Karran picked me up with his launch. I caught the steamer and came to town.

(Sgd.) Cyril Singh
10th June, 1964.

Georgetown,
Demerara.

11th June, 1964.

Statement of Surujpaul Singh:-

My present address is Lot 2, First Street, Alexander Village, E.B. Demerara. I used to live at 170, Silvertown, Wismar, Demerara River up to the 25th May, 1964. I was employed as a carpenter by Sproston's Ltd. and worked on their wharf at Wismar.

I am married and my wife is a person of mixed race. We have six children. We were tenants of S.M. Bacchus at Wismar and occupied the lower flat of a two-storey building.

During the week prior to Monday 25th May, 1964, I heard stories about bombing and setting afire of houses belonging to East Indians at Wismar. On the night of Sunday 24th May 1964, around 8.30 p.m. I was at home sleeping. About 9 p.m., a tenant who occupies the upper flat of the building shouted for Steve Jagroop who was staying with me. I got up and heard the tenant saying "Look fire at the back". I opened the door at the back and smelt gasolene. I went outside and saw the back steps leading to the upper flat soaked from top to bottom and smelt strongly of gasolene. I went up the steps and saw on the platform an old shirt and pair of trousers wet. I smelt them and discovered that they were soaked with gasolene. I kicked both of these articles down the steps and myself and Steve Jagroop together with the tenant upstairs washed the steps with water. I saw one Harry, a negro man who lives two lots away watching us from his backdoor.

of the night. I kept watch downstairs. We decided not to sleep but to keep watch for the rest. During the night, on three occasions I saw Harry put on and take off his house light three times on each occasion. I considered that this was a signal. I experienced another incident during the night. I saw no person near the house with whom I could have connected the throwing of the gasolene on the steps.

On Monday 25th May, 1964 at about 6.30 a.m. I left for work. I instructed my wife to go to the station and report the soaking of the steps with gasolene and the finding of the clothes on the back platform.

I went across to Mackenzie at the auxiliary dock repairing Sprostons Boat house, and whilst there about 7.30 a.m. I saw a crowd of negro men pelting and breaking the windows of Bissoon's premises on the Wismar side. From this time onwards I saw many houses on the hill going up in flames. I remained on the Mackenzie shore up to about 11 a.m. when I crossed over to Wismar and stopped at Sproston's stelling. I remained at this stelling about 11 a.m. on 25/5/64 until about 3 a.m. on Tuesday 26/5/64.

Whilst at the stelling I tried to get conveyance from the Police Station to take me home but did not succeed. I asked some members of the Volunteer Force and they told me that I was going off from duty so they couldn't help me.

One Quamina has a cakeshop by the riverside on the Main Road which is less than quarter mile from Sproston's stelling. At about 1 p.m. I saw a crowd of negroes near to Quamina's place. Quamina was in the cakeshop and I saw him handing several black half bottles to members of the crowd. As the persons collected the bottle they would rush off in the crowd. About this time I saw several fires in the same direction. One of the fires was at T. Persaud. I saw several negro men and women with loot consisting of raw cloth, boxes and cartons which they divided up on the road. I saw members of the Volunteer Force standing on the public road near the shop owned by Quamina during the time of looting. They did nothing. Quamina runs a passenger launch and has a place near to his cakeshop where he stores gasoline.

Around 2 p.m. on 25/5/64 I saw a large crowd of negroes on the river bank opposite T. Persaud's premises. Persons in the crowd held on to some individuals and soak them in the river and brought them back on the shore in the crowd. The individuals that were placed in the river were women. I saw two Indian fellows push out in a boat from the crowd and two others jumped in the river and swam out to catch the boat and negroes went after them in the river. The Indians escaped.

One Obermuller, who runs a boat service, and has a place opposite the Post Office where he runs a bar, was taking several gallon cans (Esso tins) from his boat landing where he stores the gasoline for his boat, to his bar. This was around 2 p.m.

I was unable to say what happened to my wife and children at that time, but at about 2.30 a.m. on 26/5/64, three volunteers came with a jeep from the north and I stopped them and they took me to the station. At the station I was sent by Mr. Langham of Demba to the Trade School, but I did not find my wife there. I returned to the station and as I got there I met my wife and children. They were not injured. We went across the river to the Sports Club from where we were brought to Georgetown later in the day.

The house which I occupied was destroyed by fire. I have not been able to remove any of my personal belongings. I have not gone back to Wismar since. I value my things at about \$700.00

(sgd.) Surujpaul Singh

11-6-1964

COPY

Georgetown,

Demerara.

15th June, 1964.

Statement of Elma Singh

I live at Lot 2, First Street, Alexander Village, E.B. Demerara with my husband Surujpaul Singh and six children. Up to 25th May, 1964, I lived at 170 Silvertown, Wismar, Demerara River. I am a housewife.

On Monday 25th May, 1964, at about 6.30 a.m. my husband left house at Wismar for work. ^{remained at home. We were in the house} Myself and six children/during the morning hours, when at about 11.00 a.m. I saw a crowd of negro men and women numbering over one hundred (100) pass in front of my house, on the street. I was standing outside as the crowd passed. I heard a person in the crowd asking another if she is an Indian - meaning me. I did not hear any reply. When I heard this I got frightened and went in the house and locked up the doors and windows.

There were many fires in the area from about 9.00 a.m. This was when I saw the first fire. At about 7.30 a.m. I went to the Police Station to make a report as during the night an attempt was made to set fire on the house. I made my report to the Sergeant. I told him to send a police right away to see how they set the fire and he said he would send one later on. From inquiries which I made no police went to my house. After I left the Station I went to the market. I saw a crowd of negroes standing by the roadway. I did not stop at the market but went to my sister-in-law at Silvercity. I spoke to her and then asked a neighbour who is a member of the Volunteer Force to drop me home. He took me on a bicycle and dropped me in the street where I live. This was about 9.00 a.m. I heard the neighbour saying "Look fire" and when I looked on the hill I saw fire. Two houses were alight. From this time on I saw several houses on fire. A house by the street-end occupied by one David Pirai, an Indian man, was set alight a little after 11.00 a.m., when the crowd had passed my gap. Another house owned by one Roshan Alli was also on fire shortly after.

At about half-past eleven a crowd passed in front of my house again shortly after I heard an explosion and saw smoke coming from a house about ten rods away and to the north of me. I saw people in the crowd throwing things at the house. The crowds were very hostile.

At about 2 p.m. I was so afraid that I took the children out of the house and we all hid in the grass behind our neighbour's (Rudolph Greene) toilet. There are quite a number of plaintain trees there and we broke down some leaves and covered ourselves with them. We remained in this position till about 6 p.m. We then came out and after staying out for

/about

about an hour, we again went to the sucker trees. I saw no crowds during the time we came out of hiding. As we were going to hide again because of fear, my neighbour came and saw us and took us to his house. He has a number of rooms under his house, and he put myself and children in one of them and locked us up. He told us to keep quiet as he did not want any body to know that we were in there. The room is to the back of the house.

At about 7.30 p.m. a fire started at the third building from my neighbour's house. I heard a lot of voices on the road. Many people were on the road and about 8.30 p.m. I saw my house on fire. I did not come out of the room and could not say who were there, but my neighbours were throwing water on their house to prevent the fire from spreading.

There were several explosions before I saw the fire and smoke. I was so distressed that I paid no attention to what the people were saying, so I could not say anything about this. I remained hiding in the room until the early hours of Tuesday morning.

At about 3.30 a.m. on 26/5/64 a jeep drove up in front of my neighbour's house. The children were asleep and I awoke them and hurried out to the jeep in which were four volunteers. We went in the jeep and they took us to the station. The only thing that I ^{from the house on Monday afternoon} took away/was a grip of clothing. I had put a sewing machine, a bed and some wares outside before we went in hiding, but all these were left behind when we left for the Police Station on Tuesday morning.

(Sgd.) Elma Singh
15/6/64.

COPY

GEORGETOWN,
18th June 1964.

Ganga Persaud states:

I am 25 years old and I am presently stopping at my mother-in-law's residence at 29 First Street, Alexander Village, East Bank, Demerara. I am married and I have 2 children.

Formerly I was living at Wismar Hill, Demerara River, with my family, and I was engaged in farming and I also had a stall in the market at Wismar.

On Monday, 11th May, 1964, I travelled up to Wismar from Georgetown. On Tuesday 12th I unload the goods from the launch and took it to the stall at the market. I worked at the stall all day and about 6 p.m. I closed up the stall and proceeded to go home. I was joined by my brother and a friend and we went to my house. My brother and friend left my house and went out for a short time. After some time I went in search for them and I met them at a shop. A little later we left the shop for home and when we about to climb the hill I heard some footsteps behind us. Suddenly I was struck from the back with a piece of wood and I fell on the ground. Whilst on the ground I still received several blows and then I saw the person who attacked me. I recognised him immediately he is call Wale Bone Vida. I shouted to my brother and friend who was in front of me to run away and get some help. My **attacker** kicked me down in the gully and went away. Before I was kicked into the gully I noticed about 5 person chasing after my brother. Some time after a neighbour of mine approached me and I sent him to call the police. A corporal and two policemen came and they took me to the hospital on a stretcher made out of canvas. I was admitted in the hospital and I lost conscientiousness.

On Wednesday 13th of May I was x rayed. On the Thursday my wife took me out of the hospital and we travelled up to Georgetown on the Friday. On the said Friday I was admitted at the Public Hospital, Georgetown, where I spent six days. The last time I saw my house was on Friday 1st May at about 7.45 a.m. I understand that my house broken up and that all the materials were carried away; I understand also that all my furniture and other household goods were taken away. I am informed that my stall at the market was looted. I value all my belonging at about \$1,800.00 (eighteen hundred dollars).

/was

(Sgd.) Ganga Persaud 18.6.64.

COPY

June 22 1964 - Noor Mohamed Annandale (92, South)

He was returning home from work 3 p.m. saw crowd of people at Ramsingh St, Buxton end. He saw about 6 volunteers standing at Buxton Sideline Dam. Also about 7 Negroes came over sideline dam from Buxton attacking from there, carrying sticks. He ran to scene.

When he reached there a volunteer (gun No. HQ 72) holding a gun called out to the Negroes "come away from there the soldiers are coming". The negroes heard him & recrossed dam into Buxton. He told them not to stand there but get into their yards. Negroes all went away.

The soldiers came in a jeep (about 5) soldiers took 2 women & 1 man (Indian) to Vigilance Police Station to give statements.

Whilst the above was happening 3 volunteers went into the house of Kadram, to search for ammunition. They left without finding anything.

COPY

July 5th 1964. Norman Mohabir 4.30 p.m.

Lt. Guerelli in charge of platoon at Annandale North came over & called a meeting on the street & asked for co-operation from the villagers. They must bring out all guns ammunition gelignite etc. & put it on the road. He was told that there were no arms, & that if there had been there would have been more killing on July 4th when Ghandi & the 2 women were killed. He said he did not believe this. And that if they did not co-operate he would have to withdraw his platoon from the area & leave negro & Indian to fight it out. He made remarks that "you all are communists". There were protests from the crowd that the soldiers handled them roughly. He said that they were there to do a job to fight all troublemakers & the communists. He said that all arms must be in by 9 a.m. July 6 & left.

COPY

July 4th 1964. Noor Mohamed. 5 p.m.

He was at brother-in-law house Lot 74 Annandale South. Heard a noise coming from market St. He left & went towards it.

Before reaching the street he heard someone shouting "Ghandi was badly beaten". He rushed to Ghandi who was lying face down on the road. Tried to lift him, but saw he was covered with blood & dead. (real name Sahadeo Persaud).

He left him & returned to his own bridge where he saw a Volunteer standing near it. Behind him were about 15-20 Negroes from Buxton. He told them to go back & come by the other street, because the soldiers would be coming soon.

They did so, going back Market St. came through Eastern St., & went to the back where they murdered the 2 women.

COPY

July 5th Mohamed Aziz 6.30 p.m.

Whilst he and others were on Northern side of Annandale warning people to keep watch one shot was heard discharged. The Volunteers were on watch then. 10 minutes later soldiers came to investigate. Volunteers went to sideline dividing Buxton from Annandale. The men had to hide away off the streets. Later at 9 p.m. the Buxtonians came onto the same piece of dam to attack. Alarm was given & the soldiers appeared & dispersed it.

It appears that the volunteer partiality helps the Buxtonians to attack whenever the soldiers are out of the way. The people are much afraid of this & fear now that the negroes have moved out of Annandale, that worse will happen.

COPY

ZAIRA Annandale North Lot 34

July 4th Saturday - 5 p.m.

When 6 Volunteers came in to Annandale on the sideline between Buxton & Annandale, one of them blew a whistle & beckoned with his hand to the Buxtonians to come over into Annandale. About 200 Negroes crossed over with the Riot Squad in front. They started to pelt windows with bottles in Nkrumah St. When she saw this she went on her landing & called out to the Riot Squad "you see how the people are destroying the windows". One of the Riot Squad told her to get inside & keep quiet.

After half an hour they all ran back into Buxton. Zaira heard that her sister had been chopped to death (Baby Debra).

Signed: Zaira
P. David.

COPY

STATEMENT

July 14th 1964

My name is Farida Ally and I live at Meter-meer-Zorg West Housing Scheme Lot 154. My husband's name is Asgar Alli and I have 3 children all girls from 5-1 year old. My husband is a labourer at present on strike.

On Saturday July 11th about 8 p.m., 2 Negroes named Anthony and George Small came under the house ^{and set fire to the floor of the house.} I opened the window and see them run away, when I shone the torch I saw a strange boy back of the yard 3 or 4 rods. When I see him I close the window and he fire 2 shots one after the other. I start to call the names of these men and the neighbours around start to shout it too. We shouted about 15 minutes & then the soldiers came. 7 soldiers came (a patrol) and 2 of them run upstairs & take me and my children out & take us to the jeep and put us to sit down. My husband was not there they lock him up & carry him about 12 o'clock the same day. Some of the soldiers went under the house and out the fire. Then they asked me who and who set this fire & I tell them the name, & they pick them up & carry them to the station. The next day the Police then loose them - when they come and see the damage they go back & loose them. They asked me where was the shot fired and I pointed on the northern side of the kitchen. They said they suspected the soldiers took their bayonets & bore the wall.

This morning July 14th about 3 o'clock in the morning, I woke up and went to the ventilation & saw 2 persons 2 negro men one named Talbot Warner & the other Ernest Brandt, trying to rip out the zinc from the window & push in the door. I started to shout and they ran away.

Signed: Farida Ally.

COPY

La Jalousie,
West Coast Demerara,
6th July, 1964.

Dear Dr. Jagan,

My husband, George Dipchand as you know is in Detention Camp at Mazaruni. I have twelve children and I find it difficult to manage financially. We have a gas station and workshop, which my husband used to look after. What am I to do now? I cannot run the business efficiently and I need money to send my children to school, feed and clothe them.

I wrote to the Commissioner of Police asking him for protection for my home, as there is a gas station below the house. I have not received any reply from him whether I'll be given protection or not.

Please reply me as early as possible and see in what respect you can help me.

Thank you.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

(Sgd.) Madelene Dipchand

COPY

July 6th 1964

Sahadu - husband
Sukwanti - wife
6 children (1 boy - 5 girls, 11-6 months)

Lot 148 Friendship Village. This house was burnt flat the night of the funeral of Mr. & Mrs. Sealey of Friendship. The family had already left the house & gone to Sukwanti's mother at Annandale Lot 12 Corney St.

They moved from there to Lusignan front (in front of Community Centre) & built a small shed (for which 20 \$ was given by WPO fund) This was around 22nd June. On Saturday 5 p.m. July 4th an Indian man beaten to death on Main St. in Annandale & trampled by car. More Negroes then came into Annandale, went into the house of Sukwanti's mother (name Bhagwantie called Finey) chopped to death Bhagwanti's daughter Rhajdai, her small son chopped (in hospital) the husband got away; Bhagwantie ran from upstairs but was beaten & chopped on both hands, 2 fingers cut off & back of the head chopped. She is in hospital. Woman in next house also chopped, fingers of one hand off & head cut (called Glassy) Also in hospital. Woman called Baby (husband name Ramjeet Deebra) also killed in house back of Bhagwantie.

In need of financial assistance. Alright for clothes.

COPY

July 6, 1964 - At 7:30 A.M. On passing through Buxton going West were stoned & badly damaged.

I examined cars PO 266 & PH 625. Both front windshields were completely destroyed & side windows.

HO 383 - Owned by Cyril Mangru

PO 266 " " Gopaul Rambharan & driven by Bally Karim of Cane Grove

PH 625 - Owned & driven by Valentine Chichester of Danzig, Mahaica. His pregnant wife was hit by stone on chest & abdomen & another Indian woman injured in head. Both at PHG.

They complained of no police or army patrols in the area. They were attacked opposite Church of God, Buxton. They reported on way down at Beterverwagting Police Station. Officer was not only uncooperative but abusive. Told them to report at Vigilance P.S. This, they said, would be dangerous as they could hardly risk to stop at Buxton & be further marked by Buxtonians.

Spoke to Mr. Tamaya of Ministry of H.A., who asked me to send them to Mr. Puttock & he would also speak to Col. King about need for Public Road military patrols at Buxton.

(sgd.) J. Jagan

COPY

STATEMENT

British Guiana,
County of Demerara.

6th July, 1964
2.30 p.m.

My name is Hardat Singh, and I live at Lot 17, Annandale South, East Coast, Demerara. I am married and my wife is alive and I have 4 children, all girls. I am a tailor and cutter and work at home. I am 26 years of age. Yesterday morning which was Sunday 5th day of July, 1964, about 9 a.m. a jeep with 3 armed British Soldiers came to my house, I was under the house at the time and all three came into the yard. One of them was an officer who asked me to go upstairs. I went upstairs with him while the other 2 remained downstairs. He did not say anything to me but started to search the entire house, while he was searching one of the soldiers came up and showed him a cartridge, telling him that he found it under my house. The officer asked me if I know anything about it, I told him no, he said that I got the cartridge and I must got the gun. I said I got no gun and somebody or they themselves must put it there. The officer then told me I have to go to Vigilance Police Station. They then took me to the jeep and drove to Vigilance. They did not take me into the station but they reverse and I asked them where they taking me now and the officer said they were taking me home. Instead of taking me back home they took me to Buxton back land and the officer took me out of the jeep and carried me to the canefield about 50 yards and told me to brace on a coconut tree which I did. He took out his bayonet and boring the coconut tree around my head saying that he going to kill me and throw me into the canal or left me there and let the negroes beat me and kill me if I did not tell him who was the leader of the P.Y.O. and all who have ammunition because I know the Government is getting plenty of guns from Cuba. I told him I know nothing at all what he is telling me. Then he said he is giving me 24 hours to make up my mind. He then put me back in the jeep and took me home about 11.00 a.m. I have not seen him since. I recognise the officer as the one in today's Graphic newspaper, page 7 as Lieut. Guerelli encircled.

(Sgd.) Hardat Singh.

Signed Copy is with me.

(Sgd.) Ramkarran

COPY

Norman Mohabir of 76, North Annandale states:

I am 35 years of age and living at Annandale for the past 10 years. I am the Senior Assistant Book-Keeper at Pln. Enmore Accounts Office. I am also Vice-President of the Parent-Teachers Association of the Annandale Secondary School. On July 4th, 1964, I was at home when at about 5.00 p.m. I heard a loud noise on the Public Road which runs through Annandale opposite my house. I looked out and saw a large crowd of Africans coming from Buxton towards Annandale. There were no Police or Volunteers to prevent them from entering Annandale. I then came out of my house and proceeded Westward on the Main Street where I saw a number of East Indians attempting to cross the public road to get to the Southern section of Annandale as it appeared that Africans from Buxton had invaded Southern Annandale by way of the back streets and had killed one Sahadeo Persaud known as Gandhi. The East Indians were held up at gun-point by about three members of the Riot Unit and Volunteer Force who had come into Annandale. I looked towards South Annandale and saw about five African members of the Riot Unit and the Volunteer Force among the African hooligans who had gathered in South Annandale. I also saw a black car No. HL 606 containing Africans being driven by an African into South Annandale at a very fast rate of speed. It was driven over the dead body of Gandhi which was lying on the road.

In the meantime a Volunteer who had gone towards the Buxton Africans who had by this time stopped on the side line dam between Buxton and Annandale, signalled the Africans from Buxton to follow him into Annandale. They began to advance into Annandale led by the Volunteer.

However, the Army came up and the Volunteers at the Main Street signalled to the on-coming African to go back into Buxton and shouted that the Army had arrived and that they should go back. The Africans then hastily ran back into Buxton. The Army then went into South Annandale stopped by Gandhi's body, examined it and then chased the remaining Africans into Buxton. Upon investigation I learnt that apart from Sahadeo Persaud, Finey was severely wounded in both arms and her head. Rajwanti who had gone to her neighbour Rajdai's house to seek shelter was brutally chopped and subsequently died on her way to Georgetown Hospital. Rajdai to whose house Rajwanti had gone was callously murdered in her yard. Ghasie was severely injured on her body and head. These atrocities, I understood were committed by the Africans living around the area where Rajwanti, Finey, Rajdai and Ghasie were living, while Volunteers and members of the Riot Unit were present in that area.

From what occurred in Annandale on the evening of 4th July, 1964, I am of the opinion that the members of the Riot Unit and Volunteer Force all whom were Africans assisted the Africans from Buxton and Annandale to perpetrate their atrocities and barbarism against the peace-loving East Indian Community of Annandale which resulted in the death of Rajdai, Rajwanti and Sahadeo Persaud and the wounding of Ghasie and Finey. The Africans from Buxton have threatened to make Annandale a second Wismar. Their objective, they claim, would be achieved with the help of the African members of the Volunteer Force and Riot Unit who are friendly to their cause.

(Sgd.) N. Mohabir
6/7/64.

COPY

On Sunday afternoon - 5/7/64 - I was sitting on my step at Annandale South and a group of negro boys came running on the sideline dam at Buxton. I got up to watch the crowd and they shouted "look that Red shirt man running with a rifle, and the soldiers came running after me - they opened the gate, came into the yard and three of them hit me with rifles and kicked me to the ground.

They asked me "where is the rifle" and I told them I had none and knew nothing of any rifle. Then while I was still on the ground they pushed a bayonet against my skin and scarred me, then another one told me to get up and while I was standing they ordered me to walk along the street and while I was walking they bored me with the bayonet and began cuffing me again. They stopped me at a cross street and ordered me to open my mouth and legs and put out your tongue and a bayonet was put into my mouth, a jeep of soldiers came while they were doing this to me and they shouted on him (the soldier) "Why are you ill-treating this man like this," and the soldier who shouted said that he'd seen me many times sitting peacefully on my step at the sideline dam - then the one who was ill-treating me ordered me into the jeep and took me to Buxton Company Dam and another jeep came and a soldier with two stripes came and warned me that this was the first time and it must'nt happen again and then he ordered me out of the jeep and told me to go home and I had to walk back through Buxton, to reach home.

(Sgd.)

Harry Persaud
7/7/64

COPY

8th July, 1964.

Jaipersaud, of Annandale North, East Coast Demerara, states:-

On Tuesday, the 7th July, 1964 at about 8.00 P.M., I was in company with Nizamally and Rooplall in South Annandale going to Inshamally who lives in South Annandale. Whilst we were on the street four soldiers came up to us and asked us what we were doing. We told them we were going to Inshamally's house. They took us to where they are living at Buxton side line dam. Whilst there the soldiers asked me if I am a member of the P.P.P. and who are the persons with guns at Annandale. I told them I did not know anyone with guns. They also told that we were at South Annandale because we went to cause trouble. We denied this. They then asked us to make statements. They told me that I must admit going into an African yard with the others to burn down the house. I told them I cannot make such a statement because it was not true. They then started to beat me by cuffing me on my nose, mouth, face and about my body. They also kicked me about my body. One of the soldiers took his bayonet and stuck me on my back. They also put a wet towel around my face and then sprayed it with something that burnt my skin. The soldiers also beat the other two persons with me. They asked me what Mr. Macie Hamid and Mrs. Janet Jagan were doing in Annandale. I told them I did not know whether they were at Annandale. The soldiers said I was lying and that I was a communist and all the Indians are communists and that they will take care of all the Indians. They started to beat me again and started to write down in a piece of paper saying that I must admit everything they say or else they will kill my wife and children.

They released me about 11 a.m. this morning and told me that I must return at 3 p.m. and I must tell them everyone who has guns at Annandale. They said if I don't return at 3 p.m. they will kill me when they catch me again. The soldiers still had the other two persons when I left. The soldiers also forced them to admit things although they did not agree and they were also beaten and kicked by the soldiers.

Jaipersaud (His Mark)

WITNESSES:-

1. Ball Singh, Annandale North Housing Scheme
2. Harrypaul Singh, North Annandale, E.C.Dem.

COPY

Sir James Village,
West Bank Berbice.
8th July, 1964.

The Premier,
Dr. Cheddie Jagan,
Red House,
Main Street.

Sir,

I never intended to address a letter to you. I am never-the-less forced to do so now. I have also dispatched one similar to the Governor.

I am well aware of the fact that the British Army - the Queen's Own Buffs - was called into British Guiana to help preserve the peace in the country. This is fine, once everything is executed in accordance with the laws of the colony. Unfortunately, this is not so, for there are quite a few who are given to cruel and brutish deeds. I am one of the unfortunate victims who recently fell into such a mishap.

I am a man, twenty four years old having a wife and three children. I am accustomed to go every Sunday to Blairmont Community Centre to play cricket and other games. On Sunday, 5th July 1964 I was on my way to play cricket at Blairmont just about two miles from where I live. When I reached Blairmont Settlement No. II I saw some soldiers on the road while others were busy searching a house nearby. It was about 9.30 am and so I stopped to take a look. Suddenly, I was prodded by a soldier with his gun on my ribs while he was busy shouting to me "beat it, beat it." Realising that he was carrying on his duty I smiled and prepared to move off on my cycle. He was not finished. He held on to my shoulder, swung me around, took his left hand and struck me a very stinging and severe slap across the left side of my face, with the back of his hand. He then made me to understand that was the payment for my smile.

What brutality. I am sure that no person in his right mind would ever do such a thing. I would suggest that he be called in for a mental check up and a physical fattening for he was nothing to me. I was never yet so humiliated in all my twenty four years of life.

I made a report at the Blairmont Police Station at about 5.30 pm the very day. They seemed sympathetic enough but I am sure that the matter has been dropped already. I am thoroughly against such actions and so I am now appealing for help. I am a member of the peace committee, I am in fact a Leader of a group in this area and if such behaviour continues I don't know how are we going to return to the peaceful times that we once had. I assure you, Sir, that if this matter is not looked into, I will dispatch a letter to the press.

Yours respectfully,

Rahamat Ali

COPY

On Sunday afternoon (July 5) at about 3.30 p.m. I was sitting on the steps of my house facing the side-line dam dividing Annandale and Buxton, when I saw a crowd of people running northwards on the dam. Then three British Soldiers entered my yard and one came up to me, gave me a hard push with a rifle-butt, tumbling me from the steps. Then the other two hit me with their rifle butts and pitched me through the gate on to the dam. They made me lie down on my back on the dam jabbed a bayonet into my side and asked where is the rifle. I told him I don't know anything about any rifle. They commanded me to get up and one of the soldiers told me that if I do not produce a rifle they will blow my brains off. I again told them I knew nothing about a rifle. A jeep then drove in on the dam where I was lying down. They then commanded me to get up and go into the jeep. When I entered the jeep one of the soldiers ordered me to open my mouth and take out my tongue. When I did so he pushed his bayonet a little into my mouth threatening me to split my tongue in halves. He then put the bayonet near my eyes and told me that he will put the bayonet right through my eyes. He then put the bayonet near to my throat and told me that he will push the bayonet through my throat. They then took me to Buxton with the jeep and stopped at Buxton Company Dam. There another soldier with two stripes came to the jeep and ordered me out of the jeep to go home. I had to walk all the way from there to home.

(Sgd.) Harry Persaud

9/7/64.

COPY

Harry Persaud of Annandale South Housing Scheme, East Coast Demerara, came to the Premier's Office on 9th July, 1964 and reported as follows:-

"On Sunday after (July 5), at about 3,30 p.m. I was sitting on the steps of my house facing the side-line dam dividing Annandale and Buxton when I saw a large crowd of Africans running northwards on the dam. Suddenly I saw three British Soldiers enter my yard. One rushed up and struck me down the steps with the butt of his rifle. The others then struck me with the butts of their rifles, as a result I was thrown through my gate on to the dam. The soldiers ordered me to lie on my back on the dam and then jabbed their bayonets into my sides and asked me to tell them where I had hidden a rifle. I told them I did not have a firearm and knew nothing about any rifle. They commanded me to get up and one soldier told me that if I did not produce a rifle he would shoot my brains out. I again told them I knew nothing about any rifle. An Army jeep then drove up to where I was lying. The soldiers then commanded me to get up. I got up and was then thrown into the jeep. In the jeep, one of the soldiers ordered me to ~~open~~ my mouth and to take out my tongue. When I had done so he pushed his bayonet into my mouth and threatened to split my tongue. Another bayonet was placed near to my eyes and I was told that it would be pushed through my eyes. After some time the bayonet was removed from near my eyes and placed on my throat and I was told that it would be driven through my throat. After that form of torture was relaxed, the jeep was driven into Buxton. It was stopped on the Buxton Company Dam and one of the soldiers with two stripes ordered me to get out of the jeep and to go home. On my way through Buxton a group of African youths ran after me to the great delight of the soldiers whose laughter I heard as I started to run. I was pursued by the Africans up to the side-line dam separating Buxton and Annandale."

(Sgd.) Harry Persaud

COPY

STATEMENT

9th July, 1964

British Guiana

11.15 a.m.

County of Demerara.

My name is Ursula Edoo, I live at Meter-Meer-Zorg, public Road, W.C., Demerara, with my husband and six children, 3 boys and 3 girls, from 16 - 2 years of age. One June 14, 1964, about 5.p.m. while I was in my shop at the above address two negro men named Wendell Stephenson and Carlton Clarke Wendell Stephenson had a cutlass and Clarke a stick, they been a come in me shop me hear when them a say they got a couple of coolie boy in dey le we go in pun them rass. When me hear them say so me tell all you na come in the shop all you go out pun the road. Them go out back, me look outside and see a whole gang of them on the road and Edward Tailor been got a gun in he hand and he say attack man then the whole gang run in the shop and me and me children run in the back of the yard and me begin hear bottle breaking in me shop. Me then peep out and Edward Tailor fire one shot at me with the gun. Me get away then. After me hear the noise cool down me come back about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour later. After me see nobody in the shop me go upstairs and lock the door. Them dey upon the road and start pelting brick upon me roof. Me tell them me know all of them let them do what they like. The suddenly run in the dam. They run across a bridge and go in the pasture dam. Me call me children from the scheme and shut up me cake shop. We then go upstairs. Me then hear murder, murder from the pasture and nough soldiers run in the pasture. Shortly after me see the soldiers come with Wendell Stephenson in a jeep on the road and asked me where is Dhaniram. I tell him I do not know about Dhaniram but the man he got in the jeep run in me shop with a gang of man and break up all me bottle and so. He asked me to bring me gas lamp and he look. He put me in the jeep and put me in the station. When I go in I see some children in the jeep. I make a report. The sergeant asked me if I know all the people. I tell him yes. I assisted the soldiers and I pick out 20 persons. The Police charge them for disorderly and when I go to court and hear the charge I go to the soldiers and tell him the people get charge for disorderly and them the soldiers go and bring them back fo them already gone home and carry them back to station then them charge them for malicious damage. Me then tell the soldier they an charge Edward Taylor for shooting at me, then they charge he. Inspector Britton tell me to release some of the fellows mustn't call ^{all} them name. Me tell he me can release them because all them been at me place. He put me fo sit down till 6.0 oclock in the afternoon and me ask him to go home. He say me can't go me under a charge me ask him fo what and he say me go know just now. He tell me he charge me indictable for chopping Wendell Stephenson. He lock me up whole night and next day they take me to court with Dhaniram. They send home all the other people. The magistrate put me on 150\$ bail. Me case fix for 24th July.

(Signed) Ursula Edoo.

Signed copy of original is with me (Sgd.) Ramkarran
13.7.64

COPY

Annandale,
East Coast Demerara.

9th July, 1964.

Your Excellency,

I have received information over the past few days and had have seen and experienced what I would term Army and Police hostility, brutality and humiliation to persons in Annandale. The Annandale Community as you probably know was the victim of a daylight invasion on 4th July, 1964 by African hooligans from neighbouring Buxton. Four East Indians were killed by the hooligans - twomen and one man, I understand, were killed in their homes. I am not aware of the reasons for the intensification of army activities in Annandale during the period July 5 - 8 and the absence of similar activities in Buxton where several East Indian cars were attacked and their occupants wounded by African hooligans during that period and where African hooligans invaded the Rosignol/Georgetown train when it had stopped at Buxton Railway Station on July 8 and viciously attacked and wounded the East Indian passengers. In Annandale, there were comparatively very few incidents of African cars being attacked over the same period.

The people in Annandale are bewildered and frustrated as a result of the incessant display of hostility, brutality and humiliation to them by the Army and Police. I am of the view, therefore, that the ground is being prepared by members of the Security Forces for violence on an unprecedented scale since sustained or even periodic army or police hostility, brutality or humiliation can force their victims to violent retaliation, the consequences of which would be most distasteful to the civilised world which would eventually learn of the reign of terror under which the peace loving peasantry of British Guiana have been forced to live as a result of the progressive erosion by the Imperial Power of the powers of the elected Government and the denial to the Government of its right to rule.

I feel that some measure of tolerance and sympathy ought to be shown by members of the Security Forces to a simple and peace loving peasantry and I expect Your Excellency as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of law and order to take such steps as would ensure that citizens could be assured of impartial service and justice from the Forces of law and order.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) Shira Alli

For Mothers and Women
of Annandale

Sir Richard E. Luyt, K.C.M.G., D.C.M.
Governor of British Guiana,
Governor's Office,
Main Street, Georgetown.

c.c. Dr. the Honourable Cheddi Jagan, M.L.A.,
Premier.

Dr. the Honourable F.H.W. Ramsahoye, M.L.A.,
Attorney General.

COPY

STATEMENT

British Guiana,
County of Demerara.

9th July, 1964.

On April 24th last after the shooting of One E. Dazeil at Vergenogen, E.B. Essequibo, backdam the Afro-Guyanese of Vergenogen in a real rioting mood swept through the area and burnt a house belonging to one Majid and has beaten Seebarran, Durjodhan Persaud and others. On the said day Durjodhan gave a statement to Superintendent of Police La Borde who ordered the immediate arrests of the persons, namely, Sonnt Cameron, Gladstone Bascomb, Milton Issacs, Dazeil, Nurse, Stewart, and others from what I have known no one was arrested and charged, though a crowd was burning the house belonging to Majid whilst law Officers were there among them. Also a few weeks later a man name Ramsingh has pointed out several persons among whom were some of those names given above who was subsequently charged for arson and was put on bail.

On enquiring from the Police why no one was arrested for the Durjodhan and Seebarran beating I was told that the persons cannot be found. How could violence cease when we are expecting the law officers to do justice and so arrest all law breakers equally, and the officers could only see to arrest Indo-Guyanese and no Afro-Guyanese.

The defence of the police is that the Indo-Guyanese is not making reports but when an Indo-Guyanese give a report the police just laugh and send you away and if you persist you would be pointed out to the holligans to be beaten up, so it is quite clear that no Indo-Guyanese report would be on record.

Signed..
L. Rampersaud,
Lot 6, Greenwich Park,
E.B. Essequibo.

Signed copy is with me.

(Sgd.) Ramkarran

only sprayed on my chest to my face. He then put his cigarette to my nose and I breathe the fumes. I then felt dizzy and weak. He then asked me if I would speak the truth and I answered in the affirmative. He asked me questions again and when I answered him he said I was lying. He threatened to search my house and I was informed that soldiers went to my house but they did not find anything. He did not question me anymore but I was not allowed to leave. The soldiers continued to abuse me and kick me. The soldiers said that we were making all the trouble. About 9 p.m. the said night I was taken to Cove & John Police Station. I was locked up for the whole night. At Cove & John I was given one half of a bread and water which was the only meal I received. On the following day I was taken to Vigilance Police station where I was put in custody. I was released at around 9.30 p.m. on Thursday night.

(sgd.) Sarjoo Samaroo

COPY

Plantation DeKinderen,
East Coast Demerara.

11th July, 1964.

Your Excellency,

On behalf of the residents of Plantations Planters Hall, Zealand and De Kinderen and adjoining areas, I most respectfully beg to draw Your Excellency's attention to the possibility of serious violence breaking out in this district.

For two nights now rifle fire has been going on in this area and rifle shots of the 303 Calibre have been directed towards my house at Plantation Planters Hall. Expended shells of a similar Calibre have also been found elsewhere.

In addition to this, rifle fire at night, I have also seen a number of strangers from Buxton, Anns Grove and Golden Grove, East Coast, in the neighbouring village of Cottage. It is believed that a great deal of this trouble arises from the presence of these strangers in our midst.

I therefore humbly beg to urge that some immediate action be taken to remove these strangers from our midst and that the use of ammunition used exclusively by the armed forces be stopped.

I am,
Your Excellency's
obedient servant,

(Sgd.) Jagroo Seemongal

His Excellency Sir Richard Luyt,
K.C.M.G., D.C.M.,
Governor,
Government House.

c.c. Honourable Premier
Commissioner of Police
N.C.O. Mahaicony.

COPY

CONFIDENTIAL

DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS,
PUBLIC BUILDING,
GEORGETOWN.

DP.PFP-62/118/1

13th July, 1964.

Your Excellency,

I write to draw your attention to an incident involving me which occurred yesterday, Sunday 12th July.

2. I was travelling from Rosignol to Georgetown yesterday morning by train after a visit to my ailing mother in New Amsterdam. Shortly after the train left Rosignol I bent forward to move a suitcase when my pistol, which I was carrying on my person, slipped out and fell. It was apparently seen by a passenger who was sitting opposite to me who seems to have made a report to one of the Volunteers in the train.

3. Shortly afterwards, two armed Volunteers approached me. I got up and suggested that we should speak in the corridor outside the compartment where we were not likely to be observed by many people.

4. In the corridor (which was only about two yards from where I was sitting) I showed one of the Volunteers my pistol and my licence, which I was carrying also. He said that he was going to seize the pistol. I told him that I was the Secretary to the Premier and Permanent Secretary, Department of External Affairs and pointed out that my pistol was licensed and I was carrying it for my protection.

5. Two or three other Volunteers now joined the others who had accosted me, and one suggested that the matter be discussed with a Police N.C.O. who was in the train. I said that I had no objection to this being done, but that any consultation should take place in the corridor where we were, so that no undue attention would be aroused. This request was refused and I was marched by the Volunteers through two carriages packed with passengers and made to sit down near to a group of men, one of whom was supposed to be a Police N.C.O., though he was in plain clothes.

6. He had apparently been told of the matter before and he stated that the pistol should be seized. I again identified myself and repeated that the pistol was mine and that it was licensed (he had been shown the licence). This made no difference.

7. The Volunteers then marched me back to my carriage. On my way I stopped in the corridor where my interrogation had first taken place and formally requested the return of the pistol and my licence. I repeated that I was the Secretary to the Premier and the Permanent Secretary to the Department of External Affairs. I drew attention to the fact that the latter designation appeared on the licence. I told them that if it was that they were not satisfied about my identity I had papers in my bag which would show who I was. I pointed out that in spite of my protests they had paraded me through the train and had thus exposed me to humiliation and possible attack by hostile people who had witnessed the seizure of the pistol. The chief spokesman for the group, one James, said that he was not returning the pistol or the licence. He gave me no explanation.

8. A number of people had gathered around me in the carriage in which the supposed Police N.C.O. was and I was apprehensive of an attack on me. I therefore addressed one of the Volunteers who did not appear to be too enthusiastic about the action of his colleagues, and requested his protection against possible attack. He agreed but was sent away by James, who though not the N.C.O. in charge, seemed to be in charge of the operation against me.

His Excellency the Governor,
Sir Richard E. Luyt, K.C.M.G., D.C.M.,
Government House,
Main Street, Georgetown.

/9.

9. A guard was then mounted over me. The Volunteers then relieved each other at regular intervals. Consultations were held with policemen at every platform and with other Volunteers at Mahaica where the trains crossed. The Police and Volunteers headquarters were notified by telephone that a man had been caught with a pistol, had been apprehended and was being escorted to Georgetown. Everything was done to give the impression that a notorious criminal had been caught red-handed and was being taken to jail. From answers given to a number of questions I asked I gathered that I was a prisoner.

10. I may mention here that at one stage a youth whom I had taught at Queen's College came over and spoke with me and identified me. This made no difference. So it was clear that the behaviour of the Volunteers was not due to any doubts about my identity.

11. As we approached Georgetown I told the Volunteers that I wished to leave the train before the other passengers, to avoid further publicity and embarrassment, and to travel in my own car to Police Headquarters where I wished to speak with the Commissioner of Police. I got no coherent reply. However, at the Georgetown Railway Station, a Volunteer Officer named Martin dashed up to the train and asked for the "man". I was pointed out to him. I told him that my licensed pistol and the licence had been seized by his men and I was requesting their return. He said they were taking me to headquarters. The passengers were now leaving the train. I suggested that we should wait until the passengers had all gone before we left the Superintendent's room at the Georgetown Railway Station, where I had gone to avoid the crowd. My request was brushed aside by Martin and I was escorted by the Armed Volunteers to a waiting van with about seven Special Reserve Policemen. A large number of people watched the van drive off with me as a prisoner.

12. At Eve Leary, the Senior Police Officers to whom I was taken, apparently disgusted with the behaviour of the Volunteers and their Officer, promptly returned my pistol and licence and arranged to have me transported to my car.

13. I have set out the sequence of events in fair detail because I wish Your Excellency to see the studied humiliation to which I have been subjected by the Volunteers and their Officer. I also wish to draw Your Excellency's attention to the fact that because of the deliberate action of the Volunteers I have become marked by the hundreds of people who saw the happenings and this is very likely to have repercussions. I regard the seizure of my pistol and my subjection to the humiliation and embarrassment described as unjustifiable and tyrannical and not calculated to foster confidence in the Volunteer Force.

14. I submit the above for Your Excellency's information and for such action as Your Excellency may deem appropriate.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) H.R. Persaud
Permanent Secretary.

COPY

Georgetown, Demerara,

13th July, 1964.

Jaipersaud called Bhagdad states:

I am a cane-cutter and I live at Annandale, East Coast Demerara.

On Tuesday 7th July, 1964, at about 8.30 p.m. I went to Premlall shop to make some purchases as I was returning home a jeep with three soldiers in it approached me and my other two friends. One of the soldiers went into a yard and he told the other soldiers to take us into the yard. We were then forced to go into the yard. In the yard there was some liquid in a can and a tin filled with tar, there was also a bag. We were forced to pick up these articles and I along with my friends were taken to the soldiers Headquarters in the area. At the Headquarters I was told to kneel down and I was cuffed and kicked by some soldiers whom I can recognise. I was taken upstairs and was sent into a room by the soldiers. In the room were the Lieutenant and Corporal Davis. The Lieutenant then used an instrument with two prongs which was red hot and pass it around my face and eyes. It was so close that it started to burn me. He then called me a Communist dog. He said that Janet is a communist and she put us up to do all the violence. He further stated that he will settle all the collie dogs. He then put a towel on my face and he poured soapy water on it. He sprinkled something on my face and it started to burn. I then became unconscious. He then passed a red hot ball by my eyes. On Thursday 9th at about 3 p.m. I was again taken to the Headquarters where the said Lieutenant and soldiers started to beat me and he then put a revolver under my chin and he threatened to shoot me. On Friday 10th I was forced to accompany the soldiers in a jeep and was told to point out the people in Annandale who had guns. I told him that I did not know who had guns. I was then taken back to Headquarters. The Lieutenant then take me into a room and started to beat me. He throw me on the floor and put he knee on my chest and started to choke me. I was then taken to Vigilance Police station. He told me to inform the Police that me and my friends went to burn the house otherwise he would take me back to the Headquarters and deal with me all over again. He further threatened to take me aback and shoot me.

(sgd.) Jaipersaud

his
mark

X

Witness

(1) Seecharan

(2) Rooplall

COPY

Georgetown, Demerara.

13th July, 1964.

Rooplall states:

I live at Annandale, East Coast Demerara. On Tuesday, 7th July, 1964, at about 8.20 p.m. I along with Bhagdad and another person was walking home. We were approached by soldiers in a jeep who stopped us. One soldier went into a yard and he shouted at the other soldiers to take us in. In the yard there was a tin with liquid in it, tar and bag, and they forced us to pick them up. We were then taken to the soldier's headquarters at Buxton. Corporal Davis then took us to meet the Lieutenant in the room. Whilst we were taken I was cuffed and kicked by other soldiers. The Lieutenant and Corporal Davis and myself was in a room when the lieutenant put a heated instrument near to my ears and then passed it near to my eyes. He told me that if I did not speak the truth he was kill me. He called me a Communist and told me that Janet Jagan was telling us to do all these things. He put a towel on my face and poured soapy water on it. He then sprinkled formalin on the towel and he further told me that he would kill me if I didn't speak the truth. He then ordered another soldier to put me in a room. In the room I was told to put me hands on my head and to brace the wall. When I shift my position he slapped me and said that he would shoot if I did not stand up straight. On Wednesday 8th the soldiers call me back in the room and passed a red hot bolt by my eyes. He said that if I did not speak the truth he would blind me. He put me to lay down and he put a revolver to my ears and he threatened to blow my head off if I did not speak the truth. At about 9 P.M. the said night I was taken to Cove and John Police Station. Before I was taken into the station the soldier threatened that if I did not tell the Police that I went to burn the house he would shoot me. At the station in the presence of three police he said that if I did not tell the police that I went to burn the house he would kill me. When we were alone he told me that he would take me to Buxton and let the negroes shoot me. As a result I was afraid and I give the Police statement that I went to burn the house. I was allowed to go on Friday.

(Sgd.) Rooplall.

COPY

Henry King Statement

My name is Henry King I was living at one mile Wismar Demerara River County of Demerara Colony of British Guiana.

On Monday night around 8.30 P.M. I was at mother Peters house I saw a man pass the house of mother Peters and he flash a light at my house, and he went up the road about 5 rods and turn back pass my house again with a next man who I know as George Marshall and they flash light again, I became suspicious and I told mother Peters is seems as something is wrong, I started to watch their movement the 2 men pass back flashing their light again a little while later George Marshall and 3 men pass again stop opposite my house and turn left and went to Miss Shirley ask ^{Miss} Shirley which is King's house and I saw Miss Shirley poited the house to George Marshall and they came to my house and calling for me, my wife told them I am not at home George Marshall telling my wife to tell King put your arrow and Bow and gun one side if not you and your family will be shot to death, my wife ask George Marshall what are going to kill my husband and all of us, and my wife ask Marshall what you want my husband for Marshall said when we get him you will know. Then the 2 men went under the house and light the house afire and George Marshall light the centre beam himself, then my eldest son said they light our house afire I will shoot them and the men ran out the yard. I shone my light and saw George Marshall running out from my yard my son put out the fire I then went to the Wismar Police Station and I reported the matter, then Soldiers and Police went with me my wife was hiding to a neighbour I called her out and she got out some things for me and my wife and children went back to my neighbour and 2 of my big boys came with me to the Station where we spent the night, then Tuesday morning I went to work around 10.30 A.M. George Marshall came to me saying King you told someone that I was at one mile last night I said nothing to George Marshall he was in Company with one Stephenson whilst he was speaking to me. I told him then I said nothing to no one he then push his hands in his pocket and took out a knife saying I am going to push this in your rass. I stood up for a while then I went to the General Foreman and I related my story to him he is Mr. Lewis Matthew I ask him for leave and I joined the steamer as a refugee.

(sgd.) Henry King

13.7.64.

Write in c/o Morawahana Police Station
N.W.D.

Wife: Leath King Lot 1 Prince William St.
Plaisance

Son: Bertee King 242 Mubali St.
Mc Kenzie

COPY

BRITISH GUIANA
COUNTY OF DEMERARA.

14. 7. 64.
2 p.m.

I Farida Ally called Carmen of Meten-Mer-Zorg, West Housing Scheme lot 154, West Coast, Demerara.

States. I am 21 years of age and married to Azgar Ally called Loli. I have 3 children all girls 5 years to 1 year 4 month of age. My husband was charged on the 11/7/64 at Leonora Police Station with arson. He was placed on \$2,500 bail and is still in prison. On the same Saturday night about 8.30 p.m. I was in my kitchen and I smell something like smoke and gasoline and I get up easy and open my kitchen window and when I shine my torch light I see two negro men running away from under the house I shine the light to see where they were going and I see another man I see his face but I don't know his name. He was sitting on the ground near my paling with a gun in his hand. I close the window quickly and he fire a shot which register on my northern wall. I start to shout fire fire and all my neighbours around start to shout. We shout about 15 minutes then the soldiers came. Two of them run upstairs and bring down me and my children and some of them out the fire under my house. They then asked me if I know the persons names and I told them yes one is Anthony and one is George Small and the next one I know his face but I don't know his name. The soldiers then left me and put my neighbours to stay with me. The same night about 10 p.m. the soldiers came back and showed me the two persons who they had in the jeep. I identify them as Anthony and George Small the same persons who I see running out from under my house. They live in main street, Meten-Meer-Zorg. I knew them before. The soldiers then take them to the station. I went to the station next morning and showed them the bag that they catch the fire with under my house. The soldiers who came back the next morning to identify the shots on the wall took me to the station. I made a report to the police in the station and they did not take it. I sat down in the station for a long time then the soldiers came back and saw me with the bag in my hand. They asked me why I did not give it to the police and I told them the police don't want to take it. The soldier then take the bag and gave it to the police and they took me home. About midday Sunday a detective come and take a statement from me. He look at the wall and said that is not gun shot mark, that look like the soldiers take their becyonet and bore the wall. The same dectetive came back the afternoon with another one he take another statement from me, which I signed. Yesterday morning I went to the station and was told by a policeman that they loose the two men and they have not charged them. The soldier corporal in charge of the jeep name Roy Sup. Britton in charge of Leonora Police Station has family living in Meten-Meer-Zorg and they name Williams and they are the ring-leader in the district and when any report make about them he don't do anything to them. He set them free. I cannot sleep at night for my husband is not at home and I am very afraid.

(Sgd.) Farida Ally.

COPY

I have been on strike for the last 5 months. Owing to the tension in the area wick I lived Tuchen I with an agreement with my Father in Law exchanged the house in which we lived with Mr. F. Hope from Zeluyt. The house for which we exchange owers was damiged by wire. This mean it is my responsibility to have it reparid. The only way in which I can do this is by public Assisance. In order to qualify for public Assisance I must get a form stamp by the police in the eara. When I went to the police station to get this don. I was chased a way. I even a Brish soldier to sign the form as proof that I was realy in need of Assisance. But still the police refused. I have no where else to turn to because in by oppion the only reason for this axtion by the police is because I am an Indo-Guisnees.

Thursday july 16 1964

(Sgd.) Mohamed Assim
Ocean View.

The day I visit the police station was the 9 july 1964.

(Sgd.) Mohamed Assim.

My Father in Law of Tuchen East Bank Essequibo has exchange his house with a Negro man at Zelugt. The house step has burn I went to the police station to get my paper stamp and the police sent me away. I told him that I meat a Sooldier and he sing his name on it.

COPY

STATEMENT

22/7/64

by Jasodra also called Kousilla

My name is Jasodra also called Kousilla and I live at Lot 136 Market St., Triumph West. My husband's name is Bhagwandi; my brother & my mother & stepfather are also living at me.

At about 10.30 a.m. on July 21st I went to church & my brother mother & stepfather went out to Mon Repos at the house of Rupuita Tehan Lot 70. My husband was working at the backyard of our house.

I been in church and heard a hollering on the road. They saw the black man come for attack we there. My house is surrounded by houses where Negroes are living. I run to my home thinking something happened.

As soon as I meet I ran through the back as there were Negroes on the road. I went in the house & heard stones thrown at the house, the windows start to break. My husband tried to run to the house but bricks and bottles were pelted at him and he had to remain at the back.

I heard steps so I locked the door. They broke open the door. I catch up some transport papers from the drawer & I run to the kitchen & fling it to me husband. ^{He run & take it & run back.} I saw Agard & Brother, 2 negroes who live on either side of me, run into my house by the front, Agard holding a bottle in his hand, and Brother holding my washed clothes from under the house.

I ran down the back steps. As I reach the 2nd step I heard 2 shots fire under the house. I continued run down to my husband. When I look I see my neighbour Benji Gravesandi had fire. I saw a man they call Archie Ardin & his stepson, & one boy called Leon, & one they call Earl Ardin & more of them, all rush up my front step.

About 2 rods from my front gate I saw a jeep with khaki roofing but I couldnt see who in it because of the zinc paling. I watch me house & see smoke & fire. I shouted for help I saw Willie Benjamin & Kenneth Benjamin ran over with a gun. My husband & I & one Kissoon start to run. I heard the gun firing. I run on the road, towards Samai bridge. But Benjamin's wife call out and we had to turn back. We ran to the middle walk dam & someone pushed over a boat & we crossed over & went to some people's home. My husband saw the jeep in front of the house with 4 black clothed police sitting in it. I saw the jeep come round when I was running towards Samai Bridge & so I turned back. The Police have not taken a statement yet they say they are too busy now.

Signed for Jasodra called Kousilla.

COPY

Georgetown.

23/7/64.

Mohamed Azeez states:

I live at Annandale, East Coast, Demerara, and I am a sugar worker.

On Saturday 4th July, 1964, at Annandale North by the Market Road, I heard people shouting that Africans were attacking East Indians at Annandale South. I then left where I was and started to run towards where I was told the trouble was going on. When I was about 100 yards away from the scene I saw a man lying on the ground with his face downwards. At that time I saw some members of the Volunteer Force leading about 300 Africans from Buxton into Annandale. When they reached by where I was standing one member of the volunteer force told the Africans who were following to go back because the soldiers were coming. At that stage the Africans began to run back.

(Sgd.) M. Azeez

COPY

BRITISH GUIANA

COUNTY OF DEMERARA.

AFFIDAVIT.

I, GRAVSANDE, male East Indian, of lot 137 Market Street, Triumph Village, East Coast, Demerara, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:-

1. That I am a store assistant employed by the Central Agriculture Station, Mon Repose, East Coast, Demerara. I am 48 years of age, and have a wife and ten children, 4 boys and 6 girls, age 18 years to 1 year.

2. I live in Triumph Village for the past 30 years. Eight years ago I bought a wooden cottage in the said village which I occupied with my family. The area in which I live is predominantly Negro. There are six cottages occupied by Indians.

3. Until the 21st July, 1964, there has been no disturbances in any area, but on that date about 9 a.m. when I was coming from my farm I noticed about 20 negro boys pelting stones at the Hindu Temple where Indians were praying as the day was declared a day of national mourning and reconciliation. I became afraid and thought it best to remove my children and belonging from my home. I ran home and told my children to run over to the next side of the village where there are many Indians living. They did so, and I started to get some of my children's books out of the house, as I was getting out of my back door my negro neighbour Willie Benjamin fire a shot at me. I threw myself down and ran away. My eldest son who was with me hid in the yard. I ran out of the road and a crowd of negroes about 40 came up to my house and started throwing stones and bottles at it. I was about 20 rods from there. I recognised most of them as negroes around my area. I saw one man whom I recognise as Marcus my next door neighbour's son jump over my paling separating their house from mine. He had a bucket in his hand. Then four other negroes jumped over after him and they went into my house with the bucket, and few minutes later the whole house was on fire. I then saw Willie Benjamin shooting from his yard in the direction of where Indians are living so as to prevent them from coming to put out the fire. I then ran away. I then went and complained to the soldiers, they made no attempt to stop or arrest anyone, and they told me to report the matter to the police. I went to the Beterverwagting Police Station the next day about 9 a.m. The sergeant told me to come back 2 p.m. I went back about 2 p.m. and was told to hold on. The statement was eventually taken about 5 p.m. I named Willie Benjamin and one Marcus, but the police have done nothing so far to apprehend them.

(Sgd.) Gravesande

Sworn to at Georgetown, Demerara,

the 24th day of July, 1964.

BEFORE ME

(Sgd.) Maccie Hamid

A COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS TO AFFIDAVITS.

COPY

BRITISH GUIANA
COUNTY OF DEMERARA

AFFIDAVIT

I, RAMLAKHAN, male East Indian, of Triumph Village, East Coast, Demerara, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:-

1. On Tuesday the 21st July, 1964, about 10.30 a.m. I was working in my kitchen garden at Triumph Village, which is part of the premises where I live and which premises is enclosed when about twenty-five Africans came into my yard followed by three British soldiers.
2. The soldiers told me "halt, don't move".
3. I kept standing quietly.
4. The Africans then started to beat me with sticks and paling staves on my head and other parts of my body in the presence of the soldiers.
5. After I was severely beaten the soldiers told the Africans to leave and pushed them away with their gun-butts.
6. One of the soldiers then arrested me and took me to a dam and was told to sit there. Whilst I was there the three soldiers began to arrest other East Indian men who were around there.
7. The soldiers, that is the three who went in my yard and others arrested about ten East Indian men and about five Africans who were seen throwing stones at East Indians.
8. We were all taken to the police station at Beterverwagting.
9. The police took me to the Georgetown Hospital where I was examined by a doctor and was issued with a medical certificate which the police kept.
10. When I returned to the police station I did not see any African and was informed that they were released by the police.
11. I was put on bail for the sum of \$50.00 and released on the following morning at 1 a.m.
12. The other East Indians were charged and released on bail on the 23rd July, 1964, at 3 p.m.

(Sgd.) Ramlakhan

Sworn to at Georgetown, Demerara,
this 24th day of July, 1964,

BEFORE ME

(Sgd.) Maccie Hamid

A COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS TO AFFIDAVITS.

COPY

BRITISH GUIANA.

COUNTY OF DEMERARA.

AFFIDAVIT.

I, JASODRA, also known as and called Kousilla, female East Indian, of Triumph Village, East Coast, Demerara, being duly sworn make oath and say as follows:

1. On Tuesday about 10.00 a.m. I was at church at Triumph Village, praying when I heard stones being thrown on the church. Myself and others ran out and saw many africans throwing stones, bottles, etc. on the church.

2. I returned home and closed the door and windows as Africans were throwing stones at my neighbour's house. My neighbour is an East Indian, Gravesander.

3. Soon after I heard stones being thrown at my home and the door was broken by Agard, an African, who lives opposite me. He came in the house with a bottle containing liquid and was followed by an African called Brother who lives next to Agard.

4. Whilst in the house they started to break up the furniture, etc, and I started to run out of the house by the back entrance. At the same time I heard the firing, two times of a gun. When I came out of the house I saw Willie Benjamin, an African and his brother Kenneth with a gun, each.

5. By this time Gravesande's house was on fire and about 10 Africans, Marcus, Archie Hardine, Leon, Earl, Hubert and a few others were in Gravesande's yard.

6. The persons who were on Gravesande's yard then came into my home and soon after my house was on fire.

7. Both Willie and Kenneth Benjamin started to fire their gun and I started to run toward the East Indian section of the Village. I ran for about 25 rods and fell and became unconscious.

8. During the time when my house and Gravesande's house were stoned and burnt a jeep with police stood by without trying to prevent the Africans from damaging or burning the houses.

9. About 3 p.m. I returned and saw British Soldiers and requested that one of them should follow me into my yard to recover a small suitcase which I had left when I escaped from the house and which contains important papers. The soldiers refused saying that they do not intend to assist any East Indians as the East Indians are Communists. My husband and I then went for the suit-case.

10. Later three policemen came and asked me what had happened. I told them what I say and named the persons whom I saw burning the houses and with guns. The police corporal told me to go to the police station on the following day to make a statement.

11. I went to the station on the following day and was told by the police to return on the following day, that is the 23rd July, 1964. I returned to the station on the 23rd July, 1964 at about 8.30 a.m. and was told to return at 3 p.m. when I returned at 3 p.m. I was told by a policeman that no one was present to take the statement.

Sworn to at Georgetown, Demerara, (Sgd.) Jasodra her
x
mark
this 24th day of July, 1964,

Before me,

(Sgd.) Macie Hamid J.P.

A Commissioner for oaths to affidavits.

And I hereby certify that the foregoing document was read over and explained by me to the deponent (Sgd.) Jasodra who seemed perfectly well to understand the same and made her mark in my presence this 24th day of July, 1964.

(Sgd.) Maccie Hamid
Commissioner for Oaths to Affidavits.

COPY

Tain, Port Mourant,
Corentyne, Berbice,
British Guiana.
26 th July, 1964.

Hon. Dr. Cheddie B. Jagan,
Premier of British Guiana,
Red House,
High Street, Georgetown.

Dear Sir,

I would like to bring to your notice an incident of brutality I suffered at the hands of the soldiers stationed at Port Mourant, on Thursday, 23 rd July, 1964.

On Thursday, 23 rd July, 1964 around 3 p.m. two boys were interfering with my sister, Radha about 15 years old. When I scolded them, they tried to assault me. I defended myself with an old paling stave which was lying near the fence in my yard, and in the scuffle, I hit one of the boys and fractured one of his hands. The two boys then got away. Accompanied by a friend, I immediately set off walking for the nearest Police Station which is about two miles east of my home, in order to report the incident.

After walking about three quarters of a mile east, we arrived at Bloomfield Village, when a party of six soldiers along with one of my assailants came up with a jeep around 3.45 p.m. I was picked up and put in the jeep. Instead of taking me to the Whim Police Station, they carried me westwards to their barracks at the Port Mourant Overseers Compound. There, the boy (my assailant) was allowed to come off the jeep, but I was taken inside the barracks and pushed into a room in which three other soldiers were sitting. My six captors (soldiers) also entered the said room and closed the two doors.

One of the three soldiers who was sitting in the room when I was pushed in, asked one of the six soldiers why I was there.. In reply the one said that I hit a boy with a weapon and broke his hand. On hearing this, the three got up and together with the six they circled me. They then began cuffing and pushing me from one to the other all around the circle until I fell to the ground, when they kicked me in my belly, in my sides and on my nose almost between the eyes.

They then picked me up and gave me the same routine again, until I fell to the ground, once more. This continued for about fifteen to about twenty minutes. Everytime they picked me up, they would say - "Watch me good. We came here to kill and not to protect. You are all communists." All the while my nose was bleeding profusely.

When they were thoroughly satisfied using me as a punching bag and a football, I was forced to stand. One of them then placed a gun in my hand and said "Shoot me as you're playing a man." After I did not take the gun, he tugged me and opened one of the doors of the room (not the one we came in by). He showed me some other guns with bayonets fixed leaning against the walls and told me to take any one of them in there as I did not want his. After I did not do as he requested, I was commanded to stretch both hands upwards. I forced myself with all my remaining strength and managed very painfully to stretch them upwards, praying that this ordeal and brutality would soon be over. However, no sooner had I complied with this request when I was ordered to take a deep breath and as soon as I did so, he hit me three cuffs on my ribs.

The six soldiers who brought me in then left and the three whom I saw in the room when I was pushed in remained. I was left standing there with my hands stretched up in the air and my nose bleeding. One of the three soldiers then asked me what I would say when I go outside the barracks. I did not answer him so he said - "If you dare tell anyone what happened to you in here, the next time we see you we will kill you."

A good while after the six soldiers returned from a Cinema show and took me straight to the Whim Police Station. When we arrived there the time was 7.15 p.m.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) Bharat Seobharat.

COPY

MIRROR - Sunday, July 26, 1964.

SOLDIERS AND THE JHANDI FLAG

The B.G. Maha Sabha on Friday protested to Governor Sir Richard Luyt against the rough and brutal treatment being handed out by British soldiers to Hindus who have a red "Jhandi" flag planted in their yards.

In a petition, the Sabha said that it had received several complaints from its branches that the soldiers were forcing their way into all homes that had these flags because they were being given the false impression that Indians with a red flag in their homes were Communists ... and had hidden arms and ammunition.

The complaints said that under the pretext of searching for illegal arms and ammunition these soldiers were using unnecessary force, roughing up both males and females.

This was particularly prevalent on the East Coast of Demerara. East Indians have also related how these soldiers were desecrating Temples and Mosques by disrupting religious services and searching females.

Residents feel that any searching of females should be done by a Policewoman who should accompany soldiers on their search or some other alternative. According to Hindu customs it is considered highly provocative for a strange male to touch the hand of a female... and this latest outrage has made many Indians very indignant.

In its petition to the Governor the Sabha explained that "Hanuman Jhandi", the red flag is planted in Indian homes after it has been consecrated at a religious service dedicated to the Patron Saint Hanuman.

The petition requested the Governor to co-operate with Hindus following their religious practices by explaining the significance of the red flag to the British soldiers, the police and the Volunteer Forces.

An observer has commented that whether or not a matter of religious belief was involved, it was a piece of impertinence on the part of the British soldiers to direct anyone as to what flags they should fly. Even if a person should fly a red flag to indicate that he is a Communist he would be quite within his rights.

COPY

PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE PARTY

August 4, 1964.

Dear Mr. Owen,

Mr. John Ishmael reported to me that the receipt book issued him by this Organisation was seized by the Police on Saturday evening, and I wish to protest most strongly at this bit of interference in the legitimate business of this organisation and to urge the immediate return of our receipt book.

I beg to remind you of my letter of July 17, in which I also protested about the uplifting by the Police of documents left by me with the court as exhibits. It might interest you to know that information relating to private persons contributions were rattled off by a member in the legislature during a debate.

It is hoped that no similar disclosure will have occurred before the return of this book to the undersigned.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) Ram Karran.

Peter Owen Esq., Q.P.M.,
Commissioner of Police,
Eve Leary,
Georgetown.

c.c. His Excellency Sir Richard Luyt, K.C.M.G.,
Governor,
Government House,
Georgetown.

Hon. Premier,
Public Buildings,
Georgetown.

COPY

Pln. De Kinderen,
East Coast Demerara,
8th August, 1964.

Your Excellency,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of July 18, which notes the contents of mine of the 17th and to state for your further notification the further development.

The troops came in to my place at about 6.30 p.m. on July 29, presumably to investigate the attempt on my life. After searching around the place, they began to question me when I gave them a splinter of one of the bullets from the 303 rifle which had lodged in the house.

To my surprise they took me to the station at Mahaicony and kept me there from about 7.30 p.m. to 4.45 the next day. During that time I was questioned over and over about my political affiliation and about the whereabouts of a machine gun. I was threatened that bayonets will be pushed into my guts.

I wish to protest against the treatment and to observe that instead of the troops and police pursuing the lawbreakers they are harassing the victims of the terrorists who are armed with service weapons.

Actions of this tend to present decent people from seeking protection from the armed forces and most certainly encourage them to take their protection into their own hands.

This will certainly prolong the violence which has overtaken us and I humbly beseech Your Excellency to take action to bring about and end to the partiality of the forces under your charge.

(sgd.) Jagroo Seemangal
.....
Jagroo Seemangal.

His Excellency Sir Richard Luyt, K.C.M.G., D.C.M.,
Governor,
Government House.

c.c. Peter Owen Esq., Q.P.M.
Commissioner of Police,
Eve Leary.

Dr. The Hon. Cheddi Jagan, M.L.A., B.S.C,
Public Buildings,
Georgetown.

COPY

Statement by Rudolp Ragobeer

On Saturday 8/8/64 I was in shop drinking a stout a friend threw a Ginep to me. When I was finished eating the Ginep I threw the seed away a short while after I saw four volunteers walking on the Parapet of the train-line with two men whom they had arrested. Three of the volunteers ran into the shop. One said "This is the man, you have to go to the station" and struck me blows on back with the gun-butt. I was also bored two places on my left arm with the bayonet. I was then slapped by another volunteer. One of the volunteers said "Let us go now, you have had enough, put your hands around your neck and walk". Whilst the other two arrested men and I was being taken towards the Police Station we met the Corporal in charge of the group (of volunteers). I explained to him the circumstances of my arrest. He said "You can go boy" and he released me. I then showed my injured left arm to the volunteers. They gave me no satisfaction. I then went to the Major of the British Army stationed at Leonora Compound. I made a Statement in which I told him what had happened. He accompanied me to the above-mentioned shop. There he took a statement from the shopkeeper, Mr. Ramkisson. Having taken the statement he took me to the cottage hospital Leonora. He saw that my injured left arm was dressed.

The Major then got a note from the nurse, with it he took me to the D.M.O. He obtained a medical certificate, which he has in his possession.

The Major told me to go to Leonora Police Station the next day which was 9/8/64 at 9 a.m. Because of rain I was 15 minutes late (9.15). When I arrived I enquired from a special reserve policeman for the whereabouts of the Major. The policeman told me that the Major had left for the Volunteer headquarters and that I must go there. I went there but I did not find him (the Major). I then went to the cottage hospital for dressing. In the dressingroom I met some volunteers. They asked me what happened. I showed them my injured arm and told them how I came by it. They asked if I was going to take the matter up I replied "No". They said they heard about the incident and in their own words "The innocent will have to pay for the guilty".

Immediately I left hospital and went to the police station and informed the policeman that I did not see the Major.

N/B This incident took place at Leonora.

I distinctly remember that the volunteers were smelling of alchohal when they were beating me up before my arrest in the shop.

(sgd) Rudolph Ragobeer

Leonora Estate

West Coast Demerara

10/8/64

COPY

August 10, 1964

I, Kathleen Majeed, of Vergeogen East Bank Essequibo, was in my home with my husband and five children on Sunday 24 May 1964 when I saw a group of negro men with a gun in front of my gap. One, Ivan Kennedy, had a single baralled shot gun. I know Ivan Kennedy who lives in the same village with me. This gathering was due to the death of a negro man who was shot dead aback of Vergeogen. I heard them saying "Coolie ah done coolie already. Kill them. Kathleen and she picknie de inside. Go inside pan dem". On hearing this, I opened the backdoor to escape. Myself and ^{ran} downstairs. Two of my children my five children/ran to my neighbours yard and escaped. I held on to my two youngest children while my eldest daughter, 16 years old, ran at the back of my yard. At this stage Milton Isaacs held on to my hand and lead me to the road. A negro ma whom I don't know hit me on my back with a stick. They then let me loose. I walked about 50 yds away from them when a shot was fired at me and the shots passed over my head. When I turned I saw Ivan Kennedy with the gun and then I left. At this stage one of my daughters, 12 yrs. Bibi told me that a few negroes held on to my big daughter, Bibi Bhano, and were questioning her. My husband was in the house and overheard them questioning her and enquiring whether she could have identified them. She said yes. At this time a police jeep passed by and my husband shouted for soldiers. The negro men loosed my eldest daughter and ran away. I was not at the spot when all this occurred. This was told to me by my husband and my daughter. The police did not stop. When the police left a group broke the back door and approached my husband. My husband opened the front door and tried to escape but was beated up in the yard by others. He lost two teeth. They later looted the home and set the home on fire. All this was told to me by my husband and my eldest daughter. But I saw the flames from about 75 yds away. While the house was in flames a police jeep passed by but did not stop. At this stage I did not see anyone on the road but I was afraid to go nearer. The incident started about 9 a.m. and about 2 p.m. a group of British soldiers arrived in a jeep. I stopped them and explained to them what happened. They listened to me, but left without visiting the house. My husband was picked by the police at the neighbouring village, Philadelia, some $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away and taken to a doctor at Leonora and then to the Police station at Leonora and the police promised him to take a statement about the house later in the week. Not seeing them for the week, I spoke to Mrs. Janet Jagan who rang Kingston and a few minutes later a Police came with a car and took me to Kingston Police Station when I gave a statement. I then left.

(sgd.) Kathleen

COPY

Name of family with whom witness is staying

Herman Norton
171 Curtis Street
Georgetown.

Sookram states:-

I am 39 years of age. I am presently stopping with my sister at 171 Curtis Street, Albouystown, Georgetown.

On Monday the 25th May, 1964, I was at Wismar at my brother Victor Bholai. Around 9 a.m. the very day my brother who is a tailor, sent me with a suit to deliver to one King about 300 rods away. While I was going a gang of negro men came out from a tract and attacked me and my brother's son who was with me at the time. They took away the suit from me and immediately after they started to beat me with green heart wood and cycle chain with which they were armed. The little boy who was with me ran away and I fell on the ground. I was unconscious. After a while I regained consciousness and tried to get up but fell again. About 10 minutes after I managed to get up again and began to run to my brother's home. Suddenly I saw the very men circling me again and again began to beat me with the wood and chain. I fell again and as I was on the ground each one kicked me on my abdomen as they passed. They ran away. Several persons living there were looking on but no one came to my assistance.

While I was still on the ground I saw 4 volunteer men come up. I spoke to them and told them what had happened to me. I begged them to take me to the hospital as I was feeling severe pains. My forehead was cut and my leg and back. I was bleeding and unable to lift my left hand. They said that they were unable to take me to any hospital and if I care I could wait until the police come. They left me on the ground. People who I know, were looking on but no one came to my assistance.

After about 15 minutes I managed to drag myself and got to my brother's home. I did not go in as the building was on fire and I did not see my brother or his family. I then continued to Harry Sewgobind's premises about 25 rods away. There I saw the very volunteer men whom I had spoken to earlier speaking now to Mr. Sewgobind. The volunteer men told me "how you say you can't walk and you meet so far" and they started to laugh. I did not answer them. From there I looked in my brother's yard and saw him on the ground.

About a few minutes later two jeeps came up. One had policemen and the other volunteer men. I told the Policemen what had happened to me. They said come in the jeet and don't argue. I then told them that my brother was beaten and was lying in his yard and if they could bring him out for me. The policemen then told me that they were not running an ambulance and if I want I must go and bring him out. I went and with the help of a friend we brought him out to the jeep which was parked about 15 rods away. The jeep could have gone right up to where my brother was lying. The jeep drove off with us to the Wismar Police Station. About 15 minutes later the Police took us to Mc Kenzie hospital. We were both admitted.

/About.....

About 3 or 4 days after we were transferred to P.H.G.

My brother was admitted to Georgetown hospital immediately. I was not admitted because I wanted to see my family who were in town.

My brother is still a patient at the Georgetown hospital.

I eventually went to the refugee centre at Ruimveldt. While there my left hand began to pain me and I was sent to the hospital where my hand was x-rayed. My hand was placed in plaster cast after being x-rayed and up to now it is in the same condition.

All my belongings have been destroyed. I was unable to save anything. My brother's home and stock and furniture were all destroyed.

We are now totally destitute and are now almost living on charity.

While at Mc Kenzie Hospital a man in plain clothes who claimed to be a police came and asked me questions and made me sign the statement. I was in pain and cannot remember what I told him in detail.

(sgd.) Sookram

COPY

On Monday Esmay Ramesar saw when a mob of men came in the house and hold me and asked me for the money, I told them my husband have it upstairs that set loose me I ran downstairs another mob held me up started choking me and hitting me around my body they looted the house. Mr. Johnson give them gasolene to which Lester son of Marian burnt my house down I called upon the Volunteer and showed him what Lester is doing they dash me on the ground a woman having big foot having two sons held me and tore my dress down but I manage to escape and came to Harry D. Sewgobind where Sgt. Robert and (3) three other volunteer force was, in the meantime another set of volunteer force came I saw my uncle H.D. Sewgobind speak to him I dont know his name later I find out his name is Lt tenant Robert then he pass order to Cop Corriea to excort all my family down to the station.

(sgd) Esmee Ramasar

COPY

On Monday Patsy Ramessar saw a mob of men came the house was lock, I look through my glass window I saw a man name Dove called Beccles and Herman they break the door with a big wood, Dove pelted the wood on me he run in the house followed by the mob of Negro men they beat me up and break up our household loot out everything and Beckeles & Dove get Kero oil and gassolene from Mrs. Johnson and Violet they soak bag with it then set fire under the house then they laugh at me I saw the volunteer on the road I told them and they refuse to go and see Dove & Beckles set fire under the house a tall Black negro fellow says I must hand him my two ring he compel me to give by using threat I told one of the Volunteer that this man have my two ring, he replied and say how I know that he did nothing when the next set of Volunteer came they hold Dove, Beckels & other then I was accompanied H.D. Sewgobind families and my families by volunteer force under the derection of Lt tennant Robert

(sgd.) Patsy Ramesar

COPY

Statement of Lillian Persaud
a Housewife

I Lillian Persaud who's former address was half mile Wismar, swear that the following statement are true to the best of my belief On Monday the 25th of May 1964 I saw a man by the name of Sammy, who lives at Jeep driver Rigby, lead a group of men consisting of the following people.

- (1) Ashton Sealy, (2) Joseph Barnes, (3) Lennie MaCalmon,
- (4) Peter MaCalmon, (5) Leyton Walton, (6) Leon Walton,
- (7) Audley Michael, (8) Westley Michael, (9) Ceasor Gray,
- (10) Sammy Liefert, loot and burn the homes of Victor Bhulai Singh and Serasaine. This can also be substantuated by my daughter.

(sgd.) sd. lilion persued

(Daughter) sd. Rita Persaud

COPY

Monday

I Rajoo Khan saw Gaeree and a mob of men go to Sunny Cliff House open down stairs door, picked up some straw dry Banana leaves put it in the House throw gassalene and set it a fire then throw Kero on the walls, and go through valley and started to burn one of Pooch's House then return at my place Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock I plea to them they spare me for the time a next set of negro men came told me I must get out my so & so from the house and I cam out, I saw the British troop and called for help, they came and told us to wait, little after a jeep with volanteer came and excort us at the Station.

COPY

TUWARI - Mother Lot 26 B.V.
Joyce Ramlall - daughter (presently living at Area H Lot 1 Chateau Margot)
Willie Ramlall - husband
8 children (3 boys, 5 girls from 18-2)

A tenant was living in the house until June 28th named ?
with wife and children. Removed because of threats that they would burn
the house, from negro boys who came in the daytime & shouted out to tenants.
July 2. 9 p.m. I saw smoke from a burning house in B.V. Next morning took
a car & went to see. The house is burnt to the ground. It was
empty except for a few furniture of owner.

Previously, on Monday June 29th Tuwari & son-in-law went in LBI to Army
Station Compound. Saw officer upstairs & asked for protection. Were told
that they could not give any protection.- that their job was only to find
guns. Sent them to Police.

Tuesday, went to Police Station B.V. and asked for protection in order to
remove the house to Chateau Margo. Were told to come back following morning,
with carpenter.

Wednesday, when returned to Police with carpenter Policeman No. 4707 said
they were tired & could not do it. Told to return on Thursday they were told
by same Policeman to return on Friday for protection. By then it was too late.

Friday July 3 morning Robert relative of Joyce Ramlall went to BV Police to
protest that house was burnt & the old lady had been in several times to see
about it. Policeman asked Tuwari her name Robert made to leave. Policeman
grabbed him & took him outside. Robert wrote down number 4707. Volunteer
came up cranked gun, & took paper away. Then they left. Police started to
laugh behind them. Situation in Chateau Margo very bad. (get Mirror photo-
grapher to go up) houses have been moved there & are lying on the ground as
they haven't been able to put them up yet.

COPY

My wife's name is Mamas called Azizan of 15 West Metermeerzorg H.S.,
Mother of ten.

In June the Volunteer Force & Police, with Cpl. Bass in charge, searched my house. My daughter-in-law, Sherifan, went to go to the latrine. They refused, pointed guns at her, and she urinated before them.

On July 13, 1964, Volunteers & Police under Cpl Robinson came to my neighbour's home to search for a boy. During this time, my wife quarrelled and told them that they were only picking up East Indians and when we report Negro people to the police they pay no heed.

They ran out of the jeep & went to hold her and started to ill treat her. They used their rifle butt to attack her. My wife is in about 7 mo. pregnancy they hit her on her abdomen & she fell down. They left her there and drove away.

British troops came by, picked her up and took her to Dr. Wills at Leonora. She was then admitted to the Leonora Hospital where she was discharged on Tuesday. At present, she is ill due to the mistreatment.

A neighbour, Saheedan and Lili were with my wife when the incident took place & witnessed this, went with her to the doctor & hospital.

I did not report this to the police because we get bad treatment at the Police Station. I understand that the British Soldier reported the incident.

My name is Roshan Ali.

(sgd.) Roshan Ali.

COPY

Statement of Paramdaca
a House Wife

I Paramdaca who's former address was one mile Wismar, swear that the following statement are true to the best of my belief.

On Monday the 25th of May 1964, I was in my home at One mile Wismar, when I heard two women who I know as Mrs. Nurse and Sybil (Alias) Bird wife, calling out to my neighbour Mrs. Carroll: "School close, today you gwine see what is going to happen."

About ten minutes later, I heard a loud explostion. I looked out the window and saw a large group of men coming down the road I closed my windows quickly and went to the back of the house. Peeping through a creese in the wall, I saw the two women named above whistling to the men calling them.

When the men arrived they pointed out my house to the men saying; "Indians in there, they must get their share." The men then came up to the house, one of them was armed with a gun. He fired two shots in the house. Myself and daughter, along with my nephew and invalid son, hurried out with our suit cases through the back door. I heard the men shouting for us to surrender.

Sybil Bird who I know well, gave an axe to one of the boys, and a man I know as Fisher was amoung the boys, who were all quite young. We were attacked after a boy name said, "take them". Four boys held on to me ripping off my clothes.

I saw four of them also holding my daughter. My nephew attacked the four boys holding my daughter while I tried my best to protect myself.

I was beaten and brutally pushed down, while my daughter and nephew struggled with the other boys, and my invalid son beaten. My clothes were all torn off, only my brazier was left on. A black boy tried with me, but he did not get an erection or something, while I twisted on the ground. The money I had in my brazier attracted them. They let me go taking my money and Jewellery, kicking me from all sides, saying that was enough.

My daughter had managed to escape in the bushes. While my son, and nephew were badly beaten. I hurried for protection at a neighbour's house, for myself and children. It was about ten oclock, (A.M.) some time later the Police jeep came up the hill. I hurried out to the Jeep after some people issued threats to my neighbour.

I told the police what had transpired, and asked for protection. They told me to wait, and refused to take me along. I showed them the condition of my nephew who was bored with the barrell of a gun, and was bleeding from a cut on his face. They still refused to take me along. I held on to the Jeep and shouted for murder. I cried and told them we did/have the strength to fight off another attack. After I refused to let go of the Jeep. They took us in, and collected three more familys, and brought us down to the Wismar Police Station.

We saw about One Hundred and fifty or more people under the station. We went to the back of the police compound to look for a place to change our clothes, and saw volunteers drinking Hienikeen beer. They had cartoons of Large and small beers, packed up. My daughter Zorina Khan later tole me she recognised Claud Layne as one of the boys that attacked us.

Sd. Paramdai Khan
Sd. Zorina Khan

/not

DETENTION OF TRADE UNION LEADERS IN BRITISH GUIANA

On 13th June 1964 the Governor of British Guiana caused the arrest and detention of Guianese politicians and trade union leaders.

The Governor acted under emergency powers of an Order-in-Council made in England in a matter of internal security for which the elected government is constitutionally responsible. The Governor acted without the advice of the elected government and without any intimation even to the Premier and before the publication of his new powers in British Guiana.

Trade Union Leaders Detained

The following trade unionists have been detained -

Mr. Harry Lall	General President	<u>Guiana Agricultural Workers Union (GAWU)</u>
Mrs. P. Sahoye	General Secretary	GAWU
Mr. Nazrudeen	Vice President	GAWU
Mr. M. Alli	District Secretary	GAWU
Mr. W. Madramootoo	Organiser	GAWU
Mr. Akbar Alli	General Secretary	<u>Guyana Public Services Workers Union</u>

Method and Period of Detention

These trade unionists were arrested in the early hours of the morning, handcuffed, taken to police stations where they were first told that they were being detained, and then flown to a desolate part of the country.

The conditions of life at the detention camp were so miserable that the detainees went on a hunger strike before the said conditions were altered.

The trade unionists have been detained for an indefinite period. They are held without any charges being preferred against them.

The Governor has set up a Committee to which the detainees can advance any reasons why they feel they should be freed. But even assuming that this Committee recommended the release of any detainees, the Governor is not obliged to act on the Committee's recommendation. The Committee itself is a hopeless farce since the majority of its members are known to be biased and prejudiced against the detainees, represent the most reactionary elements in the country and are aggressively hostile to the trade union movement.

None of the trade unionists has obliged the Governor in participating in this farcical exercise.

The Nature of the UnionsThe G.A.W.U.

The Guyana Agricultural Workers Union is a registered trade union with a membership of 15,000 out of a possible 20,000 sugar workers. The Union was established 4 years ago, and at the time of the arrest of its leaders it was conducting a strike for recognition by the Sugar Producers (i.e. the employers).
/The....

The employers recognise the Manpower Citizens' Association (M.P.C.A.) which is a company union. The MPCA and the Employers have entered into contracts for the 'check-off' system of union dues. Under the contracts, it is a very simple matter to contract-in, but a very difficult exercise to contract-out. Moreover, by discriminatory employment practices a worker is forced to maintain membership in the recognised union in order to secure employment.

The strike is now 5 months old, and during this whole period the sugar workers have demonstrated remarkable solidarity and have made many sacrifices to attain their goal of recognition. Sugar production was down to 30% and with the use of scabs the highest figure reached during the present strike was one of 40% of norm. Even so, the costs of this production are at double normal costs of production.

The British and the capitalists hope that by decapitating the leadership of the Union and by detaining some of its organisers, the strike will be broken and the unity of the workers shattered.

This is a gross violation of the right of freedom of association and the right to withdraw one's labour in pursuance of strike action.

The sugar workers' aspiration is to secure recognition of a trade union in which they have confidence so that their low wages and standard of living could be improved.

The Guyana Public Services Workers Union

This is also a registered trade union. It organises workers in the government services.

It is recognised by Government as the bargaining agent on behalf of Estate Letter Carriers and the manipulative staff of the Ministry of Agriculture, Forests and Lands.

This is a much smaller union than the G.A.W.U. Its membership is 3,000; its registration was effected in 1962; but already in its membership drive it has organised workers in several other branches of the public service in respect of whom it will in due course claim recognition. In obtaining recognition in other spheres it will be challenging and displacing existing recognised unions which are anti-progressive in their policies and are all affiliated to the I C F T U. The fear of this challenge has no doubt motivated the detention of its militant leader.

Disturbances

The Governor has tried in a radio broadcast to justify the detentions on the grounds of racial disturbances that have taken place.

Traditionally all races have lived cordially and together in British Guiana.

The G.A.W.U. which is involved in the strike has denounced violence repeatedly.

/The violence.....

The violence that has taken place has been the product of British and American imperialists who have let loose hired thugs and assassins in order to foul good racial relations, divide the Guianese people, and so make it easy for them to continue to rule the country.

Demands:

1. Unequivocal condemnation of arrests and detention of Trade Unionists.
2. Immediate release of detainees.
3. Absolute compliance with the principle of freedom of association in British Guiana.

Addresses:

The Guyana Agricultural Workers Union
23 Brickdam
Georgetown
British Guiana.

The Guyana Public Services Workers Union
Robb & Wellington Streets
(Next to Metropole Cinema)
Georgetown
British Guiana.

Protests to:

The Governor of British Guiana - Sir Richard Luyt.
The Prime Minister of Great Britain
The Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary of Great Britain -
Rt. Hon. Duncan Sandys, M.P.

From: International and National Centres.
Copies to People's Progressive Party, Freedom House,
Georgetown, British Guiana.
