Rape Victim's Child Can't Erase Night Of Horror

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A four year old blonde with bright, laughing, brown eyes stops dead in her tracks, covers her face with her tiny hands, and cries with fear every time a Negro passes her by.

"She talks about it often," the young mother said. "In the middle of playing she'll stop and ask me that question. She's scared to death of a Negro now, she used to not be afraid of anyone. She saw his picture in the newspaper and everytime she sees a Negro now she'll ask me, 'Mommy, is that the one that raped you?'" I told her, 'no, that's not the one.'"

This is a young white woman speaking. She's the sort of typical young housewife whose main interest is building a home, keeping it spotless and taking care of her little girl. In her spare time she works jigsaw puzzles and occasionally reads the white Bible kept conspicuously in her living room because "every home needs a Bible in it."

She's a frail woman -- her doctor told her months ago she has a heart condition that was not serious at the time but could become aggravated and she wears maternity clothes because she's four months pregnant.

The young woman, originally from New York state moved to Virginia when she was six years old. She came to Mississippi from Virginia nine years ago, "but people don't tell me I speak with a northern accent," she said. Her husband is employed in a Hattiesburg plant and works part-time as a guitar player with a Hattiesburg band.

This round-faced, full-lipped young mother was the victim of a brutal attack by Mack C. Parker, troublesome exsoldier and Lumberton Negro woodcutter. He was identified as the man who snatched the 23-year-old woman and her daughter from their stalled auto and raped the young woman while her daughter watched.

A hooded mob took him from the Pearl River county jail at Poplarville and slew him three days before he was to have gone on trial for the offence. Authorities said there was little doubt he was guilty. And they revealed a stack of evidence which they believe would have proved his guilt.

Here is the victim's story as she told it exclusively to the Jackson Daily News at her home in Petal, Miss.

She seldom works jigsaw puzzles anymore because she's too nervous to sit still. She has good reason to be nervous. February 24 was a dark, cloudy night -- it was "just before raining" -- when the car in which the young mother was riding with her husband broke down five miles from Lumberton, Miss. They were returning from a visit with relatives and their little girl was sleeping soundly in the back seat of the car.

FIVE-MILE WALK

"When the car broke down we decided that I would wait there because it was a five mile walk for help," she went on. "It was going to rain, I was two months pregnant and didn't think I ought to walk that far. My little girl was asleep and we didn't think anybody would bother us because we were on a public highway."

So the young husband set out for Lumberton to call his stepfather to come and help him with his car, and the young wife began her lonely wait.

"When the first car stopped and shined their light into our car I didn't know what to think," she said. "I was surprised and kind of afraid because I couldn't tell if they were white people or Negroes. Then they went away. It was quiet and I wondered if my husband was all right."

"When the Negro came back I didn't see him until he stopped his car behind ours. He came up to the window where I was sitting in the front seat and surprised me. The windows were closed and the doors were locked and I was holding the door on my side so he couldn't get in."

"He asked me if we needed any help," the young woman continued. "I told him no and thanked him. He told me to get out of the car."

BREAKS WINDOW

"I told him to do it again. He asked me if I didn't want to go to Virginia with him. I told him that I was afraid and it was raining."

"He asked me to help him with his gun," she said. "I told him that I couldn't do it. He asked me to help him break the window and he did it."

"Then he asked me to help him with his gun," she continued. "I told him that I couldn't do it. He asked me if I didn't want to go to Virginia. I told him that I didn't want to go because the car was parked on a public highway."