

Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee

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

702 Wall Street
McComb, Mississippi
39648

(601) 684-9414

COPY OF AFFIDAVIT

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

Roy L. Martin
218 Summit Road


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At the night of the bombing of Mrs. Quin's house, September 20, 1964, I was driving with Leed Jones. We were stopped on Summit by two plain clothes policemen. I was told later that they were State Troopers. They were driving in a green 1961-1962 Chevy. One officer got out of the car and told me, "I want to search your car." He was about six feet tall, weighed about 200 pounds, wore khakis and boots and a brown cap, and was in the end of his twenties. I did not say anything. He searched the car and did not find anything. Then he asked me for my drivers license. I turned to the light to get my license. He said, "I don't blame you for turning, with all the cards in your wallet."

Then he left and we went to pick up Mathew Nobles to go to City Hall to pick up his brother Johnny Frank Nobles, who had been jailed. We went to Johnny Frank Nobles' house to pick up the money. In front of the house, we were stopped by a Highway Patrol car. I had already left the car. Two uniformed policemen were in the car. Mathew Nobles had taken a pistol with him and laid it on the floor in the front of the car; I did not know the pistol was there. They asked for my driver's license and I gave it to them. The police searched the car and found the pistol. They said, "We are going to escort you to the City Hall." They kept my driver's license. The police started to escort us to the City Hall and when we got to the intersection of Summit Street and George Avenue, the two plain clothes policemen stopped me again. There were about thirty policemen, mostly uniformed, around. The one who had stopped me before exchanged words with the Highway patrol men who were escorting us. The patrolmen got me out of the car and searched me. He got a knife out of my pocket. The highway patrolman was about 5'9"-5'10", weighed about 175 pounds and had a bond crew cut and was in his late twenties. The policeman who had stopped me first, and who was now searching Mathew Nobles and John Lee, came over and slapped me. My nose was bleeding.

Then they took us to the City Hall in the green Chevy. They took us inside, to the desk sergeant. Mathew Nobles was charged

"One Man, One Vote"



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with illegally carrying a gun and fined \$27.50; John Lee with public drunkenness, fined \$22.50; and I was charged with making an illegal turn, resisting arrest and disobeying an officer, bond was set at \$77.50. John Lee and I were put into jail. The following morning, Monday, they took us to the judge, Case, who would not let me explain myself. He did not ask me anything but let the officers talk.

He only asked whether I had the money and I said no. I was charged with \$302.50. Then they took me back down to jail. The following morning, I paid them \$150.00 which my wife brought down. She talked to Chief Guy to let me out. The following week, I paid him \$10.00 and I haven't heard from them nor paid him any more.

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