EDWARDS in the GOVERNOR'S MANSION

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FROM ANGOLA TO FREE MAN

By Forest C. Hammond-Martin, Sr. • Edited by Tom Aswell



PELICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

Gretna 2012

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Hammond-Martin, Forest C.

With Edwards in the Governor's mansion : from Angola to free man / by Forest C. Hammond-Martin, Sr. ; edited by Tom Aswell.

p. cm.

ISBN 978-1-4556-1625-1 (hbk: alk. paper) — ISBN 978-1-4556-1626-8 (e-book) 1. Hammond-Martin, Forest C. 2. Edwards, Edwin W. 3. Exconvicts—Louisiana—Baton Rouge—Biography. 4. African American prisoners—Louisiana—Baton Rouge—Biography. 5. Criminal justice, Administration of—Corrupt practices—Louisiana—Baton Rouge. 6. Convict labor—Louisiana—Baton Rouge. 7. Governors—Louisiana—Conduct of life. 8. Political corruption—Louisiana—Baton Rouge. I. Aswell, Tom. II. Title.

HV9468.H225A3 2012 976.3'063092—dc23 [B]

2012006975





Printed in the United States of America Published by Pelican Publishing Company, Inc. 1000 Burmaster Street, Gretna, Louisiana 70053 All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages.

—Shakespeare

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Acknowledgments

There are so many people to acknowledge for their help and moral support. I wish to thank all my friends who assisted me in one way or another. Special thanks to my lovely wife, Karen, and my children, Angela, Bryan Keith, Misty, Forest, Jr., Neal Nassor, and Miranda, for their patience and understanding while I relived many bad memories during the process of writing this book. Thanks to Cynthia Jardon, feature journalist for the *Alexandria Town Talk*. Thanks to Brenda Kaiser of KALB-TV in Alexandria and her daughters Krystal, Kari, and Kasee. Finally, thanks to Robert Harris, MD, DD, PhD, international vice president and dean of the Institute of Divine Metaphysical Research, who seemed to read my mind when I was ready to quit and always had the right words of encouragement to convince me to soldier on.

Prologue

This is the story of a young man who made a mistake—a grave error in judgment. He was black, he lived in Louisiana, he was a star athlete, and he was a first offender, but he was involved in a crime in which a well-known white businessman was killed.

This is a true story where you will see state and federal criminal justice systems still immersed in the politics of the Civil War, still swimming in the corruption of the Carpetbaggers, and still so divided by bigotry that Lady Justice's blindfold is permanently askew so she might peek at the color of a man's skin before dispensing justice—a justice handed down with the mentality of a plantation overseer.

Corruption in Louisiana isn't news; it's business as usual. It was the early 1970s, and times were tumultuous. Most historians mark this era, which started a decade earlier with the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy, and Medgar Evers and ended with Vietnam and Watergate, as the end of America's innocence. The ground was shifting like quicksand under our feet as we found we could no longer trust the government, that we were unbeatable in war, and that we were always right.

Television brought the Vietnam War into our living rooms and then returned us to the fantasy worlds of *Adam-12* and *The Brady Bunch*. Television and movies were only beginning to reflect society with *The Godfather* and *All in the Family*. *The Deer Hunter*, *Platoon*, and *Apocalypse Now* were still years away from showing us the darker side of the Vietnam War.

In June 1972, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled Louisiana's death penalty unconstitutional, although it would be reinstated four years later. In July 1972, Gov. Edwin W. Edwards signed a bill to strike down the infamous Jim Crow laws that had succeeded for generations in keeping blacks in their place, with separate schools, toilets, drinking fountains, and seats in the back of the bus.

The Baton Rouge Advocate newspaper devoted a headline and a

mere five paragraphs to the governor's historic action. It quoted one black legislator. The white legislators were silent, because in reality, only outward appearances had changed.

To many Southern whites, a nigger was still a nigger. The color of his skin meant that he was somehow genetically beneath whites as well as inherently evil. Louisiana jails and prisons were overcrowded with these "evil" black men—and still are. The entire country still battles the stereotypical prejudice that would have us all see in a young black man not the potential of a contributor to society but of a criminal, a commodity to be used to till the soil of the fields in the state penitentiary.

Louisiana has the highest prison-sentence rate in the nation. At Angola, the largest and bloodiest of all the nation's penitentiaries, the truth could be viewed, but not by the outside world. Angola's 18,000 acres of farmland are the site of an old plantation where, more than a century after Abraham Lincoln freed slaves, judicial slaves still toil in the fields from sunup to sundown. The original slaves who lived there and worked the land were purchased from the African country of Angola during the eighteenth century, thus the inspiration for the name. Then and now, the stakes are high: the crop is cash. The commodity is still human bondage and black athleticism.

This story shows how our system of justice was allowed to break down for one man and can fail us all, regardless of our guilt or innocence.

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