

Gambling in Yazoo.

Contents:

- **A Facebook post by John E. Ellzey regarding a gambling incident.**

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Robbie Roberts

Gambling in Yazoo

Some years ago as a poor Barber--- [in about 1964 , after the beetles came-- long hair on men escalated, and soared, which almost destroyed Barbering for some years. I had to resort to hair styling and cutting ladies hair and installing a few wigs on men, and eventually to building cabinets and other sundry work]--- just trying to eke out a meager existence.---- A friend told me about a strange happening in Yazoo county. There had existed for some months, said he, a gambling house, of ill repute, on a certain Farmer's land up in the hills. Some well know Yazoo citizens of different stripes, when the fancy hit them, would converge there of a Friday evening for some social fun and uh, gambling. Wasn't long before it became a well- known in spot. There were also others who enjoyed watching. Hence, there was usually a full house. The word spread.--- One dark, cold foggy night, in the dead of winter, when the liquor was flowing freely,and the action was hitting hard, strong and heavy with much money bouncing round on the tables -- there occurred a suddenly commotion at both doors. Hooded men stood at each door with pistols , one with a rifle. A few sober men jumped out windows but were escorted back inside by some gang outside. Some gamblers in the stupor of drink begin using harsh noisy language , until a shot ring out. Things got quiet. Everyone was ordered to line up around the walls and one at a time to come to the table, empty the pockets of wallets, keys , of any and everything. Then, ordered to strip off all their clothes and put them on another table . The values would then be put in large bags by gang members. The squawking about taking off clothes stopped when another shot was fired. Eventually the gang drove away with all the gamblers values. Left only in their birth suits , the well-known citizens of Yazoo resorted to ingenuity. A mechanic " hotwired " some cars. A couple of clothing merchants drove to town, using combination locks they entered their stores, and came back with odd fitting remnants of clothing for the embarrass gamblers to get home. Needless to say there were many concocted stories and outright lying on this pitiful night. The outcome, as my friend said, was an onus on everyone not to mention the unmentionable--not only losing money, but their dignity to exposure. The locksmiths of Yazoo were busy for awhile , making new keys.---I asked my friend how he knew all about this in such complete detail . He said , I, uh, would rather not say. To this day, as far as I know, that ended our well known citizens uh, happy ho

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John E. Ellzey I had heard this from someone close to the story. a few seconds ago · Like

