



# Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

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

702 Wall Street  
McComb, Mississippi  
39648

(601) 684-9414

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(STATE OF MISSISSIPPI  
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Robert Stone 25  
570 Park Avenue, N.Y. 21, N.Y.  
Student, University of Texas

At about 1:30 p.m., on Wednesday, September 2, 1964, about an hour and half after I was beaten in downtown McComb, I called the McComb City Police station and made a complaint to Officer Williams, who answered the telephone. I identified myself as a voter registration worker attached to the C.O.F.O. project in McComb and said I had been attacked. Officer Williams was silent, so I briefly described the events surrounding the beating, expecting him to ask me to come down to the station to make a full report. When I had finished saying what happened and remarking that I thought the streets of McComb ought to be safe for all citizens, even civil rights workers. Officer Williams asked me to describe the man who had attacked me. I gave a full description of the man: medium height, muscular build, crewcut dark blonde hair, about thirty years old, and wearing a shirt and pants made of light green denim material of the kind worn by garage workers or appliance servicemen, but without any markings on it. Officer Williams said, "We will see what we can do," and I asked him for his name. He asked me for mine. I told him. The conversation ended soon thereafter. It lasted about five minutes. I would describe Officer Williams' tone as polite, but I do not consider that he showed interest in the case. He did not ask me to come to the police station to give a full report and description. He did not ask any detailed questions about the beating, or the man who attacked me. He showed most interest, in fact, in getting my name correctly.

The following morning, at about 9:30 a.m., on September 3, as I was leaving McComb in my car to return to Texas. I was stopped in the Baertown section of McComb by two city policemen in a squad car. I was asked to produce my driver's license, which I did. The officer said it looked as though something was wrong with my steering, but he did not give me a warning or summons, and permitted me to proceed on my way without even asking that I have my steering checked.

While visiting my mother in Old Lyme, Conn. I saw a newspaper article about the beating in the New London Day. It said that the police reported that I had given an adequate description of my assailant.

*"One Man, One Vote"*