



Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

6 RAYMOND STREET, N.W., ATLANTA 14, GEORGIA • 680-0331

702 Wall Street
McComb, Mississippi
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COPY OF AFFIDAVIT

{ STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
{ COUNTY OF PIKE
{ CITY OF McCOMB

Ira Marsalis
216 Old Summit Road
electrician

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I was at the Elk's Rest when I heard the explosion go off; I had had quite a few drinks. I rushed home. I parked the car in front of the house. I went over to Mrs. Quin's house helped others to break the door, to get the children out. After we got the children out, I came back home. A crowd began to gather. I went back out and made a speech. People asked me, "Ira, what do you think of this? What do you plan to do?" I started talking in a very angry way, about the police department. "There is no protection for us; they treat us brutally; they oppress Negroes and use them." I talked for about five minutes to about one hundred people. Everybody was angry and talking. Then I went to my house and stayed there on the porch.

On Tuesday afternoon at about 4:00, I was picked up by Eddie Smith, and another uniformed city police officer. I was working back on the ramp and they said, "Come, you have to go with us." "For what?" "I don't know; they want you for questioning." We went down there to City Hall and I sat there and waited for two or three hours before they called me in for questioning. Two Highway patrolmen, who identified themselves questioned me. They said, "Fellow, you are in trouble; I don't know if you know it, but you are in trouble. You don't have to tell us your name or anything because we know everything about you from the day you were born. You want to tell us about it or have us find out the hard way?" They asked me did I make the speech? And I told them everything I remembered. A couple of times they went outside, and I think they were ready to let me go. But then Mr. Smith came in and gave me some kind of writ and told me it would cost me \$500.00 to go home. I then asked what arrangements were made for my car to get back, etc. They said they didn't care. Then they put me into the City jail. There were already six others there. At about 9:00 p.m., they transferred us to Magnolia. The Sheriff and his deputies were all there. They handcuffed all together, except me. They handcuffed me alone. "You are a big nigger; I better get you alone." About

"One Man, One Vote"



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twenty city policemen, Highway patrolmen and deputies were surrounding us. One city policeman said, "I should have shot the hell out of you Sunday night." Then they took us to Magnolia. We were eight in one cell and had only six mattresses. My wife tried to see me for two days in Magnolia and wasn't able to. She talked to different people at the City Hall but they said they had nothing to do with it. The night I was moved, a special investigating officer gave my wife permission to see me for three minutes. Nobody knew what the charges against me were. In Magnolia, as she talked to someone in the Sheriff's office and he told her to go to the Prosecuting Attorney's office. He was not in but his secretary told her that she could not see me anyway because there were too many charges against me. I was released from jail on Friday because my wife brought half of the bail money. They told me that my trial was on Monday. Mr. Reeves, the Prosecuting Attorney, had told my wife over the phone that I better get a lawyer because I was in serious trouble and it better be good local lawyer, so we hired Mr. Gillis.

After that, I lost two jobs. One with Dr. Malden Weinberger, eye specialist, where I had been doing janitorial services. He said to me, "You know how the situation is. We cannot be involved in this and so we will have to make some changes in the janitorial services." Also the same happened with McFadan Inc. Agency. Before the incident, I had also been a part-time contractor. Now I receive no more work.

I had been the one who installed the first three sets of radios in the C.O.F.O. cars and the local police has been on my back since.

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