STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

COUNTY OF _____

AFFIDAVIT

LARRY WOLF RUBIN
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OCCUPATION: STUDENT; Volunteer worker for C.O.F.O.

BEING DULY SWORN DEPOSES AND SAYS: TO-WIT

I, Larry Wolf Rubin, and Jessie Morris, Jessie Davis, Jessie Harris, Lafayette Surney, Clinton Douglas Smith, and Douglas MacArthur Cotton, were driving south on 49W, coming from the C.O.F.O. conference at Greenville and heading for Jackson, on the evening of Thursday, May 14, 1964. We are all workers for C.O.F.O.

At about 9:30, the car, a 1960 Studebaker Lark IV, Georgia tag #1D42158, which is owned by me, broke down about a mile northeast of Belzoni. We pushed it to a service station at the intersection of 49W and 7, inside of Belzoni. There was a uniformed city policeman presently at the station. When he saw us, he went to the rear of the station. He then drove away in a patrol car. The attendent told us to push the car across the street, to leave it there until a mechanic arrived. We did this.

The attendent on duty told me that there would not be a mechanic available to fix the car until morning. The other boys walked toward the ~~[illegible]~~ east, down 49W, to find lodgings for the night. I remained at the station, discussing the problems with the car with the attendent. As we were talking, a patrol car drove up driven by the policeman I had seen earlier, ~~[illegible]~~ with one uniformed and one unuiformed man. They stopped for a few minutes, and drove away.

~~[illegible]~~

I walked down 49W, looking for the others. I saw the patrol car return to the station, disappear for a few minutes, and then drive toward me. At this time I had turned around on the road, because I could not find the others, and was walking back towards the service station. The patrol car stopped, and the policeman told me to get in and offered no explanation. I sat in the back with an extremely fat, non-uniformed man wearing a pistol. The uniformed policeman asked me how I and the others had gotten into town, and I explained that the car had broken down, and we pushed it.

We drove through ~~[illegible]~~ the Negro section of town. The police were looking for the others. First they found Cotton and Smith, and told them to get into the car. Then they found Jessie Harris and Lafayette. ~~[illegible]~~ A state higway patrol car arrived, and the police told these two to get into that car.

We were taken to the ~~[illegible]~~ jail house. A state trooper took down our names at a booking desk. A few minutes later, Sheriff Purvis, of Belzoni arrived, and asked us our names once again. During this time. There was a group of unidentified white men standing in the room. One, not in uniform, but carrying a gun, was slapping a huge lether strp, the kind used to tow cars, against the floor. He was whispering to the others, pointing at me, and laughing. The group continuesly made remarks to me, saying things like "You're the saddest man in the world, ~~[illegible]~~ figure." The man with the strap walked behind me, and made ~~[illegible]~~ and threatening motions, much ~~The man with the strap~~

to the entertainment of the others.

told a highway patrolman to

The Sheriff [redacted] put us in jail for "suspicion of burglary". He said that there had been "alot of theifts around here lately" and that we looked suspicion because we were an integarted group. He never said what [redacted] had been stolden. We were frisked, and a number of papers, and a small notebook, was taken from me. I had a pamphlet published by the Southern Chrisian Leadership Council about their citizenship schools. It had a picture of Martin Luther King on it. The man who took the papers from me, saw this picture, and made a deprecating remarks he said: "You look just like this."

I know that the police had looked through my car, because when I said that I owned the car, one of the uniformed patrolman said that the registration card was in somebody else's name. This is true, because the car used to belong to my father. The old registration card was left in my glove comoartment, beneath many maps and papers. The Sheriff said that he would not be responsible for the car if we left it where it was, but that if I gave him the keys, he would tow it to the jailhouse, and be responsible for it. Because of that, I gave him the keys.

The state trooper took us upstairs, and me in a separate cell from the others.

The next morning, about 10; the jailor came up, and began to bring us down for questioning. I was brought down at 11:30. I was questioned by [redacted] Sheriff Purvis, and a man who introduced himself as Charlie Snodgrass, special investogator for the highway patrol. When I was first brought down, the police were fingerprinting Jessie Harris. Snodgrass told the police that it was not necessary to fingerprint or photograph me, because that had already been done in Oxford and Holly Springs. (I had been stopped and investigated in both these places the previous week.) [redacted]

During the questioning, I told the Sheriff and Snodgrass that I would not answer any questions unless I was allowed to call a lawyer. I was just asked my name, age, address, who I worked for, and my parents name, so I did answer these. Snodgrass told me he knew that I had been stopped at Holly Springs, and that I was investigated by a Mr. Crockett. The Sherriff told me he would release us shortly, so I decided not to call a lawyer. The Sheriff informed me that he had not towed the car, and that it was where we left it. He said he could not guarantee its safety. The Sheriff said that we could stay in jail until somebody came to pick us up, because he felt that if we went outside local citizens would attempt to kill us. He said he would not [redacted] protect us if we waited outside.

Cotton went with the Sheriff to call Anelle Ponder in Greenwood, and ask her to pick us up. Based on the sheriff's allegations, the whole group decided to wait in jail until Anelle came. We waited about two hours.

We were brought downstairs, and we all were photographed. Then the Sheriff brought us in a room, where all our personal belongings, which had been in my car trunk, was spread and scattered over a cot. My notebook was missing, but when I asked the Sheriff, he said it was there. At no time had the police had a search warrant, nor did they indicate to us what they were looking for befoe they searched.

We were released at about 2:30, and followed out of town by a patrol car.

I would speculate that the [redacted] police had seen the tag number on my car, and picked us up because they had recdeived that number from the Oxford and/or Holly Springs police, or from the state investigator, Crockett.