

My name is Susie B. Haydell. My residence is 1225 - 12th Street, Oakland, California; phone - TW 3-3883. I came to the city of Berkeley in 1951. I lived in Berkeley for 2½ years. I moved to Oakland in 1955, and I have resided at 1225 - 12th Street continuously since moving to Oakland. I am a registered voter, taxpayer, and business-license holder.

In June 1954, I purchased a place of business at 700 Clay Street, known as the Steak House Cafe, and have operated the business since July 1954. Sometime in October 1954, certain members of the Oakland Police Department would come in my place in droves. At times there would be from two to ten officers at a time. They would question and search my customers - men and women alike - then order them to "take a walk." Such police action seemed strange to me, and I could not understand the reason for it. I was bewildered and at a loss to know what to do, never having had any occasion to deal with police. I have no police record and have never in my life been arrested for any unlawful doings.

In 1955, the situation began to become worse. Certain officers would come in the place using abusive language and saying, "If I had my way, I would run all you Niggers back to Alabama and Mississippi to the cotton fields."

At the time, I had a very good business. My customers were about 60% white, and they didn't always come just to drink; they also ate at my place -- some of them ate daily. Many times, the police would come in and drive them out, telling them to "get up on Broadway where you belong or I will put you in jail and book you for drunk." I asked one officer if it was against the law to serve white customers, and he told me, "white people had no business in here" and I had "better keep them out."

I went to the State Board of Equalization to ask them if it was unlawful for me to serve white customers in my place. I was told I could serve any person 21 years old or older as long as they were sober and were not disturbing the peace; no race involved.

About the first week in June 1955, officers Jeffries and Homa came in the place in late afternoon; pulled a man away from the bar. This was a white customer who had just entered the place a little ahead of the officers. He had ordered a glass of wine. When I realized they were going to drive the man out, I asked the officer if he would allow the man to pay for the wine I had served. He told me to "shut my mouth and not interfere with police work." "Don't give me any of your lip. Lipping off to me will get you in trouble." He said, "I want your license number." I suggested that my bar man get them off the wall for him, but instead, he pushed me aside and went behind the bar; got my license off the wall; took the license number then threw them on the floor in a corner behind the bar and told me, "if you want them back on the wall, you can put them back your damn self." I have witnesses to this action. I told him I was going to see his chief about his action. He left and returned shortly after with Sergeant Ford and another officer. I was in my office crying over the kind of treatment they were giving me. Sergeant Ford came in and asked me what was the trouble. When I tried to explain, the Sergeant said, "Let's get the hell out of here. I can't get any sense out of this woman and don't understand what she says."

I next went to see the Chief of Police and was told he was not in. The Desk Officer asked what the trouble was; I explained what had happened, and he said he would take care of it, but my police trouble continued.

I went to an Attorney to see if he could arrange an appointment for me to see the Chief of Police. He told me he would see a friend of his at City Hall and see what could be done -- at the same time advising me to go easy and not have any trouble with the police, as it would be worse each time I complained. I paid him to try and find out what I was doing wrong to cause me so much trouble. I never heard from him again.

Finally I met a kindly, sympathetic officer who really tried to help me for a while. Then all of a sudden, I read in the paper that he had been transferred, and I never saw him again.

After that, the police really began to ride me. Every month, a group of Service Officers, Boardmen, and Police would come in Friday or Saturday nights between 10 and 11 p.m., and as usual my customers would start leaving, fearful of being put into jail over the week-ends. Only once was there a direct complaint made to me. On one occasion, a city man told me, "You have a homosexual in the house." I asked him who it was, and he told me, "The man you saw me talking to that was drinking beer." I did remember seeing him talking to this man. I thanked him and went straight to the man and explained what the police had told me, and asked him would he please leave. He left.

At another time, Sergeant Ford and Officer Romero told me they had just ordered two men off the street who said they were on their way to the Steak House, and told me to put them out when they came in because they were homosexuals. I asked him for a description of the men, as I had a full house and didn't want to speak to the wrong persons. The Sergeant told me to use my own judgment. He couldn't point out anyone to me. In order not to make a mistake, I asked out loud, "Are there two men in here who had just talked to a policeman?" These two men answered "yes", and I told them what the Sergeant had told me. They left saying they were going to see about that Sergeant.

An hour or so later the Sergeant came back into the place and told me, "Don't you ever do that again. You'll get me in trouble." I told him I had no way of knowing homosexuals, and if he told me a person was a homosexual I had to believe him and tell the person where I got the information or I would be in trouble myself for a false accusation. The Sergeant then told me, "I'm going to see that you catch plenty of hell, because we all have to live and you just won't play ball with the Police Department." Three or four weeks later, I had another visit consisting of a Major and an Air Force Captain, one Sergeant, one Navy Officer, two members of the Board and one uniformed Police Officer. Just stood around looking everyone over. No servicemen were in the place.

In October 1956, I applied for a license for another place and was turned down. My Attorney asked for another reason on why I was turned down for this license. Eight days after denial, they began proceedings to revoke my license at the Steak House, the place I have operated since 1954. This latest case was set for September 1957.

About two weeks before this September hearing for the Steak House, I was having the rest rooms, halls and other parts of the place painted, which is a twice-a-year practice. Two very well-dressed women came in and asked to use the rest room. My bar man directed them toward the rest room, warning them to be careful of wet paint. I was in the passage way leading to the rest room. I also warned them of the wet paint as they passed me. Just as they entered the rest room, a strange well-dressed white man walked in and started to the rest room also. At first I thought he was a wine or beer salesman, as only salesmen ventured that far back in the cafe at the far end of the bar. As he approached the painted area, I tried to warn him of the wet paint and he said, "Get out of my way, woman," and he struck me a blow in the stomach and on my shoulder, knocking me to the floor. I fell over some empty soda water bottles, striking my mouth on an empty bottle and breaking the bridge work of my upper front teeth. I did not know the man or who he was or why he struck me in my stomach. It all happened so fast. I could not realize what had happened to me. I was dazed and bewildered. Finally, I was able to regain my feet and was holding onto a table to keep from falling.

I heard this man who had struck me ask these two women who had just come out of the rest room, "What are you two doing in here?" I asked the man, "What on earth is the matter?" "Who are you?" "And why did you strike me in my stomach. I was simply trying to warn you of wet paint on the walls." He asked me why I was hiding those two women in here. I told him, "I'm not hiding anyone. That is the ladies' rest room". Up to this point, he had not identified himself by telling me who he was or why he had hit me. The

only way I learned who he was was that one of the painters told me he knew him. Customers seated at the bar asked me, "Why did he hit you, Miss Sue?"

I was so sick, nervous and upset I had to get someone to call my Attorney. After telling him what happened, he said he would see about it the next morning. My Attorney at the time was Walton Phillips with the firm of Anderson & Peck. This attack on me occurred at approximately 10:20 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. I became very ill with a terrific headache and sick at my stomach. By 2 a.m., closing time, I vomited. I went home and got into bed. I couldn't sleep for the pain in my stomach and I was very ill all that day. I called Dr. William Crawford. He came to see me and took a statement from me and made arrangements to have x-ray examinations, but I was too sick to keep the appointment. I couldn't stand up, and I couldn't retain my food. Dr. Crawford treated me at home for 7 or 8 days. When I didn't show any improvement, he arranged for me to go to Herrick Memorial Hospital, where I remained for 6 days.

While in the hospital, I had a scheduled hearing before the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, and my Attorney insisted I must attend. I had difficulty in convincing him I was too ill to attend anything. During this conversation he asked me - wasn't it just possible I thought or assumed that the man at the Steak House had struck me -- that he really didn't hit me. After that remark I immediately realized I had chosen the wrong Attorney to represent me. So I dismissed him and secured another counsel. I was disabled for more than 6 weeks as a result of the attack on me at my place.

My first night back at my business was Sunday night, 8 p.m. When I walked in there was a police Sergeant telling everyone to get out and go home. He had previously asked the bar man where the proprietor was. He had told the bar man he didn't want any "clapping or feet shuffling to any kind of music, and if you don't stop it, I will." Customers were seated at the bar in the booths and some were playing records and enjoying some new records. The Sergeant said, "Break it up, or I will put you all in jail."

Police cars are continuously parked two deep at my Clay Street entrance; some at my 7th Street door entrance. Customers are afraid; in fear of being jailed on some trumped-up charge.

Nearly 10 months ago, it was rumored I was going to lose my license and would be off the corner soon. My supply men and people I do business with have advance notice of my dismissal. The Telephone Company, the P.G. & E, the Cigarette Machine man, and other supply people have had such notices. The Water Company asked me to put up \$40.00 to insure my bills, as the State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board told them I was going to lose my license and was going out of business. This seems a rather unusual function for the A.B.C. They have also put financial pressure on me and have gone so far as to have the East Bay Credit Manager sit in on one of my hearings. The A.B.C. and the Oakland Police Department seem to have combined forces and have almost done a thorough job of ruining my business.

To further help the Police Department completely ruin me, I have openly been accused by one member of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board of renting rooms over a certain building and personally standing in front of this building to lure men up stairs in this house to be robbed; and the place he named happens to be a one-story flat top structure containing no rooms at all. Police have put over-parking tags on my car as late as 9 p.m. Oakland police have treated me so rough about serving white customers that I finally told Sergeant Ford if he would furnish me with a sign reading "Colored Only", I would put it up and keep white customers out. He said, "You talk like a fool," and I told him that's the only way I could keep white customers out.

After that, things really got worse for me. The police began questioning me about the amount of business I was doing. "How is it you have such a good business and no one else ever had any" -- telling me that "previous occupants had nothing but trouble. What do you do to keep these people straight"? I told him, "I respect and treat them nice, and I let them know what I will not tolerate and that I mean what I say. They believe me and respect me, and that's all there is to it."

I have a profound respect for the police in the performance of their duty, and have never tried to hamper, block, or interfere with their work. They are always welcome, but when they come in 8 and 10 at a time, it frightens my customers as well as myself. I run my place in an orderly manner and try to meet all health standards pertaining to sanitation and cleanliness.

In 1956, customers would come in and order food, and police would come in and drive them out before they could eat or pay for the food they had ordered. (White, of course.) Late one afternoon, a white customer was driven out after having ordered food for himself and a friend, and I asked Officer Donovan what was I to do about the food I had cooked for the man, since he had been driven out before he could eat or pay for it. Officer Donovan told me, "I don't give a damn what you do with it. Don't question me; see the Sergeant. He is out there now. Talk to him." I went out to the patrol car where Sergeant Ford was. He asked, "What's the trouble?" I told him Officer Donovan had just ordered a white customer out of the place, telling him the place was no good, and the people running it are no good. I asked, "Why is this being told to my customers" - and he told me "white people have no business in there. "Now don't question me," Sergeant Ford told me, "You know the truth is that white people are out of bounds in there." I told him I did not know that. I never knew the state of California had color boundary lines for public places. Sergeant Ford told me, "If you don't keep white people out of your place and play ball with the Police Department, I will see that you have plenty of trouble. I will write the State Board of Equalization a letter on your place, and you will really have trouble." He said, "You know I am a white man and a police officer, and my word will go farther than yours."

About three weeks later, a letter was given to me by two servicemen and one plain clothesman. The servicemen were very nasty, but the one in plain clothes tried to explain what the letter was about -- that I was sure to attend a meeting in San Francisco to clear up some things. My understanding was the meeting was to discuss conditions and improve the place for servicemen. So I attended and took my two bar men along, as I wanted them to know what improvements were to be made. Before the meeting was called, a service officer asked me if I were aware this was a hearing to put my place off limits. I told him I did not know that; if I had known the nature of the meeting, I would have come with my attorney. He told me the accusations and the persons that made them would be read off to me, and I said that's fine. They began to read them and ask questions from each department in order. Every department answered except the Oakland Police, who were actually responsible for the hearing in the first place. The Oakland Police Department was called three times, with no one from that department answering. I answered all their questions truthfully and honestly. I had nothing to hide or fear. I told them the things Sergeant Ford had told me, and was told he had no right to make such remarks or say such things to me.

After the hearing, I came back to my place in Oakland and called my Attorney. He asked me why I had gone without him. I explained to him they had told me it was just a meeting, and I would not need an Attorney. I believed them and trusted them. About three weeks after this hearing, my place was declared off limits for servicemen. That was in June 1956.

My Attorney asked for and got another hearing in October. They told him at that time, it was the Oakland Police Department making all the complaints. Not them. The Oakland Police made a report to them every 30 days recommending places to be put off limits to servicemen. It was only up to them to act after these recommendations from the Police Department.

I have police badge numbers, names, dates, conversations, statements of certain members of the Police Department as made to me from 1954 to the present time. This is only part of my story; much more can be added. I would like to bring this story out so all the people of the State of California, City of Oakland can know how some members of the Oakland Police Department can successfully destroy any one they wish to eliminate. I have been insulted, intimidated, pressured, cursed, and brutalized jointly by a few members of the Oakland Police Department and one member of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board. These men who are servants of the taxpaying public, sworn to uphold and preserve the law, are in reality themselves law breakers, hiding behind a badge of authority granted to them by the citizens of the community.

All statements made here are of my own free will, and all of it is the absolute truth. I want the public to know through the press, if possible, just what goes on and that these things exist here in Oakland, as well as in the deep south.

Written this 18th day of February and sworn to before a Notary Public

Signed:

Susie B. Haydell

Owner and Operator of the Steak House
Cafe, 700 Clay Street, Oakland, California.

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On this 27th Day of February, in the year 1958, before me
Joe Bernard Valdez, a Notary Public in and for the County of Alameda,
Personally appeared Susie B. Haydell, known to me to be the person whose
is subscribed to the within instrument and she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have herunto set my hand and affixed my
Official Seal the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

Joe Bernard Valdez

Notary Public in and for the County
of Alameda, State of California
My Commission Expires May 29, 1961



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