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in charge of Civil
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Dept of Justice,
Washington, D.C

4/6/73
Manhattan, NYC, N.Y.

I, Roy Ben Hollander of
885 West End Ave, Manhattan,
N.Y.C. N.Y. make the following
statement without threat,
duress or promise. On 1/22/72
I had gone from N.Y. City
to Philadelphia, Pa. To
visit a friend of mine a
Bernard Clarkin who
now lives at 885 West
End Ave, Manhattan. Myself,
Clarkin, Tony Romano and
other fellows who worked
with Clarkin, were out
drinking in Philadelphia
on the p.m. of 1/22/72 and
a.m. of 1/23/72. I had 6 bottles of
beer from about 11⁰⁰ on 1/22/72
to approximately 2⁰⁰ 1/23/72.
I did not drunk and
knew exactly what I was
doing. At about 2⁰⁰ we all
left a bar and went to
the parking lot of a motel
to get the car of a fellow

who was with us. Enroute
 to the motel we met a
 white, male, about 73 or 75 yrs.
 old who was drunk. He wanted
 a ride downtown and he
 came with us to the
 motel's parking lot. I do not
 know his name, the name
 of the bar or the name of
 the motel. In the
 parking lot of the motel,
 Tony Romero and the
 drunk started pushing
 each other around because
 Tony did not want to
 take him downtown. Myself
 and Clarkin attempted to
 break up the fight. The
 next thing a ~~few~~ ^{group} of
 paddy-wagon of Philadelphia
 Police Department arrived
 on the scene.

Two policemen in
 uniform got out of the
 paddy-wagon. One was an
 Officer Simmons (white, male)

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in his late 30s, 5 foot 11 inches,
heavy set with black or dark
brown balding hair. The
other was a white male,
6 foot 3 inches late 30s, medium
build and blonde hair; I
do not know his name or
badge number or Simmons'
first name or badge number.
They wanted to know what
was happening and Tony
explained to them why
the hassle occurred. They
then arrested the drunk
and placed him in the
paddy wagon. I came
over to the policemen and
said something to the effect
that they really was
no reason to arrest the
man because he really
hadn't done anything.
Patrolman Simmons
then told me to get
into paddy wagon as I
was under arrest. I got into

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such paddy-wagon and sat on the bench. The drunk was also in such paddy-wagon. Clarkin was then arrested and put into such paddy-wagon. The door of wagon was opened to put in Clarkin. I called to Simmans "you would not be so tough without that tin star" he said something to the effect that the badge was off and came into the wagon. I was still sitting on the bench and Simmans hit me on the head with his fist 3 times and opened a cut under my right eye; my glasses were hanging from one ear but were not broken since the lenses are of unbreakable glass. I grabbed Simmans around the waist so that his hands were tied up at his side. He stopped perverting and left the wagon.

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The wagon then took us 3 to a precinct of the Police Department. I do not recall number or location. We arrived there about 3⁰⁰ or 3³⁰. The other two were lead into the building and as I got out of wagon an another policeman (who I can not describe) put my right arm behind my back and said in effect this is the tough guy. Another policeman (who I can not describe) then hit me in the stomach with his fist. I was lead up the steps to the precinct and as I got to the top of the stairs or steps, a Policeman Watson (white male, 6 foot heavy with blonde hair) hit me in the stomach with his fist one time. Inside the precinct, I was placed in a cell and a Police

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St. brought me out of the cell into another room, told me the charges against me and asked me if I wished to make a statement. I replied no. He then took me back to my cell and later came by to ask me if I wished to go to the hospital. I answered that I wished to go. Patrolman Watson and the younger arresting officer took me out of the cell and handcuffed my hands behind my back. They pushed me head first through a double swinging door in precinct. ^{My} head hit the door but left no marks. I was about to get into a paddy-wagon outside, Patrolman Watson hit me in the stomach once with his fist. I was then taken to a Philadelphia hospital. I can not recall the name.

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A nurse in Emergency Room treated the cut below right eye; no stitches needed. I was re-bandaged and lead out of Emergency Room, Enroute to gaddy-wagon from Emergency Room, Watson kicked me in right leg (back of knee section of rear of leg). This left a mark. I was returned to the precinct and later in a.m. I was taken to court at City Hall, I was released and \$300.00 Bond and trial charges set for April, 1972. I told court that I did not want a Public Defender but I would get my own attorney. I can not recall the name of the judge.

About 4 months later I obtained an Attorney Steve Waxman of Philadelphia Legal Aid Society to represent me. Through the American

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Abil Liberties Union in New York City. Waxman still has the case and has any further information necessary.

On Nov. 24, 1972, Waxman and myself went back to court in Philadelphia. The District Attorney for Philadelphia told Waxman that if I agreed not to see the policemen that he would request the court to suspend charges pending 6 months A. R. D. The court accepted this after I accepted it. I don't know the name of the judge or the District Attorney's name but he is the District Attorney himself. I don't have to return to court until June of 1973. I did not consult with Waxman before coming to the FBI.

On the 25th of Jan. 1971, I went to Emergency Ward of

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St. Luke's Hospital, N.Y.C., N.Y. in
order to have my eye and
marks examined. The doctor,
we have name I can not
recall, said I would be
okay.

I will testify to the
facts in a court of law.

I allege that the actions
of Patrolmen Watson and Simmons
on 1/23/77 violated my
Civil Rights.